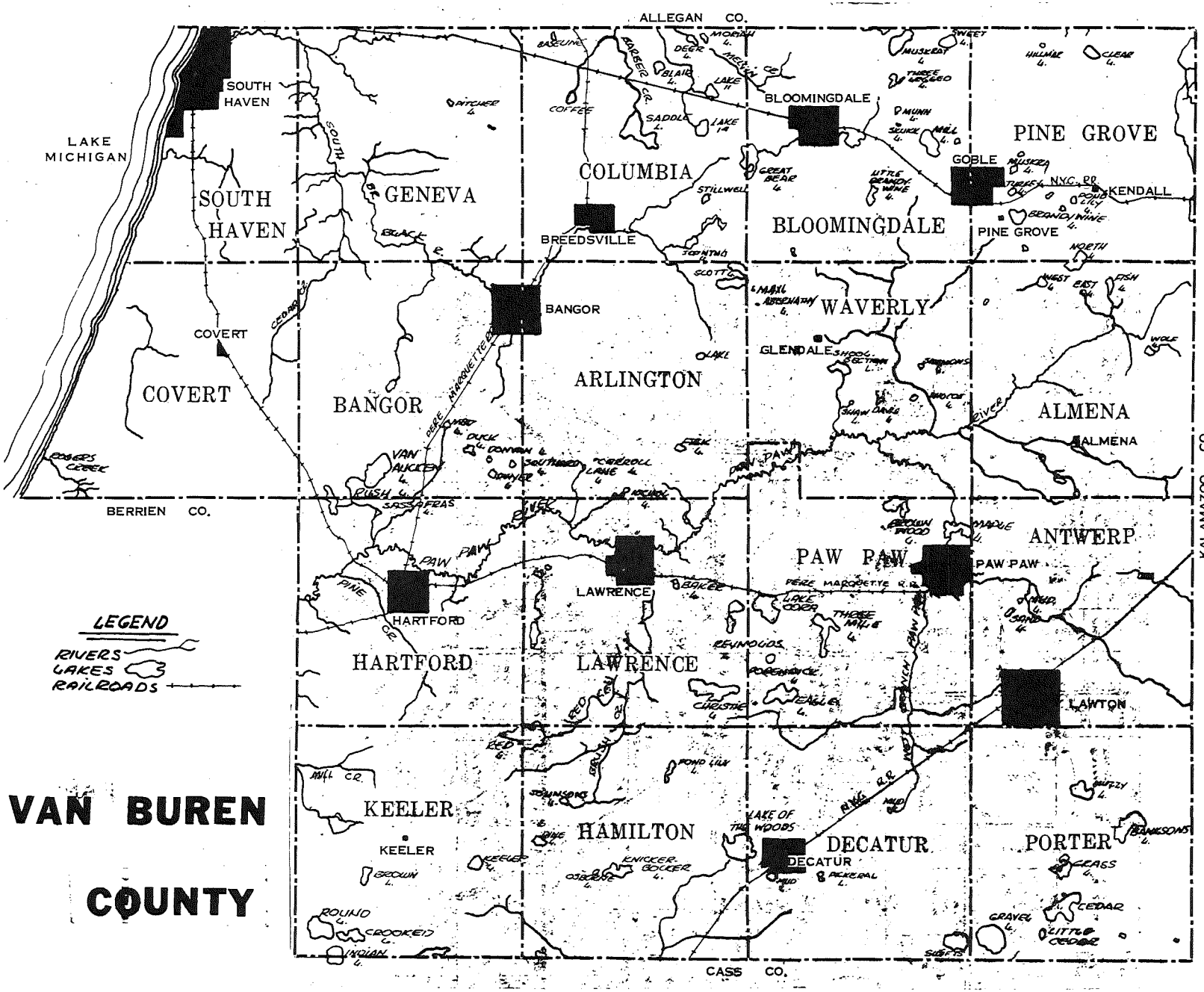
Webster Memorial Library
Decatur, Michigan

Basement

MICHIGAN.


ALLEGAN CO.
LAKE MICHIGAN
SOUTH HAVEN
SOUTH HAVEN
GENEVA
COLUMBIA
BLOOMINGDALE
PINE GROVE
BREEDSVILLE
BLOOMINGDALE
PINE GROVE
KENDALL
BANGOR
WAVERLY
COVERT
COVERT
ARLINGTON
BANGOR
GLENDALE
ALMENA
ALMENA
BERRIEN CO.
KALAMAZOO CO.
ANTWERP
PAW PAW
PAW PAW
LAWRENCE
HARTFORD
HARTFORD
LAWRENCE
LAWTON
KEELER
KEELER
HAMILTON
DECATUR
DECATUR
PORTER
CASS CO.
LEGEND
RIVERS
LAKES
RAILROADS
VAN BUREN
COUNTY

Scrapbook History of Decatur, Michigan and Vicinity

Compiled and edited by Catherine Howland

Cover Design by Robert Traverse

©1976 by Decatur Bicentennial Committee

AMERICA — WE SALUTE YOU ON YOUR 200TH BIRTHDAY

Bicentennial Committee

May Kaplan — Chairman

Daniel Fox — Finance

Adeline Washington — Horizons

Frances Overton — Communications

Marie Haefner — Festivals

Catherine Howland — Heritage

TRIBUTE TO MAY KAPLAN

(BI-CENTENNIAL CHAIRMAN)

Our genial and capable chairman of the Bi-Centennial Committee deserves special consideration.

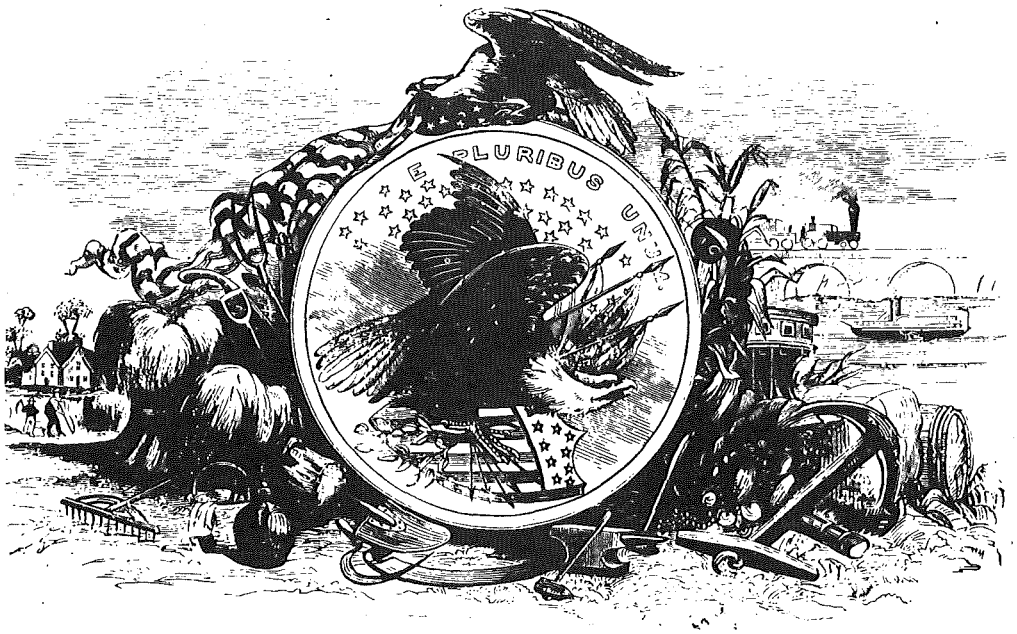
Her time, energy, interest and patriotic attitude relates to all that promotes the progress and execution of this great birthday celebration of our country. Her qualities reflect the endurance, the patience, the integrity and the faithfulness of the American pioneer. She also has the distinction of being an all "A" student — from kindergarten through high school.

Part of her Americanism is manifested in the tenacity she has shown in maintaining an independent enterprise throughout the years.

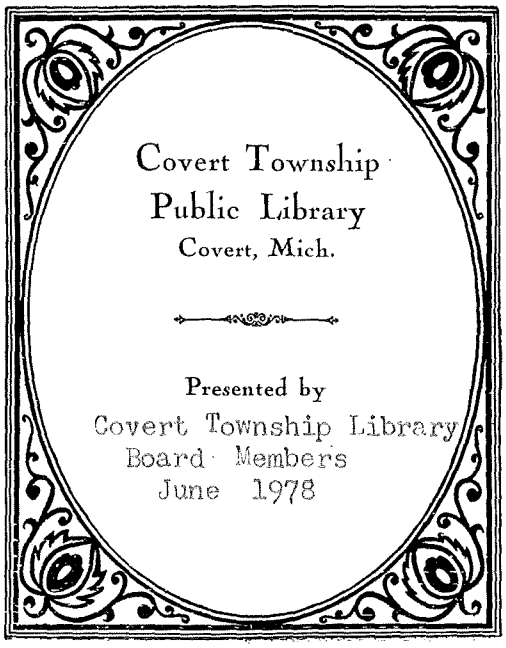
Trite, but true, — "If you want the job done — ask a busy person!"

A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

O Christ, Strong Son of God, who art always speaking to man and showing Thyself among us, we pray this day for a blessing for our country. Make her strong in her devotion to truth. Make her great in her desire for honor. Make her wise in her labors with the nations of men. Make her trustful in more than armed might. Make her ready to sacrifice all else, but never righteousness or virtue. Strengthen our leaders that they may walk with Thee as they carry burdens of responsibility. Strengthen our people that in honorable service and humble spirit we may bring peace by doing Thy will. Judge of the nations, spare us yet by Thy mercy, Thy love and Thy peace. Amen.



Dedicated to the Pioneers of Decatur Michigan



PREFACE

Arba N. Moulton, dedicated editor of the Decatur Republican for fifty-four years, had vision and prudence in preserving historical stories, letters, diaries, informative articles, etc. for the oncoming generations. Much of local history could have been lost to posterity had it not been for his constant effort and influence in persuading the older citizens to write their memoirs and stories which had historical significance for Decatur. Because the Decatur Republicans at the time were replete in local and area history, the library of the University of Michigan was eager to obtain his files.

It is our purpose in researching the material from the files of the local paper to preserve this history, in part. Thus it is hoped that the painstaking work of Arba Moulton shall not have been in vain. He leaves a rich heritage for the future generations of our community. This has been the motivating reason for the compilation of this book. Those who know the village best will, therefore, enjoy these pages most. The publication is designed chiefly for their enjoyment, and it would fail in its purpose if it were less intimate.

The files of the Decatur Republican are not readily accessible to the general public — for obvious reasons. Practically all of the issues of the Republican are recorded on micro-film in the Webster Library for the use of the general public; however, few people seem to appreciate the privilege of using this facility.

Most of the articles in this book have been taken from the files exactly as they were printed — primarily to preserve the archaic style in which many of them were written. We ask your kindly indulgence if the full story of certain events has not been included. We trust that all who read this book will have a further knowledge and a deeper appreciation of the courageous sacrifices that were made by our forefathers.

Catherine M. Howland

I know of no way of judging the future but by the past.

– Patrick Henry

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The publication of this history could not have been accomplished without the generosity and cooperation of the editor — David Moorman — who permitted us to research the files of the Republican.

Grateful acknowledgement is due Robert Traverse and his son, Kim Traverse, for their professional help, which was invaluable in the preparation of this book; also, grateful acknowledgement is due Willma Spaulding Sink for her advice and assistance regarding specific sections of the book.

I also wish to express my gratitude to the following people who contributed to this publication: Betty Kemp Traverse, Louis G. Hall, Theresa Arbanas Grahek, Paul Lohroff, Helen Olson Lohroff, Walter Squier William Stewart, Marian Lyle Stewart, William Beek, Isabelle Orr McLeese, Robert Orr, Elmer (Red) Wolfe, Winna Reynolds Wolfe, Bert Kidman, Marion Davis, Joseph Winchester, Gaylord Miller, Lowell Mattox, James Abshagen, Sabina Arnold, Florence Earl Goens, Marjorie Thomas Helmer, Wilton Abrams, Helen C. Hayden, M.D., Hilda Hazzard Oster, Florence Creagan Knight, Bernice Creagan, Arthur Creagan, Robert Creagan, Eula Lawrence Kelly, Larry Kelly, Lila Kelly, May Kaplan, Katherine Kezerle, Kenneth Lyle, Anna Gould Lowman, James Van Duzer, Bernard Fassett, Barbara Conway Postello, Eleanor McVay Connaughton, Mary Walbridge Hall, Ruth Roosevelt, Grace Weeks, Frances Fuskin Overton, Catherine Lohroff Luth, Josh Goens, Hollice Savage Court, Jean Musial Zelas, Olga Kechkaylo DeKever, Margaret McAndrews Henning, Anna June Bucher Abshagen, Anna Schonbok Petersen, Ministerial Association, Rev. G. Clark, Donald Labadie, Marie Snyder Haefner, Eleanor Hoppes Kinney, Eleanor Dyrcz Sowa, Jim Jewel, Mary Newman Graham, Doris Kelly Rippy, Marie Kelly Chappell, Oscar Newell, Hazel VanDerplough Kemp, Tina King Keyes, Anne Tencate Mazer, Luther Lundy and Monica Howland.

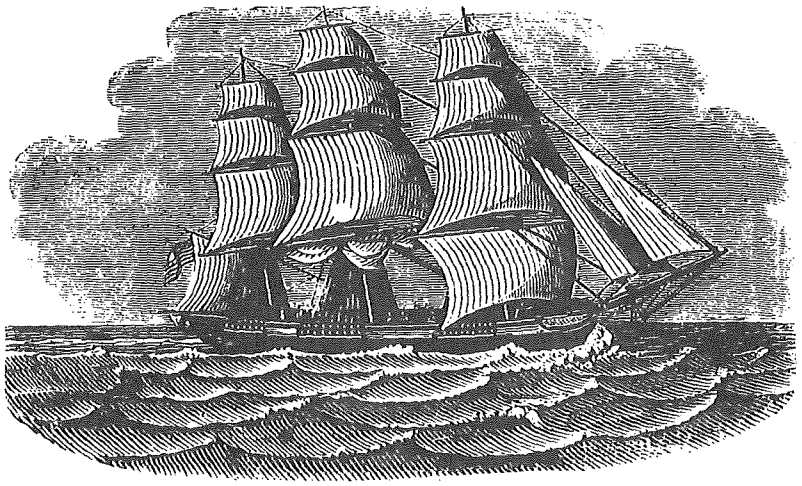
Catherine M. Howland

DECATUR GOT NAME FROM NAVAL HERO

Decatur, Mich., Aug. 2.—The village and township of Decatur were named for Commodore Stephen Decatur, ranking captain of the United States Navy and renowned as the hero of Tripoli before his twenty-sixth birthday. He served in the War of 1812, adding to the reputation he had gained in the war with the Algerian pirates.

He was killed in a duel in 1820, more than 17 years before Decatur township was organized, but his memory remained bright in the minds of his countrymen. The youthful hero's name was chosen as typifying the spirit of the West.

Stephen Decatur



INTRODUCTION

In 1834-47, the area, now called Decatur, was a wilderness. Early wanderers found it to be prime territory for hunting and fishing. The fish in Pickeral Lake were plentiful, and wolves, deer and all kinds of small game animals lived in the forests. Occasionally the larger animals wandered into the center of what is now Decatur.

§ § § § § § § § § § § §

The early publications — Decatur Tribune, Decatur Clarion, Van Buren County Republican and the Decatur Independent, published little of local interest in this community. The weekly issues contained topics of national or international scope, consequently few articles have been chosen from those printings.

The partial illegibility of many of the pages in this book is due to our inability to procure a sharp reproduction of old newsprint on the Xerox machine. In no way is the defection the fault, or inaccuracy of the printers or the photographers.

1860

WARRANTY DEED. Free Press Steam Print, Detroit.

REVENUE STAMP.

This Indenture, Made this 1st day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven BETWEEN Solomon and Hanna Clemens his wife of Dundee Van Buren County and State of Michigan of the first part, and Ephraim H. Winters of Calhoun County, State of Michigan of the second part,

Witnesseth, That the said parties of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Seven Hundred Dollars to them in hand paid by the said part of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, do hereby these presents, grant, bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm, unto the said part of the second part, and to his heirs and assigns, Forever, All that part of the north east quarter of section number [illegible] in Town [illegible] South of Range [illegible] East

[illegible]

Together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining: To Have and to Hold the said premises as described, with the appurtenances, unto the said part of the second part, and to [illegible] heirs and assigns, Forever. And the said part of the first part, [illegible] heirs, executors and administrators, do covenant, grant, bargain and agree to and with the said part of the second part, [illegible] heirs and assigns, that at the time of the ensealing and delivery of these presents, [illegible] well seized of the above granted premises, in Fee Simple: That they are free from all incumbrances whatever: and that [illegible] will, and [illegible] heirs, executors, [illegible] administrators shall Warrant and Defend the same against all lawful claims whatsoever.

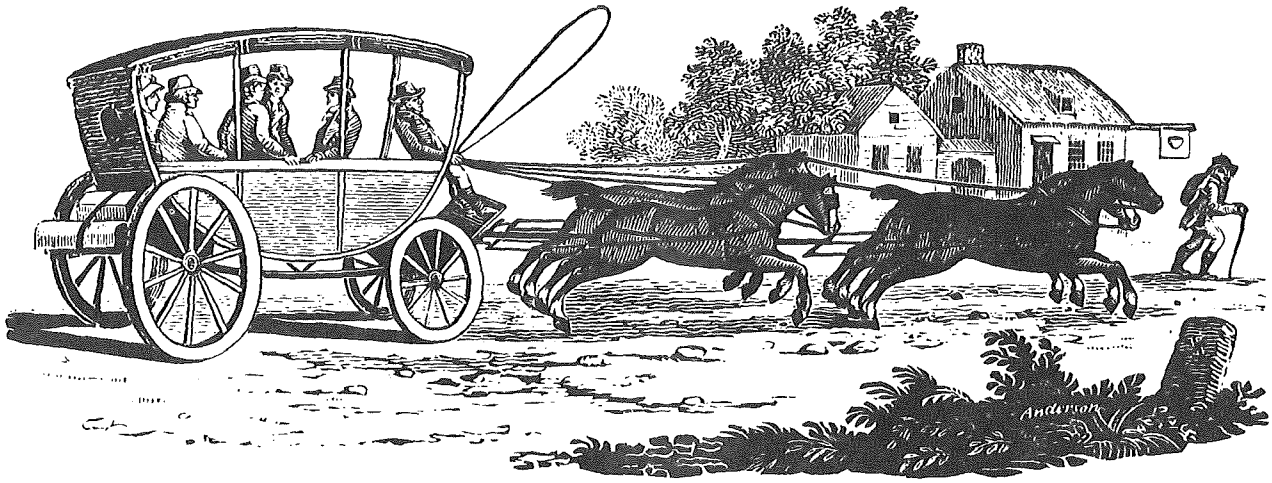
In Witness Whereof, The said part of the first part ha[illegible] hereunto set [illegible] hand[illegible] and seal[illegible] this day and year first above written.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in Presence of

E[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] L. S.

[illegible] [illegible] L. S.



1861

The following are some of the novel things that occurred in the year of 1839.

1. Wooden clocks had been in use only one year.
2. The mass abolition party was organized.
3. The banks in U.S. resumed specie payment.
4. 50 years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.
5. The Mormons were driven from Missouri to Naurow, Illinois.
6. John C. Fremont and Jessie Benton were secretly married.
7. Beet sugar was first made by Dave L. Child of Northhampton, Mass.
8. J. Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam "propeller" boat.
9. The first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized India rubber goods.
10. First Community College "Comer's College" of Boston.
11. First wheat was shipped from Chicago, amounting to 78 bushels. It was sent eastward by lakes to Buffalo.
12. The first power loom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E.B. Bigelow of Boston — ten yds. a day was its original capacity.
13. The Whig party held its first convention at Harrisburg, Pa. nominating Gen. Wm. Harrison of Ohio as president of U.S.
14. The first R.R. spike machine was put into use, making 50 a minute, forming both point and head. Henry Burden of Troy, N.Y. was inventor. It ranked among the best paying inventions of modern times.
15. The population of U.S. was only 17,697,420. The census cost the government $833,427. There were slaves in all the states except Main, Mass., Vt. and Mich.

1903

FAMOUS MEN FROM HUMBLE BIRTH

Columbus — Son of a weaver
Francois Rabelais (Fr. humorist) — Son of an apothecary
Cervantes (Spanish author) — Son of ancient family
Molier (French Dramatist) — Son of a tapestry maker
Terence (Roman Dramatist) — at one time a slave
Homer (Most Illus. poet) — at one time a beggar
Hesoid (Greek poet) — Son of a farmer
Demosthenes (most celebrated orator of antiquity) — Son of a cutler
Thomas Wolsey (Eng. Astrologer & Math.) — Son of soap manufacturer
Virgil (Great Latin Poet) — Son of a potter
Horace — Son of a shop keeper
Plautus (one of great Roman poets) — Son of a baker
Dr. Samuel Johnson (Eng. lexicographer) — Son of a boot dealer
Oliver Cromwell — Son of a brewer
Thurlow Weed (one of leading journalists of U.S.) — from most humble origin (great Polish leader)
Robert Burns (Scotch poet) — was a plowman in Aryshire
William Shakespeare (chief Literary Glory of England) — Son of yeoman
Daniel Webster — Son of a small farmer
William Cullen Bryant — Son of a physician
Andrew Jackson — Father died; family left in reduced circumstances
Abarham Lincoln — Son of a poor farmer
William Gladstone (Grand Old Man) — Son of a merchant

1908

HUYCKTOWN IN 1861

Let's take a few items out of that diary. "Tuesday, July 16, Howe, Breed and Halligan cradled and Ashly, North and Alva took up. I shocked." They harvested ten acres that day, the seven of them. Then he tells about a saw mill, grist mill, canning mill and cider mill but makes no mention of any divorce mill. Married folks just endured each other and raised large families in big homes. Now the family is rapidly growing less and the little home is just a place to return to when we are too tired to go any place else. Mr. Huyck took the grist to Whitmanville and got ten pounds of wool carded. Raised four kinds of wheat, the Boyd, California, Bald Mediteranian and Soules. Later they raised Diehl and Fultz. The first ice-making machine was invented that year. Peddlers came along nearly every day. Kept a couple over night and fed their team. $1.00. Took it in medicine.

In those days our watches, clothing, clocks, dishes, cutlery, harness, and many other things came from England. Those Britons were then very rich and dominated industry, commerce, finance, ruling the sea with an iron hand. They don't now. Too much beef, beer and snobbery maybe. Only a few people could stand up under great wealth and no nation ever did it. Shirt sleeve to shirt sleeve, who are happier and better, the rich or the poor?

Mr. H. in the fall of 1861 sold his pears to Mr. Wallace of Decatur at $1.00 a bushel. Got some fruit jars from Mr. Foglesong, the potter. Rained half the time during September making it hard to sow wheat and cut corn. Sold some wheat to Mr. Rawson for $.87. Some to Dolphin Morris for $.86 and some to Mr. Phelps for $.84. Sold a cow hide to Holden Wing, $1.50. Borrowe money of Billy Goodspeed to pay balance o saw mill. Paid Bennett Copley. Ira Ashley dug well and it caved in.

But how we superior males did razz the females because they ruined their health and looked like the devil with wasp waisted corsets, several heavy skirts, big hoops, bustles, balloon sleeves and hair and hats fussed up with nets, ribbons, feathers, jewelry, and artificial posies. We men folks were perfect. Chewed Navy Plug, smoked fine-cut in a clay or cob pipe, cussed and got drunk. Now the women are more sensible. Dressed healthily and prettible and think they excel us in many ways. Pish, tush and oddsbodkins! Don't we still wear the collars to keep the air away? 'Course we drink a little moonshine, bootleg because it is dangerous, and expensive but we have refined our other habits. Nobody knows what we smoke but it satisfies just the same as any dope does. It satisfies the trust that cleans up sixty millions a year. Tans our fingers and maybe the lungs and heart also. Gives a little hacking cough but what of it? We wise men know what we want, I guess.

J.E. Goble showed me the old piccola played by the pretty little Jay DeMoss in the 60's in the pouplar dance orchestra led by the tall, clever and E.Z. Stuyvesant. Perry Young skillfully played second violin and prompted Dollar a couple including supper at midnight.

There were scrub dances around the country but I cannot recall the names of the widow's son who fiddled but I think one of them was —

Dutchy

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN

By John C. Wright

An ag'ed brave and his mush'ke mood —
Splitter of splints and cutter of wood —
Many's the time, on a log for a chair,
I've watched him while making his baskets rare.
They've laid him to rest in the sand by the shore,
And claim he has gone to return no more.

Epitaph

To my call there is no answer,
But his spirit has not gone —
It dwelleth in the forest
And greets me there at dawn;
It lingers in the maples,
It murmurs in the stream,
I hear it in the branches,
It whispers in my dream;
It fills all living creatures.
With simple faith each day —
His spirit lives on ev'ry hill
And will not pass away.

Unreconstructed

I'll give ya all the jazz bands;
They don't sound as good to me
As a whippoorwill a-crying
In a drooping willow tree.
These new lights ain't so pretty
As the moonlight in the lane,
Where cows are waiting peacful,
And lamplight through the pane.

(29)

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

"Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite; and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortune, and their being blend."

"How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet accordant minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one."

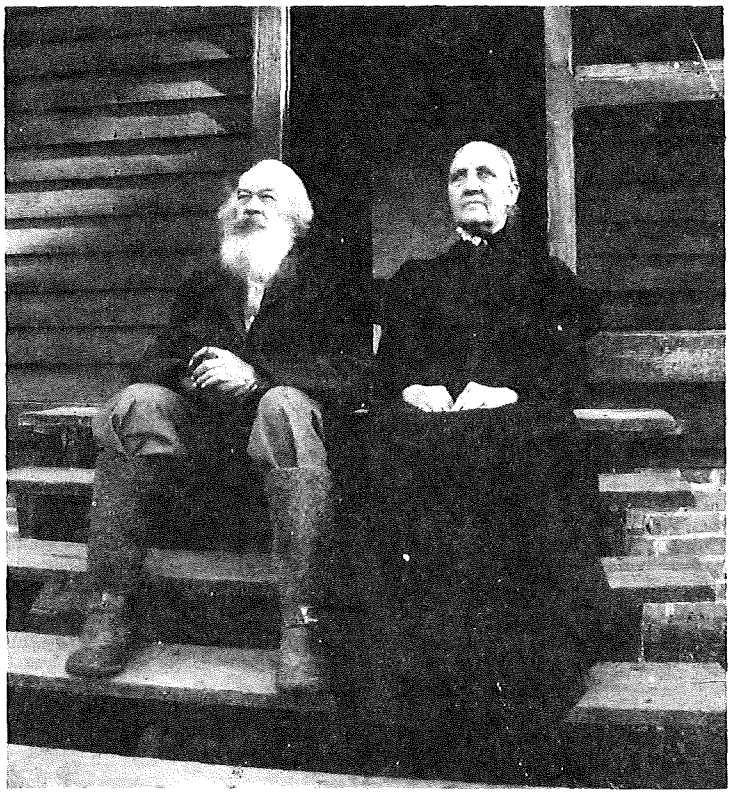
State of Michigan, } ss.
Cass County, }

I Certify, That on the 17th day of April A. D. 18 64, at Cassopolis in the County aforesaid, I, Jacob Rice, minister of the gospel joined in MARRIAGE, Mr Sylvanus Mallory of Calvin in the State of Michigan aged 21 years, and Miss Arminda M. Rice of Wayne in the State of Michigan aged 23 years; that the parties did then and there solemnly declare that they took each other as HUSBAND AND WIFE, and that there were present as witnesses Mrs Lucretia Rice of Wayne and Miss Cynthia Rice of the same place

Dated at Cassopolis this 17th day of April A. D. one thousand eight hundred and 64

Jacob Rice minister of the Gospel

Printed and sold by S. D. Elwood, Detroit.



ERMINA MALLORY & SYLVANUS (SAM) MALLORY

1864

LETTERS WRITTEN BY A SOLDIER OF THE CIVIL WAR

John Bennett at the front to his wife in Decatur Camp on the bank of the high town river twelve miles south of Kindston June 5th, 1864

Dear Wife,

This is the south fork of the two rivers that form the Coosa River. We have been in camp here three days recruiting our horses. Where we go next I don't know, but I hope it is to Atlanta.

Our army extends about twenty miles in length. The right extends sixteen miles east of the railroad to a place called Dollar, the left wing four miles west of the railroad, so we show a front of twenty miles and the whole length of that line is filled with the best men of the north.

This line is drawn by the Rebs to whip us or die. This ground that they are holding is the Antoone (or Altoona Mountains) one of the worst places they could have chosen. The hills are very high, covered thick with bushes. There are several gaps or passes, but every one is well guarded and the hills are well fortified.

We have got to lose lots of men to drive them out of those hills, but it must and will be done, and in my opinion the Rebel army here will never make another stand. There is a rumor that Rosecrans has come with fifty-five thousand men. If so we will surround and whip them 'til they say enough.

The country along the river is level and fine, best I have seen, but the hills are good for nothing, just a vast forest of trees and bushes. Very few families live there and they have to leave now.

Whenever there is a fight one can see women and children crying, nearly scared to death, holding up their hands to us for protection, little ones with fear and hunger. There are thousands of women and children, crying for bread at sight of our men.

The rich people have gone farther south and taken all they could and the armies take the rest. May God help them for man will not.

We had a gay old dinner yesterday, new potatoes and sweet peas. The weather is hotter here than it is at home in August. It will burn the hair off a dog's back. Rain last night and cooler today.

/S/ John Bennett
1st Sergt. Co. C 4th Mich. Cavelry
1864

THE FIRST DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL & ITS FIRST ENTERTAINMENT

By R.H. Lyon – 1865

Rumaging through an old chest in my den recently I came across an interesting souvenir of boyhood days in the shape of a program of the first exhibition given by the pupils of the Decatur High School. It is an insignificant scrap of paper, brown with age, yet a precious relic to me as scanning it I see faces of merry troop of boys and girls and there is brought to mind delightful memories of long ago.

I watched with pride the first high school building of the village grow from its stone foundation to what seemed to me a magnificent seat of learning although it was then when complete but half its present size. Again I was more than proud to be placed on the scholership roll at the organization of the school in 1864. It is not to be presumed that any of the pupils of the Decatur High School at the present day are aware that I am the "star" scholar, the original, the alpha of the list, the first on the roll of membership of the first session of school 40 years ago, but such is the historical fact. I was assigned to seat No. 1 in the northeast corner of the upper room and my seat mate was W. Scott Beebe, who afterwards became prominent in political and legal circles of the state of Oregon. Across the aisle sat Morris Foster with Ike Monroe, both of whom made good records upon leaving school, the first as a lawyer, the other as a banker. Nearby was Tompkie Riddle and Will Tuttle, the former the poet of the school, the latter still an honored resident of Decatur and was one of the most diligent and sedate of students. Not far away was John R. Carr, lawyer and jurist; then Bert Cole, no courriers at Paw Paw; Chas. Baker, Lon Lyle, Eugene Dunbar, Walter Crittendon, Riley Foster and others whose name I do not recall.

On the girl's side what a bevey of bewitching beauty and brilliant bunch of talent was there! Lottie Cole, Nellie Beattie (Mrs. John Collins) her sister, Fannie Beattie, now Mrs. A.W. Rogers, Ella Dodge, Percy Nash, Libbie Baker, Emma Dodge, Fannie Trowbridge and dozens of others who have passed out of mind.

The first principal of the school was Prof. C.F.R. Bellows, a grand man, a fine scholar and a thorough teacher in every respect. He afterward made his mark as a leading educator of Michigan, was the author of several leading text books and became principal of the State Normal institution of Ypsilanti.

But here I have been wandering among the cobwebs of the past with out saying anything of the exhibition which I started out to describe. The show indeed, marked a great event in the history of Decatur. A stage was built across one corner of the high school and fitted up with borrowed furniture, pictures and other adornments to represent a cozy parlor. A curtain of gay calico fastened to brass rings and strung on a tight wire served to shield the parlor from the audience, a door opened into the hall — latter being the dressing room. Professor Bellows officiated as state manager and curtain puller.

Decatur at that time had no printing office and the announcement for the exhibition was through the medium of little circulars of note size distribution through the village. They were printed at the Van Fossen office at Paw Paw and gave notice that the exhibition was given for the purpose of raising funds towards the purchase of a musical instrument for the school and that "a rich and varied scheme of exercises has been prepared and every provision made for a highly interesting and profitable entertainment." The program was a success; it began at the appointed hour and kept things moving to the end.

I well remember with what pleasure and enthusiasm Prof. Bellows received each number on the program for every number was a success. I distinctly recall that after I had delivered myself of the thrilling Webstirian sentiment of "Liberty & Union, one and Inseparable now and forever," and timed to go off the stage my eyes met the undignified spectacle of the professor lying on a lounge in one corner out of sight of the audience and kicking his heels in the air like a boy tickled all over. He flew up and startled me with a most affectionate hug, and a moment later was out in front in solemn mien announcing the next number on the program.

My school days ended abruptly in a few weeks following this famous exhibition when in early May with Will Tuttle I entered the employ of Rev. Moses Hull who started a weekly newspaper in Decatur called the Clarion. I contracted the newspaper disease then from which I have never fully recovered. For thirty years I have been connected with the South Bend Ind. Daily Tribune, most of the time in an editorial capacity. The Clarion dragged out a sickly existence for a year and a half, then peacefully departed this life. In 1867 Prof. Bellows & E.A. Blackman established the Decatur Republican which they conducted jointly for a few yars when the professor sold out to Mr. Blackman and returned to Ypsilanti.

I have not attempted in this brief article to give anything like a complete story of the exhibition or of the history of the school of that day but would be glad if some other member of the class of 1865 would take up the thread of reminiscence and continue with tales in later issues of the Republican.

The following is part of the program:

Decatur Union School Exhibition

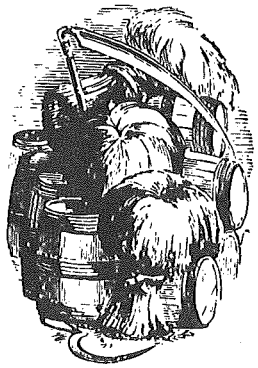
Thur. Evening Apr. 13, 1865

PRAYER

Introductory ..... Chas. Baker
The Teacher's Vocation ..... Emma Dodge
The Utility of History ..... A. Nicholson
Nature's Teachings ..... Mary Davis
Moral Beauty ..... Will Tuttle
Excelsior ..... Noble Davis
Learn to Labor & To Wait ..... Minnie Thorp
The City of Jerusalem ..... Sarah Rogers
The Source of Poetic Inspiration ..... Tompkie Riddle
Cast All Your Care on Him (music) ..... F. Trowbridge
Our Duties As Citizens (original) ..... W. Crittenden
Thought of Home ..... Ellen Beattie
Freedom of The Press (original) ..... Richard Lyon
American Literature ..... Chas. Baker
Music ..... Benediction

PUPILS IN THE YEAR OF 1865

W. Scot Beebe
R.H. Lyon
Morris Foster
Ike Monroe
Tompkie Riddle
Will Tuttle
John R. Car
Bert Cole
Chas. Baker
Tom Lyle
Arza Nicholson
Curt Botsford
Noble Davis
Eugene Dunbar
Walter Crittenden
Riley Foster
Lottie Cole
Nellie Beattie
J. Foster
Fannie Beattie
Sarah Rogers
Ella Dodge
Buena Vista
Rusha Woodruff
Percy Nash
Viola Childs
Libbie Baker
Emma Dodge
Fannie Trowbridge
Laura Eastman
Mary Davis
Ettie Van Sickle
Minnie Thorpe
Ellen Beattie
Nellie Sweet
J. Woodruff
M. Dunbar



FLOUR-DEALER.

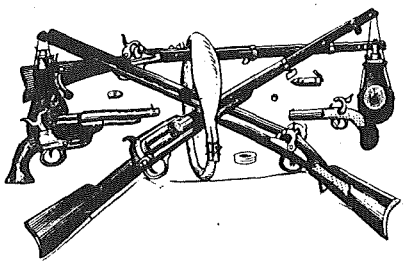
DON C. ROGERS

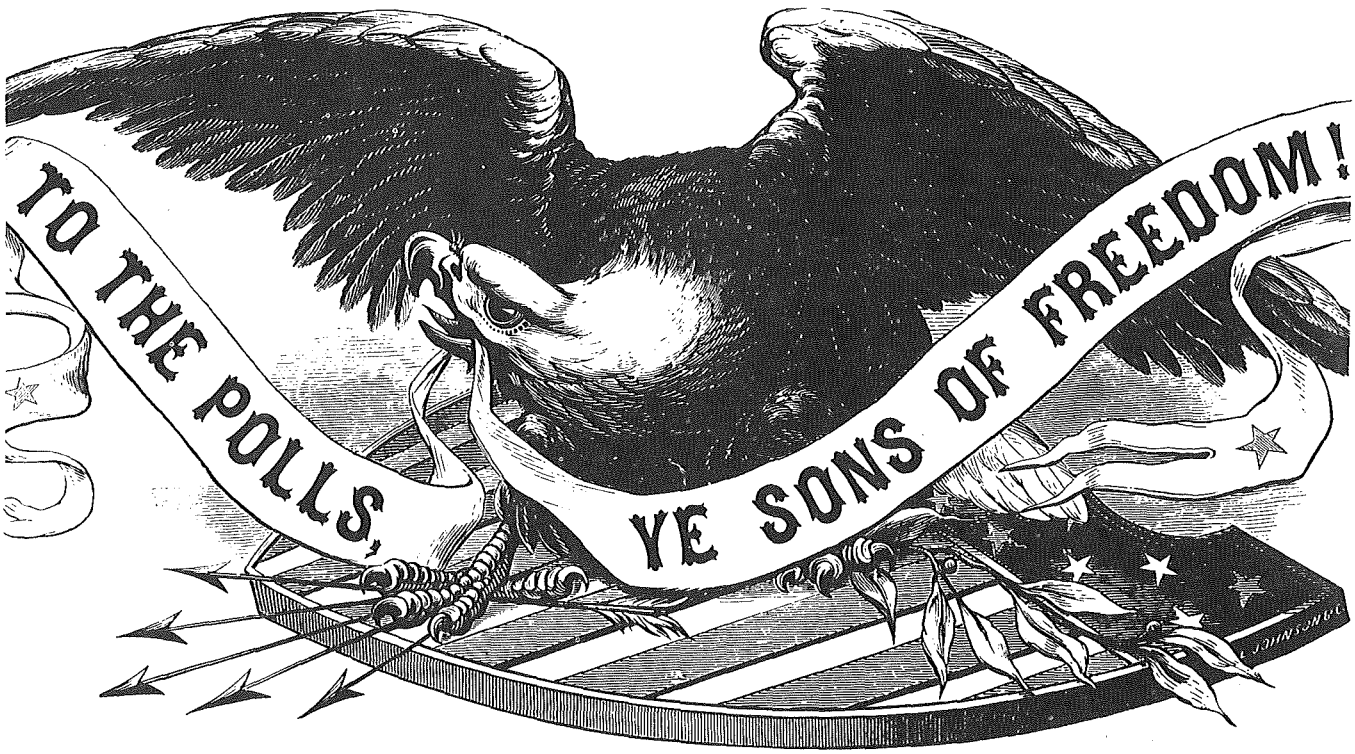
He was born in Cincinnatus, New York, 1833. The following is an account of his war record:

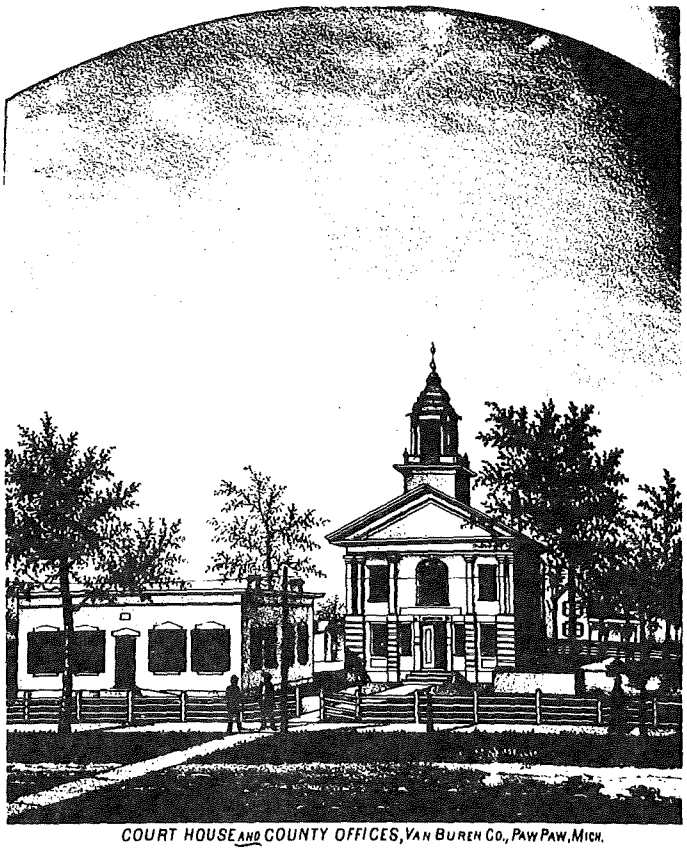
"Hearing that the U.S. flag on Fort Sumpter was at half mast, I immediately opened my office for enlistments. I enlisted in 1861 at Decatur, Michigan. At that time I was deputy sheriff of Van Buren Co. and had my office with Hiram Cole, Attorney. Being Sunday, I had started for church when I met Carlton Wheeler and Orren T. Welch who were talking about General Scott being too old to take command of the army in the field. Just at this time Mr. Richardson stepped up and said that 'Jeff Davis was as good a man as General Scott.' I said, 'You should know better,' and knocked him off the sidewalk, saying, 'The war might as well commence in Decatur as in Charleston.' He got up and said that he 'would go home and get his gun and shoot me.' Henry Chamberlain was near by and told him it was 'all right to go home and as soon as he got there to go to bed — not to come up town with a gun as he might lose both his life and gun.' I went to my office and headed a sheet of foolscap paper for the war and signed my name to it, Chamberlain doing the same. Did not attend church — talked war and got a few boys to sign my paper."

May 1, 1861 — "The Lafayette Light Guards of Paw Paw was reorganized and we at Decatur joined the new organization. May 6, we went into camp at the fair grounds and had our first night's rest on straw. During May we drilled and prepared for war."

1865







COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY OFFICES, VAN BUREN CO., PAW PAW, MICH.

DECATUR.

Historical and Descriptive Sketch of Decatur.

1869

The first settlement in Van Buren County, was made in what is now in the township of Decatur, on Little Prairie Ronde, in 1829. On the 26th day of March, of that year, Dolphin Morris and Henry D. Swift were guided thither by one Squire Thompson, of Pokagon Prairie. Dolphin Morris settled on the farm which he now occupies, and Swift selected the farm now owned by LeGrand Anderson. For two years they were the only settlers in the County. About the year 1832, Samuel Morris, brother of Dolphin, LeGrand Anderson, David Curry and George Tittle, settled in the neighborhood, and in 1833, one Eckenberger, a hunter and trapper, settled on the place known as the old Charles farm. The year 1835 brought Thomas Scott, Wm. Wilson, Joseph VanHise and McKinster, to the settlement, and after that time the township filled up rapidly.

Many anecdotes of thrilling interest are related by the survivors of those primitive days. How they fought with poverty and wrestled with famine and destitution, how when starvation stared them in the face, the very elements took sides against them, and how nearly they fell victims to the blighting frosts and destructive storms of those unproductive seasons, how they stood in peril of wild beasts and how they were menaced by Indians, are all themes upon which those gray haired and honored pioneers love to dilate.

In December, 1830, death came to the settlement and removed a son of Dolphin Morris.

The first wedding was that of Elijah Goble to Miss Eliza Tittle; the first birth was that of Jonathan Curry.

Of the pioneers we have mentioned. Dolphin Morris and LeGrand Anderson still survive, and in a hale old age, enjoy the fruits of their early privation and toil. But the visitor of today, at Little Prairie Ronde, partaking of their generous hospitality, and viewing their princely estates, embodying all the material comforts and blessings of life, finds it difficult to carry his imagination back to the time when his host wrestled with privation and had very nearly his match in keeping the wolf from the door. Nevertheless, the retrospect is profitable, and it is meet that we should ever hold in grateful remembrance those who paved the way for the comfortable times which we enjoy to-day. When we go to bed in a palace sleeping car for a comfortable sleep to wake up in Detroit, let us not forget that, to them, this was a perilous and toilsome journey of weeks. And when we take a cushioned seat, upon steel springs, for a pleasant drive upon a plank road across the swamp, let us go back forty years and remember those who waded that swamp with bare feet in imminent peril of the deadly moccasin and massasauga. The independent farmer of to-day who walks with complacent pride among his well stabled and well fed flocks and herds, his granaries and cribs, his storehouse full of agricultural implements with all the modern improvements, will feel his complacency enhanced by contrast if he will but let his memory go back to the days of the sickle and the wooden plowshare, to the times when flocks and herds and crops were alike shelterless, and grain was beaten out of its husk with a flail, or trodden out by oxen with only the bare earth for a threshing floor. And if inclined to smile at the primitive johnny cake manufactured from corn, cracked with a wooden pestle, in a hollow excavated in a stump, let it be a reverent smile, for it was those early struggles and toils and privations of our grandfathers and grandmothers which made possible those beautifully white wheaten loaves from Abbott & Mathews' best XXX superfine which we so enjoy to-day.

The first school taught in the county was opened in 1835 in the house of Dolphin Morris, with about twenty pupils. It was taught by Wm. Alexander, a Virginian and a relative of Le Grand Anderson.

The Methodists were the first religious denomination to gain a foothold in the county. They held their first quarterly meeting at the house of George Tittle on the 27th of July 1834.

The primitive character of the dwellings of the early settlers may be inferred from the fact that no mill for the manufacture of lumber was built until 1846. In that year Hubbel Warner built one in the south-western part of the town.

For years the nearest grist mill was at Niles.

The year 1832 seems to have been one of peculiar trial to the early settlers. In the spring of that year the corn having been twice destroyed by frost, Dolphin Morris sent a man by the name of Kirkendall and John Tittle, a boy of fifteen, with a pack horse one hundred miles to Fort Defiance, on Maumee River, for two bushels of seed corn. They returned on Saturday night and on Sunday morning the settlers turned out *en masse* and planted it. That was the only corn raised in the settlement that year.

There was an Indian alarm in the spring of the same year, and the able bodied settlers were all ordered to report forthwith at Niles, armed and equipped and with ten days rations. It does not appear, however, that any of them lost their lives, or were detained from home for any great length of time.

In 1835 (June 20th) the settlement was again visited by a destructive frost.

Decatur and Porter were together organized as a township in the year 1837.

Porter was set off as a separate township about the yaer 1845.

The township of Decatur derives its name from our country's celebrated naval officer of that name. A belt of swamp land one and a half miles in breadth stretches across it from N. E. to S. W. This belt is heavily timbered with tamarack, black ash, etc., and is as yet almost entirely unimproved. With this exception the township has a fine soil and is in a good state of cultivation. There are a few sections of dry timbered land, but it originally consisted chiefly of openings. The soil is mostly sandy, productive and exceedingly easy of cultivation. About one-fourth of the township lies south-east of the belt of swamp and embraces a portion of Little Prairie Ronde. It is watered by Dowagiac creek and several lakes, the largest of which is called Lake of the Woods and lies partly in the township of Hamilton.

Decatur Village

The village of Decatur, the principal station on the Michigan Central Rail Road in Van Buren County, sprang into existence in response to the first scream of the locomotive in 1849. Previous to this, however, Chas. T. Tucker had settled on the present site of the village and built a house. This was in 1847. In 1848 L.R. Barker built a hotel on the site now occupied by Moore & Lisk, corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. The following year the late Col. Phelps opened a store on the lot now occupied by the Downs House. For a year this was the only store in town. The first school house in the village was built in 1848. It was the building now fitted up and owned and occupied by the Baptist Society for religious worship. A school was opened with about twenty pupils, which was taught by Miss Sarah Cook in the winter of 1848-9.

The site of the village of Decatur was originally obtained of the U.S. Government by Messrs. Beers & Sherwood, of N.Y. City, in a grant to them of 5,000 acres. These gentlemen, though never residents of the place, seem to have left their impress upon it and to have, to some extent, given character to its institutions. In 1850 they built a steam saw mill in the south-western part of the village, on land now occupied by Anthony McKay. This mill was afterward converted into a distillery, which, in its turn, has happily disappeared, leaving only rank grass to mark the spott it once defiled.

In 1854 the present business centre of the village was occupied as follows: Ira Nash kept a dry goods store on the corner now occupied by Abbott Bro's. Trowbridge & Harris kept a general variety store on the corner now occupied by Aaron Hathaway; W.C. Tucker, a general variety store, on that now occupied by Trowbridge & Hill, and Henry Canoll, a drug store, where Higgins & Squiers now keep a grocery store.

The village was first incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in Oct. 1859, and afterward rechartered by the Legislature, by an act approved March 16th, 1861. The first president of the corporation was E. Parker Hill; the first Recorder, Orrin T. Welch. Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and more especially since the close of the late war. Village lots have been and are in constant demand and new plots being constantly laid out and put in market. It is safe to say that no town on the line of the M.C.R.R. enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity. It now contains a population of two thousand five hundred.

Among its notable institutions there is none of which it is more justly proud than its Union Graded School. It consists of five departments and employs one male and five female teachers. The school building is a massive brick structure, occupying a most eligible site, overlooking the whole village, with ample and delightful play grounds ornamented with beautiful shade trees. A more particular account of the school, its organization and gradation will be found in its appropriate place in this book. The village contains four church edifices, viz: Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist, and Baptist, and one (Catholic) in process of erection. It also cotains seven dry goods stores, two drug stores, six grocery and provision stores, two hardwares, three clothing stores, three shoe stores, four hotels, three harness shops, one banking house, two meat markets, one livery stable, one photographer, three millinery shops, four dress makers, two barber shops, one bakery, one flour and feed store and two jewelry stores. It has a first class printing office and weekly newspaper (Van Buren County Republican) a new and splendid flouring mill (Abbott & Matthews'), two planing mills, a stave factory, a heading factory a steam saw and grist mill, a tannery, cabinet shop and a carriage manufactory.

There are many institutions, enterprises and business operations in progress in the village that are deserving of especial notice and commendation, but lest the distinctions we might make should appear invidious we forbear. We have, however, taken the liberty of printing in capitals, in the village list, the names of those business men and women to whom the village is mainly indebted for its prosperity.

Town Board

Eri Beebe, Supervisor. Lewis D. Roberts, Clerk. Chauncey Hollister and H.C. Millard, Justices of the Peace.

Corporation Board.

E. Parker Hill, President. Ward T. Gerow, Recorder. Elias D. Clark, Treasurer. Orville S. Abbott, Myron Hinckley, Joseph S. Dowd, Ransom Nutting, E.L. Hawks, I.B. Higgins, Trustees. Wm. Mead, Marshal.

Board of Education.

E.P. Hill, Moderator, O.S. Abbott, Director. R. Nutting, Assessor. D.H. Manley, I.B. Higgins, Wm. Hodges, Trustees.

Day Police.

Wm. Mead, M. DeHart Mattison, John Steele, Warren Botsford.

VAN BUREN COUNTY.

The county of Van Buren, at its first organization, was attached to the county of Cass, for judicial purposes, and was known as the township of La Fayette. A Supervisor was elected for the whole county, who met the Board of Supervisors in Cass, to transact the business of both counties, The two counties formed one Representative District, and sent two members to the Legislature.

The deeds and mortgages of lands in Van Buren were all recorded in Cass county — since recorded in this county at public expense — and all issues at law to be tried by the Circuit Court were tried before the Cass county court.

By an act of the Legislature, approved March 18th, 1837, Van Buren was detached from Cass, and the courts were held at such places as the Supervisors might select — and Paw Paw was selected. By an act of the Legislature approved March 6th, 1840, the county seat was located permanently at Paw Paw.

FIRST DIVISION INTO TOWNS.

By Legislative enactment, approved March 11th, 1837, the county was divided into seven towns, to-wit: Clinch, comprising the present towns of Pine Grove, Almena, Waverly and Bloomingdale; South Haven, South Haven, Deerfield, Geneva, Bangor and Columbia; Lawrence, Lawrence, Arlington and Harford; Covington, Keeler and Hamilton; Decatur, Decatur and Porter: LaFayette, Paw Paw; Antwerp, Antwerp.

The first election for county officers was held the first Monday in April, 1837, resulting as follows: Sheriff, Smauel Gunton, of Lawrence — Treasurer, Daniel O. Dodge, of Paw Paw — Clerk, N.B. Starkweather, of Lawrence — Register of Deeds, J.H. Simmons, of Paw Paw — Judge of Probate, J.H. Simmons, Paw Paw — Surveyor, H.P. Barnum, of Clinch — Associate Judges, Jay R. Monroe, of Lawrence; W.H. Keeler, of Covington — Coroners, Junia Warner, Jr., of Clinch; John R. Haynes, of Lawrence.

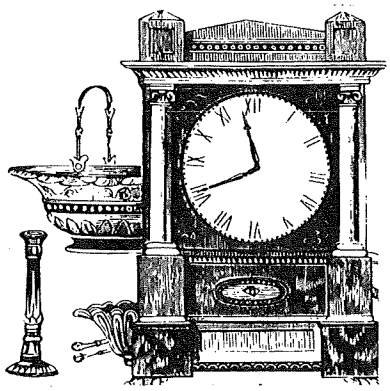
Samuel Gunton and D.O. Dodge having resigned, a special election was held September 20th, same year, and Col. Andrew Longstreet was elected Sheriff, and Joshua Bangs, Treasurer. The two latter were of Antwerp.

DECATUR CORNET BAND 1869

J.M. Steele ..... President
C.H. Crandall ..... Vice President
E.D. Hitchcock ..... Secretary
William Mead ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Stewart W. Davis ..... 1st Eb.
Chas. H. Crandall ..... 2nd Eb.
E.D. Hitchcock ..... Bb
Dick Lyon ..... Solo alto
John Steele ..... 1st Alto
William Mead ..... Baritone
Dan Knight ..... B Bass
Henry Seymour ..... Tuba
Frederick Seymour ..... Base drum
William Beals ..... Tenor drum



1869

DISCIPLE CHURCH
Beginning 1855
(Elder Terry)

The Van Buren County Gazetteer published in 1869 says, "The village was first incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in 1859, and afterwards rechartered by the legislature by an act approved March 16, 1861. The first president of the corporation was E. Parker Hill and the first Recorder Orrin T. Welch. Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and more especially since the close of the late war. Village lots have been and are in constant demand and new plots are constantly being laid out and put in market. It is safe to say that no town on the line of the Michigan Central enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity. It now contains a population of 2,500."

The last paragraph of the above quotation has been the basis for considerable argument over the population of the village. The Gazetteer states plainly enough that the village contained 2,500 inhabitants in those years of its greatest prosperity, but there is considerable evidence that the writers were mistaken in their statement and should have included the township of Decatur with the village in reporting 2,500. Principal Henry Houseman, who has made a study of local history, states positively that this is true, and if he is correct it can be easily verified by access to the records in the county clerk's office.

The Van Buren County Gazetteer was compiled by Delos Hill, son of the first president of the village, and Eddie Leavens, and printed by E. A. Blackman, editor and publisher of the Republican. It was a big undertaking and the three young men did a splendid job. We doubt if it paid them a cent of profit, for as late as in the eighties two or three hundred of the books were packed away in a big box under the counter of the Trowbridge drug store, and not long after the discovery they began to appear in circulation.

D. W. Leavens, father of the compiler, conducted the drug store, Theo. Trowbridge bought the store of him, M. S. Carney bought of Trowbridge, Robert Rudzinski bought of Carney and changed its location to the choice location on the corner. Harold Narregan bought of Rudzinski and the Mercury Cleaners have restored the drug store room to its brightness of early years.

Dowagiac's First Band.

Dowagiac had the first band in Cass county. It was organized in the early fifties. A. H. Mason played the cornopia, answering to the present cornet.

Bill Mesler played the tuba. It was a huge affair which Mr. Mesler named "Aunt Betsy." It could be heard 2 miles away when he was feeling good.

Dr. Morse and Noel B. Hollister were also members. Hollister ran a drug store and kept an old fashioned melodeon in the rear. He would sit at it and play by the hour, seemingly mad when a customer came in and interrupted him.

Daniel Lyle beat the bass drum. One man reported that he saw the band going to a picnic and Mr. Lyle sat in the rear end riding backward and pounding the drum till it awakened the echoes in the Jefferson hills.

Jacob Defendorf was the snare drummer. He had a little shop across the railroad track where they made snare drums.

Poor Bill Mesler enlisted in the Civil war and went to the front. He was notified of the serious illness of his wife and got a furlough to come home. He arrived while the funeral was in progress and when he walked into the church it was one of the saddest pictures of the war that the little city witnessed.

Hamilton Township.

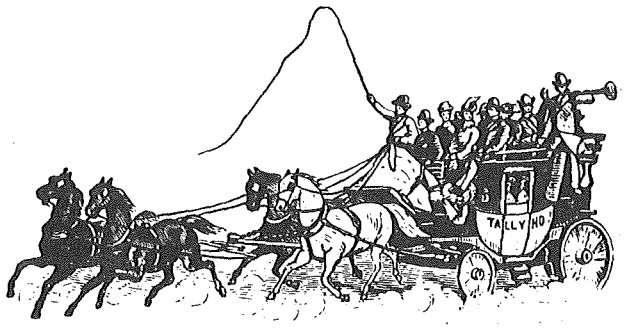
Hamilton is described in the United States survey as township 4, south of range 15, west. It is one of the finest agricultural towns in Van Buren county, and is distinguished for the general thrift and prosperity of its farmers. The surface is slightly undulating, and is generally inclined to a level. The northern portion is heavily timbered—the central and southern portions are mostly oak openings. In the south-eastern part are several sections of low, unimproved lands. With this exception, the township is in a good state of cultivation. It has a rich and varied soil, partaking of the characteristics indicated by the timber in the different localities. There are no crops raised in western Michigan but what Hamilton produces in abundance. Like all the neighboring towns, it is well adapted to fruit growing. The northern part is watered by a branch of the Paw Paw river, on which the flouring and saw mills of Robert Nesbit are located. The south-eastern part is watered by a branch of Dowagiac creek, which rises in Lake of the Woods, a beautiful sheet of water about one and a half miles in diameter, lying between Hamilton and Decatur. The township also contains several smaller lakes or lakelets, the most important of which are School-lot lake, Knickerbocker Pine and Foster.

The old Territorial road from Detroit to St. Joseph, built more than forty years ago, passes through Hamilton. Upon this road the first settlers located as early as 1832. Zebina Stearns located on section 17; Lewis Johnson on section 16, and Philotus Hayden on section 16. In 1834, Aaron Barney located on section 30; Reason Comley on section 28, and Robert Nesbit on section 4. Soon after Calvin Fields and James Brooks located on section 33. In 1836, James Lombard located on section 15. Robert Nesbit built the first saw mill, in 1834. He also built the first grist mill, in 1856. The first school was opened near what is now known as Brown's tavern, in 1837, with twenty pupils.

Hamilton and Keeler were originally organized under the name of Covington, about the year 1837. In 1839 they were divided into separate townships. The first town meeting in Hamilton, was held at the house of Henry Coleman, who then kept what is now known as Brown's tavern.

Of the above named early settlers, Lewis Johnson, Reason Comley, Robert Nesbitt, Calvin Fields, James Brooks and James Lombard still survive; Aaron Barney died about 1857.

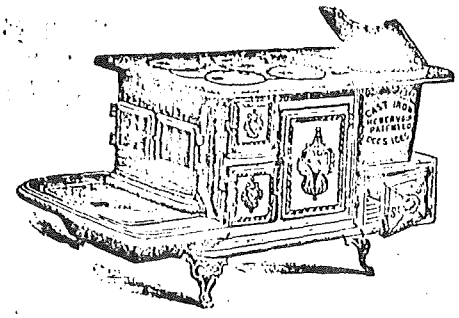
Philotus Hayden was a man of large means and extended influence. During the late civil war, he distinguished himself by his active patriotism and lively sympathy with the cause of his country. As a politician, his influence was felt in the politics of the State. As a neighbor, he was noted for his kindness of heart, and active benevolence, and when he died in 1866, he carried with him the benedictions of the poor.



S. N. THOMAS,

—DEALER IN—

MECHANIC TOOLS
Builder's Hardware,
Oliver's Patent Chilled Plows.



THE CELEBRATED
Detroit Stoves.
Gale's Cap. Strp Feed Cutter.

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE!

Kalamazoo, Dowagiac and South Bend Plows.

EAST SIDE PHELPS ST,,

DECATUR, MICH.

Nicholson, Horace W., bds Mrs. S. E. Nicholson.

Nicholson, R. Eugene, (Nash, Keables & Nicholson), h cor St. Mary's and John.

Nicholson, Mrs. S. E., h cor St. Mary's and William.

NOBLE, L., furniture, dealer, n s Sherwood, opp M. C. R. R. depot, h n s St. Mary's, 1 w Phelps. [see adv.]

North, Wm., builder, h s s Sherwood, 1 w Phelps.

Northrup & Cockett, (H. A. Northrup & C. S. Cockett), Am. express and insurance agents, w s Phelps, 4 n Sherwood.

Northrup, Charles, billiard saloon, w s Phelps, under Chadwick's store, h e s George, 1 n M. C. R. R.

Northrup, Daniel, farmer, h e s Phelps, 1 n North Lake.

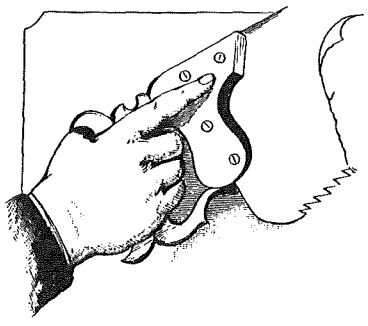
Northrup, Geo. A., bds Galloway house.

Northrup, H. Alonzo, (Northrup & Cockett), h e s George, 4 n Beers.

Nutting & Hendryx, (Ransom Nutting and H. J. Hendryx), tanners, s s Beers, opp depot.

Nutting, James, clk, M. C. R. R. fr't depot, h cor Phelps and Beers.

Nutting, Lucius, h n s Delaware, nr e village limits.



Decatur and South Haven

STAGE LINE,

W. GRAVES, Propr.,

This old and reliable line having been re-organized and re-stocked presents to the traveling public as good facilities for getting to and from the Lake Shore, and intermediate points, as can be found in the State. Express matter and Light Freight carried at reasonable rates. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Each village on the route has an agent who attends to express matter and the welfare of the passengers.

Lovejoy, Charles, lumberman.

Ludwig, Charles P., (Ludwig & Dikeman), h cor River and Kalamazoo.

LUDWIG & DIKEMAN, (Charles P. Ludwig, Judson J. Dikeman), grocers, bakers and restaurant, s w cor River and Kalamazoo.

Lyle, Mervin, (Lyle, Thompson & Co.), bds National hotel.

Lyle, Thompson & Co., druggists, s s Phœnix, 5 w Ravine bridge.

Lynn, J. R, sailor, h s s Erie, 2 e Maple.

Mackay, John, carpenter, h cor Erie and Maple.

Mallory, Chauncey, carpenter; h n s Black River.

Mallory, Hiram, farmer, h w s Pearl, 4 s postoffice.

Marchant, A., sailor, h s s Monroe.

Marquette, John, meat market, h n s Phœnix nr ravine.

Mason, A. R, drayman, h s s Huron 3 e Paw Paw.

Mason, Henry, sailor, h n s Erie bet Center and Kalamazoo.

Mason, Marion, lab, bds A. R. Mason.

Mayhew, Calyx (Mayhew & House) bds Wm. A. House.

Mayhew & House, (Calyx Mayhew, Geo. W. House) barbers, shop s s River 7 w Center.

Mayo, Hamilton, carpenter, shop w s Pearl s postoffice, h same.

Mayo, J. G., carpenter, h cor Broadway and Dewitt.

McCann, Henry, sawyer, h n s Erie 2 w Kalamazoo ave.

McDonald, Donald, farmer, h n s McDonald 2 w Broadway.

McDonald, John, sailor, h s w village limits.

McFarland, A., artist, h s s McDonald 1 e Broadwny.

McKendree, Francis, cabinet maker, wks Frank Howe, bds Mrs. Dyckman.

Williams, W. L., lab, h w s Maple, nr s village limits.
Wilson, Andrew, sailor, h w s St. Joseph, s w village limits.
Wilson, Simon, billiard room, s s Phœnix, 1 e National hotel, h same.
WILSON, S. P., wood dealer, h cor Broadway and Murray.
Woodman, L. C., physician, office over Lyle, Thomwson & Co's, h same.
Wright, —., sailor, h cor Erie and Maple.
Wright, A. D.
Wright, D. G., (Wright & Lounsbery), h n s Phœnix, 2 e Pearl.
WRIGHT & LOUNSBERY, dealers in gen'l mdse, cor Phœnix and Pearl.
Young, John, fisherman, bds Albert Cross.

D. W. LEAVENS,

DRUGGIST,

AT SIGN OF

"THE DRUG STORE,"

DECATUR, - - MICH.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

VAN BUREN COUNTY

REPUBLICAN

$1,50 A Year.

DECATUR, - - - - MICH.

Buy Your

GROCERIES

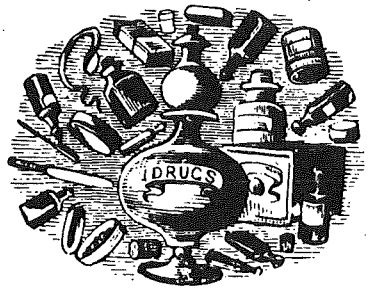
AND

PROVISIONS

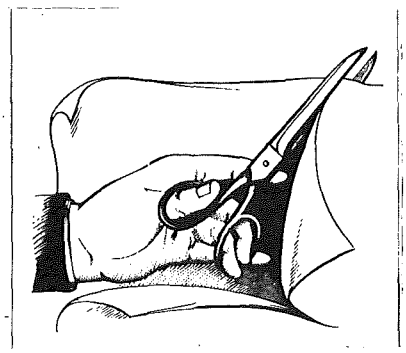
OF

TROWBRIDGE & HILL,

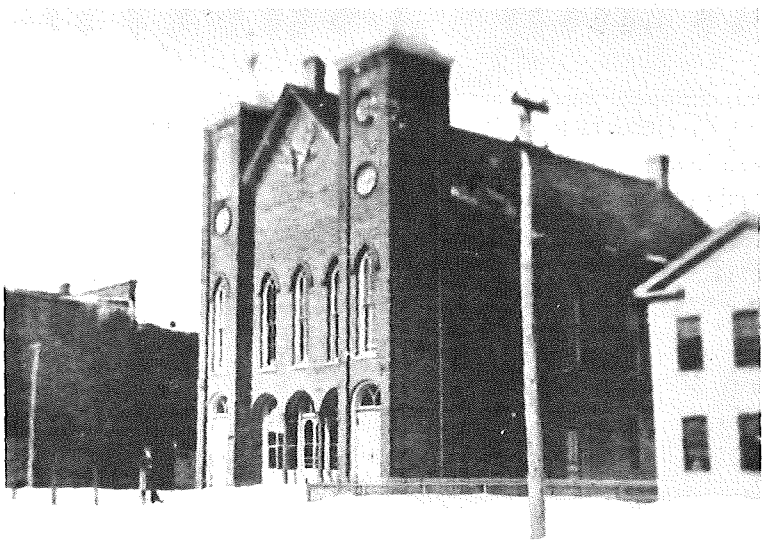
Decatur, Mich.



APOTHECARY.



1870



The First Town Hall Was Constructed In 1870 At An Approximate Cost Of $11,000. It Provided Space For Civic Offices And A Spacious Hall For Public Entertainments.

Saturday Advertiser.

VOL. 1, DECATUR, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870, NO. 9

The Saturday Advertiser,

Issued Every Saturday Morning

—AT—

DECATUR, MICH.,

At the Office of the VAN BUREN COUNTY REPUBLICAN Poore's Block, over the Post Office.

One Copy, One Year, 50 Cents.

Guaranteed Circulation 500.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

1 column,	3 months,		$13.00
¼ "	3 "		7.00
2 inches,	3 "		3.50
1 "	3 "		2.00
½ "	3 "		1.00

Transient Advertisements Fifty Cents per inch for first insertion, and Twenty-Five Cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices (reading matter type) Ten Cents per line for first insertion, and Five Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements and local notices to insure insertion in the ADVERTISER must be handed in by 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

All bills payable monthly. Transient advertisements payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. L. HAWKS,

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

SILVER-WARE, ETC.

Also Agent for

J. E. SPENCER & CO'S

CELEBRATED

Diamond Spectacles.

THE BEST IN USE.

Next Door South of Post Office,

DECATUR, MICH.

1—3m

NEW MEAT MARKET.

ADAMS & CULLOM, PROP'S.

Opposite the Duncombe House.

Market Refitted, Splendid New Ice Room, etc. All kinds of

Fresh and Salt Meats, Etc.,

Constantly on hand.

CASH

PAID FOR STOCK.

GEO. ADAMS.
JOHN M. CULLOM.

1—3m

Index to Advertisements.

Rawson & Wilkinson, Veterinary Surgeons.
M. C. Sherman, Bakery and Lunch Rooms.
E. J. King, Dentist.
Keables & Nicholson, Hardware.
S. N. Thomas, Hardware.
O. Combs, Groceries.
J. S. Dowd, Groceries.
L. T. Rawson, Grain, Produce, etc.
A. A. Abbott, Flour Limo, Feed, Salt, etc.
B. L. Hawks, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
T. Browning, Drugs and Medicines.
J. W. Rogers, Groceries.
Adams & Cullom, Meat Market.
Frankenberg & Rosenberg, Clothing, etc.
O. Combs, Groceries.
T. H. Jordan, Fashionable Tailor.

—Must we bid farewell to the Artesian Well? Well! Well! Well!

—Look at the "Peerless" Lamp Shade at Leavens' Drug Store.

Interesting Family Gathering.

A re-union of a portion of the Rawson Family, residing in this village, came off recently, seven of whom met at Palmer Rawson's and enjoyed an "old style chat" around their hospital board. Their ages were respectively 78, 74, 73, 70, 69, 67 and 67; united ages, 498; average age, 71.

The attendance of their social gathering was increased by their families, consisting of children, grand-children, great-grand-children and cousins. May they all and ever guide their barks clear of the shoals of intemperance.

Decatur, Sept. 16, 1870.

The Concert.

Prof. Straub's concert, on Wednesday evening last, was well attended and the performance was excellent. We hope that another class may be formed this winter, and that Prof. Straub may have charge of it; for all speak of his excellence as a teacher in the highest terms.

—Salt $2.25 per barrel at L. T. Rawson's.

St. Louis Flour.

Everybody knows the fame of the St. Louis Flour. A. A. Abbott, at the mill, has a large quantity of flour manufactured from Missouri wheat, which is full as good as the St. Louis, and is really the same thing, being made from the same wheat. It is splendid. Try it.

—Salt $2.25 per barrel at L. T. Rawson's.

Decatur Produce Market.

Carefully corrected weekly for the Van Buren County REPUBLICAN,

DECATUR, MICH., Oct. 1, 1870.

APPLES, green	0 30	@	0 50
" dried	0 07	@	0 08
BEANS,	1 00	@	1 50
BUTTER,	0 25	@	0 30
CLOVER SEED,	10 00		
CORN, new	0 40		
CHEESE, per lb	0 13	@	0 14
CHICKENS, dressed, per lb	0 11		
" alive,	0 8	½	
EGGS,	0 12	½	
HAY, tame,	10 00	@	12 00
HONEY, per lb	0 18	@	0 20
LARD,	0 20		
ONIONS, per bushel	0 75	@	1 00
OATS, new,	0 25	@	0 30
PEACHES, dried,	0 12	@	0 14
POTATOES,	0 60	@	0 70
WHEAT, red	1 00		
" amber,	1 15		
" white,	1 00	@	1 25
GRAPES, per lb	0 6	@	0 7
PEACHES, per bushel	50	@	1 25
PEARS,	2 00		
TOMATOES, per bushel	0 35	@	0 40

The above are the prices that can be realized for articles of good quality, at this market.

HARDWARE.

MR. EDITOR:

We have not time to enumerate our goods or give prices, but you can quietly inform the readers of your SATURAY ADVERTISERS that we have purchased the Hardware stock from Messrs. Moore & Lisk, and with our new goods constantly arriving, we are prepared to sell **Stoves, Plows, Saws, Nails, Hubs, Spokes, Wagon Timber,** and, in fact, all kinds of goods usually and unusually kept in a **first class Hardware Store.** Good goods and low prices for cash is our motto, so come along and we will do you good.

Keables & Nicholson.

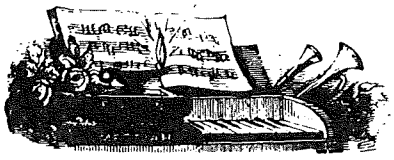
Decatur, Mich., August 5, 1870.

1870

DECATUR UNION SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT
FRIDAY EVENING JAN. 22

1870

MUSIC — By the old orchard's rippling stream
..... Smith Young, Burged & Lyon
ESSAY ..... Carrie Queal — 12th year
MUSIC — "Recitations of childhood" Wise, Huyck, Deyo, Webster
READING — Selection ..... Elsie Mason — 1st year
DECLAMATION ..... Chas. Cole — 2nd year
DECLAMATION — "Robin's Son" ... Addie Hendryx — 2nd Year
MUSIC — "Gathering Home," ..... Morris C. Hain,
E. Sinborn, Wooster, C.Lyon
DECLAMATION — "The New Year's Party" C. Osborn — 4th year



KEEP A-GOIN'

Frank L. Stanton

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin!
'Taint no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-goin!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin!
Though 'tis work to reach the top,
Keep a-goin!
S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime—
Keep a-goin!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin', sing—
Keep a-goin!

ONCE ONLY

I shall pass thro' this world but once.

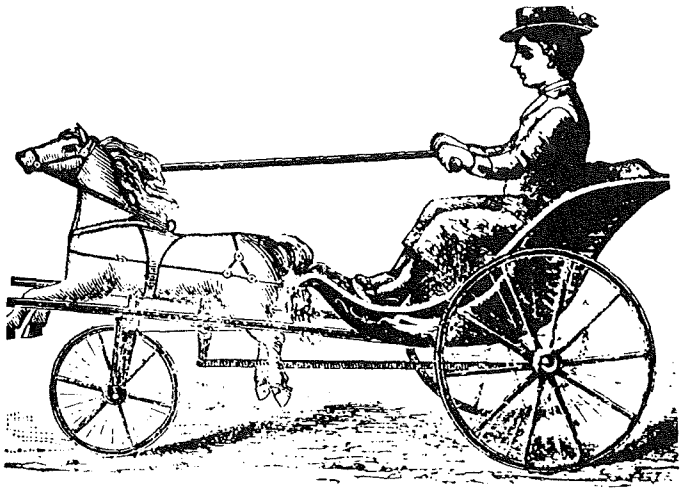
Any good thing that I can do,

Or any kindness that I can show,

To any human being whatsoever,

Let me do it now, and not defer it,

For I shall not pass this way again.



THE VILLAGE OF DECATUR

BEING A BRIEF HISTORY ENTERTAINLY TOLD BY A WORTHY PIONEER

The first settlement in Van Buren County was made in what is now the township of Decatur, in 1829, but the village of Decatur did not spring into existence until 1848, when the Michigan Central Railroad came through.

Previous to this, however, Charles Tucker, in 1847, had settled on the present site of the village and built a house. In 1848 L.R. Barker built a hotel on the now vacant lot at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood street. The following year Col. Phelps, who was post master for a long time and for whom our main street was named, opened a store on the corner of Phelps and St. Mary's street, now occupied by Mr. Upfield and for a year it was the only store in town.

The first school house in the village was built in 1848 on the lot where W.W. Greenman has his dwelling, and in 1869 it was used as a Baptist church. A school was opened with about twenty pupils and was taught by Miss Sarah Cook.

The site of the village was originally obtained from the U.S. Government by Messrs. Beers and Sherwood of New York City in a grant to them of five-thousand acres. These gentlemen were never residents of the place but in 1850 built a steam saw mill in the low swampy place at the west end of Delaware Street just out of the village. The mill was afterwards converted into a distillery which happily disappeared years ago.

In 1854, the present business center of the village was occupied as follows: Ira Nash on corner now occupied by Mr. Durkee; Trowbridge and Harris' general store, on Mr. Brook's corner; W.C. Tucker, general store, on corner occupied by Mr. Wood, and Henry Canoll, a drug store where Mr. Mosier now has a dry-goods store.

Village Incorporated in 1859

The village was first incorporated by the board of supervisors in October, 1859, and afterwards rechartered by the legislature March 16, 1861. A curious provision existing in the act was that the president and trustees should receive no compensation but might once a year have a free dinner at the expense of the village. The first president of the corporation was Hon. E.P. Hill, the first recorder, Orin T. Welch.

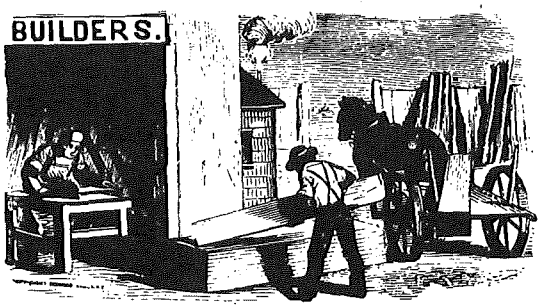
In 1869 Decatur claimed a population of 2,500 and was considered one of the most prosperous towns on the line of the M.C.R.R.

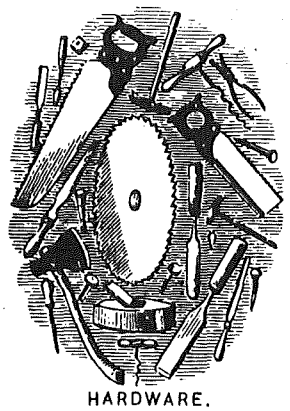
At that time the village contained four churches: Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist and also Baptist, seven dry-goods stores, two drug stores, six grocery and provision stores, four hotels, three harness shops, two hardware stores, three clothing stores, three shoe stores, one banking house, two meat markets, one livery stable, one photographer, three millinery shops, four dress makers, two barbers, one bakery, one flouring mill, two planing mills, a stave factory, a steam saw and grist mill, a tannery, a cabinet shop, and carriage manufactory and — ten saloons.

The present school building was built in 1863-4 at a cost of $12,000.00. The Methodist Church was built in 1860-1 and cost $4,000.00. The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1852, the present church cost $6,500.00 and was built in 1868. There was a Baptist Church organized in 1869 with twenty-six members. The First Universalist Church was organized in May 1868, and occupied what is now the Catholic Church and was originally the First Presbyterian Church. The present church was built in 1881 and cost $3,000.00.

In 1870 a town hall was built at a cost of $11,000.00. The First National Bank was established October 15, 1870. A.B. Copley, President, and E.P. Hill, Cashier. Mr. Copley was a member of the State Legislature in 1865, '71, and '75. S.N. Thomas was in business here longer than any other man on Main Street, having been in the hardware business more than thirty years, but retired from active life several years ago.

1876





J.H. TUTTLE

OBITUARY

Passed from earth to spirit life on the 6th Inst., J.H. Tuttle, aged sixty-nine years.

Mr. Tuttle had lived in this vicinity during the past forty years and had won the esteem and friendship of a large circle of acquaintances. He was an ardent supporter of all moral reforms, and had the courage of his convictions to battle for right. His sympathies ever went out for the poor and afflicted and he was always ready to divide his substance with the needy. In every sense he was a humanitarian. In politics he was a prohibitionist; in religion, he was a Spiritualist. To be good and to do good was his religion. He realized that he was continually in the presence of God. He also realized that death of the body was as natural as its birth; that what we call death is only transition, passing out of the physical body into the spiritual body. He could answer the question which so troubled Job — "If a man die shall he live again?"

He was a good citizen and a staunch friend of the soldiers. He was the noblest work of God — an honest man.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tuttle of Kalamazoo attended the funeral.

Circa 70's

ANSE KNIGHT'S GROCERY STORE

CIRCA (1877)

SCHOOL

Many of our old readers will remember Prof. C.F.R. Bellows, the first principal of the Decatur Union School and his bright little son, Willie. They left here about 18 years ago and, a tall and handsome young man arrived here and we soon found that he was Willie Bellows, who 19 years ago when his father was part owner of the Republican used to make hickory whistle, pi type, pop his head out the front windows and yell at the boys, and otherwise bother us (the devil). He is now a promising young dispenser of Blackstone at Reed City and was here looking after his father's interests in some real estate. Time works wonders, Willie Bellows of 19 years ago is now M.W.E. Bellows, attorney at law, and his little boy chums are among our young business men. (*Arba Moulton*)

FIRST INTERMEDIATE
about 1878

ALICE ACKLEY — TEACHER
FRANKIE ARNOLD
OLIVER CHAMBERLAIN
EDNA CARNEY
BERTIE CULVERHOUSE
GEORGIE CHAMBERLIN
MATTIE CHAMBERLIN
MOLLIE COHN
ROSA COHN
ROSE DENNIS
BERTHA FRY
MYRTIE GRIFFIN
NELLIE GREENMAN
LUCIOUS HUBBARD
GRACE HAKES
GERTIE HOWLAND
AGGIE HINCKLEY
TOMMY MAHONEY
KATIE O'LEARLY
LILLIE O'DELL
MILLIE ROWLEY
EFFIE ROWLEY
LENA STEWART
EMMA TAYLOR
HARLEY WELCHER
HARTLEY WELCHER

FIRST PRIMARY
about 1875

ANNA DEWEY — TEACHER
BYRON ALDRICH
MUCY ALDRICH
ARDEN ALDRICH
EVA ARNOLD
MARY ACTON
JOHNNIE BRIGHAM
FRANKIE BRIGHAM
CARRIE BASS
MARY BLEW
WILBER BYERS
ALICE BROWN
PEARL BROWN
MAUDIE CHAPPLE
HANS CHRISTANCY
LULU CRITTENDON
LUELLA FLETCHER
WILLIE FLETCHER
ALICE GRIFFIN
CELIA HINCKLEY
LEROY HINCKLEY
MABLE HOPKINS
ETTA JOHNSON
VERNIE JORDAN
OLIVE KELLEY
WILLIE LABADIE
MABLE MCOMBER
GENE MCOMBER
HARRY MAXHAM
FREDDIE POTTS
JESSIE PIERCE
JENNIE RAY
VERNON RUNION
EDITH THOMPSON
LEROY THOMPSON
BESSIE TROWBRIDGE
MAINARD THOMAS
GRACE WHEELER
ERNIE WHITLOCK

SECOND PRIMARY

BESSIE ROGERS — TEACHER
CLARA JOHNSON
CORA JOHNSON
WILLIE MAHONEY
LULU STEWART
NELLIE SMITH
GRACE BIDLACK
FRANK DODGE
RAY DODGE
PEARL MCCLUNG
ROSE SMITH
LENORE SEARLS
MYRTA SWEETLAND
FAY BEACH
ELSIE BICKHART
BERDE BYERS
MABEL STEVENSON
MAUDE YOUNG
MABEL SEARLS
ROSE RUNYON
ORLIN GOBLE
EDDIE PRICE
HOD PRICE
MYRTA O'DELL
MAMIE HUBBARD
FORD HOPKINS
BERT SEARLS
MUIRL KLINGER
JESSIE HAWKS
ETHEL VAN DUZER
GERTIE THOMPSON
MINNIE THOMPSON

GRAMMAR SCHOOL
1880

NELLIE RICH — TEACHER
CHAS. BRIGHAM
NELLIE COHN
GRACE CALDWELL
NELLIE EDEE
CLYDE FISHER
DAISY FORTAIN
EDITH HATCH
LUCY HAMLIN
MINNIE HAKES
HENRY HINCKLEY
LENA JORDAN
BART LABERTEAUX
EDDIE LYLE
MELVIN LYLE
CORA MOON
ESTELLA MAXHAM
KATE MAHONEY
BESSIE MOULTON
GRACE OSBORN
LORENZO UTTER
LEWIS O'DELL
HATTIE ROBERTS
BERTHA SHERROD
JESSE WHITE
ROE WARNER
MINNIE YOUNG
FLORENCE HAWKS
FRANK HARE

ROLL OF HONOR
1888

JENNIE K. HILL — TEACHER

Following is a list of the scholars of the Decatur Union School who received cards of honor at the close of the fall term.

HIGH SCHOOL

LOUIS DWIGHT
ALBERT GANTZ
JENNIE GRAHAM
LILA HARLOW
BESSIE HOWLAND
ELMER HUFF
SARA HUYCK
MINNIE HAWKS
GERTIE LEE
LENA E. LYLE
ARBA MOULTON
KATIE NESBITT
NELLIE POTTS
HUBERT O'DELL
EVA OLCOTT
IDA RAY
JENNIE SIMPSON
JENNIE STERRITT
ANNA STRUBLE
MAVEL WILLISON
CHARLIE HIGH

1888

CORNELIUS PETER KEMP

To the judge of the Tippecanoe Circuit Court in the State of Indiana:

Cornelius Peter Kemp, being an alien and a free white person, makes the following report of himself; on his solemn oath declares that he is twenty-three years of age; that he was born in the Kingdom of Holland; that he emigrated from Rotterdam in the year of 1868; that he arrived in the United States at the port of New York, in the state of New York, on the tenth day of August, 1868; that he owes allegiance to King William III; and that it is bonafide his intention to become a citizen of the United States of America, and to remove forever allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to said *King William the Third*; of whom he is a subject.

/S/ Cornelius Peter Kemp

Subscribed and sworn before me, on the 7th day of October, A.D., 1878.

WITNESSES
James T. Chute
James Groendyke

MEMORIES OF EARLY PIONEER DAYS IN THE MICHIGAN WILDS

By: Lucy Millard Bennett

After several years my mother married Aaron Barney, a widower with a large farm, three sons and a married daughter. This new home was of logs but another large house was being built. The two famiies, hired man ndcarpenter made a large house full.

That farm was the one now owned by J.E. Osborn and w fe in south Hamilton. There were two large fireplaces, the wood for which was drawn in on a hand sled, a large log at the back, a smaller one in front on the andirons, and many still smaller ones piled high in the middle, which when fully ignited, made a grand fire and lighted the whole room. There was also a brick oven for baking, a fine light wood was especially prepared for this. oin place of cider and apples winter evenings, we ate turnips and greatly enjoyed them.

There was no village nearer than St. oep ad Kalamazoo.NO SCHOOLS AS YET, RELIGIOUS SERVICES IRREGULR ANDHELD IN LOG HOUSES AND BARNS. My mother and stepfather unite wthth Methodist Church about this time and I remember kneeling by a chair when a sister and I were baptized.

In time a log school house was built one and a half miles from our house. I can see it now and we children playing hide-and-seek about it. To make a path for the children to follow, a pair of oxen were hitched to a log which were drawn through the woods. I well remember my first teacher, Jane Morton, an aunt of J.S. Morton of the Graham and Morton Boat Line.

Our house was the largest of any in that vicinity and became the stopping place for many travelers. Two very tall ministers were frequent callers, (they seemed tall to me then) and used to carry me about the room to my delight.

A neighbor kept a barrel of whiskey in his house where anyone could help themselves, and my stepfather fell into evil ways and the drink habit grew on him, 'til one day he was brought home so dead drunk, he could neither move nor speak. I used to hide under the table, but he would drag me out and muss me over, 'til I was glad to escape as soon as I could. At last the situation became unbearable and after six years, we returned to the old home, my oldest sister was now married, my brother seventeen, so he and mother took up the burden of feeding and clothing the family.

There was no school in the vicinity of the home for a long time. Decatur had not yet appeared on the map. Several years passed and my second sister taught school one summer near Lawrence and I went there and worked for my board three months, that was all the school we had for a year at that early day. Another summer the school was in a small log house that had been used for a stable. At another time I walked three miles to school. About 1850 or '51 a good school building was erected which still remains with few changes in outward appearance. Here my school days ended, (with the exception of one winter in south Hamilton). Here I taught my first school at one dollar per week and boarded at home one and a half miles away. I did not quite finish the term (three months) for I was taken sick with neuralgia and rheumatism, was very ill for many months and from which I have never been entirely free.

But to go back a little. We still made sugar and I often stayed in camp all day, to help gather the sap and keep up the fire to boil it into syrup. We had three large kettles that held five pails full each. Sugaring off days were great fun. We did not have pails to catch the sap in but troughs made from blocks cut from large trees (white wood) split in four pieces and dug out with an axe.

In the early spring when my brother was doing this work, he cut through the heel of his boot and the thick flesh of his heel. He walked fully a mile to reach home. When he got his boot off and mother saw the blood and gaping wound, she fled up stairs, and I (about twelve) was left to care for the wounded, which I did the best I knew, washed away the blood, sewed up the wound with needle and thread and bound it up. This was my first attempt at surgery.

My sister and I later dressed a little pig, not a success, rather wooly, but after singeing, washing and scraping, it looked so well we were quite proud of the job. I shall never forget the first chicken we killed. I held its head on a block, she poised the axe, both shut our eyes, the blow fell but not the head, so we haggled and the poor thing was murdered at last.

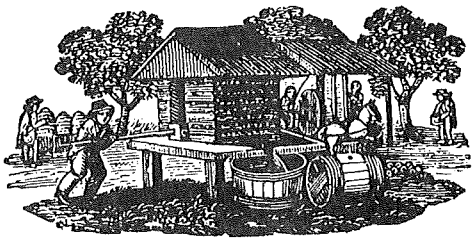
About 1840, Uncle Ralph Mason built a fine house for those days, on the forty acres joining my mother's eighty on the north in Decatur Township. My brother, Hobart Miller, built a log house on this eighty. The logs were hewed inside and out. There was one large living room, bedroom and stairway and two beds above. We felt quite proud of such a fine house. I still retain a very vivid picture of the home also. Before we left the old home, my second sister died so now there were only two sisters left at home. My brother, not being a very strong man, did not get the heavy timber cleared away very fast.

My third sister was married from this log house; so now I was the only daughter left at home. In August, 1855, my aunt, who had lived with Uncle Ralph, died, leaving him alone. He persuaded mother and brother to go to his house and live with him which they did. He took a life lease of the property and when he died it passed to my borther. I was married in that home November 17, 1855 leaving my mother bereft of her last daughter. But what young happy bride appreciates the loneliness of the mother. We took a wonderful bridal trip to Dowagiac. I did not go far away to live, but went to housekeeping on father Bennett's farm known in these later years as Foster's Corners. The next spring, April 18, 1856, we moved to Decatur where we lived until August, 1865, after the close of the Civil War.

ROBERT SLOAN

Robert Sloan was born in Seneca County, Ohio in 1829. As a boy, he helped his father draw supplies for construction gangs in the building of the Michigan Central Railroad. He saw the first train come to Decatur in 1848. He assisted in clearing 993 acres of forest in Hamilton and Keeler Townships. At times the men used as many as eighteen teams of oxen. Robert Sloan did his share in clearing rough forests and preparing the land for the fine farms in Hamilton Township. He located in Hamilton in 1837, the year in which Michigan was admitted as a state. He married Esther Brooks of Hamilton Township in 1864.

1879



HOLIDAY GAMES.

THE MUSICAL ORACLE.—Like all oracles of which we have any account, this requires a certain amount of intelligence both in the working and the interpretation of it. One of the players having been sent out of the room, the rest arrange among themselves some task that he is to perform, and, a player being seated at the piano, on his readmission the task is to be indicated to him by the music played and the manner of playing it. Suppose, for instance, he is to be required to walk three times round the table, and kiss the hand of a particular lady. On entering, the victim will be saluted with "All round my hat," played piano. He will probably look for a hat, and, finding none, will try going round on his own axis, on which the music will die away almost to silence. He then approaches the table, when the strain swells louder; he takes a few steps—louder still; and now recognizing what is required, he paces round once to the air, and is about to go away, when the tune keeps on persistently and loudly, until he guesses that he has to go round the table again. Having completed the three turns, he waits for the next musical indication, which perhaps comes in the shape of "How happy could I be with either," changing to "Nora Creina." He then perceives that it must be the question of a lady, and passes in front of all those in the room—the music becoming fainter as he leaves the lady selected and louder as he approaches her. At length he stands before her, and the piano strikes up "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." He offers her his arm, but she makes no move. He kneels, when the music stops abruptly. He rises again, and the music begins with "The Kiss." He attempts a kiss on the cheek, when he is met with an awful chord and clatter. He then tries the hand, when the music increases in loudness and winds up with a grand flourish, and, if he has acquitted himself intelligently, he obtains the applause of the company.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Poor Man's Soup.—Put one ounce of butter into a saucepan, with three large onions, shred fine, and fry them a pale brown color; add half a tablespoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes, but do not allow the mixture to darken; then add one quart of common stock previously flavored with carrots, turnips, celery, leeks, and parsley boiled in it; stir until the soup boils, and season it to taste with pepper and salt. Peel one or two potatoes, cut them into small dice, and put them to boil with the soup. Cut some crust of bread in long pieces, the size and half the length of French beans, dry them in the oven, and at the time of serving, throw them into the soup; then stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little milk and strained.

Stock: How to make it.—Four-pound shin of beef, one gallon of cold water, and two teaspoonsful of salt; put it on the back of the stove, let it slowly come to a boil, and keep boiling until the water is boiled away one-half; strain, and set to cool; when cold take the grease off the top, and it is ready for use. To make soup: For a family of six, take one quarter of the stock, to which add one quart of boiling water, and any vegetable you may desire, salt and pepper, and boil three hours; eat while hot. This stock will keep one week in cold weather.

White Vegetable Soup.—Two carrots, two turnips, two onions, three heads of celery, three potatoes; add half a pint of split peas, boiled and rubbed through a sieve; pass the vegetables through the sieve; add one quart of good white stock, and half a pint of cream or good milk; season to taste.

Tapioca Soup without Stock.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in plenty of butter till of a golden color, add pepper and salt to taste, and a pint and a-half of water; when the water boils, strain and put it back into a clean saucepan with two tablespoonsful of tapioca; let it boil till almost dissolved, then serve.

MEATS.

Cold Meat and Ham Croquets.—Take cold fowl or cold meat of any kind, with a few slices of cold ham, fat and lean, chop together until very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of ketchup, a small lump of butter. Knead all well together, make into small flat cakes (the yolk of an egg can be used to bind the ingredients, but it is not necessary). Brush with the yolk of a beaten egg on both sides, cover thickly with grated bread-crumbs, fry in a little lard or butter to a light brown. It is surprising how many of these croquets can be made from a very little cold meat and ham, and they are excellent.

An Economical and Delicious Way of Cooking a Rabbit.—Take a nice, fresh rabbit, cut it into joints, and fry it brown, with some slices of pickled pork, and some onions, shred fine. When nice and brown take it out of the frying-pan, and put it in a stew-pan, with water sufficient to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste, thicken with some flour and butter; add force-meat balls, but be sure not to put the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be the thickness of rich cream.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton.—Boil two large white onions until tender; then chop fine, add bread-crumbs and sage to taste, a little salt and pepper; then slit the sinewy part of the leg, and insert the stuffing, and roast.

DESSERTS.

Velvet Pudding.—Five eggs beaten separately, one teacupful of white sugar, four tablespoonsful of corn-starch, dissolved in a little cold milk and added to the yolks and sugar. Boil three pints of sweet milk, and pour into it the yolks and sugar while boiling. Remove from the fire when it has become quite thick. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with half a teacupful of white sugar; then pour it over the top of the pudding, and return it to the stove until it is slightly browned. Eat with sauce, the recipe for which is given below. It is delicious.

Scrap Pudding.—Put scraps of bread, crust and crumb, into a bowl, with sufficient milk to cover them well. Cover with a plate, and put it into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take it out, and mash the bread with a fork till it is a pulp; then add a handful of raisins and as many currants, a teacupful of brown sugar, half a cup of milk, some candied lemon-peel, and one egg. Stir it up well, grease a pudding-dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate over a little nutmeg, put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a-half.

Open Tart.—Butter a tart-pan, roll out the paste to the thickness of half an inch, and line the pan with it; prick a few holes at the bottom with a fork, and bake the tart in a brisk oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Let the paste cool a little; then fill it with preserve, place a few stars or leaves on it, which have been previously cut out of the paste and back, and the tart is ready for table. By making it in this manner, both the flavor and the color of the jam are preserved, which would otherwise be lost were it baked in the oven on the paste; and, besides, as much jam is not required.

A Bachelor's Pudding.—Four ounces grated bread, four ounces currants, four ounces apples, two ounces sugar, three eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon, a little grated nutmeg. Pare, core, and mince the apples finely—sufficient, when minced, to make four ounces; add to these the currants, which should be well washed, the grated bread, and sugar; whisk the eggs, beat these up with the remaining ingredients, and when all is thoroughly mixed, put the pudding into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for three hours.

Plum Pudding.—Boil and mash well one pound potatoes and one-half pound carrots; when cold add one pound each of flour, currants, and raisins, three-quarters pound raw sugar, eight ounces suet, a little salt, and a nutmeg grated; any other spices and candied peels may be added if approved. Fill your mould very full, tie up closely, and boil four hours; if boiled six hours, the pudding is richer and semi-transparent, and will keep two or three months.

Marmalade Pudding.—One-half pound bread-crumbs, six ounces beef suet, chopped very fine; three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, rind and juice of a lemon, one teaspoonful carbonate soda, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three eggs, well whipped, a little grated nutmeg, all to be well mixed, put into a mould, and boiled three and a-half hours. Serve with wine sauce.

CAKES.

A Good Christmas Cake.—One pound butter, one pound sugar, nine eggs, one pound of flour, three pounds clean currants, two pounds stoned raisins, one-half teacup of wine or brandy, from one-half to three-quarters pound citron, one grated nutmeg, some mace and cinnamon. Rub the butter and sugar together; when light, add first the yolks, then the whites of the eggs—the yolks and whites of the eggs to be beaten separately—then put in nearly all your flour, keeping out just enough to dust your raisins and cement them; cut your citron in such slices as you like, and put in as you put the cake in the pan; after mixing your fruit in the cake, butter a four-quart pan carefully, line it with clean straw paper, a little butter on the paper; put your cake in and bake in not too quick an oven, for it burns easily. After it is baked, take it out of the pan—paper and all—and let it cool. The next day, to keep it fresh and moist, put it back in the pan, or in a tin cake, box and keep it tightly covered.

Plum Cake.—(1) *Scotch:* Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream, add one-half pound sugar, beating well; then six eggs previously beaten. Have three-quarters pound of peel, one-quarter pound almonds, and three-quarters pounds flour already mixed; stir them gently into the butter, etc., and put the mixture into a tin well lined with buttered paper rising well over the top. Bake in a slow oven for three hours. Do not shake nor touch it when in the oven, or the fruit will fall to the bottom.

(2).—Beat three-quarters pound of butter to a cream, add gradually three-quarters pound of brown sugar, the yolks of four eggs well beaten; mix one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with one pound of flour; add this to the other ingredients, with a quarter of a pint of milk, one-half pound of citron peel, one pound of raisins, and one glass of brandy; and last of all the whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. It should be kept at least a fortnight before it is cut.

Plain Seed Cake.—Two pounds flour, one and one-half pound treacle, nearly one ounce ground ginger, one-quarter pound butter, one-quarter ounce carraway seeds ground, a little candied lemon peel cut fine, mix all well with the flour, warm the butter and mix well with the rest; dissolve in boiling water a large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and stir well into the treacle, add to the other ingredients, work all thoroughly together, and bake in a buttered tin two hours in a rather slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Cucumber Pickle.—If full-grown, the small long sort are the best for pickling. Let them be fresh gathered; pull off the blossoms, but do not rub them; pour over them a strong brine of salt and water boiling hot, cover them close, and let them stand all night. The next day stir them gently to take off the sand, drain them on a sieve, and dry them on a cloth; make a pickle with the best white wine vinegar, ginger, pepper (long and round), and a little garlic. When the pickle boils, throw in the cucumbers, cover them, and make them boil as quickly as possible for three or four minutes; put them into a jar with the vinegar, and cover them closely; when cold, put in a sprig of dill, the seed downward. They will be exceedingly crisp and green, done in this manner; but if they do not appear to be of a fine color, boil up the pickle the next day, and pour it boiling on the cucumbers.

Breakfast Dishes.—Scotch Woodcock.—Break two or three eggs into a saucepan; mix well, with a little salt and cayenne, and a good gravy spoon of milk or cream; cook it gently over the fire, and, as it warms, put in a lump of butter as big as a small egg; stir well from the bottom, as the mixture clots. Have ready two slices of toast, slightly buttered on both sides; put between them about three anchovies, washed, scraped, and chopped; pour on the top the mixture from the saucepan, and serve very hot.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF MASTIC-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt has a knife-plaited flounce of the camel's hair; the princess over-dress is made with paniers and trimmed with Breton lace; the sleeves reach to the elbow, and the corsage is cut square in the neck; a plastron front of light blue brocade reaches from the neck to the feet, a blue bow is on the right side of the neck; the head-dress is composed of white lace and blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; a deep plaited flounce trims the bottom of the skirt; the front is quite close clinging and plain, the train is rather long, and a full panier is seen below the black silk jacket which opens in front over a rich brocaded velvet vest, and is larger than the jacket; white felt bonnet trimmed with white plumes and crimson satin strings.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED TULLE, OVER

A SILK OF THE SAME COLOR; the skirt has no train, but touches the floor, not being made as short as the walking skirts; the bottom is trimmed with plaited ruffles of the tulle. There is a crosswise plaited apron of the tulle, and the skirt is trimmed with rich silk fringe. The basque is made of rich brocaded silk, with revers turned up; the neck opens in V-shape, and is trimmed with rich white lace; the sleeves reach below the elbow, where they are trimmed with white lace and bows of yellow ribbon.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; the long train is trimmed with plaitings of blue silk and the revers are faced with blue silk, and the sleeves and edge of the revers are finished with a narrow knife-plaiting of the same; collar of blue. The under-dress is of white brocaded silk, the bottom being trimmed with two ruffles of the blue; blue feathers in the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE AND YELLOW STRIPED GAUZE, over a yellow silk under-skirt; the square train is of the gauze, and the front is trimmed with white ball fringe, and looped up at the side with loose sprays of crimson roses. The short round corsage is of white satin, and the tulle berthé is edged with a wreath of crimson roses; wide satin belt.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF SEAL-BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR; the bottom is of brown satin edged with two narrow knife-plaitings, above this the camel's hair skirt is lightly draped at the back, in front there is a shirred piece of the satin extending from the waist to near the bottom, where it ends in long loops of brown satin ribbon. The close-fitting jacket has revers fastened back by silver buttons, and there is a shirred front of the satin, as well as a simulated vest of the satin.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the bottom of the skirt is kilt-plaited; above this is a scarf-like skirt, the long ends of which are caught together, and fall at the back; the close-fitting double-breasted jacket is trimmed with pearl buttons, and opens over a gay brocaded vest.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE CASHMERE; the skirt is trimmed with a deep knife-plaited ruffle; the upper skirt turns back and forms paniers on the hip, and the ends are draped at the back; the princess waist buttons down to where the paniers commence; the fichu about the neck is of very thin white muslin, and like the cuffs, is trimmed with Mechlin lace.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a wide knife-plaited flounce; the over-dress is draped crosswise in front, and lengthwise in the back, and is edged with a deep, rich fringe; the tight-fitting cutaway jacket is trimmed with a woven gimp that corresponds with the fringe. White felt bonnet with green trimmings.

FIG. X.—DOLMAN CLOAK OF BROWN BEAVER CLOTH, trimmed with deep brown fur.

FIG. XI.—GRAY CLOTH CIRCULAR faced down the inside of the front with black brocade, which material also lines the hood.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF DARK GREEN WATER-PROOF CLOAK; the deep cape reaches only to the arms where it forms sleeves; it is double-breasted and the cape is trimmed with straps of narrow braid fastened on with buttons and edged with little woolen tassels.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The two head-dresses are among the newest that have appeared, but the first requires dexterous fingers to arrange the puffs so that they shall look light and fluffy. The little girl's hat is of white felt trimmed with white satin ribbon and having a row of Breton lace quilled inside. The boy's cap is of gray Astrachan fur, trimmed with gray cord.

The first hat for a lady is of white felt trimmed with white lace and soft white plumes; and the face is edged on the inside with black velvet; white lace or satin strings may be added to this hat if desired; it is very suitable for a visiting or reception hat.

The bonnet is one of the close shapes, with a cap front as well as soft cap crown; it is of black velvet and trimmed with black satin ribbon, crimson and tea-colored roses and black ivy berries. The second hat is of black felt, faced with black satin, and the brim is trimmed with five rows of old gold braid; a knot of black satin and a long black plume trim the outside.

No new fashions appear in mid-winter, usually; only modifications of those that were adopted earlier in the season, and of those we have spoken at large before. For the benefit of new subscribers, however, we will give a short synopsis of what we have before stated. Short dresses for the street are almost universal—when longer ones are worn, it is when they do duty as house-dresses also; the short dresses are no longer at the back than in front, are made to cling closely in the front, and the skirt is always narrow, the drapery giving it all the fulness that is necessary. Paniers are worn, but are by no means universal, many of the short dresses being made to fall quite plain from the hips down. Close-fitting, half tight-fitting and loose jackets are worn with short dresses, just as the fancy or the figure of the wearer may make it most desirable. For the house, trains are very general, though some ladies, especially young ones, like the short dress for home wear too; it is certainly very convenient, but not so graceful as the train; the latter, however, is not nearly so long as formerly. House-dresses are made in every style, some with the full paniers, others falling in severe straight lines—they must cling close in front; the waists also are of infinite variety, but if for more dressy occasions, are usually open in the neck in front, and have the sleeves reaching half way from the elbow to the waist. The polonaise, or princess, style is still a favorite one, though many prefer the skirt and basque separate. For evening, young ladies wear plain colored velvet or silk, or brocaded silk bodices, with white muslin, cashmere or silk skirts, or with skirts of other colors, provided that the body harmonizes with the skirt—these are usually made with a basque, and may be quite high or only half high on the shoulders. The fashion of combining gay brocades and cashmere patterns with plain material gives great variety to the dress, as these gay materials may be used in so many different ways, in fact, in any way to suit the fancy of the wearer; but great care should be taken in employing them, as they are so apt to give the costume a spotted look; collars, cuffs, revers, facings, rufflings, pipings, paniers are all made of the brocaded or figured material, and it is applied in a hundred different ways. Plush, velvet, striped or figured satin are also employed in the same way. All colors seem equally popular, so that all complexions can be suited.

Mantles, basques, jackets, in fact wraps of all sorts, are of the greatest variety; some are very long and loose, others are short and close-fitting, and others again half tight-fitting; all figures can be suited.

Bonnets and hats are in a greater variety of shapes than ever before; the large *Directorie* bonnet and the small cottage bonnet are equally worn; and young ladies appear in all shapes in hats, from the picturesque large flapped beaver, in the Rubens style, to the very severe, stiff Derby hat, with its upright wing, or without any wing at all.

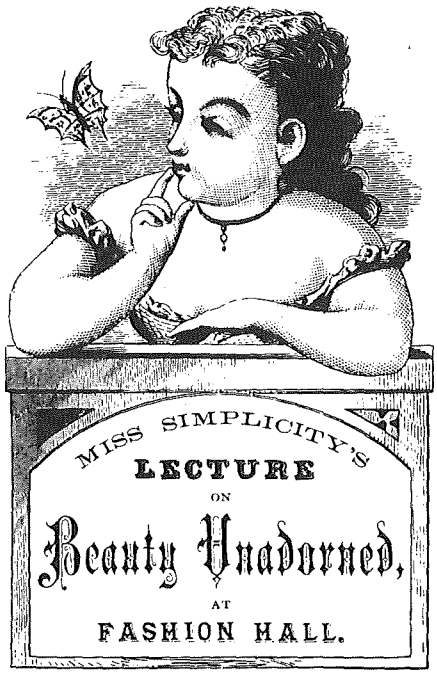
The Hair is also dressed according to the fancy or the style of the wearer; but one thing is universal—there is much less false hair worn than was formerly the case, and consequently the *coiffure* has a much more natural appearance.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

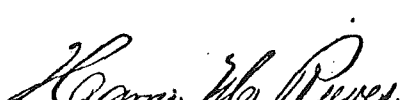
FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles. The jacket is close-fitting, plain in front, but at the sides and back, where it is cut much shorter than at the front, double loops of the material lengthen the jacket to meet the front part; large loops of ribbon trim the back. The handkerchief-collar and cuffs are edged with a knife-plaiting of silk of the color of the coat. Pointed gray beaver hat, trimmed with gray silk and gray feather.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME OF DARK GRAY CLOTH. The trousers are short and come below the stockings of gay Scotch plaid colors; the jacket is double-breasted and worn with a belt. Scotch cap.

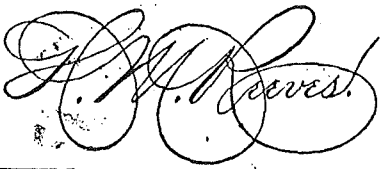
FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt is kilt-plaited; the brown cloth jacket is close-fitting, has a rolling collar, trimmed like the pockets and cuffs with silk braid, and large, pearl buttons fasten the jacket and ornament the pockets and cuffs.



Former Style:

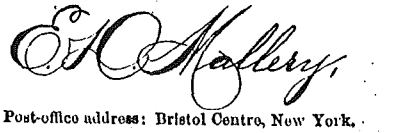


Present Style:



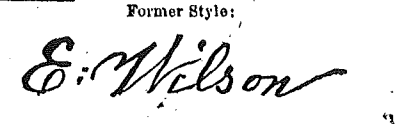
Former Style:

Present Style:

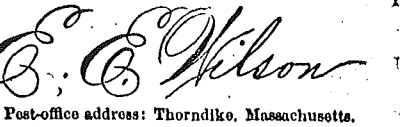


Post-office address: Bristol Centre, New York.

Former Style:



Present Style:



Post-office address: Thorndike, Massachusetts.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM consists of a full series of **COPY-SLIPS, BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ORNAMENTAL FLOURISHING, LETTERING, PEN-DRAWING, LADIES' PENMANSHIP, &c., &c.,** By means of this self-teaching system any one can acquire a rapid and beautiful handwriting at odd hours without a teacher. It is the finest Penmanship ever published, and put up in durable and elegant form. **PRICE ONE DOLLAR,** for which it will be mailed, prepaid, anywhere. Address

Prof. G. A. GASKELL, Principal Bryant & Stratton College, Manchester, N. H.

☞ *The Penman's Gazette,* giving full information, and many other specimens of improvement from young people all over the country, *free* to all who will drop us a postal request for same.

EARLY DECATUR

Westward Ho
1880

Among the activities most attractive to small boys of 60 to 80 years ago was to join a circus, work on the railroad or go west in a covered wagon. The latter privilege fell to Amos Vanderhoof when he was six years old, and to his sister, Mrs. Carrie Hall when whe was 12. Mrs. Hall has written a description of this trip for her grand niece and nephew, Sally and Tommy Woods, and from it these notes are taken:

It was in the summer of 1880, 74 years ago. Enterprising financiers were building railroads into the west and northwest, and in the rivalry to obtain new settlers to open up the country, they painted in alluring terms the opportunities to be gained by taking up claims or buying land in the new and unbroken territories they traversed.

William Vanderhoof was one of many in this part of Michigan to be attracted by the advertising. He had contracted with his brother who had gone on ahead, to buy a claim of him in Dakota Territory, near the settlement of Madison, now in South Dakota. In the latter part of August of that year, 1880, he left his family in a covered wagon to travel the entire distance of over 700 miles to their new home. It took them six weeks to make the trip, but it was done without serious difficulties.

They drove a new Studebaker wagon on the box of which was fastened a row of hoops. Over these was stretched heavy canvas which protected them from rain and the heat of the sun. The wagon was filled with articles most needed for the trip, and in addition the mother and children found room to sleep in it. John Woods accompanied them in another wagon where the men slept.

They left their Decatur home located a mile west of the village on what is now M-40, on a warm sunny morning and their first stop was at the Code school. Here they said good-bye to the teacher, Miss Mary Caldwell, and to the young school mates, and there were smiles and tears on all their faces. They next stopped at the Christie and Bradley farms, at Mike Ryans and the O'Rourkes.

Then neighbors and friends were left behind and they drove on to the Jones home in Silver Creek where their first night was spent. The next day they drove to Niles and spent the night at the home of a relative, George Hoppin. That was the last night they slept in a house until they reached Gilman, Iowa, the home of another relative.

They drove through rain and mud the first ten days, and camping by the roadside was far from pleasant. A two burner kerosene stove and oven enabled Mrs. Vannderhoof to provide reasonably good meals, but it was hard work and she became very tired.

After supper and the horses were carefully groomed the family sat around a campfire and enjoyed an hour or two of rest and comfort until bed time. Then the father read a chapter from the Bible and gave a prayer and all found their places under the canvas tops. Jack, the big black and white dog, would curl up under the wagon where the mother and children slept.

The two wagons were placed close together, and only once did the occupants feel any danger from prowlers; Jack's angry growls kept them away. The horses were tied to the backs of the wagons making a compact settlement.

The farmers along the way sold them grain and hay and milk and vegetables. One of the important events of the trip to the children was crossing the Mississippi River.

The father's membership in the Odd Fellows Lodge was a great help to them. The pin he wore on his coat lapel brought them many friendly greetings and much questioning about their trip and plans.

At Gilman, Iowa, they were given a warm welcome by relatives, and enjoyed for the third time since they started, the luxury of sleeping in a bed. They started out the next day refreshed with good meals and rest, and in another week or ten days reached LaVerne, Minn. Their son David worked in a store there and helped to make their stay pleasant.

Now the travelers were nearing their destination. After LaVerne came Dell Rapids, Dakota Territory, then Madison and then Herman, on a pretty lake of the same name. On driving into Herman they saw ties being laid for the railroad and thought their goods shipped from Decatur would be arriving soon, but they were destined to wait many months for them.

A group of Odd Fellows and others assembled at Herman and directed them to their claim. The people marvelled at the fine condition of their horses, but they did not know what fine care the animals had received, nor that the average daily travel did not exceed 20 miles. The dog Jack never would ride in the wagon but walked the entire distance.

Some of the towns along the route where the travelers stopped over night were Niles, Mich.; Laporte, Valparaiso, Ind.; Joliet, Morris, Ottawa, Princeton, Sheffield, Rock Island, Illinois; Davenport, Hickory Grove, Tipton, Lisbon, Mt. Vernon, Cedar Rapids, Gilman, Marshalltown, Fort Dodge, Cherokee, Rock Rapids, Iowa; and the towns above mentioned in Minnesota and Dakota.

Next week will follow a brief account of the family's first winter in Dakota Territory, written by Mrs. Carrie Vanderhoff Hall.

1880

A HARD WINTER

BY: Carrie Vanderhoof Hall

That first winter on our claim in Dakota Territory, 1880-81, was the hardest we ever experienced, not excepting the terrible blizzard of 1886. How we lived through it is still a mystery to Amos and me. Only the careful planning of our parents and an unfaltering trust in God enabled us to do it.

The claim shanty in which we were to live that winter was small, 12 × 16 feet or less. We had bunks for beds and they were made up on the floor. Hay covered with quilts or blankets served for mattresses. Our table was a wood shipping box with legs nailed on to it. Our stove also stood on legs, it had four lids, and an oven with a door on each side. Our only fuel was a tall tough grass which the men cut and hauled from the marshes. To burn in the stove it was twisted into a hard skein-like shape with the ends tucked under to hold it together, like a skein of yarn.

It made a good hot fire, but burned out so quickly that it took one person to feed the hay into the stove while mother did the baking. It was a new way of living and we were quite surprised to learn what was ahead of us.

My father had bargained before leaving Decatur to buy out his brother, Uncle Herman, so when the deal was finished, sometime in October, we were left in possession of 160 acres of land, on which was the poorly built shanty to live in.

Father bought potatoes and other produce of the Neighborly settlers, and Grandfather Hoppin who had moved out to Madison a year or two before, came out to help us. He lined the shanty with building paper, laid a floor above to make a low attic, and covered the roof and sides with tar paper to stop the cracks and keep out the snow.

The outside of the shanty was covered with prairie sod cut in strips and piled against the thin siding like brick. The hot winds of the previous summers had dried the sod so it did not cling closely, as it was supposed to do and the wind whistled down between it and the siding.

That made the house very cold when the cold weather came, and too late did we learn that we were to go through the hardest winter of the eleven years we stayed in Dakota Territory. The storm and cold started early that winter and we were not prepared for it.

You may have read Laura Ingalls Wilder's book, "The Long Winter." It is in the Decatur library. She lived in DeSmet a town near us. We had all the hard times that she and her family had, and harder in some ways, as we were out on the prairie alone, and she was in a store building nearer to people.

My father was lost in one of the blizzards and nearly parished, while on his way home from Madison with a sack of groceries on his back.

The blizzard came on suddenly and so terribly that he could hardly see his hand before his face. He was completely lost, and so nearly exhausted that he was almost ready to give up when he saw ahead of him what appeared to be a stovepipe chimney. He had seen this before when it turned out to be only tall grass. But he struggled on, and this time he was rewarded. It was a shanty stove pipe and not more than a mile from our home.

The people, a Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, took him in and gave him hot coffee and food, and he got warm and rested. Toward night the wind calmed down and father thought he could get home. Mr. Johnson said he would go with him to the end of a plowed field where the snow had blown off, and if the storm came up again they could follow the plowed field back to his house.

The storm did come up again in all its furry, so the men returned, and Mrs. Johnson made father comfortable for the night. In the morning the storm had cleared somewhat and he found his way home. We were overjoyed to see him and so thankful that he was alive. I do not think my mother closed her eyes that night, but just prayed and waited. Jack the dog, was also awake and alert, listening and waiting for his master.

Such a winter! How mother ever fed us I do not know. We had to grind wheat and corn in a coffee mill to prepare for our simple meals. But she never cried nor complained, she was a wonderful mother. We were never warm. With the twisted hay as our only fuel, and the frigid wind blowing through the cracks in the shanty, we were sometimes compelled to go to bed to keep from freezing.

It was April before a train came in with supplies, and there were still drifts of snow in places.

When spring came, the grass was again green, pretty flowers covered the prairie and we were delighted and happy. The spring brought many birds not seen in Michigan. There was not a robin nor a wren not a cat bird, but we liked the birds that came.

My mother started a garden, as she always had in Michigan. The sod was so hard and full of roots that she dug holes in the black soil with a butcher knife. The seeds were tucked into the holes, and in time the rain came, the seeds grew and we had nice food from her garden all summer.

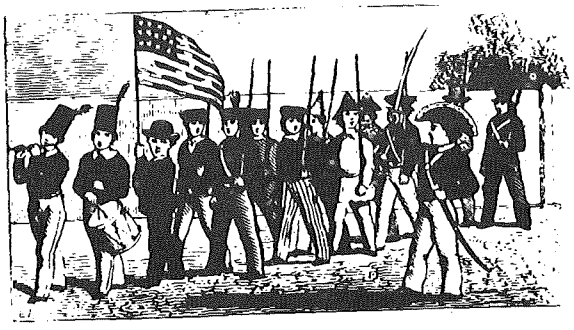
That spring Mrs. Mallory and her daughters, Jennie and Della, sent us asparagus and pieplant seeds, and in time these plants furnished us choice food.

The bows from the covered wagon were set up on one side of the yard, and I planted wild cucumber and Alleghany Vine seeds to grow over them to make an arbor. They grew luxuriantly and gave us the only shade we had for some time.

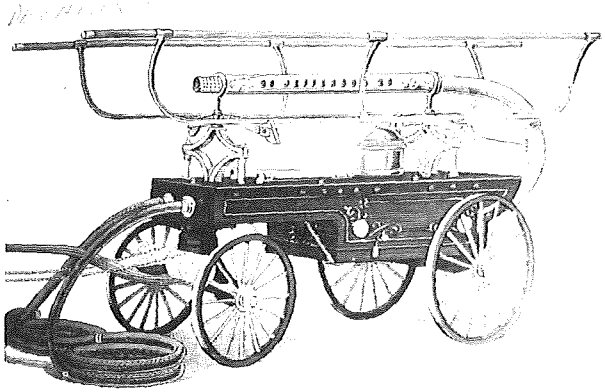
I had a nice flower garden which I planted and cared for all by myself. (I was 13 that winter.) I raised beautiful pansies from seeds the Mallory sisters sent me, as many other flowers. Things did grow.

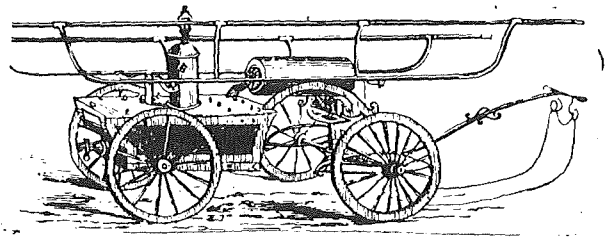
DECATUR CORNET BAND 1880

Left to right, Harry Hughes, Millard Russell, John Struble, Charles Rawson, Nick Huff, Frank Clark, Homer Hinckley, Will Carney, Charles Pritchard, Will Sutton, Harry Russell.



THE BLUE BOYS JEFFERSON ENGINE 26 NEW YORK





Decatur Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1.

SECOND ANNUAL BALL,

Town Hall, Decatur, Mich., Wednesday Evening, Feb. 21st, 1883.

Music by Academy of Music Orchestra of Kalamazoo.

Yourself and Lady are Invited.

Floor Managers--Charles Prichard, Arthur Thomas.

Committee,
ED. ARNOLD,
A. L. MOULTON,

BILL, $1.00.

L. D. ROBERTS,
CHAS PRICHARD,
CHAS. SCHUSTER.

A reward supernal was won by thee
To be met on the Shores of Eternity.
A word that cheers a soul in distress
Comes back with a prayer you deed to bless,
"For what you do to the least of Mine
You do it unto Me."

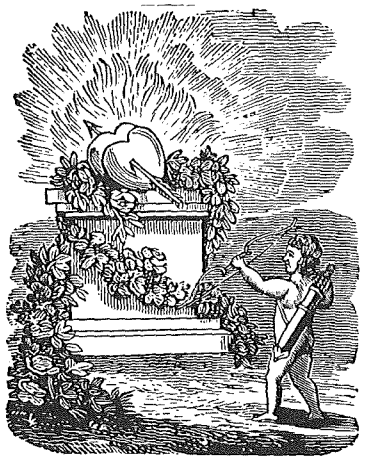
When alms with kind pressure your hand did dole,
Bringing needed comfort to body or soul,
A treasure in Heaven you laid up that day,
Which naught can destroy, naught take away.
And My Heart rejoiced for the gracious deed,
'Twas your suffering Lord you then did feed,
The kindly touch took the weight from My Cross,
And you the richer were made by your loss:
"For whatever you do to the least of Mine
You do it unto Me."

If done in My Name there is naught so small,
That heedless or lost to the earth can fall,
A word of comfort, a smile of cheer,
A pitying glance, a tender tear,
A cooling draught, an act of love.
I have its reward in My Home above,
Whatever you do to the least Mine
unto Me."

James H. Hammond Born 1847 — New York

(democratic nominee for State Senator 8th Dist-Mich)

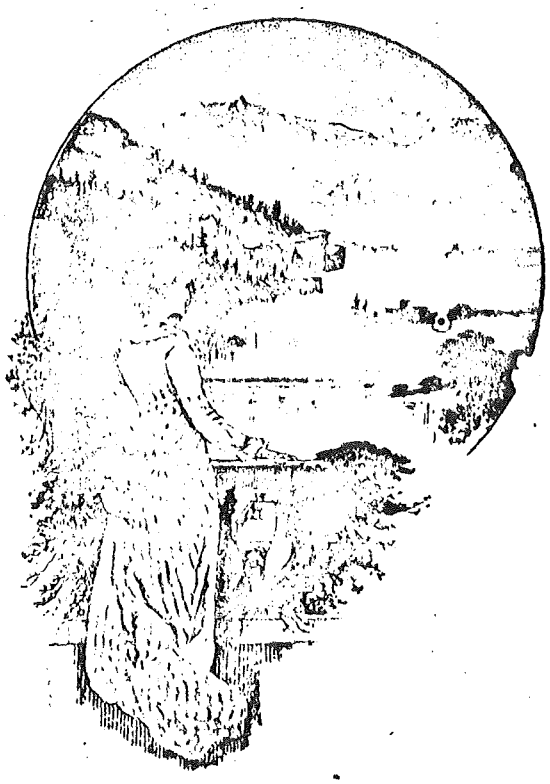
In February 1864, when Civil War was at its height and when he was but sixteen years old, he enlisted in Union Army, making the fourth son his widowed mother had given to her country's call. He was assigned to the Army of the Potomac and all through the campaign of 1864 was with General Grant against General Lee, from the Battle of the Wilderness until the capture of the Weldon Railroad, when he was shot through the body with a minnie ball and reported as mortally wounded. At the expiration of eight months, spent in Lincoln Hospital in Washington D.C., he was able to return to his regiment, which he found at Appomattox, guarding the arms surrounded by Lee's Army. After receiving an honorable discharge at close of the war, he returned and became a minister.



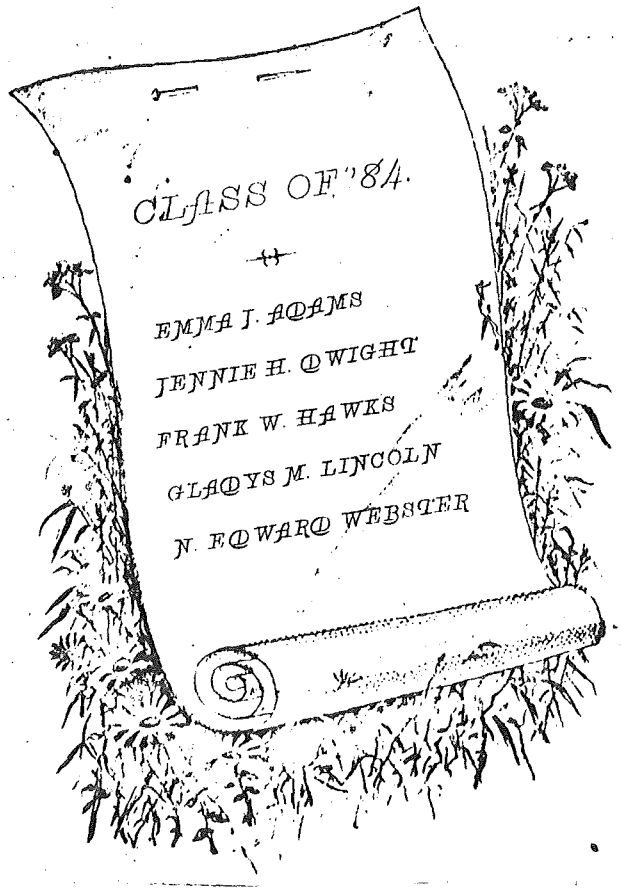
HERO SOLDIERS

Harken the sounds of martial music
And the beat of muffled drums,
As down the streets of the new world
The blue clad warriors come.
Warriors of two generations,
How proudly they march today,
To the graves where our loved ones are buried —
They of the blue and the gray.
Our hearts beat heavy within us,
And the tear-drops softly fall,
As we hear wafted away in the distance,
The gun-shot and the bugle call.

1884



"LINK BY LINK
IS MADE THE COAT OF MAIL."



DECATUR UNION SCHOOL

BOARD OF EDUCATION

HON. R. L. WARREN,
Director.

HON. A. B. COPLEY,
Moderator.

A. N. CHAMBERLIN,
Assessor.

J. L. HARRISON,
Trustee.

RANSOM NUTTING,
Trustee.

A. W. MITCHCOCK,
Principal.

MISS ABBIE PEARCE,
Preceptress.

REPUBLICAN PRINT, DECATUR.

GRADUATING EXERCISES,

THURSDAY EVE., JUNE 19, '84.

At the Presbyterian Church.

PROGRAM

PRAYER,.....Rev. Mr. Dillingham.

MUSIC,

Quartette,.....Twilight Bells.

SALUTATORY,
Jennie Dwight.

ESSAY,

"Roll Call,".....Gladys Lincoln.

ORATION,

What an Education Includes,.....Frank Hawks.

MUSIC,

Duet,.....Hope Beyond.

ESSAY,

An Herbarium,.....Jennie Dwight.

CLASS HISTORY AND PROPHECY,
N. Edward Webster.

MUSIC,

Duet,.....The Flower-Gatherers.

ESSAY, WITH VALEDICTORY,

A Niche for Each One,.....Emma Adams

Conferring Diplomas, and Address to Graduates.

MUSIC,

Quartette,.....Good Night.

BENEDICTION,.....Rev. Mr. Headle.

FROM THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN

July 23, 1884.

A. B. Johnson, Editor.

The call for a Republican county convention to be held in Lawrnce is signed by Dr. J. Andrews and George Breck of Paw Paw, John Barrows of Lawrence, Gideon B. Browning of Decatur, and others.

The Republican ticket: For President, James G. Blaine. For Vice President, John A. Logan.

A full account of the rescue of seven survivors of the Greeley Polar expedition is given on the first page of this paper.

C. A. Crane is building a new sidewalk in front of his grocery.

F. N. and Mrs. Chadwick left this noon for their new home in Minneapolis.

Frank Thomas left Thursday for Poughkipsie, N. Y., to enter the business college there.

Marvin Hinkley marketed the first new wheat last Friday at the Rawson elevator.

Pat Howland found a swarm of bees hanging to a limb in the woods and having no hive at hand he cut off the limb and carried the bees to town on his shoulders where they were hived and are working nicely.

The following teachers have been elected for the coming year: Abbie Pearce, preceptress; Carrie Merritt, Nellie Rich, Cora Hinckley and Minnie Coleman.

January 31, 1907.

Carl Squier, page in the House of Representatives, came home Saturday and will go back next Monday. The legislature is adjourned this week while the members are out visiting the several institutions.

The case of the People vs. John Bailey, up for trial in the circuit court last week, went over the term by order of the court.

Miss Eva Kinney will go to New York City the first of February to study the spring styles in millinery. She is employed in Ann Arbor.

Wednesday, January 23, at noon the curtain dropped for the last time, and Ben R. Desenberg passed into the great home above. He was born in Hanover, Germany, December 4, 1853, came to America when 11. In 1888 he and Fred Stern bought the dry-goods business of Charles Schuster. In 1901 he sold his interest to Mr Stern and went into business with his brother Sig in Buchanan. He was known here as a fine citizen. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stern, P. M. Young and Max Rose attended the funeral in Kalamazoo.

The Fairies Call

May flowers are the key to Spring time
That opens wide the door;
Revealing sweet fairies
By the millions or more.

And as they flit to freedom,
To woodlands, field and streams,
Awakening Mother Nature,
From her long Winter dreams.

Awake, awake you sleepy heads
For Winter now is past;
Awake you little dreamers,
For Spring is here at last.

And soon their call is answered
By blossoms, bird and bee;
And the gleeful little tree toad,
From atop a budding tree.

Now all of nature's happy,
And all the world seems gay;
For skies again are sunny,
So long were dark and gray.

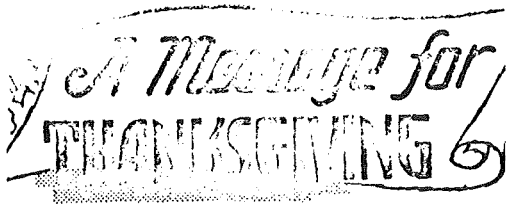
—Joanna H. Abshagen.

A PIONEER MOTHER'S INGENUITY

Some years ago, at the beginning of winter, the mother of a family found herself with meager provisions for warmth. She was in a new country and was a long distance from markets. Although the farm on which she lived yielded plenteously, the crops brought little cash, and scarcely paid for the family's provisions. Two things that she desperately needed were beds and bedding.

After a little thought she discovered that it was fairly easy to fasten some pieces of timber together to make bed frames. Old-fashioned cords were interlaced on the frames to make a foundation. It so happened that one of the children suddenly had an attack of croup and needed a warm bran bag. This gave her an idea! She partially filled some gunny sacks with bran, and sewed the edges of the sacks together to form a mattress. This innovation was then placed on top of the straw. The children scrambled "aboard" and a thick comfortable was spread over them. All of them agreed that a nicer bed would be impossible to find.

1884



COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS

As we count our blessings
On this Thanksgiving Day,
Let us name them one by one
Then humbly let us pray.

For twinkling stars
That shine at night,
For morning sun
That gives us light.

For flowers that bloom,
For birds that sing,
Their joyous notes
Through woodlands ring.

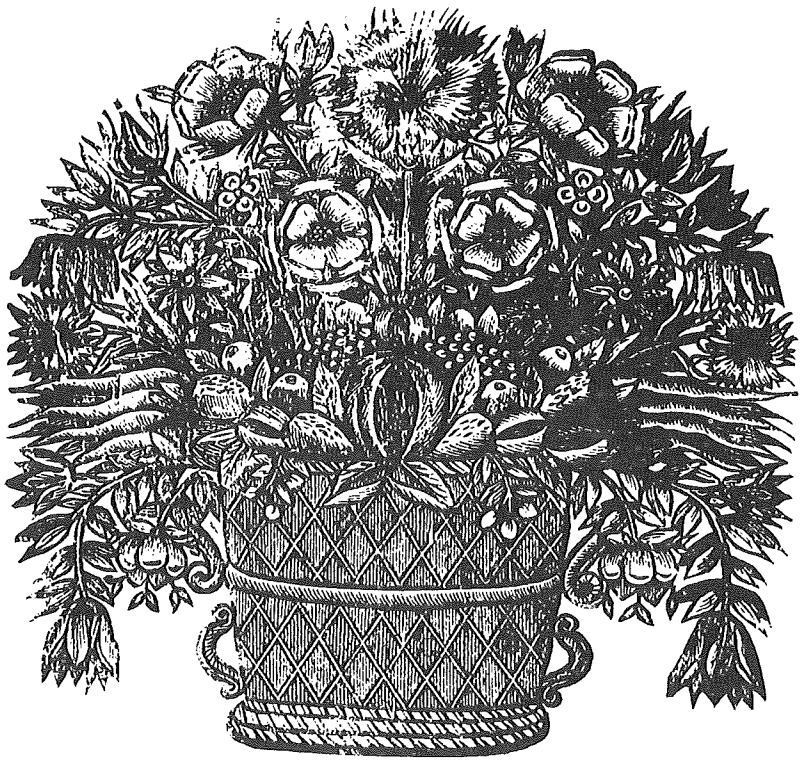
For orchard filled with ripening fruit,
For fields of golden grain,
For these let us be thankful
And cease now to complain.

A land where we may worship,
In our own free way,
The Giver of all things
So humbly let us pray.

For loved ones all about us,
For friendships far and near,
These, Oh Heavenly Father,
We hold so very dear.

Now as we count our blessings
On this Thanksgiving Day,
Lord fill our hearts with grateful thanks,
As humbly now we pray.

—Joanna Abshagen.



REMINISCENCES

(Written in 1886)

"I 'spose you've give up spinnin' " said Aunt Esther to her companion after Ethon had gone.

"Oh, yes, years ago. In the city, you know, one does not even hear of such a thing or scarcely thinks of it. I expect if I should attempt it now I should break the roll short off, instead of drawing out the thread just as I did when mother first tried to teach me how. You do not spin flax any more, do you?"

"No not for a good while. I've got several hanks of home made thread on hand yet though."

"Have you still your little wheel?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Esther, and then with one of her comfortable laughs, "I was a'most clear put out last fall. One day I happened to look out to see two girls from the Point coming in the gate. I knew them by sight, seeing them to meetings, but they never had been here and I wondered what could be fetching them here, One of them's a daughter of John Porter and his mother used to be Homer Mallory. You remember her?"

"Oh, yes," assented Miss Mahala.

"Her name's Helen," continued Aunt Esther, but of course they call her Nelly. Her mother's been dead some time and she has mostly her own way about everything. The other was a Perry girl. They haven't lived here so long. I don't know what her natural name is, but they call her Vivy. I never had taken much fancy to the ways of either of them. Well, they came along in and were real polite, and talked about the weather and things for a spell, and finally the Porter girl spoke up and said, 'Mrs. Franklin, I called to see if I could borrow your wheel.' I was surprised enough to think the girls got some sense after all. I haven't ever given her credit. But I says out loud, which one do you want?"

"I don't know as it makes any difference," said she.

"I thought to myself, Land sakes! but I didn't say anything, only asked her if they were going to spin wool or flax?"

"Neither one," she says, her face turning red and I was so beat I didn't say anything more and she hitched about, kind of uneasy half a minute and said she, 'I'm going to give an old fashioned tie party and thought if I could have a spinning wheel to stand in the parlor it would add to the interest.'

Then the other girl thought she'd try to help her along some and she said, "With a handsome bow of ribbons it would be a beautiful decoration ."

"Yes," chimed in the Porter girl, kind of taking courage again, "It would be a means of education, too."

I 'spose 'twas foolish in me but I was so kind of upset I didn't know whether to laugh or be provoked, but finally I didn't do neither one out loud and I told them there wasn't anything ornamental about either of my old wheels, and they had never been used to wearing ribbons, and I thought bows would be unduly unpopular to them. I told them, too, that spinning when I was young was work, to help make our own clothes or somebody else's and hadn't anything to do with education.

"It had though," said Cousin Mahala. "Don't you remember when you and I used to lay our books on the bench of the wheel and repeat the abreviations or the multiplication tables, or maybe the rules of syntax, as we drew out the thread?"

"Yes, I remember that."

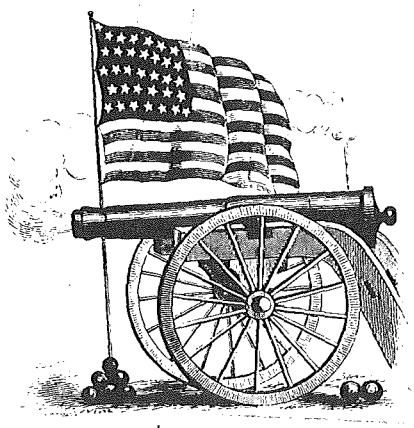
"Well, did they take the wheel?"

"No. I told them I didn't think I'd better let it go, and they said maybe they could get one somewhere else and went away. I don't generally mean to get out of patience with folks, especially when I think they don't know any better, but I did feel dreadfully queer about that. I went up stairs after they hed gone and took my little wheel out of the closet where I kept it and wiped the dust off it and thought about the time when mother used to spin on it, and the cloth that I had spun the fillings and warp for, before I was married and since, and that everyone of my children had worn some of, and I felt as though I had been in danger of something happening to me. Now that's the fact, the truth. I never thought before how much I sat by that old wheel."

"Tying it up with gay ribbons," said Mahala, "and putting it in a company of gay young people would have seemed to you just as it would have been—highly inappropriate."

"Yes," said Aunt Esther. "It would have been doubly unnatural."

But unused as she was to the expressions of anything like sentiment she would on no account have confessed to her cousin that her feelings had been so wrought upon that she had actually shed tears, at the threatened desecration of her treasure."



WHEN THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE GONE

(This was the original title, also the last line of each stanza, but out of consideration for our southern friends, it is often rendered "When the Blue and Gray are gone.")

When the comrades have departed,
When the veterans are no more,
When the bugle call has sounded
On that everlasting shore;
When life's weary research is ended,
When the campfires slumber long,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

Who will tell about the marching
"From Atlanta to the Sea,"
Who will halt, and wait, and listen,
When they hear the reveille,
Who will join to swell the chorus
Of some old Grand Army song,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

Who will tell of Appomattox,
And the glory that they won;
When defeat was on their banner,
Who will tell about Bull Run;
What in prison-pen they suffered,
How they watched and waited long,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone

Who will tell about enlisting
Of three hundred thousand more,
How they rallied 'round the banner,
How they sent it to the fore;
How they crushed that horde of traitors,
How they fought against the wrong;
Who will tell the world the story,
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

Who will tell of Abraham Lincoln,
When he held the wheel of State;
Who will rise to act his greatness,
As the chief among the great;
Who will tell of Grant and Sherman,
And that patriotic throng;
Who will tell the world the story,
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

Will our children's children tell it,
Will they tell about the foe
That their grandsires met in battle,
Fought so many years ago;
Will they cherish dear "Old Glory,"
Will they learn to love it long;
Who will tell the world the story,
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

We must tell the story, sisters,
Just as long as life is spared;
We must never be unmindful
What the soldier did and dared;
We must hold aloft that banner
For its splendid laurels won;
We must tell the story, sisters,
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

Sons and daughters of this Nation,
You must tell of triumphs won
When on earth our work is ended,
And the veteran claims his own;
You must cherish dear "Old Glory,"
And its teachings pass along;
You must tell the world the story,
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

By that flag, "Our Country's Emblem,"
You must pledge allegiance new
To its glorious, splendid mission,
May your hearts beat ever true;
That the Nation'll be protected
Gainst injustice and all wrong;
You must tell the world the story,
When the Boys in Blue are gone

You must keep each star unblemished
And its stripes without a stain,
You must take the veterans' places,
And repeat their Roll of Fame;
You must keep our country's honor,
And the flag above the wrong,
We will trust you with the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

Contributed.

Darling Nellie Gray

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Chorus
O, my pool Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day
For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

Chorus

One night I went to see her, but she'd gone, the neighbors say:
The white man bound her with chains;
They have taken her to Georgia to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Chorus

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung—
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be
unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way—
Hark! There's somebody knocking at the door,
O! I hear the angels calling, and see my Nellie Gray—
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

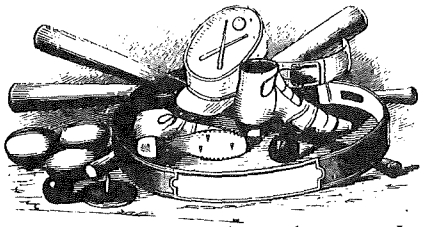
Chorus

O, my darling Nellie Gray, up to heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

LAKE CORA

John Ihling of Lake Cora first located in Lawton in 1851. He was one of the builders of the South Haven & Eastern Railroad, and for a number of years — its superintendent. He made Lake Cora one of the prettiest summer resorts in Michigan.

1887



OLD-TIME BASEBALL

DECATUR - ABOUT 1886-87-88

Frank Stapleton ..... Catcher
Frank Thomas ..... Pitcher
John Hughes ..... 1st Base
Claude Hayden ..... 2nd Base
Dan Carney ..... Short Stop
Harve Taylor ..... 3rd Base
Marion Chadwick ..... Left Field
Ed Rawson ..... Center Field
George Cruse .....Right Field

EXTRAS

John O'Leary ..... (Field)
Stanley Briggs .....(From Paw Paw)
Howard Smith . (Change with Thomas-pitcher)

"The best team that Decatur ever had!!"

So it was quoted!!

Everyone went to the baseball game! The town rolled up its streets and everybody headed for Barton's Park which was located back of the Frank Hazzard property.

The band met the baseball visitors at the train and the team followed them to the ball grounds. Talk about public-spirited citizens! Everyone turned out — all societies and organizations, dozens of women with parasols, and troops of children. Even the doctors, dentists, and school professors went to the big event and everyone had a "ball." Reserved seats were at a premium. Decatur played Kalamazoo, Hammond, Indiana and Lawton. They were called the (Tri-League Assoc.).

Fighting between the teams was a common practice at the games and it seemed to be enjoyed by the crowd about as much as the game itself. At one game between the Hammond Packing Co. and Decatur, a fight ensued which was a free-for-all. Frank Thomas, pitcher, fought so furiously that he was pulled off — but not before he had kicked the Hammond pitcher in the chin. This ended the game and the Hammond boys never came back. Decatur also played the Kalamazoo Blues, with Clarence McGibney as Decatur's umpire, popularly known as the "Silver Tongued Coach."

Lawton and Decatur were always "feuding" and every one was primed for a "jolly scrap" when they came to town. They had a good ball team but Decatur won most of the games. One game in Lawton broke into a vigorous fight. Neither team would give up; Arba Moulton, our late editor, took part in the scrap. He and others "hitched" a ride on a freight train to attend the game . As they were swinging onto the cars to return home — the Lawton fellows stoned them.

At another game Lawton wanted to bet. Decatur accepted and won by 67 points and pocketed the bet money. This made the Lawton crowd furious and one excited man pulled out a handful of bills and bet any man $100 that if Decatur went to Lawton the following week — Lawton would beat. Ed Rawson, a great Decatur ball fan, pulled out a $100 bill and said, "I'll take you up on that!" The Lawton bluffer faded into the crowd.

It is interesting to note that the boys who made up the baseball nine were not school boys. All of them were nineteen, twenty or older.

Decatur also played several games with the "Colored Page Fence Giants." At the interval during one of the games, someone brought a load of watermelons and everyone had the good, old-fashioned fun of easting his fill on the field.

Professor Pierce was superintendent of the schools at the time — and one of his rules was that all students were to be in their seats when the gong sounded. If a student was tardy he couldn't enter. It so happened that Arba Moulton was tardy on that particular day and didn't dare to appear before the Professor. A happy thought came to him and he decided there and then to go to the Barton Park ball game. He didn't want to be seen so he went behind the wood piles, past the cemetery, and down by Lake of the Woods to get to the park.

There was a big crowd — as usual. As the game progressed, more people came and Arba finally realized the Professor Pierce was among the spectators. The "Prof." had dismissed school at 3:00 o'clock so he could attend the game. He soon realized that Arba had played hookey so the next morning he had him suspended. Arba was subjected to the indignity of procuring all the signatures of the School Board members in order to be reinstated in school. His father, who was a member of the Board, wouldn't sign until all of the others had signed.

The best ball team that Decatur ever had was the team of 1886-1887 and 1888!!

(Information supplied by Arba Moulton)

We posed a guess a few weeks ago about who was the Dowagiac player who shot off firecrackers in center field and entertained the crowd with his antics. It was a Fourth-of-July game here about the year 1886; Frank Stapleton remembered the occurence but could not identify the player. Will Moulton supplied the information. The player was simply known as "NEFF!"

1948

VAN BUREN COUNTY TRIBUNE

Published By: C.P. Sweet
Dated Feb. 20, 1862
22nd Issue of the Paper

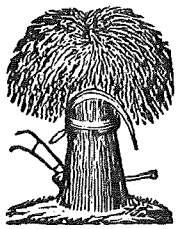
Wheat quoted	@	$ .90	
Oats	@	.18	— .20
Pork	@	.02½	
Wood	@	1.25	—1.50
Potatoes	@	.20	— .25
Apples	@	.50	— .75
Beef	@	.02½	
Butter	@	.10	— .12
Eggs	@	.12	

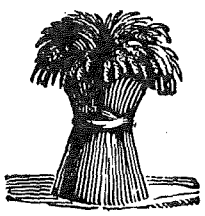
BUSINESS DIRECTORY

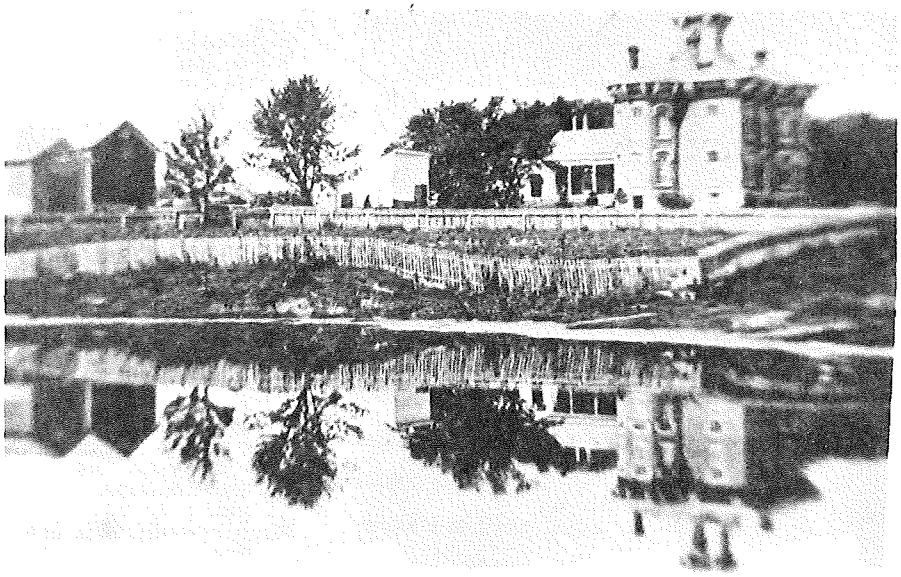
Hiram Cole, Chas. Shier, Jr., Or. T. Welch — Attorneys At Law
T.E. Henrick, J. Tarbell — Justices
T.E. Phelps — Banker
C.T. Baker, J.T. Keables, G.W. Rogers, J.F.C. Mershon — Postmaster
E. Rich — Brick & Stone Mason
Ira Nash — Dry Goods — Groceries
W.E. Trowbridge — Drugs — Groceries
C. Baker — Livery
F.N. Chadwick — Proprietor Duncombe House
G.A. Van Sickle — Carpenter
J.G. Stafford — Tinner
Richard Green — Tailor
Frank Wright — Builder
George R. Mackay — Blacksmith
W. Woodruff — Cabinet Maker
E.C. Pease — Barber
Chas. S. Tirrell — Furniture
T.P. Bashford — Black smith
Jo. Sallisbury — Drayman
C. Lee — Meat Market
J. Wright — Cooper

About 1888

Wheat has been moving lively under the influence of a slightly advanced market. Monday, fifty-five wagon loads were put into the railroad elevator by the Decatur buyers and one thousand five hundred (1,500) bushels were loaded and shipped out by the Michigan Central that day.







NESBITT FARM IN
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

ROBERT NESBITT

On March 18, 1810, Mr. Robert Nesbitt was born in Belfast, Ireland. He came to America in 1826. After living in Plattsburgh, New York, for six months, he moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan where he learned the mill wright's trade. In 1829 he moved to Kalamazoo County and assisted in building the first saw mill there. He later was sawyer of the mill and sent the city of Kalamazoo its first load of lumber. In 1835 he settled and made his home in Hamilton Township, Van Buren County. After building his home, he constructed a saw mill. He then began cutting the timber on his land, which was converted into lumber and shipped to distant places. His lumber was the first to be shipped to California via Cape Horn. A little later, the Michigan Central Railroad was being built and he had a lively business making planks to support the tracks. As his was the only mill for miles in that part of the country, his men worked night and day to meet the demand for planks.

In 1836 he married Maria Comley, who died in 1857. He later married Mrs. L.L. Griffin which was in 1858.

Mr. Nesbitt was a firm believer in Spiritualism and frequent meetings with fellow believers were held in his home. Spiritualism was popular at that time. Mr. Nesbitt had very fine qualities, which made him a leader in his community.

In 1856 Mr. Nesbitt erected a grist mill on the home site and this, also, was very profitable. His industry was so flourishing that he wore out five saw mills. All told, during his life-time, he wore out nineteen mills. The foundation of one of the old mills is still standing.

The present Brush Creek runs through the site which he had chosen for the mill end, so he had a fairly good source of water power. The creek extends from the present old Fassett homestead (built by the Nesbitts), through a valley and into the township of Lawrence. The spring fed, clear stream abounds in trout, and watercress grows in abundance. Lady slippers may be found growing along its banks in the springtime.

Mr. Elwood Scott, of Hamilton, built a picturesque log cabin on one side of the creek. It is quiet and peaceful there and the cabin fits well into nostalgic memories of saw mills and logging days.

1889

Mill.

The Poets' Corner

GOD IS NEAR

Sometimes we come upon a place,
Where godliness, and angel grace
Within our bosoms have no trace;
But, God is there:
He wipes away our every tear;
He stands beside the lonely bier;
Yes, every time, our God is near:
He has a care.
When hope, and life, and power is gone
The weary soul is journeyed on;
And every thing may all seem wrong:
God's with us yet:—
He'll see our ways are all made right,
Will bring a glow, dispell the night,—
Will make the future look more bright,—
He'll not forget!
We may be down, and weak and sad,
When everything is drear and bad;
The angels say, "Look up, be glad
The dawn is here."
He'll not forsake a single child,—
His love is sweet, his chiding mild,
If we have erred or been beguiled,
He's always near.
His loving consolation cures,
His sympathy always endures,
The weakest child, His strength, assures;
Oh! never fear.
He holds the nations in His hand,
And, after all, at His command,—
The world, in perfect peace, will stand,
God—is—sincere!

—Violet.

SAVIOUR OF MINE

By Dale Duckworth
323 Linden ave., P. O. Box 1184,
Auburn, Calif.

The Prophets of old in centuries gone,
Spoke often of Him whose deeds would live on;
Of how we might dwell in Heaven on high,
Forever with Him as ages roll by—
The Master made well the sick and the lame;
All those who believed and called on His name;
The many who came to Him by the sea,
Were healed by His word in old Galilee—
Oh Saviour of mine! I pray hear my plea;
More like Thee, my Lord, I ever would be;
Some day you will call and I'll hear you say:
Your work is all done; come home now to stay—
The Angels all tell a story of love;
Of how you came down from Heaven above;
Of how you left there your Father Divine,
To go to the cross, Oh Saviour of mine—

MRS. CAROLYN WILCOX SHERBURN

Carolyn Wilcox was born in Extis Township, Ontario County, New York in 1830. At the age of three years she came with her parents to Jackson County, Michigan and in 1835 she came to Van Buren County and spent the remainder of her life here.

She was married in 1847 to Sherman Sherburn who departed this life in 1889. She lived to the ripe, old age of eighty-four.

In her childhood Mrs. Sherburn lived on what is now the Daniel Spicer farm a mile south of Lawton, but there was no Lawton there then. Her playmates were Indian children and Indian chiefs came there and stayed weeks at a time hunting and trapping and she learned to talk their language.

In those days wild bear and wolves roamed through the forest and wolves scratched at the door to get in. At one time the children were playing in the woods close by when the mother went to the spring for water. A wild bear looked up at her from across the stream. She hurried to the house, got the children in and bolted the door. The father killed the bear when he came home.

The only place to get corn ground was at St. Joe and much of the corn was ground in mortars and made into bread and baked in front of the fireplace. There were only two houses between the Wilcox home and the Curry home in Decatur and frequently evening visits would be made to these neighbors, going with an ox team and returning home at daylight. There were no railroads or highways, just woods everywhere.

Mrs. Sherburn was married in 1847 in the old house in the valley now owned by Mrs. Peters. The house is still standing, a log house now sided over with lumber. She went in a home-made cutter called a jumper.

After her marriage she was a great doctor and nurse, especially for children. She attended ninety-seven births and in most cases she was both doctor and nurse. In the early days she spun her own yarn on a spinning wheel, colored it to her taste and knit mittens and socks to sell. She also made clothes woven out of the yarn she spun.

1889

DEATH OF WILLIAM LEE

William Lee was born in Canada in 1818. His educational advantages were meager as he lived four miles from a school house.

At eighteen he married Maria Fox. They lived in a log cabin on five acres of cleared land. To this union were born seven children, one of whom (Daniel) was killed by a falling tree.

Between his home and Paw Paw there was only one house. Mr. Lee has been known to shoulder a bushel of corn and carry it to Paw Paw to be ground for family use. He bought eighty acres of land and kept adding until he had acquired 640 acres which he divided with his children.

CARLTON W. WILLISON

Carlton W. Willison was born in Ohio in 1842. He came from one of the oldest families of Maryland. (Mother — Melinda Castile). His great grandfather, Willison, was crier of the first court ever held in Cumberland, Maryland. He served the Union as a soldier in the ranks during the entire period of the Civil War, taking part in the battles of Fort Donnelson, Shiloh, siege of Corinth, Vicksburg, Memphis, Holly Springs and Jackson — also participated in capture of Fort Morgan in 1866.

Mr. Willison worked in sawmills in Volinia and then in Decatur. He married Mary E. Warner in 1870 and they had two daughters — Mabel and Mollie. The latter married Arba Moulton.

1889

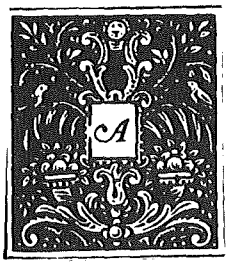
Winged Words

MYSTERIES OF THE CROSS

The crowds that stood along Golgotha's way
Saw only what the eyes of man could see . . .
But He who bore their cross of shame that day
Knew every step meant victory.

They only saw a broken, bleeding man
Scorned and scourged, rejected by His own . . .
While through the mists His mind alone could span,
He saw His future kingdom and His throne.

Beneath the upright cross on which He died
They grieved, to hear the taunts His suffering drew . . .
Yet from His heart of pity, devoid of pride,
He prayed, "Forgive . . . they know not what they do."



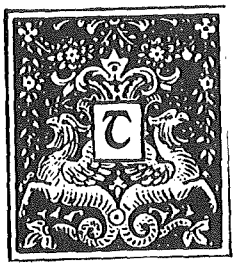
Their minds and hearts had never understood
The words of life He spoke, and lived, for them . . .
"Love them that hate?" . . . "For evil repay good?" . . .
"The stone the builders rejected" . . . could that be Him?

They had not believed that God loves sinful men . .
They had not known love conquers hate and grief . .
They could not see His "dying to live again" . . .
His paradise promised a dying, repentant thief.

Nor how God could . . . with power He showed them then
To rend the temple's veil, blot out the sun . . .
Leave His work here to weak and willful men . . .
This work their Lord had only just begun.

As death and darkness brought the lonely night,
They felt it ended all their hopes and schemes;
How could they know that Easter morning's light
Would bring them life anew beyond all dreams?

How could the minds and hearts of men then know
The mystery of this cross He bore for us . . .
That caused it from a sign of shame to grow
Into a sign of love and hope and trust?



But, by this cross He proved God's love to them,
And from it gave His spirit and His powers . . .
That through it all they learned of love from Him,
Which might, through their lives, come down the years to ours.

—Robert H. Sadler

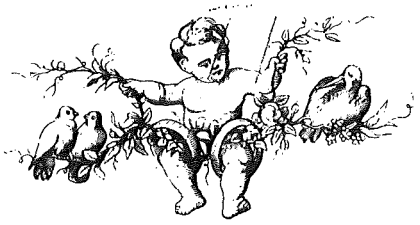
1889

CLASS OF 1889

TOP ROW: Arba N. Moulton, Hubert Odell, Albert Gantz

SECOND ROW: Professor Pierce, Miss Hill

THIRD ROW: Bessie Howland, Minnie Hawks, Jennie Simpson Lyle



THE VILLAGE OF DECATUR

Written for the Republican by O W. Rowland.

The original plat of the village of Decatur was surveyed in the spring of 1850. Samuel Sherwood and Joseph D. Beers of New York had become owners of a large tract of government land in which was included the present village. These gentlemen donated the sight of the depot buildings, which were erected in 1848, the same year in which the railroad was completed as far as the present city of Niles.

When the Michigan Central Company began to extend its line westward from Kalamazoo Messrs. Sherwood and Beers conceived the plan of laying out and platting a village which plan they carried out, naming the town Decatur, after the township in which it was situated. Since the date of the original plat of 1850 there have been numerous additions thereto, the last one being the Hastings addition, which was made and recorded ten years ago. These several additions had rendered the descriptions of village property somewhat uncertain and complicated and in 1905 the Common Council caused a resurvey and a new plat to be made covering the original plat and the greater portion of its various additions. This is commonly designated as the supervisors' plat.

As at present constituted the village embraces portions of sections seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty, and according to the census of 1910, contained a population of 1286, being exceeded by no village in the county except Paw Paw.

There had been some indications of a future town before it was actually platted. Hiram Lee purchased the first village lot in 1848. A highway was completed across the swamp south of the village in 1849. This opened up communication with a considerable tract of country that had theretofore been practically inaccessible, thus giving to the prospective village a decided impetus. During the same year C. S. Lucker opened a boarding house and stores were established by A. H. Dixon, Goss & Dixon and Theodore Phelps. Prior to the opening of these places, people did their trading either at Paw Paw or Kalamazoo.

In 1851 there were three general stores in the village, kept by A. H. Dixon, Theodore Phelps and E. Ingi Henry Carroll had a drug store the boarding house started by Mr. Lucker had been converted into a hotel which later was called the Decatur House and was operated by L. R. Barker.

Forests on All Sides in '51

At that time Decatur was literally "in the woods," being enveloped by the forest on all sides, in which various kinds of wild game was to be found in great abundance. A steam saw mill was erected by Messrs. Sherwood and Beers in 1850, near the town. A distillery subsequently took its place, but it was short lived.

During the first five years after its beginning the village increased in growth moderately and at the expiration of that period there were about seventy-five buildings within its boundaries.

The first wedding solemnized in the new town was that of U. T. Olds and Miss Mary Elliott, who were married on the 18th day of May, 1850, by George Sherwood, a justice of the

Mr. Olds, who settled in the village in 1849 was its first carpenter and joiner. The first village physician was Dr. Geo. Bartholomew, who erected a small building in 1848 and occupied it as an office and drug store. He afterward removed to Keeler where he died September 20, 1887. Dr. John T. Keables located in Decatur in 1851, where he continued the practice of his profession until his death about forty years thereafter, November 1, 1891. A postoffice was established a couple of years after the platting of the village, George Sherwood being the first postmaster.

The village was first incorporated on the 11th day of October, 1859, by action of the board of supervisors. It was reincorporated by the state legislature in 1861 and again in 1883. This last act of incorporation has since been twice amended, the last amendment being in 1905 (Local acts of 1905, p. 297). The first village officials were E. Parker Hill, president; Charles Shier, recorder; Hiram Cole, father of H. A. Cole, Paw Paw's present postmaster; Myron Hinkley, J. H. Wallace, Charles N. Poor, Carlton Wheeler and John Tarbell, trustees.

The first school house in the village was built in 1848 and the first school was taught therein in the winter of 1848-9 by Miss Sarah Cook, whose pupils were twenty in number. The M. E. church was organized in 1860. Their house of worship was built in 1861. The Universalist church was organized in 1868 and their first church building was erected in 1881. It was afterward destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1895.

The Christian church was organized in 1885. Many of the leading citizens of the place have been members of this church. Its house of worship was built in 1887. The Presbyterian church was organized in 1852 by Rev. Marcus Harrison. It consisted of three members, Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich Rich and Joseph McClintock. Their church house was dedicated in 1856, the dedicatory service being conducted by Rev. A. C. Tuttle of Paw Paw. This building was recently burned and been replaced by a modern structure.

The Catholic church, known as the Church of the Holy Family, began about 1885, when Rev. Father Koopman of Marshall visited the place and arranged to meet his parishoners once in three months. Services were held in private houses or public halls for twenty years or more, when the society purchased the building formerly occupied by the Universalists.

Of secret orders the town has its full quota, Masons, Eastern Star, Grand Army of the Republic, Relief Corps, Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Maccabees, Lady Maccabees, Gleaners and others.

A prosperous ladies' literary club, known as the Every Tuesday Club, is one of the institutions of the town.

The village has the usual quota of mercantile places, stores, shops, banks, factories, garages, etc. It owns and operates a municipal system of electric lights and water works. It also has a commodious town hall.

The village maintains one of the best high schools in the county, although at the present time it labors under some disadvantage by reason of its principal school building having been destroyed by fire but, nothing daunted, the tax-payers of the district promptly voted the necessary means for the erection of a new building, which will probably be ready for occupancy some time during the coming summer. It is to cost the sum of $93,000 and when completed the town can boast of having the finest school building in the county, complete, modern and up-to-date in every respect, a building that will be a credit to the place and an honor to its patriotic, liberal-minded citizens.

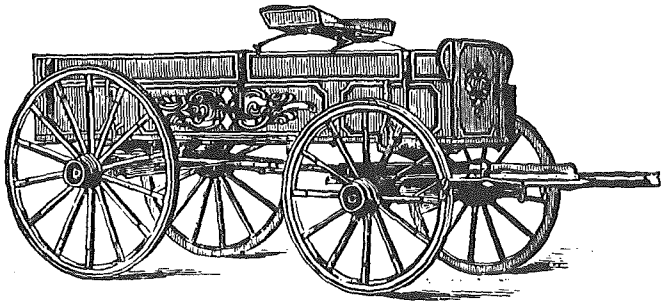
Michigan was admitted to the sisterhood of states, being in number 26th, by act of Congress in 1837, and in the same year, the township of Decatur was organized embracing within its limits the present townships of Decatur and Porter, the latter having been set off and organized into a separate township in 1845.

The first township meeting was held at the school house near Little Prairie Ronde. At this election George S. Freeze was elected supervisor, John D. Compton township clerk and Joseph Van Hise, John D. Compton, George S. Freeze and Tinker R. Smith justices of the peace. The official records of the county do not disclose the names of the other officers, if any, who were chosen at this election.

At the first general state election, held on the fourth and fifth days of November, 1839, (the statute at that time provided that general elections should continue two days) forty ballots were cast, twenty-four of these being for William Woodbridge, Whig, and sixteen for Elon Farnsworth, Democrat. Woodbridge was elected governor and was the only Whig that ever occupied the chief executive office of the state. The election board of the township must have had a couple of hard (?) days work receiving, recording and canvassing those forty votes.

To show the difference between then and now, there were 533 gubernatorial votes cast in the township at the general election held in November, 1916.

1890



319 being for Sleeper, Republican, 200 for Smith, Democrat, and fourteen divided among the Prohibition, socialist and labor parties. This being a presidential year called out a comparatively larger number of voters. At the general election held in November, 1918, that being what is commonly called an off year, there were but 346 votes cast for governor, 245 being for Sleeper, Republican, 98 for Bailey, Democrat, and three scattering. This does not include a decrease in the voting population, but simply a lack of interest in what was a foregone conclusion. According to the census figures of 1910, the latest we have, Decatur ranked fifth among the townships of the county in point of population.

FIRST OFFICIAL MEETING COUNCIL ROOMS — 1890

After several preliminary meetings, a finance committee consisting of Messrs. J.G. Parkhurst, M.S. Carney and Frank Potts succeeded in obtaining the following signatures and subscriptions to the previously arranged Articles of Association:

Desenberg & Stearn	$25.00
Frank Potts	25.00
M.S. Carney	25.00
G.B. McComber	25.00
A.B. Copley	25.00
Squier Brothers	25.00
O.W. & M.O. Rowland	$15.00
P. Trowbridge	15.00
Knights & Co.	25.00
Levi Bickhart	25.00
D.J. Treat	5.00
N.E. Hooper	10.00
J.F. Crotser	5.00
G.B. Browning	10.00
C.E. Osborn	5.00
A. Huyck	10.00
C.W. Tase	5.00
S.N. Thomas & Son	25.00
G.W. Mahoney	10.00
J.G. Parkhurst	25.00
Marvin Hinckley	50.00
Wesley Hagerman	10.00
Mrs. A. Chadwick	25.00
Levi Van Sternburg	5.00
G.L. Rose	25.00
F.E. Rich	5.00
L.G. Stewart	25.00
Hathaway & Lindsley	10.00
L.D. Roberts	10.00
L.A. Roberts	5.00
A.L. Moulton	5.00
Tom Culverhouse	5.00
TOTAL	$515.00

CELERY.

By the action of the Decatur celery association, the business men who aid the enterprise are the ones to be preferred in the distribution of trade. A committee is to be appointed whose especial business is to be that of distributing pro rata the trade with those who contribute to the loan fund. This is manifestly just and proper and should the enterprise prove a success and should there be a large increase of population added to our village another year by reason of this movement and should there be another year forty or fifty thousand dollars worth of celery raised and consequently nearly this amount distributed here mainly with those who have given the enterprise a helping hand, certainly such will not have occasion to regret their action in this laudable undertaking.

The truth is that we have probably five thousand acres of extremely fertile land all well adapted to the growing of celery and tributary to this place. There is no place in Michigan so favorably situated to become the center of this great industry as is Decatur. We need the market; to get this we must have a large amount grown and when the growing of celery has become prominent by the aid of experienced growers, others learning their methods will very naturally fall into line and thereby all will be greatly benefited.

What is needed is to have a loan fund sufficient to make a slight outlay at the beginning to encourage the working of our fertile lands by experienced celery growers. It is not intended that this fund shall be an actual gift, but a loan to be paid back and to be secured by the crops put in. Somewhat similar to the building loan associations that have been so beneficial in many portions of our country. Nor is it intended that this fund shall be used alone to encourage workers from Kalamazoo or elsewhere more than workers already here. Let those who are now here that are willing to engage in this industry receive the same encouragement upon the same terms.

It is no doubt a very favorable time for Decatur to engage in this enterprise, as it is thought by some that the celery lands heretofore celebrated near Kalamazoo, have become somewhat exhausted and it is conceded by all that ours are equally as good and by far the most extensive.

Decatur, April 22d, 1890.

TEACHER'S INSTRUCTION

May 20, 1890

At the school house, Decatur, Sat. May 20 a teacher's instruction will be held under the direction of County Com E.H. Hinckley. Com. Ashley Clapp of Kalamazoo and Prof. E.A. Wilson of the state board of education, will be present and assist in the exercises. The program will begin promptly at 9:30 o'clock. Everybody is invited and school officers are urged to attend. The following is the PROGRAM

1. Opening exercises
2. West Point system — F.A. Bacon
3. Class exercise, chart work of pupils that entered school Sept. 1st.
4. Recitation — Anna Birsell
5. How to teach Geography — Mrs. E.E. Pickett
6. The Effect of grading the rural schools — C.H. Broughton
7. Good order — J.A. O'Leary

Besides the work mentioned above the program will be interspersed with music.

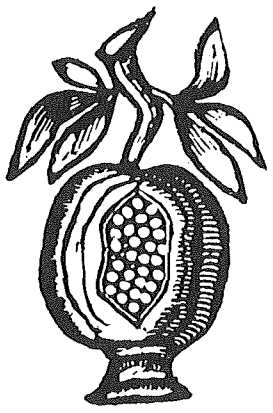
The Kickapoo Indians.

Have you noticed the noble red men walking about the streets the past few days attired in the garments which we always think of at the mention of the name Indian, the buckskin clothing feathered head dress and leather moccasins? These are members of the Kickapoo medicine company, which is now in Decatur, advertising the famous "Sagwa" and other Indian remedies.

The company consists of the physician under whose direction this company travels, and several clever performers, in addition to the Indians, and they give a free entertainment each evening at the town hall. This entertainment is amusing and such as could offend nobody, and free to all. The doctor is a genial gentleman and his short talks are both interesting and instructive. Each evening the hall is crowded.

These Indian remedies are prepared under the direction of the Kickapoo tribe, and are composed of roots and herbs. The long life and good health of the Indians is urged as a guaranty of the efficacy of their remedies.

The company will remain in this place until the end of next week and everybody is invited to attend their entertainments or to call and consult the doctor at the hall during the day. The object of the company is to advertise the goods, which are sold by all Decatur druggists.



THE DECATUR MEASURE FACTORY

An Enterprise Which Demonstrates That Manufacturing Can Be Successful Here.

Nearly two years ago, Marvin Hinkley and Lewis D. Roberts built and put in operation what is known as the Decatur Measure Factory, and which is the foremost manufacturing establishment in our village. Last May Theo. Trowbridge was admitted as a partner, and the firm became known as Hinkley, Roberts & Co. The venture proved to be a successful one from the outset, the market opening readily for their products, and a fine trade commencing which has since been steadily on the increase. All this was done without the aid of traveling representatives and speaks volumes as to the superiority of their manufactures. The factory at present gives employment to 16 persons, and the annual output reaches 12,000 dozen of measures All of the lumber used is purchased in this vicinity, the preliminary sawing of which gives considerable work to local saw mills. In the item of iron alone 24 tons of iron bands are used which, if extended in a straight line, would reach 254 miles. Nails are also purchased by the ton. While the measures have a wide sale in Michigan, New York city receives the largest shipments where they are in a steadily increased demand. St. Louis also receives a share of the product, and measures are shipped to Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky and many other southern states where, with the addition of covers, they are largely used for tobbacco packages. As only carefully selected stock is used in the factory the culls and seconds are utilized in the making of celery boxes of which some 6,000 have already been made.

The factory is constantly behind in its orders, and the present intentions are to enlarge the works as fast as practicable. Such an institution is of great benefit to our village, and while we, of Decatur, have been seeking to secure the location of some outside manufacturing establishment at this place, Messrs. Hinkley, Roberts & Co. have been quietly sawing wood and benefiting themselves and their townsmen by supplying that want to the best of their ability.

The Measure Factory.

A visit to the measure factory discloses a scene of busy activity. The REPUBLICAN recently called at that institution and was shown over the premises by Mr. Trowbridge, one of the proprietors. Hundreds of measures are turned out each day, all of the very best quality; in fact there are but three or four factories in the United States that make the high grade work that is done in this institution. The products of the factory have been shipped to all sections of the country, east, west and south, and orders come in faster than it is possible to fill them. Quite a number of workmen are given steady employment at remunerative wages and the various machines that they operate and manipulate while converting the rough lumber into finished measures seem almost to be endowed with human intelligence, so rapidly and accurately is the work done. It is well worth while for anyone to spend a brief hour in looking over the institution.

Death of Dr. Keables.

Dr. J. T. Keables, a resident of Decatur for more than forty years, died at his residence in this place on Sunday, Nov. 1st, after a two weeks illness. The autopsy revealed the cause of death to be ossification of the valves of the heart at the aortic orifice. For some time the Dr. had admitted the presence of heart difficulty but until within a few months of his death, it had not been believed that a fatal termination of the trouble was imminent. All that skill and attention could do was done to retard the progress of the disease and diminish his sufferings, but this was one of the ills that medicine could not reach, or the utmost care alleviate. John Turner Keables was one of a family of eight children of whom four brothers and one sister still survive. He was born in Norwich, Conn., in Dec. 1825 and was of English descent. Ten years later the family moved to Hanover, Mich. Here this son grew up, worked with his father on the farm, studied and finally taught school until 1847. At that time his oldest brother was practicing medicine in Flowerfield Mich., and there he went, continued his school teaching and began the study of medicine with his brother. During this year he was married to Susan Woodruff of Park, St. Joseph county. The following year he went to Ills. for a short time, but returning to Michigan practiced medicine in Dowagiac until 1850 when he moved to Decatur. In 1861 he graduated from Rush Medical College of Chicago, and shortly after entered the union service as surgeon, being hospital surgeon at Cairo, Ills., and Island No. 10 and ultimately commissioned surgeon of the 3d Michigan Vol. Cavalry but did not join his regiment. Since the war he has been U. S. pension examining surgeon, of late years a special examiner. The healing science was a favorite one in the Dr's. family, two of his brothers and three nephews being physicians. His was the natural gift of smoothing the pillows for weary heads and bringing courage to sick and hopeless hearts and when in active practice his skill and kindness won him the confidence and affection of a large circle of friends and patients He was a man of good physique and fine appearance, with excellent ability, of a quick mind, a ready intellectual appreciation and a keen sense of humor, all qualities which make a genial companion and gain friends for their owner. He possessed untiring energy and an indomitable will and it was these characteristics which made him what he was in fact, a self made man. As increasing years and, who can tell, perhaps the depressing effect of an insidious disease, brought a dread of the cares and anxieties incident to his profession, he gradually retired from active practice and busied himself with farming and various out of door occupations. In this new field he displayed the same vigor and enthusiasm which had enabled him to succeed in other lines of work and it was not until within two weeks previous to his death that his hands let fall the burdens of his self imposed tasks.

He disliked display of all kinds and it was his especial and oft repeated request that there should be no elaborate ceremonies at the last, and so, on Tuesday afternoon, after a brief but impression burial service, the body was laid to rest in Lakeside Cemetery.

The deceased leaves a wife, son and daughter to mourn his memory.

That "Noble Outcast."

Michigan's favorite actor, Mr. Frank Tucker, in conjunction with a most excellent company, appeared at the opera house last Saturday evening presenting on that occasion a beautiful story of domestic life entitled "The No-

ble Outcast." To comment on Mr. Tucker's reputation as an actor and manager is unnecessary as he is known throughout the state as a player of exceptionable ability, a man of rare executive attainments and a gentleman whose popularity in private life is seldom equalled by any member of the theatrical profession. With such a combination is it any wonder he has played to the capacity of the houses everywhere and established himself as the foremost dramatic favorite in the state. He has been very fortunate in surrounding himself this season with a company of ladies and gentlemen whose appearance on and off the stage indicate professional training which shows them to be more the metropolitan artist than the provincial player. Mr. Tucker ought to be proud of his support for they ably second his clever work and it goes without saying they dress the characters in a style and manner not always seen in traveling companies; in fact there is an air of prosperity about the whole concern refreshing to behold. Remarks on the performance are unnecessary as the entire populace was there and their verdict is ours that Tucker's interpretation of "Jerry the outcast" was the effort of his career and would alone stamp him as an artist if he never again spoke a line.

Woman's Way; Man's Way.

Not long since the REPUBLICAN was riding in a car where the passengers chanced to be nearly all ladies—delegates returning from a convention of some kind. Ever on the lookout for an item, the scribe's attention was attracted to the various different ways in which the fair travelers had provided for the safety of their tickets. As the gentlemanly conductor entered the car to collect the fares, one lady, with infinite difficulty, extracted the precious pasteboard from one of her tight fitting gloves; another, after diligent search, found her lone pocket where, carefully wrapped in the folds of a scented, lace trimmed mouchoir, her ticket lay safely hidden; one carefully unlocked her Russia leather grip and extracted her permit to ride from some one of its hidden recesses; and still another daintily unbuttened the second button of her waist and carefully removed from beneath its silken folds the evidence that her fare had been duly paid. And so on through the entire car, each had a different hiding place for her ticket, but, unlike a man, each knew exactly where to look for it.

The different characteristics of the two sexes, by the way, are strongly marked in this incident. A woman has but one pocket and that, concealed in the multitudinous folds of her voluminous skirt, is difficult to find and not easy of access so she is compelled to make other disposition of the valuables she carries with her, but she never forgets their locality.

On the contrary, a man is not content unless his garments are besprinkled with pockets—not less than twenty will suffice for a full suit—and he has something in each of them but he never knows what it is until he has examined. Unlike a woman, he has to make a thorough search through these various pockets before he can find what he wants and, strange to say, always finds it in the last pocket in which he looks, but may have to go through them all a half dozen times before he succeeds. This masculine devotion to pockets is inborn; it manifests itself as soon as the boy can walk and talk and leaves the man only when life is ended.

RAILROAD RUMORS.

A Line from Grand Rapids to Decatur via Allegan Said to be Contemplated.

The following from the Grand Rapids Leader is of local interest in this vicinity because the rumors contained in it affect the Central road and especially because a railroad president says a line is contemplated by the Central from Allegan to Decatur as a connecting link in a new Grand Rapids-Chicago line. The changes would vastly benefit Decatur and THE REPUBLICAN presents the rumors for what they may be worth.

"It is said that the Michigan Central will make a deal by which they exchange their road from Jackson to this city for the Lake Shore road from this city to Kalamazoo. This will connect them with their main line and give them a direct road to Chicago, enabling them to enter into strong competition with the C. and W. M., especially for freight traffic.

Such a scheme as this would hardly be arranged in this city, and the local officials would naturally know little or nothing about it until the change was made. They are somewhat inclined, however, to take little stock in it. One of the Michigan Central local officials this morning said that he had heard of the scheme about a year ago, but did not know it had been revived. The Lake Shore and the Central railroads are practically in the same family, both being controlled by Vanderbilt, and it is hard to tell what scheme they might not attempt, but it is hardly believed that the Central would abandon the Jackson-Grand Rapids branch of 86 miles for the 68 miles from here to Kalamazoo.

President Hughart of the G. R. & I. had not heard of the project, and said he believed there is nothing in it. The Michigan Central has a good contract with the G. R. & I. to Kalamazoo which appears to be entirely satisfactory all around, and is apt to be permanent. The Central runs two trains daily to Chicago via the G. R. & I. to Kalamazoo, and Mr. Hughart did not believe they contemplated a change.

By way of the G. R. & I. Kalamazoo connection with the main line, the central route is 191 miles to Chicago; the proposed Lake Shore Route is 201 miles and the C. & W. M. by the New Buffalo route is 183 miles or eighteen miles shorter than the Lake Shore project. There is some talk, however, that the Central, if the change is made, will build a spur from Allegan to Decatur, cutting off the Kalamazoo track entirely and thereby shortening the direct line to Chicago by about twenty miles.

In case there is anything in the project, it means a big fight between the Michigan Central and C. & W. M. for Chicago traffic."

Successful Teachers.

Out of a class of one hundred and thirty-six teachers who presented themselves at the recent Paw Paw examination, ninety-nine received certificates, as follows:

FIRST GRADE.

Harris, Ella M.	Worth, E. N.

SECOND GRADE.

Coddington Cora	Deane Lillian C.
Curtis Loren	Hilliard Catharine
Cady Janey L.	Norton Grace B.
Davis Rose E.	Plummer Lucille
Davis Lillie E.	Pennoyer F. C.
Deane Mrs. May	Rider Earl S.
Davis Etolie T.	Rich Nellie

THIRD GRADE.

Anderson Mabel	Martin Grace M.
Austin Emma	McCowen Ida M.
Burt Arthur	Noble Pearl
Boughton C. H.	Oakes Eda
Bonham Nettie	Powell Kate L.
Birdsell Clara	Peper John E.
Bradfield Geo.	Prater Will
Barker Grace A.	Perry Jennie
Burrell Henry	Parmelee Ida
Baker Almon J.	Plopper Carrie
Bartholomew Lida	Pugsley Verne
Coldy Dora	Peters Alfred S.
Cox Cornelia	Prentice H. J.
Clark Mary	Pennington Allie
Cleveland F. G.	Pelong Alice E.
Cory Carrie M.	Pifer Solomon
Douglass Lola	Ray Myrta
Drury Nellie	Reynolds Helen
Davis Myrtle L.	Rowe Mrs. Annetta
Davenport Lulu	Rood Susie M.
Dickson Maude	Reynolds Maggie
Dillon Anna L.	Reed Millie
Dewey Anna	Raymond Cora
DeHaven Winona	Ruggles Cora
Fisk Lena	Richmond Zell
Gage F. M.	Summy Hattie
Green Elcena	Sherburne Minnie
Horton Joel	Shaw E. Mabel
Hulbert Kate	Sisson Gertrude
Howley Maggie	Tuttle Elsie B.
Harris Flora L.	Tuttle Pearl
Hall Florence	Thompson Hattie
Howland Bessie	Toumy John
Huff F. M.	Wise Lena C.
Kingston Angie	Wilson Lois B.
Lammond H. C.	Wickett W. W.
Loehr May	Willison Mabel
Moore Barbara	Whipple Burdette
Merrifield Bernice	Wilson Zoe
Murphy Nellie	Wilson Jennie E.
McLain Wm.	Witter Mrs. Frank
Maybee John W.	

NEWS ITEMS

Prof. Bacon has introduced a new and instructive feature in the civil government class, that of giving questions in regard to state affairs which are not to be found in the text books.

It is rumored that the Michigan Central will increase the speed of the limited to fifty-five miles per hour, and our people are wondering how they will keep their hats on when the train shoots by.

Some people are very solicitous lest this village and this county shall go to everlasting ruin on account of the local option law. Any business that cannot survive without the aid of open rum-shops is not worth saving.

George Kruse, the brickmaker, does not believe in enjoying all the good things of life alone, and entertained a large party of townspeople at his place last Sunday. All report a pleasant time and hope for a recurrence of the event.

George Kern's injury received by being kicked by a horse at the Dowagiac fair, did not turn out as seriously as at first expected. He has as yet received no trace of the gold watch which was knocked from his pocket at the time.

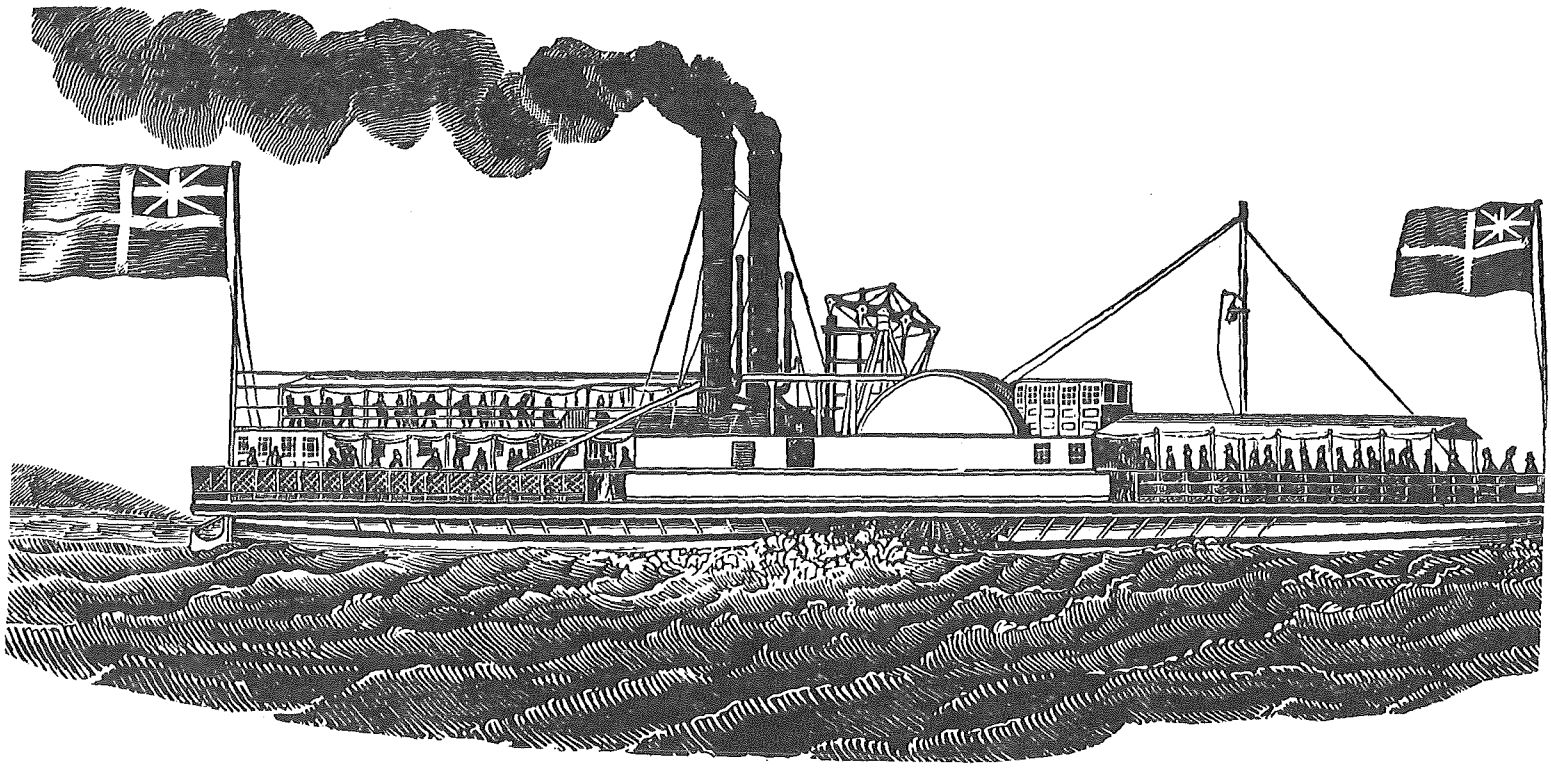
During George Congdon's absence for a few weeks, Frank Butler officiated as prescription clerk at Congdon's pharmacy, and "Sandy" demonstrated that there were no wheels in his head by retaining $125 for a few days as a trust fund against a possible fine.

The M. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to the Chicago exposition, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 22, and continuing until Oct. 20, $3.25 for round trip, including a ticket into the exposition. Tickets will only be sold on Tuesdays and are only good until the following Monday.

A badly frightened six-year-old boy accompanied by a large valise was left at this station, Saturday, by the conductor on the day express east. The lad's mother left the train at Dowagiac, and her friends cordial greetings caused her to forget that her little son was still on the train.

A meeting will be held at the Town Hall Monday evening Oct. 19, at which it is proposed to organize a branch of the Farmers' Alliance for this township. O. S. McGowan, county organizer, will be the speaker on the occasion, and music will be furnished by the well known Harris sisters.

The REPUBLICAN has formed the acquaintance of Prof. Bacon, the new superintendent of our school and has found him to be a very pleasant gentleman indeed. It is entirely safe to predict that, under his administration, the school will continue to prosper and increase in favor and reputation. Every pupil should make an effort to be present at the opening of the school on Monday morning. The columns of the REPUBLICAN will, from time to time, contain notices of the condition of the school. They are always open for such purposes.



Years Ago In Decatur

The following, clipped from the Decatur paper and preserved by Mrs. L. D. Roberts, tells of the way leap year was celebrated here thirty-five years ago. Some of the names will be familiar to the younger generation:

THE GIRLS DID IT

All agreed last evening that the leap year ball was a grand success and the young ladies who took an active interest in the arrangements have shown so much ability and business tact that it will be a cold winter indeed if all of them get left in the matrimonial schemes they are supposed to be working for all they are worth this year. Being a great social event it is proper that we should describe some of the gentlemen and their costumes.

Sig Desenberg, an old Decaturite, was resplendent in a ten button cutaway, facing cuffs of Gobelin blue satin. His only ornament was worn on the upper lip a la Zulu.

Dave Jones of Kalamazoo was attired in a natty suit of Kalamazoo Blue, low vest and ruffled dickey.

Marion Chadwick was arrayed in a four button cutaway embellished with a corsage boquet of bachelor buttons.

Harry Smith, the young debutant, wore a dashing suit of the dude style, Langtry bangs and weak curls.

Henry Moon wore a dress suit, city cut, lavender kids and black velvet dog-collar.

Ray Morris, another debutant, showed a coquettish vest, low cut, filled in with Vechers lace, hand boquet of Prairie flowers.

Matt Murphy, the swell druggist of Lawton, showed his portly figure in a London cut swallow-tail.

Aaron Cohn, the popular manager of the double store clothing department, was a conspicuous figure. She most striking feature of this toilet was a curly blonde wig, the envy of all the ladies.

John Hughes occupied a first base on the head set. He wore a nobby suit, stained dark, which Mrs. Grundy says was imported for the occasion.

Ed. Rawson, in a captivating suit of brown, fancy "polka dot" vest, hair worn in a Russian bang, brooch and earrings of black diamonds.

Carl Warner was conspicuous in his Prince Albert and well brushed pomp, having a decided and ministerial air.

Frank Thomas, decidedly the "Belle of the ball," was a vision of beauty, attracting much attention by his rare and beautiful jewelry, a genuine dimple, flowers heliotrope.

Carl Herzfield, in full dress, minus a train, an immaculate dicky, a too utterly too too pompadour, jewelry a beam of delight enclosing a shine stone.

Frank Stapleton, the young Benedict, in a suit of invisible green, piccadilly collar and white satin tie. No jewelry but a spray of orange flowers neatly pinned to his left ear.

Homer Hungerford, undoubtedly the nicest catch in town (catching on trains), wore a becoming Prince Albert, his duck locks arranged a la pompadour and surmounted by a Mikado comb of coiled wire.

Jack O'Leary was perfectly bewitching in a well-fitting suit of navy blue, vest a button lower for leap year, an enviable five dollar complexion and "sozodont pearls."

Fred Newson, that artless darling whose debut in Hartford society during the heated term last season caused such a decided feminine flutter, wore a close fitting suit of black.

Claud Haydon was very modest in his suit of black corded with pumpkin yellow, Medici collar.

Chas. Friedman, of Kalamazoo, another former resident here, was in full dress suit. His curls were held in place by a wreath of morning glorys. Chawming Chawley's costume was altogether captivating and he polka'd around in his customary nimble way, his feet occasionally showing a slight disposition to retire.

John Brownbridge was a sweet surprise in a fashionable suit of dark gray, elbow sleeves and pale blue silk mits. Flowers, pink eye daisies.

Many of the handsome gentlemen were strangers to our society reporter and could not be noticed personally, but the "lads and lassies all," as they whirled by in the opening waltz, showed happy faces above the tangle of shade and color. How like a fairy land! '88 is yours, girls: try it again.

E. A. BLACKMAN DEAD.

He Passed Away at His Home in Hillsdale Sunday Morning.

Edgar A. Blackman died in Hillsdale Sunday morning at 4 o'clock, of valvular disease of the heart, aged 47 years. The funeral services were held at Paw Paw under Masonic auspices, Tuesday, and the remains were buried in Prospect Hill cemetery The disease which removed from earth a useful man, was of rapid growth. Although troubled for six years, he had persisted in attending to business until five weeks ago.

He was born in Paw Paw, June 24, 1845, and lived there until his 17th year, and learned the printing business in the office of the True Northerner. At the age of 17 he was made foreman of the Jackson Patriot. He enlisted when 18 in Company C., One Hundred and Fortieth Indiana Infantry, and served as a private until the close of the war. In 1867 Mr. Blackman, associated with F. R. Bellows, issued the first number of the Van Buren County REPUBLICAN in this place, and for eight years was its editor. While here, 24 years ago, he was married to Miss Louisa M. Cole, who survives him. Three children also mourn his death. In 1876 he returned to Paw Paw and consolidated the Free Press and Courier. Since then he had been business manager of the Flint Daily News and Port Huron Tribune. Six years ago he purchased the Hillsdale Democrat, and by his energetic management made it a success. Last October he

MACKINTOSH COATS

Just in. New and seasonable.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

Everybody wears 'em, rain or shine.

FALL OVERCOATS—Complete line of desirable goods in correct styles.

REMEMBER—We will have a great shirt sale Saturday, Sept. 16th.

Criffield & Dewey.

formed a stock company and purchased the Coldwater Sun. E. A. Blackman and son have been carrying on the business as lesses.

His son, H. C. Blackman, will continue the business of his father at both Hillsdale and Coldwater.

A host of warm friends in Decatur and Van Buren county will sorrow at his death in the prime of an active life.

GONE

When I was a farmer boy upon the
edge of Arden,
Long before the Better Way of
Doing Things was born,
The weasels stole my chickens and
the rabbits ate my garden.
The foxes got my goslings and the
wood-chuck took my corn.

Always I was fighting them, tracking
them and trapping,
Always I must leave the plow,
stalking them and shooting;
Weeds grew high as I would try to
catch a weasel napping,
As I'd drop a hoe to stop a musk-
rat at his looting.

Now I've logged the wood, and
drained the marshes with my
ditches,
Now there are no rabbits, and the
foxes' day is done;
My meadow swells with fatness and
my garden teems with riches—
But I am done with farming, for
it isn't any fun.

—Ted Robinson in the
Cleveland Plain Dealer

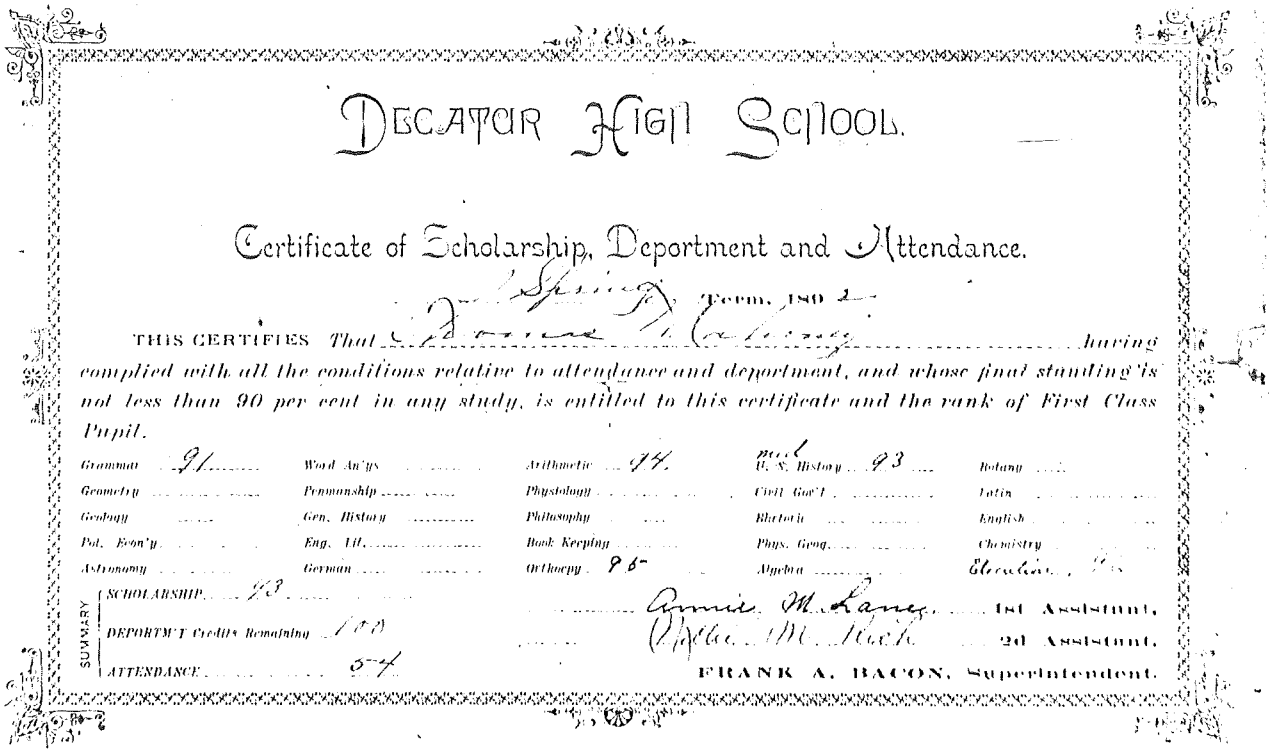
VAN BUREN county has never been honored by having one of her citizens elected to congress. The present political situation is favorable for her to press her claims in that direction. The REPUBLICAN can see no good reason why Hon. JONATHAN J. WOODMAN, ex-master of the national grange, would not be a strong candidate for that honor if his name should be brought before the republican congressional convention. Nobody questions his ability nor his republicanism. He has had a large experience in public life, is thoroughly conversant with national affairs and is one of Michigan's successful farmers, not in name only, but in fact. It is doubtful if there is a man in the fourth congressional district for whom a greater number of votes would be cast then for Mr. WOODMAN.

RICHES

You get a new ten-dollar bill
And smooth its folds with pride.
It looks so beautifully big,
So crisply long and wide!
Its yellow back like sunshine seems,
(It gives the note some class!)
You even find beauty in the face
Of Michael Hillegas!

But brief is your enjoyment, for
You have to buy a hat.
You get in change a five, two ones,
And ragged bills at that.
Still there is beauty in a five,
So long as it is whole.
You feel the pictured Indian
Is not without a soul.

But other needs must soon be met;
You buy all sorts of things.
The eagle on the dollar bills,
Like riches, spreads its wings.
They fly away, these lesser notes,
In spite of your laments;
And soon you'll find your lovely ten
Looks just like thirty cents!



DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL.

Certificate of Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance.

Spring Term, 1892

THIS CERTIFIES That [illegible] having complied with all the conditions relative to attendance and deportment, and whose final standing is not less than 90 per cent in any study, is entitled to this certificate and the rank of First Class Pupil.

Grammar	91	Word An'ys		Arithmetic	94	U. S. History	93
Botany		Geometry		Penmanship		Physiology	
Civil Gov't		Latin		Geology		Gen. History	
Philosophy		Rhetoric		English		Pol. Econ'y	
Eng. Lit.		Book Keeping		Phys. Geog.		Chemistry	
Astronomy		German		Orthoepy	96	Algebra	
Elocution							

SUMMARY

SCHOLARSHIP 93

DEPORTM'T Credits Remaining 100

ATTENDANCE 54

Annie M. Lang, 1st Assistant.

Della M. Mack, 2d Assistant.

FRANK A. BACON, Superintendent.

Decatur, Michigan about 1893 before the big fire

A BIG BLAZE.

AN EXPENSIVE SCORCHING

Browning's Drug Store and Three Other Buildings Burned—$8,000 Worth of Property Destroyed—Town Threatened With Destruction.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock last week Thursday afternoon, an alarm of fire called the greater portion of the population of this village to the business center of the town, to see the most destructive fire that has visited this place in years. Browning's drug store was in flames on the inside so that entrance was impossible, as soon as the alarm was given, and so sudden and fierce was the fire that a holocaust was narrowly escaped.

The story of the origin of the fire as told by Mr. Browning and his clerks is as follows: A barrel of gasoline had just been drawn by a syphon from a barrel on the outside to a metal tank in the cellar, where the gasoline was always kept. A small quantity had been spilled upon the floor (perhaps a half gallon) and Mr. Browning had sent his junior clerk, Bert Culverhouse, a young boy, into the cellar with a sponge to wipe it up. The boy took no light into the cellar and Mr. Browning from the head of the stairs saw him cleaning up the gasoline and walked away. In a moment, the boy cried fire loudly, the flames rushed up the stairway, and the store was instantly filled with dense, black smoke. Mr. Browning rushed from the store, saving nothing but his books and cash register and being quite severely burned about the head in doing that much, while another clerk, Mr. Bromley, hastened to give the alarm. The boy Culverhouse was still in the cellar, cut off by fire from escape up the stairway, and it seemed he must burn with the building. But his quick wits saved him. He groped his way to a front cellar window, where he attracted attention and was assisted out, but in an exhausted condition and badly burned.

The family of Mecker Shookman lived in the rooms over Browning's and Mrs. Shookman had a dressmaking shop there, employing several hands. The heat and smoke drove them all out, and nothing but a sewing machine and couch were saved.

The fire engine and hook and ladder truck were out in very quick time and the fire company, with the assistance of hundreds of willing citizens, men, women and children, did effective work.

The fire quickly spread to Frank White's barber shop, adjoining Browning's on the south. Most of the shop furniture was carried out. Over the shop Wm. Barnes and family lived, and a portion of their goods were also saved.

Here it looked as though the sturdy fighters had the fire under control. But a gravel stone was drawn up the suction pipe into a valve of the fire engine, and no water was thrown by the engine for several minutes. This gave new impetus to the flames, and nothing but heroic work with buckets saved the business portion of the town from destruction.

N. S. Rathbun's grocery was the next building on the south and was completely destroyed. Mr. Rathbun's stock was entirely saved. In the rooms over this building lived Nell Mabury and family, who lost a portion of their goods, including some $50 in money.

Here the fire ran up against the brick wall of L. Brigham's building, occupied by Geo. Baker, and the southern boundary of the conflagation was reached. The roof and wall of the building were somewhat damaged, and a portion of Mr. Baker's stock was removed. C. W. Tase lived over this store, and his goods were considerably damaged by removal.

On the north of Browning's stood the building occupied by D. W. Brodhead and owned by a non-resident named Roberts. The building was destroyed, but Brodhead's loss is very light.

The Chadwick store building, an excellent structure with solid brick walls, came next and stopped the progress of the fire in this direction, being somewhat damaged, however. M. E. Chadwick and mother lived over the store, and their goods were damaged by removal.

In the rear of the burning buildings Geo. Jackson's blacksmith shop caught fire and was only saved by hard work. Sheds and store houses in the alley were also threatened, and their burning would have spread the fire to other valuable buildings.

The wind was very light, but sparks were carried to a considerable distance and fires were started on the roofs of Aus. Charles' house, the M. E. church and other places, but were speedily extinguished. The Duncombe House, across the road from the fire, was also threatened, and the front of the First State Bank building was blistered and the windows broken by heat. A number of firms on the street moved out some of their goods.

The first origin of the fire is a mystery, as no light or fire of any kind was in the store or cellar where the blaze started.

During the progress of the fire D. B. Johnson was struck by a falling ladder and received a severe scalp wound.

Mr. Barnes and family are now living in the rooms over Ellis' store. Mr. Rathbun has his grocery stock in the Arnold building, doing business, and Frank White occupies the Duncombe House barber shop.

If satisfactory arrangements can be made, and it is probable they will be, Mr. Browning will resume business at once.

The Browning store belonged to Mrs. T. Browning, and it is probable it will be rebuilt. Chas. Duncombe owns the lot on which Mr. Rathbun's store stood and is negotiating for Mr. White's lot, with a view to erecting a handsome new block. It is also rumored that a party is figuring for the Roberts lot, and it looks as though most of the burnt district, at least, may be rebuilt.

The principal losses and insurance are as follows: Mrs. Browning, building, $2,000, insured for $1,500, T. Browning & Son, stock, $3,500, insured for $1,000; Frank White, building, $600, insured for $300; contents, $100, insured; N. S. Rathbun, building, $600 insured for $300; Roberts, building, $600, insured for $500. None of the families burned out had any insurance.

RICHARD S. HUYCK

OBITUARY

Richard S. Huyck was born in the historical Mohawk Valley, in the state of New York, Feb. 21, 1811 and died at his home on Little Prairie Ronde, Dec. 14, 1893, being almost eighty two years old. He had lived during the greater part of the most eventful century of the world's history. During his lifetime he had witnessed more important changes than did Methuselah during the 969 years of his pilgrimage. He was the eldest of a family of five boys and five girls.

In 1832, when twenty-one years old, he came to Michigan, locating at Kalamazoo, where he assisted in building the second frame house erected in that now flourishing and beautiful city. In March, 1836, he was united in marriage to Sarah Fellows and removed to Little Prairie Ronde where he engaged in selling goods to the inhabitants of that newly settled vicinity. He was the first Postmaster on Little Prairie Ronde, Township Clerk for many years, and did the first surveying in Marcellus Township. He returned to New York and removed his aged grandparents, with whom he had spent his earlier years,
to his new home in the then wilds of Michigan, caring for them in addition to his own family and improving his new farm, upon which he continued to live during the rest of his earthly life.

Seven children were born to him and his faithful wife on the old homestead; two died in infancy, while the other five were reared and educated by their loving and devoted father and mother. In business he was true and honorable, a loyal and useful citizen who ever took an intense interest in the welfare of his country; a true and trusted neighbor and friend, a fond and devoted father and an affectionate and faithful husband.

The funeral took place at the family home December 17. Notwithstanding the severe storm, many of his old neighbors and friends assembled to indicate their regard for the dead, and sympathy for the mourning family. Elder J.H. Hammond of Decatur conducted the funeral — using for text Job, 14th Chapter — last part of 14th verse and first part of 15th verse.

1893

ROY MORLAND

OBITUARY

Died Thursday, August 17, 1893, at home of his parents in Volinia, aged eighteen years. He was a bright young man, a favorite with his fellows. He would have graduated from the Decatur High School next year (1894), and a large number of his class mates attended his funeral.

1893

ARCHIBALD McWILLIAMS

OBITUARY

Passed away from this life August 11, Arche McWilliams, aged eighty-two years. Deceased was born in Antrim County, Ireland, Jan. 11, 1811. He emigrated to America with his family in the spring of 1863 and settled in Decatur Township, which has been his home since that time. His occupation was farming. Previous to coming here he united with the Presbyterian church. He leaves a wife and ten children — five sons and five daughters. This is the first vacant chair in forty-eight years. They laid away a young daughter before coming to this country. Mr. McWilliams was a well-known and respected man and a good citizen. Funeral was at the home. He was buried in Lakeside.

1893

OLDEST OFFICIAL RECORD OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

The oldest official record of Van Buren County bears the date of May 27, 1837 and consists of the minutes of the first meeting of its first Board of Supervisors.

The supervisors of the towns of Van Buren County met at the village of Paw Paw on the 27th day of May A.D. 1837, and organized by appointing D.O. Dodge, Clerk, the business of said meeting being for locating the place for the Circuit Courts of said County.

Whereupon it is decided that the courts of said County be held at the school house in the village of Paw Paw.

D.O. Dodge, Clerk
1893

READING THE FINGER NAILS.

Character as It Is Expressed In the Tips of a Woman's Fingers.

Examine her finger nails. If these wear the hue of bereavement—but why suggest anything so odious and impossible? If they are tinged with ink, beware of the learned lady, or perhaps she is a successful novelist, with a fortune at her finger ends. Yet she may be a Sappho, a poet, and we have a distinct impression that a muse may be a perilous person to marry, as in the case of Miss Blanche Amory. And poetry is not a paying profession, and Mrs. Hemans was "too poetical" for Sir Walter Scott. However, these are merely mortal inferences. It needs no "palmist" to tell the young man all this, nor does "the palmist" dally over such inferences.

If her finger nails are wider than they are long, beware!
She hath her nails not long, but broad. Beware!

as the sweet singer of America might have said. "A hot temper and obstinate disposition are indicated." This kitten, as in Mr. James Boswell's poem, will grow a cat and cross like other wives.

If the nails are square tipped, rounded next the hand, you may "expect a quick and peppery temper," but not sulks, which is the worst of tempers in matrimony. Remember that when a lady gives you her hand she gives you all that the hand implies—very probably she gives you pepper. It would be very interesting to know what kind of nails Mrs. Carlyle had, and what sort adorned the fingers of Mary Stuart, who notoriously "blew up" her husband, though indeed he richly deserved it. Unluckily portraits are of little service, as the hands too often are fanciful and conventional, especially after Vandyke.

"Almond shaped nails, especially if not too pink, indicate a cheerful, sweet temper" and are also of high æsthetic value. "If the nails are bitten," but we refuse to believe that the nails of the fair are ever bitten. Everybody would shun a maiden who bit her thumb at him.

"If you want a careful, economical wife, look at her thumb." But who wants an economical wife, one that will imitate Mary Stuart when she buys an Elzevir or an engraving? The collector, at least, and the convivial soul of open hand will avoid a lady who lives by rule of thumb. An extravagant thumb bends back very far when the hand is opened, as all hands should be. "Do not choose a girl who has a soft, fat hand," with fingers held close together. These things indicate selfishness—but it may be selfishness a deux and convenient.—London News.

COUNTY BATTALION.

Successful Reunion at Lawton, Monday and Tuesday.

The combined 4th of July celebration, unveiling of the soldiers' monument and annual reunion of the Van Buren Battalion, G. A. R. was a grand success and called out a large crowd of old soldiers and citizens. A fine campfire was held Monday evening at which Judge B. F. Heckert and Norm. Cooper of the Coffee Cooler, were the principal speakers.

The public exercises of the second day took place in the afternoon. Music was furnished by the Decatur and Glendale cornet bands and was fine. After an invocation by Rev. G. P. Linderman, chaplain of the battalion, Hon. C. D. Lawton made an address of welcome, which was responded to by Capt. O. W. Rowland. The next speaker was Gen. R. A. Alger, who was received with loud applause. His remarks were not lengthy but were very interesting, especially what he said on the pension question. The boys all like the general. At the conclusion of his remarks a contribution was taken to aid in defraying the expense of the noble monument erected by the citizens of Lawton and vicinity. Everyone who gave a dollar or upwards received one of Shæfer's beautiful photographs of the monument. Gen. Alger headed the list by giving $25 for a picture and several others gave five and ten dollars each. Quite a handsome sum was realized. This was followed with an appropriate and interesting address by Hon. H. F. Thomas, congressman from this district. Other addresses were expected but the rain interfered with the programme. Capt. J. C. Burrows was not

present, greatly to the disappointment of many of his old comrades.

The newly elected officers of the battalion are as follows:

Colonel, C. W. Willison of Decatur; Lieut. Col., H. P. Waters of Lawton; Major, O. W. Rowland of Paw Paw; Surg., Gilbert Mitchell of Geneva; Chap., G. P. Linderman of Paw Paw.

The next annual meeting will, no doubt, be held at Decatur.

Tobacco is injurious! Stop it by taking Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets. All first class druggists sell them.

A SINGULAR FATE.

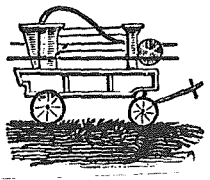
A Young Woman Dies During a Sleigh-Ride at Jackson.

An Autopsy Held and the Physicians Declare That Excessive Tight-Lacing Had Caused Paralysis of the Heart.

A VICTIM TO FASHION.

JACKSON, Dec. 11.—Frankie Simons, an inmate of Sadie Hodge's house, died in a cutter while riding with her employer. The drive was continued until the Hodge woman spoke to Miss Simons and she did not answer. She reined her horse at Dr. White's drug store and called for assistance, and the girl, whose head had fallen back over the cutter seat, was taken into the store, but inside of two minutes she ceased to breathe. Dr. White, assisted by Coroner Davis, held an autopsy. Both pronounce the girl's death due to paralysis of the heart, and also declare the condition, remarkable from the fact that the heart was perfectly healthy. They declare further that conditions reveal what has hitherto been a mooted question that a person with a healthy organism can die from the heart's paralysis from pressure of a distended stomach, superinduced by tight lacing. The effects of the corsets were apparent, for the heart, lungs, liver and stomach were crowded together in an abnormally small space. The dead girl had been an inmate of the Hodge house six weeks, coming here from Adrian.

Henry Shores, a horse thief, is in jail at Cassopolis. In November he applied to Benjamin Hathaway of Little Prairie Ronde, for work on his farm and was given employment. He proved to be an excellent farm hand, but quit work at the end of a month. That was a week ago last Saturday night, and Sunday morning he was missing, and also Mr. Hathaway's horse, road-cart, three blankets, a valise, clothing, money and other articles. They traced him quite a distance, and then lost the trail. Under Sheriff Crosby learned that the fellow, who had given the name of Henry Williams, was Henry Shores, of Elkhart, Ind., followed him there, and at his home found the valise and its contents, but Shores was not there. On Wednesday Crosby found him at Simonton's Lake buying cattle.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*



PAW PAW SCORCHED.

Maple City Home Cremated—Three Dwellings Burned—Three Horses Roasted.

Last Saturday evening at about ten o'clock, the people of Paw Paw were startled by the dreaded cry of fire and the ringing of fire bells. Although many people were yet on the streets, no signs of fire were discovered until Dr. A. W. Hendrick's barn, situated just in rear of "Maple City Home," was enveloped in flames. The Dr., who had just retired, without stopping to dress, rushed to the burning building, in which he had four head of horses, and succeeded in getting one of them out; the other three were beyond the reach of assistance. The wind was blowing strongly from the southwest, and the fire was almost immediately communicated to the adjacent barn of Henry Wilson, from which Mr. W. succeeded in removing nothing except his carriage, a valuable horse which was in the barn sharing the fate of the Hendricks horses. Of course the fire department was promptly on hand, but in the presence of a destructive fire a little wait appears long, and it seemed an age before the steamer was ready to throw water on the flames, which were quickly communicated to Mr. Wilson's residence and to Maple City Home, Dr. Hendrick's residence and inebriate hospital. There was a magnificent display of fireworks, the air being filled with burning debris from the barns so that it literally rained fire even to the northeast boundaries of the town, and incipient fires were kindled in many localities; the Lee house, the Clifton house and adjacent buildings were on fire several times and it was only by the utmost vigilance and watchfulness that the town was saved from destruction. By the time the engine was ready to work, it was readily seen that every effort must be put forth to keep the flames from crossing the street, and so the water was turned upon the buildings nearest the fire, and it was an absolute impossibility to quench the flames until they had partialy expended their fury. By hard work, a further spread of the conflagration was prevented, the buildings destroyed being the ones above mentioned together with Will Mosier's residence on the corner of the block, occupied by himself and Ira Brott. The Dr.'s goods on the lower floor, including a valuable piano, were mostly saved, but little or nothing was removed from the upper rooms, which were all well furnished. His loss will approximate $5,000; insured for $3,500; $2,000 on house, $800 on furniture and $700 on barn and contents, covering also his live stock. Mr. Wilson had no insurance; his goods were partially saved. The house he occupied was the property of a Mr. Cook, a non resident, and was worth $1,500; insured for $800. The Mosier house was about $800; insured for $500. All, or nearly all the furniture belonging to the two occupants of the Mosier house was removed in fairly good shape and placed in the house recently vacated by H. E. Shaefer and family, where the burned out owners are now located. Dr. Hendrick and family are occupying a part of A. T. Stevenson's residence, while Mr. Wilson and wife have returned to the farm and are stopping with their son Walt.

The total loss will approximate $10,000 with insurance, and while the "burnt district" presents a dismal appearance, our citizens congratulate themselves that it was no worse and that the town itself was not destroyed.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Artificial.

"My, what a nice, fat little boy!"

"Golly, boss, dat ain't no fat. Dat's watermilyon."—Life.

Clyde Fisher is now located in the Duffin building.

The Decatur band will play at the Dowagiac fair Friday.

Frank White has moved his barber shop into Mrs. Wheaton's building.

Willard Van Antwerp has moved into the house vacated by Frank White.

The onion yield is excellent and the demand lively at about 40 cents a bushel.

The front of the old billiard room in the Duncombe house building has been repainted.

A large number from this place are at the Dowaglac fair to-day, and more will go to-morrow.

Several growers have sold their peppermint oil at prices in the neighborhood of $2 per pound.

Cars were scarce last week and the

elevator was nearly filled with wheat awaiting shipment. It has gone out lively this week.

Geo. Steele has left the employ of Knights & Co. and is now at work for I. B. Bagley. Chas. Welcher takes his place at Knights'.

Henry Brown has been handling considerable sorghum at his mill, but the outlook for a busy season for his cider mill is not good.

The equinoctial storm came a little behind time, just like everything else this World's Fair year, but when it did come it hung on as long and as furious as usual.

The sugar famine has struck Decatur during the past two weeks, and parties who wanted granulated sugar have frequently been compelled to take up with something else.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail to you prepaid our souvenir portfolio of the world's Columbian exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with description of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Ills.

A GHASTLY FIND.

Fishermen Discover a Box of Bones Near Traverse City.

It Is Believed They Are the Remains of the Ely Family, Who Mysteriously Disappeared in 1871—Were They Murdered?

A MYSTERY.

TRAVERSE CITY, June 30.—The north woods are full of mysteries that will never be explained. The finding of a box of human bones in a cedar swamp near Traverse City by two fishermen points to the solution of one of the mysterious disappearances that have become common of late years. In 1871 a farmer named Ely, living on the shore of Long lake, disappeared with his entire family, between two days, leaving everything untouched in his house. A hired man came forward with a deed of the house and farm that had never been recorded and claimed everything as his own, though he could not explain how he came to have it. Nothing was done at the time, and in 1876 Mr. Ely's father came to hunt him up, but could never find a trace of his son or his family. Nothing could be proved against the new owner, but he did not seem to enjoy life and the old farm and house soon fell into disrepute, and the house has stood silent and deserted for years with empty windows and echoing rooms. Some time ago a chest of woman's clothes was found in the thick woods near the house, and identified as belonging to Mrs. Ely, but no one has taken any steps to prove anything of late years, and the box of human bones is the first decisive thing that has ever been unearthed. The man who was supposed to know more than any living person about the mystery died a year or so ago, and it will probably never be solved.

Obituary.

FRANCIS W. FIFIELD.

Died, at his home in the southern part of Decatur township, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 2, 1893. He was taken with a fainting spell just as he was about to get into his cutter and died in a very few minutes. The remains were taken Monday morning, to his former home in Oakland county for burial.

Mr. Fifield was born in Ogden county, N. Y., April 10, 1821. At the age of 17 he moved to Waterford, Oakland county, Michigan, where he farmed summers and taught winters. In 1843 he was married to Miss Joan Morris. Mr. Fifield was elected to the legislature of 1862 from Oakland county. In 1864 he engaged in the mercantile business in Waterford, and remained there until his removal to Decatur in 1881. In his former home he was school inspector 20 years, justice of the peace 12 ysars, township clerk 3 years, supervisor 7 years, and W. M. of the Mosonic lodge for more than a quarter of a century. Of his seven children, three survive. Mrs. Annette Lanning, who resides here, Mrs. Harriet J. Bradt of Flint, and Eugene Fifield of Bay City.

SCHOOL MEETING.

Largest Attendance in the History of the District.

The annual school meeting of district No. 4, Decatur and Hamilton, was held at the high school room, Monday evening, and was very largely attended. A large number of women were present and availed themselves of their privilege of franchise.

The following items are taken from the financial report of the district for the past year:

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand	$ 5 28
Borrowed Money	750 00
Tuition	376 82
Primary Money	574 60
Library Money	25 25
One Mill Tax	454 70
Voted Tax	3,145 00
Total	$5,331 65

DISBURSEMENTS.

Notes at Bank	$ 864 76
Janitor's Wages	300 00
Teachers "	3,138 00
Repairs	8 50
General Expenses	181 04
Seats	168 96
Wood	174 90
Insurance	68 00
Library	25 00
Supplies	33 20
Officers' Salaries	60 00
Total	$5,022 36
Cash on hand	$309 29

The estimated receipts aside from voted tax for the ensuing year are as follows:

Balance on hand	$ 309 29
One Mill Tax	405 00
Library Money	25 00
Primary Money	575 00
Tuition	300 00
Total	$1,607 29

It was recommended and carried that a tax of $3,070.00 be voted.

The election of trustees to take the place of Messrs. Hooper and Stewart, whose terms of office expired, was then taken up, and here the interest of the meeting centered, as it was understood the election was to be a contest of strength between those who favor and those who oppose the retention of Prof. F. A. Bacon for another year. Mr. Hooper positively refused to be a candidate. Considerable feeling had unfortunately been developed, and this accounts for the unusually large attendance. On the first ballot, for Mr. Hooper's position, Theo. Trowbridge had 50 votes, J. H. Haynes, candidate of the Bacon faction, had 32, A. H. Huyck 20, L. Brigham 17, and the balance of the 134 votes scattering. A second ballot gave Trowbridge 76, Haynes 53, 10 scattering. For the second trustee, 145 votes were cast, of which A. H. Huyck received 78, L. G. Stewart 65. The election of Messrs. Trowbridge and Huyck was a decided victory for the anti-Bacon faction and doubtless settled the matter of whether he will remain another year. The feeling that has been aroused over this matter is lamentable, and it is to be hoped all differences of opinion will now be laid aside and that the entire district will stand by the board and the superintendent whom they may deem it advisable to hire, whoever he may be.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Program of the Meeting to Occur at Decatur, May 20.

At the school house, Decatur, Saturday May 20, a teachers' institute will be held under the direction of County Commissioner E. H. Hinckley. Commissioner Ashley Clapp of Kalamazoo, and Prof. E. A. Wilson of the state board of education, will be present and assist in the exercises. The program will begin promptly at 9:30 o'clock. Everybody is invited, and school officers are urged to attend. The fol-

lowing is the

PROGRAM.

1—Opening exercises.
2—West Point System....F. A. Bacon
3—Class exercise, chart work of pupils that entered school September 1st. .....Miss Ida Trowbridge
4—Recitation..... Anna Birdsell
5—How to teach Geography..... .....Mrs. E. E. Pickett
6—The effect of grading the rural schools.....C. H. Boughton
7—Good order.....J. A. O'Leary

Besides the work mentioned above the program will be interspersed with music.

Family Names and Migration.

Southern family names are scattered across the country below Mason and Dixon's line from east to west in what geologists would perhaps call a drift. As the west began to be settled by people from the colonial seacoast fringe, emigration tended to go in straight lines, so that the names of the Virginia seacoast appear in Kentucky, those of North Carolina in Tennessee, those of South Carolina along with Oglethorpe's cockneys in Georgia. Later the drift swept westward into Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. In the progress names have been curiously transformed. Flemish names have lost the "van" or "de." Huguenot names, whether Flemish or pure French, have been awkwardly Anglicized, and even English names have suffered violent change.—New York Sun.

From the German.

Rich Aunt—Why do you bring me this grass, Tommy?

Tommy—Because I want you to bite it.

"Why do you want me to bite it?"

"Because I heard pa say that when you bite the grass we will get $40,000."—Texas Siftings.

LIFE IS ESSENTIAL.

I questioned my soul as I stood by the dead,
My soul, in its anguish, made answer and said:
"No power can destroy and no fiat create,
For death is transition and life is a state.

Each atom of form and each atom of force
Exists as a part of their infinite source,
And whether in motion, or whether at rest,
Must live by a law that is never transgressed."

This, then, is the marvelous secret of death—
To live without life, and to breathe without breath.

—Lucius E. Foote.

SERMONETTES.

I THINK our steps vary as much as the human fall.

A LEARNED man says in a book, otherwise beautiful with truth, that villages are family groups.

THERE are, I dare say, many lovers who would never have been drawn to each other had they met for the first time as, they say, they met the second time.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

MORE herrings are eaten than any other kind of fish.

REELED silk is produced in only one state in the union—Kansas.

CHAIN and cable suspension bridges antedate the Christian era.

A BANK for the use of colored people has been organized at Anniston, Ala.

A RESIDENT of Lewiston, Me., is the owner of a piece of candle that is said to have been brought over in the Mayflower.

THE street cars in Wheeling, W. Va., are not run after six p. m., as the running of such vehicles is deemed dangerous after dark.

RESIDENTS of the state of Washington want a nickname or a pet name for the state. There is a strong sentiment expressed in favor of "The Evergreen State."

ETHEL STOUT, aged eleven years, runs a quarto temperance paper, called the Midget, in Ohio, sets a great deal of the matter, and edits it all. Her father is a newspaper man.

THE following advertisement is from an Australian paper: "Wanted, a young woman (the plainer the better), to help a small, genteel family in their domestic matters; one without ringlets preferred."

THE bronze cents of the year 1877 have become so scarce that coin dealers pay a premium on them. They are the only ones of the cents issued since the war that have anything more than their face value.

THE Thirty-eighth Street club of working girls of New York is entirely self-supporting. Its receipts for last year were $1,135.66 and its total expenses $1,102.83. Its average weekly attendance was 289, and the total attendance for the year, 15,071.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

OPTIMUS—"You can rely upon Frankleigh, he always keeps his word." Cynicus—"Ah, because nobody will take it."—Kate Field's Washington.

HIS WISH.—Brown—"I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me." Jones—"Did she? I wish you'd met her sooner."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MISS A.—"Some people's faces always betray their feelings, but, fortunately, I am not so constituted." Mrs. B.—"Yes. I have seen you faint without even changing color."—Life.

"THIS parrot I can recommend. He has only one fault; he makes a terrible row if he does not get his dinner promptly." Widow—"I shall take him. He will remind me of my late husband."—Fliegende Blatter.

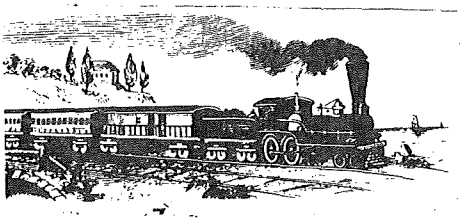
"THIS bump," said the phrenologist, "indicates that you are of a combative disposition." "No," said the subject. "It indicates that my wife is of a combative disposition. That's where she hit me with a hair brush this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

The Choctaw Nation.

If a weary and disgruntled individual wanted to retire and hide himself from the world, he could not go to a better place than to the reservation of gentle Choctaw Indians in the southeast corner of Indian Territory. There are still 10,000,000 acres of unoccupied land, and the Choctaws welcome the white man, particularly if he will hustle and help develop their country—a work, by the way, which they are too lazy to do for themselves. They are fonder of hunting and fishing than of hoeing corn.

The white hermit would not be crowded. There are only 15,000 Choctaws, counting adopted whites, half negroes, greasers and all. Ten years ago the population numbered 14,800. The Indian is vanishing off the face of the earth. Choctaw streams abound with fish of many choice varieties. The woods are full of game of several kinds, which it is the hunter's delight to shoot. Wild turkeys are still to be found there, and in the mountains are bear, deer, panthers and wolves.

The soil is of extraordinary fertility, growing the products of the temperate zone, with an inclination to those of the tropics. The only industry in which the Choctaws engage to any great extent is the rearing of cattle and ponies. When milk is wanted for the Indian family, a cow with a young calf is driven up to headquarters, where the calf and the squaw milk her at one and the same time. This is the jolly Choctaw way of carrying on the dairy business.



M. O. ROWLAND.

CRIMINAL RECKLESSNESS.

The accident on the Michigan Central at Jackson last week, full particulars of which will be found in our news columns, was horrible. The fact that the Central has not had a fatal accident befall a passenger in the preceding 14 years, is no palliation of the carelessness and recklessness, almost criminal in itself and entirely so in its consequences. True, in the present crowded condition of the road and considering the great number of trains running daily, it is perhaps remarkable that other accidents have not occurred. But the fact of the greater danger should in itself be an incentive to greater care.

On the fatal ride, the run was made by the rear section of the train from Grass Lake to Jackson at the rate of 50 miles per hour, and the fact is undisputed that the train sped into the

Jackson yard at half that speed or faster, in violation of law laid down for the running of trains in such yards. Here lies the negligence and blame. Had not Engineer Whalen run his train into the yards at a greater speed than he had a right to do, and much faster than a regard to safety would dictate, the accident could not have occurred, in spite of the failure of the air brakes to work.

But the blame should not rest entirely upon the shoulders of the engineer. In the effort to make the fastest possible time, the managers of the road have sanctioned just such reckless running as caused the awful loss of life, and upon them, too, must responsibility be placed.

The Central's boast that no one had lost life on its trains during the World's Fair traffic, is followed at the eleventh hour by a catastrophe, the reading of the descriptions of which cause a universal horror.

If railroads were willing to learn lessons from anything or anybody (which they are not), there could be found an important one in this accident, and that is that the best plea for patronage that can be made by a carrier is absolute safety rather than the fastest time. Speed is perhaps necessary to the successful conducting of a great railroad system, but there can be no excuse advanced for making such frantic efforts to attain it as will menace the safety of the public.

M. O. ROWLAND.

DO YOU LIKE IT?

We have no desire to vainly boast of the progress the REPUBLICAN has made and is making towards the ideal country newspaper, but we feel sure that our patrons appreciate what we are doing, and that increased patronage will amply repay for every improvement made. However, we cannot truthfully deny that the change is a gratifying one to the publisher. But the pleasure of the publisher will be of no avail if the change does not meet the approval of our readers. We have every confidence that it will do so, and fully expect a unanimous affirmative answer to the question, "do you like it?" The end is not yet reached. "Progression" is still our watchword, and we expect to continue to improve the REPUBLICAN until it becomes indispensable to every home in southern Van Buren county. To this end, we ask the hearty co-operation and assistance of all our friends and patrons, and have no doubt it will be cheerfully given.

M. O. ROWLAND.

THE $80,000,000 of idle money in the vaults of the New York banks would, if put into circulation, go far towards restoring prosperity.

THE democrat party and press is just now very, very sore, and snarls and snaps at anybody who dares to touch it. Pet measures cannot be enacted, and, as usual, democratic campaign pledges are failing of redemption.

WHEN will American industries resume their normal condition and the idle workmen all find remunerative employment? When will factory wheels begin to turn and furnace fires be rekindled? Why, on March 5, 1897, the day after the inauguration of the next republican president.

THE laboring man who, in these times, wilfully adds himself to the great army of the unemployed by striking or otherwise, is guilty of little less than a crime. The jaw workings of the agitator and walking delegate, always pernicious, are now a real menace to the public welfare and should not be listened to by patriotic American workingmen.

LOCAL option has been defeated in Branch county, after having been in force two years, and was carried in Hillsdale county by a majority greatly reduced from that given at the former election. These changes in public sentiment are no argument against the local option law itself, but do show that the people in these counties very properly thought that the law unenforced was worse than no law at all.

Train Ditched.

Accident on the Narrow Gague—A Narrow Escape for Passengers.

Last Saturday evening a special train was conveying a lot of summer resorters to the Peninsular at Lake Cora. The engine was running backward and, as they reached the foot of the grade just east of the station, they struck a lot of cattle. The engine and tender were thrown from the track, the engine tipping over on its side and lying partially across the track so as to obstruct all traffic. The engineer and fireman were thrown from the engine and considerably bruised, but not dangerously injured. Three of the cattle were killed, two of them belonging to John Ihling and one to his hired man. Fortunately, the coach did not leave the track and the passengers escaped with only a shaking up and a bad scare. On Sunday a force of men laid a new track around the wreck so that trains could pass pending a removal of the ruins. Photographer Buckhout was called to the scene and took a picture of the smash-up in order to perpetuate the memory of the most serious accident that ever happened in the history of the road.

It will be remembered that on the 5th day of June, 1893, while Mrs. Mary Fagan, Mrs. Agnes Murphy and Mrs. Mary Ellison were driving on Main street in the village of Lawton, their horse became frightened by one of the thills of their carriage coming loose and dropping down, and that while crossing the track of the M. C. R. R. the carriage was overturned. Mrs. Fagan was instantly killed, Mrs. Murphy so badly injured that she died three weeks afterward and Mrs. Ellison seriously hurt. It is claimed that the unsafe condition of the crossing was the cause of the accident and that the railroad company is liable to respond in damages. Four suits are now pending against the company, the last one having been commenced last Monday. The several suits pending are as follows: Thomas Murphy as administrator of the estate of his wife, Agnes Murphy, claiming damages of $20,000; Thomas R. Smith as administrator of the estate of Mary Fagan, claiming damages of $10,000; Mary Ellison, claiming damages of $10,000, and a second case brought by Thomas Murphy, administrator, under another statute enacted in 1885, claiming damages of $25,000. Spafford Tryon of Dowagiac, and Mills, Osborn & Cavanaugh are attorneys for the plaintiff in the Fagan case, while L. A. Tabor appears for plaintiff in the Ellison and Murphy cases.

THEY SAW THE GHOST

Nearly every city, town or village in our country that is old enough to have a history has its haunted house and its story of ghostly visitants and eerie, uncanny sounds and sights connected with some particular locality.

To this rule Florence, Ala., many of whose older residences and families date back to the days of Andrew Jackson, forms no exception. Around several of the ivy clad mansions of the old town hang mysteries which make them objects of interest to the educated whites and of terror to the ignorant and superstitious negroes.

Humanity in every age has been eager to listen to the marvelous and to swallow the incredible upon very slight guarantee. However, it is upon no such slen-

der testimony that our story rests.

Early in the history of the town among the first attracted to the locality by the picturesque beauty of its location above the swift flowing Tennessee was a North Carolinian named Richard Hunter.

Wealth in those days was counted in the south by the acreage of plantations and by the number of slaves, male and female. Of the former Richard Hunter possessed enough for a barony and of the latter a small regiment.

Around the great square brick house, with its massive pillars and wide spreading porches, could be seen bright and happy black faces by the score. The cotton fields resounded to the hoeing songs of well conditioned and swarthy fieldhands, while in the "quarters" not far off pickaninnies and dogs abounded.

Richard Hunter had but one child, the sole heiress of his acres and his wealth, and she had just budded under the warm glances of a southern sun into womanhood, fresh and blooming as a wild rose.

Alice Hunter was in that period of life where the present is so bright that its glow reaches out and dominates the future. Wealth, doting parents, gratification of every wish were hers; but above all she had won the love of the man of her choice and was happiest in the knowledge that Philip Marston's dearest hope and highest aspiration centered in herself.

Phil Marston, as he was known to every one, or "Marse Phil," as the negroes called him, was young, handsome, free handed, free hearted, gallant and all that went to make him an ideal lover.

In spite of strong rivalry he had won his ladylove, and the day was set for their marriage. Alice was only 17, and so the wedding day was postponed until the following year.

Suddenly in 1836 the Cherokee war broke out. Philip Marston raised a company of riflemen from among the hearty yeomanry of the section and joined the command of his friend and neighbor, General Coffee.

Throughout the sharp and decisive campaign that followed Marston bore a conspicuous part for gallantry until the final battle on the banks of the Coosa.

Hemmed in upon a peninsula, bounded, all but a narrow neck of land, by swollen waters of the rivers, the chiefs and bravest warriors of the Cherokees made their last and desperate stand. Leading his riflemen to a charge, Philip Marston fell, mortally wounded.

Bad news travels quickly. It was on a night of furious wind and rain that a hunting shirted rifleman brought the tidings of Philip Marston's death to the Hunter mansion.

Suddenly the great bronze knocker on the door pealed out its summons, and Alice, thinking that none but a lover would brave the tempest and darkness, flew to greet him.

In silence and with bowed head the hardy pioneer pointed to the riderless steed which he led and extended to her a scrap of paper on which her dying lover had traced a few words of farewell.

Pale, calm, tearless, the ghost of herself, she watched the rude but loving mourners bear him to a chamber in the house and lay him as if asleep upon a couch.

Day by day she faded like a lily that is denied moisture, and within a few short weeks her spirit fled to join his in another world.

Since then the Hunter house has had many owners and many occupants, but every year upon the anniversary of that stormy night in 1837 the stroke of a horse's hoofs are heard without, the old knocker clangs, footsteps sound upon the stairs, and the occupants of the south room—the same in which Philip Marston's body lay—receive a ghostly visitant.

Ten years ago the house was owned and occupied by a family named Thunsden, among the members of which was a nephew named William Black, a young and rising member of the bar.

Early in the summer of 1312 the Thunsdens went on their annual pilgrimage to one of the Virginia watering places, leaving young Black the sole inmate, as, according to southern custom, the servants lived in a separate building.

Several days had gone by without incident until the night of June 25. Black had started to go to bed, but was suddenly seized with an unaccountable loneliness and distrust of his solitary condition, and upon reflection recollected that this was the anniversary.

Taking his hat and cane, he went in search of a fellow barrister of his own age and with whom he was intimate, one John T. Jones, who held forth upon the courthouse square and kept bachelor's hall over his office.

It was about 11:30 o'clock, and as beautifully calm and clear a moonlight night as heart could wish when they entered the house, and after locking the hall door went to Black's room, the south chamber.

Young men make short work of toilets, so they were quickly in bed, and neither being sleepy Black started to tell Jones the story of the haunted room.

He had just finished when the old cracked bell in the courthouse tower struck midnight, and as the last reverberations died away a horse's hoof strokes could be distinctly heard upon the gravel walk without.

Suddenly and without warning the windows commenced to rattle in their casements, and a noise resounded from the roof as if torrents of rain were descending upon its weather beaten shingles.

Then came the clang of the old knocker upon the hall door. The noises ceased as quickly as they had begun, and all was silence.

Then "tap"—"tap"—"tap"—"tap"—came the unmistakable sound of footsteps upon the stairs, slowly and wearily mounting. They ceased for a second or two upon the landing outside, the door swung noiselessly open, and a figure, clearly seen in the moonlight, entered and crossed the room.

Both men lying on the bed saw it plainly and afterward described it as that of a young and beautiful girl, tall and slender, with golden curls framed round a face of marble pallor, wide open blue eyes and clothed from head to foot in fleecy white, with a single white rosebud nestling above the ear.

Advancing slowly to one of the windows the figure stood a moment with clasped hands, looking wistfully out into the night and with the full glow of the moonlight upon its upturned features. Then it turned, approached the side of the bed where Jones lay, stooped and placed a hand cold as earth itself upon his forehead.

Up to that moment he and Black had been too frightened to move or speak, but when that icy hand was laid upon him the spell was broken. Human nature could endure no longer, and with a yell both of them tumbled out of the other side of the bed from where the figure stood and bounded down the stairs.

They did not go back to the Hunter house that night. In fact, it was some days before they could summon nerve enough to go in daylight and get their clothes.

Since then the night of June 25 in each year finds that room untenanted.—T. R. Gordon in Atlanta Constitution.

MERRY CARNIVAL.

BUSINESS AND GAIETY.

Combined in the Making of a Happy Evening—A Success in Every Way—Ladies' Library Entertainment.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S Carnival at the opera house Monday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Library Association, brought out a crowded house, and the ladies took in over $35 at the door. The entertainment was one of the finest ever given by Decatur talent. The orchestra added much to the pleasure of the evening and the grand march was especially fine. The following enterprising business houses were represented by the young ladies named and the costumes described, which were ingenious and varied:

Knights of Pythias—Minnie Young, dressed in knight's uniform and bearing emblematic colors and letters of the order as a banner. She made an appropriate recitation referring to Pythian fraternity.

G. A. R.—Pearl Van Hise, in appropriate costume, bearing the U. S. flag. Her song "America" was especially fitting.

Frank Potts—Anna Struble, her head protected by a lamp shade and her dress stylishly trimmed with festoons of crackers and cranberries, bearing a banner "The Star Grocery." She represented Frank well, advertised him well and even well imitated his familiar and cheery "good bye; come again," as he ushers customers out of the door.

N. E. Hooper—Bessie Van Hise, bearing a large and varied assortment

of molars extracted by the best dentist in the county and some of the implements of torture used by him. She carried a golden "Hoop" with "E. R." in the center. She gave an example of dental science upon a creature whose mouth was fearful to behold—far more fearful to be held in.

H. D. Crane—Edna Carney, who did not have much to say, but looked well enough to make up for her silence. Her banner was a huge white painted "crane."

The REPUBLICAN—Lucy Howland, with a long flowing robe of white cloth, on which was printed the last issue of the REPUBLICAN. A large printer's stick was her banner.

Fred Stern—Miss Gilmore, artistically arranged in the finest to be found in an excellent dry goods stock, bearing a banner advertising the noted one price store.

The Fair—Mae Blades, bearing a golden harp and covered with Fair Store bargains, noticeable among which was a sack of 40 cent flour. She sang an ingenious advertising song.

First State Bank—Mrs. Frank Stapleton, her dress glistening with gold coin fresh from the mint.

L. Van Steenburgh—Gladys Lincoln, ornamented with watches, beads, ribbons and many other things to be found in a miscellaneous stock, a hat of tin and a copper tea kettle for a banner.

Prof. C. F. Pritchard—Hattie Roberts, hooded with a tambourine and her dress bedecked with miniature musical instruments. Her exhibition of playing on yerious instruments was wonderful (?).

Parker & Ellis—Lucy Cady, her dress ornamented with grain, her banner a celebrated Snow Flake flour sack.

G. B. Browning—Lou Broadhead, in a dress of white tissue paper, her banner of blue with gilt letters, pestle and mortar.

L. B. Bagley—Mary Mahoney, with the typical white market apron and cap, a string of sausages slung over her shoulder, a banner on which was painted a marvelously fat beef.

Mary Shaad—Ella Cronin, dressed in evening dress of beauty, bearing a motto on a star and crescent, and truthfully telling the people what a good place Mary's is to trade.

L. G. Stewart—Grace Hakes, dressed in Japanese costume and carrying an immense Japanese umbrella. Stewart's teas were of course in everyone's mind when she appeared.

Knights & Co.—Mamie Sherrod, wearing a grocer's apron and a motto mounted on one of the best brooms to be found anywhere in Decatur.

L. L. Hammilton—Cora Hamilton, carrying a miniature mattress and a gilt lettered banner advertising the progressive furniture dealer and undertaker.

Decatur Public Schools—Maude Place, her hair filled with pencils and pens, rulers on her dress and an alphabetical ruffle around the skirt, a large slate for a banner. She spoke well deserved praise for the school and teachers.

S. N. Thomas & Son—Mrs. D. Carney, with countless knives, shears and scissors glittering on her costume, and carrying a banner advertising this sterling firm.

J. J. Huff—Gay Nesbitt, her dress covered with Huff's finest cabinet photos and bearing a banner with the good advice to "Go to Huff's." The scene in which Miss Gay took a flash-light picture of the rest of the participants was immense.

M. S. Carney—Lottie Van Camp represented this enterprising druggist, with hundreds of jingling and shining little bottles on her dress, a poison label on her back and a gilded motto and pestle for her banner.

Frank Stapleton—Rose Carney, carrying a banner on a pretty tri-colored barber's pole.

Ladies' Library—Anna Shaad, with a liberal portion of the library hanging to her costume. She closed the exercises with a neat speech, giving a sketch of the association and thanking all who had contributed to the success of the carnival.

W. H. Clark—Mrs. Carl Warner, with a small sized chair on her back, typifying the large stock of chairs at his store.

Crifield & Dewey—Veda Dewey, attired in gentleman's evening dress and calling attention to an excellent stock of clothing and furnishing goods.

D. J. Treat—Mabel Culverhouse, wearing jewelry, precious stones and plated ware, carrying a huge watch dial as a banner.

S. Ellis—Mollie Cohn, her dress covered with shoes and a banner calling attention to the fact that Ellis' is the place to buy all shoes except horse shoes.

Hinkley, Roberts & Co.—Aggie Hinkley, with grain measures for waist, sleeves and hat, the head of a measure for a banner.

Frank White—Murle Klinger, dressed in barber's towels, her banner hung on an immense pair of shears and razor. Her poetry on the Deacon's place was good.

John Shaad—Annie Johnson, with lots of shoes, a shoe sole for a banner, on one side of which was painted, "I greet you from the bottom of my sole." She appeared afterwards sitting in a big shoe. Beside her was a cannon loaded with bargains, from both John and Mary Shaad's.

Hotel Barron—Mattie Osborn, with a waiter's apron and a banner. She read a bill of fare that made the audience hungry.

J. Cohn—Rose Cohn, attired in gentleman's evening dress from the tip of her patent leather shoes to the glossy silk tile on her head. The way she sold an overcoat would cause even her successful father to take a back seat and was a feature of the evening.

M. S. Thomas—Olive Lyle, in milkmaid's dress, carrying a milking stool and pail and telling the excellencies of Thomas' pure Jersey milk.

Postoffice—Nellie Van Camp, her dress completely covered with envelopes, stamps, postals and newspaper wrappers. She told some of the many woes of the postmistress in a comical style.

Arnold & Carney—Eva Arnold, with market apron, leading a big dog who wore a "sausage" label.

PEPPERMINT PLANTS.

Fifteen Thousand Tons Cultivated Yearly in the Wolverine State.

More than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint and tansy used in the world is said by the New York Post to be produced and distilled in Michigan. The center of the industry is St. Joseph county. Peppermint plants weighing fifteen thousand tons when dried are cultivated every year in the state. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are then covered with fragrant purple blossoms and the time has arrived for mowing. After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about one hundred and fifty in the state. It is estimated that three hundred and fifty pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is fifteen pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from one dollar and twenty-five cents to five dollars per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established in Mitcham, Eng., about one hundred and fifty years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country in Wayne county, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. To-day nine-tenths of the entire product of the world is made in the United States. The rich alluvial soil so abundant in Michigan, together with its desirable climate, has enabled the state to take precedence over any other state or country in this industry.

Teachers' Institute.

The REPUBLICAN has received the following announcement from the department of public instruction:

The State Teachers' Institute for Van Buren county, series of 1893, will be held at Paw Paw, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, August 28, and closing at 4 p. m., Friday, September 1. Commissioner J. A. O'Leary, Hartford, local committee.

There is no doubt as to the value of a good live institute. Experience proves that as a rule the most successful, alert, progressive teachers are

those who avail themselves of the work given at such meetings.

The persons in charge of the instruction at these institutes are those who have had practical experience in school work, and know how to impart to others a portion of what they have gained in this experience. Effort has been put forth to give the county the best institute ever held.

The work will combine professional and academic instruction. The institute will be divided into sections, and the instructors will conduct classes for the purpose of reviewing some studies; and also to illustrate certain methods of instruction. The workers have been urged to arrange for calisthenic exercises, singing, marching and the like, so as to make the work move off cheerily and without fatigue.

The time for study at the institute will be necessarily limited, and in order to permit the most profitable of class exercises the following topics are suggested, so that those who propose attending may make some preparation:

Arithmetic—(1) Fractions, (2) percentage, (3) mensuration, (4) evolution.

Grammar—(1) Relative clauses, (2) infinitives, (3) participles, (4) objective complements.

Geography—(1) Michigan, (2) model outline of North America, (3) climate, cause of, (4) commercial geography of the United States.

History—(1) War of 1812, (2) slavery, (3) Civil War, (4) inventions.

Physiology—(1) The eye, (2) circulation, (3) ventilation, (4) digestion.

Civil Government—(1) Legislative officers of nation, state, county, city, village, (2) compare duties of governor and president, (3) how amendments are made to state and national constitutions, (4) taxes.

Pedagogy—The first chapters of Putnam's Primer, or its equivalent.

Reading—Whittier's Snow Bound.

The preceding topics are given to aid in a proper preparation for the work. Bring any text books.

School Items.

We had considerable company of late, and the doors are still open.

The second rhetorical division, the Beta, will render a program toward the end of the month.

In view of the heavy snow storms that passed high above this region last week, an enterprising snow-plow poised itself on the flag staff at a presumably early hour Wednesday morning, to be in readiness to scrape the sky should another storm venture this way.

The following program was presented at the high school room Tuesday afternoon by the Alphas:

"America" ..... Section
Essay ..... Jessie Beals
Recitation ..... Lettie Gosling
Impersonation ..... Gertie McAdams
Biography ..... Kate O'Leary
Debate—"Resolved that the Geary law is an unjust law and should be repealed." Affirmative, Anna Pardonette and Corydon McKee; negative, Frank Huyck and Mabel Culverhouse.
Instrumental music ..... Hattie Roberts
Declamation ..... Hattie Van Camp
Essay ..... Leona Youells
Selection ..... Lucy Howland
Recitation ..... Edith Knights
Paper—"Die Alpha Zeitung" ..... Alfred Gosling
Contributors, Fred Brodhead, Katie Kern, Mattie Osborn.
Recitation ..... Essie Knolls
Essay ..... Winnie Ferguson
Alpha history ..... Sarah Griffin
"Mount Vernon Bells" ..... Section

The judges, Horace Lincoln, Beulah Weeks and Gertie Howland, rendered a decision in favor of the negative side of the discussion.

Michigan Crop Report.

Following is a summary of the monthly crop report issued by the secretary of state, July 1:

The area in wheat in Michigan this year is 1,578,252 acres. 20,895,374 bushels is the probable total yield in the state. This is an average af 13.24 bushels. The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in June is 751,001. The total number of bushels reported marketed in the eleven months, August-June, is 13,760,490. This is 2,304,814 bushels less than in the same months last year.

The unfavorable weather in May delayed corn planting and caused a reduction of acreage. The area planted in the southern counties is estimated at 95 per cent, in the central, 87 per cent, and in the northern, 99 per cent of a full average. In condition the crop is from five to fourteen per cent below an average, but in the southern counties it is 22 per cent, and in the central, 15 per cent better condition than one year ago. Oats are doing well.

Compared with an average there is a loss of from two to three per cent in the area planted to potatoes in the southern and central counties, and a gain of three per cent in the northern counties. In condition the crop in the southern counties is 83 per cent, or 12 per cent higher than on July 1, last year. In the central counties the condition is 87, and in the northern 92.

Apples in the southern counties now promise about one-third, in the central two-fifths, and in the northern two-thirds of an average crop.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our beloved wife and mother.

MR. H. ANGANEY AND DAUGHTER IDA.
MR. AND MRS. PALMITER.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank all those who so kindly assisted us at and after the recent fire.

MR. AND MRS. MEEKER SHOOKMAN.

Local Markets.

Thursday, July 13.

The prices given, except where designated as "retail," are the ruling prices paid by buyers and merchants for produce and stock in this market.

Wheat	$ 58
Oats	34
Corn	45
Hay	$ 8.00
Butter	12½
Eggs	11
Poultry	08
Hogs (on foot)	06
Sheep (on foot)	04@05
Cattle	02½@03½
Flour, per bbl,	$3.60
Corn Meal	$1.25
Ground Feed	$1.25
Wool...prices declining and uncertain	
Raspberries (per quart)	10
Potatoes (retail)	1 60
Agricultural salt (per ton)	$5.00

What They Say of Us.

The DECATUR REPUBLICAN came out last week in a six-column quarto form and greatly improved in appearance. It ranks with the best weeklies in southern Michigan.—*Dowagiac Standard.*

The VAN BUREN COUNTY REPUBLICAN made its bow last week in a new form—six column quarto. The quality was always the best and now the appearance is much improved—*Dowagiac Republican.*

The DECATUR REPUBLICAN came out last week in an enlarged and very much improved form. The subscription price has been advanced from one dollar to $1.50. This last is the most important improvement of all.—*Courier.*

The DECATUR REPUBLICAN is materially improved by discarding its blanket form of make-up and going back to a quarto—using auxiliary sheets as of old. This "all printed at home" business sounds very pretty to talk about, but it isn't the way to make good country newspapers.—*Northerner.*

The DECATUR REPUBLICAN has been obliged to put its subscription price up to $1.50 per year again, deciding that it does nat pay to publish a county paper for less. The REPUBLICNN is a good paper and well printed. It deserves the support of the natives.—*Marcellus News.*

Bread-Making at the Fair.

New points and improvements are constantly being discovered even in the most familiar processes. Many of these were gained by housekeepers who at the Woman's building at Jackson park listened to Mrs. Rorer's lecture on the art of bread-making with yeast. She gave the relative values of high and low yeast, and high yeast in its growth in bread was illustrated by the growth of the plant in soil. She said: "The idea of letting the sponge stand over night has gone out of date. Bread-making is easy if the cook will understand a few essential principles." Mrs. Rorer advocated the theory that

six o'clock dinners were best for health, and said the idea of heavy meals at noon was against the action of nature. During the next lecture she made Dutch corn pudding with apricots, hominy croquettes and meat sauce.

The Most Popular Building.

It matters little whether the crowd at the fair is large or small, Woman's building always gets its share, which generally fills it to overflowing. The lectures which take place daily in this building show the educational features of the World's Columbian exposition, and a strong contrast to some of the features which are to be seen in the park for which an admission charge is made.

Science Works Wonders.

I had sciatic rheumatesm so that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I did no work for a year. Nothing did me any good until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Four bottles cured me. Albert King, Van Wert, Ohio. For sale by T. Browning & Son.

All that honesty, experience and skill can do to produce a perfect pill, has been employed in making De Witt's Little Early Risers. The result is a specific for sick headache, billousness and constipation.

Art Note.

He—What a beautiful picture Miss Blanche Rouge makes beside the portiere.

She—Yes, she is exquisitely painted.—Texas Siftings.

Ignorance of the merits of DeWitt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation and billiousness.

AT HER WEDDING.

There was no profusion
Of jewels or lace,
No yards of illusion
Her figure to grace,
But the bride was most simply
And tastefully drest,
In the style and the color
That suited her best.

And Fred in a whisper—he stood at my s
Said, "I never beheld a more beautiful br

I hardly need mention
The fact, I presume,
But all my attention
Was fixed on the groom,
Whose face so reflected
The joy of his heart
That in the sweet service
My own took a part.

And, oh, 'twas a scene we remember with
For Fred was the bridegroom, and I w
bride.

—New York Led

A MATTER OF MORALS.

Nothing is dearer to the heart of the average parents than the morality, character and reputation of their

children. Immorality, while not the rule, is far from uncommon, and the tendency in that direction among the young is in some respects a growing one. That being true, it behooves us to inquire into the causes and means of remedy at hand. While the churches, schools and influences of home are in no respect to be undervalued as instruments of good to the young, there is another and a mighty influence for good or evil that receives altogether too little consideration at the hands of otherwise careful parents, and that is the class of literature in the home.

It is not with the "yellow covered" stuff that we wish to deal, as that has been fully and thoroughly canvassed in the press and from the pulpit. The newspapers and periodicals should be carefully selected. Cleanness in journalism should be demanded, and the paper that persists in rank sensationalism or the gratification of morbid curiosity in its news columns, should be rigidly excluded from the home. Your reading tables should at all times be something more than a pastime, an instructor and elevating in tone.

Not alone the news columns of the papers should be scanned. In these days, the advertising manager's anxiety for a good financial showing admits advertisements, seductively worded, to the columns of otherwise reputable newspapers that are unfit for the eyes of our boys and girls, and which contain suggestions that can be productive of nothing but evil to them. Guard against such publications. Support none but pure periodicals; provide good literature in magazines or standard books, and one of the mightiest forces of evil will be eliminated from our American homes.

BOYS IN BLUE.

Annual Encampment of the Grand Army at Indianapolis.

Thousands of Old Veterans Are Tenting at Camp Wilder—Gen. Harrison Extends a Welcome—Commander Weissert Makes Response.

CAMP FIRES GLOWING.

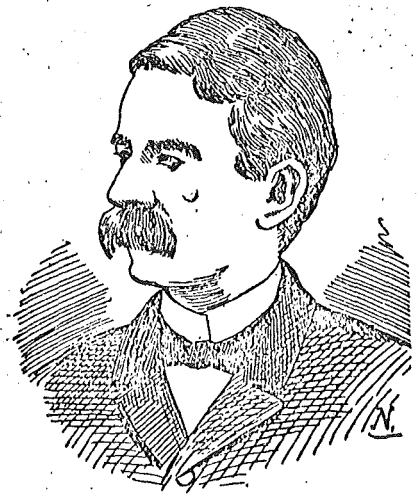
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 5.—The veterans of the union armies have been pouring into Indianapolis for the past twenty-four hours with scarcely a break in the procession. It is estimated that 25,000 uniformed men of the Grand Army of the Republic are now in camp.

The official ceremonies began yesterday with the dedication of Camp Wilder in Military park. During the war it was known as Camp Sullivan, and here a large number of troops organized into regiments and were sent to the front. The camp will be under command of W. A. Ketchum. It was named after the famous leader of Wilder's brigade.

GEN. HARRISON SPEAKS.

In the afternoon, Commander in Chief Weissert and ex-President Harrison being the principal speakers, fully 5,000 veterans were in camp. When Gen. Harrison was introduced he spoke in part as follows:

No Indiana soldier need be ashamed to open to the world, in friendly competition, with the records of the sister states, the story of Indiana's part in the great rebellion. But the beauty of it all was that these regiments from Indiana, and these from Illinois and these from Ohio were all one. They were not Indiana's soldiers, Ohio's or Illinois' soldiers, but soldiers of the United States. The cause was one, the glory is one, and, visiting comrades from other states, we are not here to exalt ourselves, but to take your hands as comrades and share with you the glory of the greatest result that was ever achieved by war



COMMANDER IN CHIEF WEISSERT.

in human history. If there is any man anywhere who does not honor the union veteran he does not live in Indianapolis. If there is any man anywhere who suspects him or would detract in the smallest degree from the merits of his service he is not here to-day. You will not meet him on our streets. If there is anyone who can ever find it in his heart to speak of the wounded or disabled veterans of the war or of the veteran who has now fallen by the way, after a brave struggle for near thirty years in the pursuits of civil life, he does not live here. My comrades, these tents about us are pitched many days' march nearer home than those in which you dwelt here in 1861. They will stand but for a day and vanish. You go to your own homes, to the shelter of those roof trees, and to the companionship of those families from which you separated yourself in time of war and to which you returned with an increased love and consecration. You will go back to pick up the duties of your citizenship with a higher sense of those duties, of the glory and sweetness of this flag, than you had before you came here to mingle with these comrades, to listen to these stirring songs, and to stir each other by the remembrances of those bloody days.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Marvin J. Burnett Returns from the West and Shoots Himself.

Friday of last week, Oliver Lyle found a man in his woods, near Patrick Enright's place, with three bullet holes in his head and a revolver near by, with which he had evidently attempted to destroy his own life. He was brought to the Duncombe house in this place, where medical aid was summoned and the wounds were found not to be fatal. He it now in condition to be removed.

For several days, an air of mystery surrounded the man's identity, and nothing was known as to the real motive for his act. He had come here on a train, registered at the Duncombe as John Johnson, gone out and purchased some cartridges and gone to the place where he was found, evidently with the intention of killing himself. In his pocket was a memorandum book in which was written the following:

"To the Public—Do not try to identify my body for others may suffer if you do. I have children who have a life before them, to enjoy or suffer. Do not I pray you let them know of my death. I am heart broken and cannot face poverty longer. Bury me with as little ceremony as possible. Yours truly." (No name signed.)

The fact that the man had but $1.95 in cash in his pocket lent color to the poverty part of his statement.

The identity of the man was not positively known here until the arrival Tuesday of ex-Sheriff John Dix of Kalamazoo, who recognized the man as Marvin J. Burnett. Mr. Dix came here at the solicitation of the man's wife and daughter, who live in Schoolcraft.

Years ago Burnett lived in Porter township, this county. He is a mechanic and worked all over this part of the country, having been one of the builders of the Dyckman house at Paw Paw. Some years since, he left his family and went to Dakota, engaging in farming. A short time ago his farm was sold on a mortgage. He started to return east and from Kansas City telegraphed to his daughter at Schoolcraft for financial assistance, as he was "dead broke." She sent him $20, and heard nothing more of him until the description of the would-be suicide reached her eye, when it was rightly surmised who he was.

There is no doubt of the man's insanity. His father was insane before him and died in the Kalamazoo asylum. His relatives are unable to care for him, and the probate judge of this county has been asked to send him to the asylum at public expense. There is some question as to the liability of this for the expense of his care, but there is none whatever as to the necessity and prudence of putting him in the asylum for safe keeping and proper treatment.

A Premium on Funerals.

A New York daily paper has found the most ghastly plan on record for enlarging its subscription list. It has arranged with a certain undertaking company to give a discount for burying all its subscribers. For instance, if you take the paper and die some morning, which people who take the paper would be apt to do, and are caught dead with a copy of the paper on your person, then your wife can go to the undertaker with the burial coupon cut out of The Daily Tooter, and he will accept it and bury you at 15 to 20 per cent less than if you took the rival paper next door.

The funerals are divided into different classes in regard to expense. A first class putting away implies a doorband, outside case for you and the personal attendance of the undertaker at the grave. That is a compliment for only upper ten citizens. The difference between these and poor white trash consists mainly in the number of coaches. If you are only worth a $35 funeral, you cannot have but one coach, whereas if you belong to the aristocracy that pay $90 you may have three. The desire of everybody even to the poorest is to have a big funeral. It looks as though many people cared for you whether anybody did or not.

If one may ask it without offense, where is this coupon business to stop? We have coupons for the prettiest teacher, for the most popular policeman and even for trips to places where you can take your annual bath. But when it comes to coupons for burying you, does it not somehow look queer?

An Old Republican Correspondent in the North.

THOMPSONVILLE, BENZIE CO., MICH.
September 18, 1893.

THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN:—Having through the kindness of Mode Nash, formerly of Decatur, met you, will say although we could not talk back to you, you told us of people in our old home, and of events happening that were interesting to us. Having had an affection for you, whether reciprocated or not we do not aver, we now talk a little.

We have resided in this place for two years and have passed through the experience of frontier life similar to our forefathers. When we came here we builded in the forest, being obliged to fell the trees to find room to place the foundation for our humble cot. Now, after two years, we find ourselves just over the boundary line from an incorporated village of about 1,000 souls, with the material of which cities are builded. We have two of the best railroads in the state, the C. & W. M. and the T. A. A. & N. M., forming a junction and giving us good shipping facilities both east and west; only 27 miles from Traverse City and 12 miles from Grand Rapids; have two saw mills, one shingle and one planing mill, good water power, the Big Betsey; good farming land adapted to growing any and all crops but wheat. Fruit is the finest to be seen; all the small fruits are in abundance; peaches good upon the hilly portion of the country; apples are perfect, and plums are really immense. Potatoes are always a crop. We have one church, several stores, three hotels, two restaurants, shoe shop, blacksmithy, wagon and repair shops. A school of two rooms with nearly 200 pupils. Able teachers and well equipped for teaching the branches taught. We have two hell holes where liquor is sold, but one of them is controlled by a man who is above the average in that calling, having run an orderly shop so far.

Our timber is maple, beach, hemlock, ash, birch, cedar, elm, cherry and occasionally a small patch of pine. Cedar is being turned into paving blocks for the city streets. All kinds of lumber is manufactured, but a great quantity is wasted yearly because of a lack of manufactories. Piece work could by made a paying industry here in using that which is left to rot upon the ground.

One of Decatur's old residents, Mode Nash, is proprietor of the R. R. eating room and runs a No. 1 boarding house, where the hungry can find plenty to eat and the best in quality.

Land can be purchased after the timber is cut off for from three to fifteen dollars per acre, according to location.

As to newspapers, we have one here, but a good live paper would thrive and be a boon to the place; the people are intellectual and read good papers. We would be pleased if you would give this effusion space in your paper, and would gladly welcome any of the people of that section should they desire to begin new or wish to build a home with but small outlay; will gladly answer all inquires regarding the climate, soil and advantages. H. Jacobs and wife of Prospect Lake, visited us the first of the present month and were pleased with the place. We have not entirely given up the work of correspondent since coming here. Will send one of our best local papers. Hoping you will continue to send out a paper as good as the issue of two weeks ago and that your subscription list will not grow less, we subscribe. Yours Fraternally,

E. S. NORTHRUP.

Recital.

Miss Bent's musical students gave a pleasant recital at the home of Mrs. S. L. Nesbitt in Hamilton, Saturday evening. Refreshments were served. Fol-

lowing is the admirable .

PROGRAM.

Instrumental Duet—Carnival of Venice.....Melnotte
Misses Goulde and Bent.
Piano Solo—Bright Star Waltz.....Meritt
Leona Hampton.
Song—The Cuckoo Song.....Seldon
Mollie Cohn.
Organ Solo—Russian Imperial March.....Garett
Frank Howard.
Song—Thy Face.....Marriott
Maggie Copeland.
Piano Solo—Brilliant Star.....Buhm
M. E. Bent.
Song—Drifting.....Thompson
Dora Nesbitt.
Organ Solo—Affection.....Faranger
Lucy Cady.
Piano Solo—Summer Clouds.....Kinkel
Fracie Knolls.
Instrumental Duet—Hungarian Waltz.....Hunten
Maybel and Elsie Griffin.
Piano Solo—Selection.....
Essie Knolls.
Song—Old Uncle Dan.....Dumais
George Griffin.
Piano Solo—Shower of Blossoms.....Spindlers
Grace Osborn.
Song—Tripping Down the Field Path.....M. Louis
Grace Copeland.
Piano Solo—Alpine Glow.....Oesten
Cassie Lee.
Vocal Duet—Slowly and Softly Music Should Flow.....Glover
Grace and Edith Osborne.
Piano Solo—Selected.....
Mae Wooster.
Organ Solo—Grand March.....Martin
Leila Carpp.
Piano Solo—Summer Eve.....Wright
Mattie Osborn.
Song—Loves Old Sweet Song.....Molloy
Minnie Nesbitt.
Piano Solo—Spring Reverie.....Goerdler
Rose Cohn.
Song—Won't You be my Sweetheart.....Verner
Edith Osborne.
Piano Solo—Cujus Animam.....Kuhe
Mamie Gould.
Song—From Over the Sea.....Wheeler
Robert Griffin.
Instrumental Duet—LeTyrol.....Walacel
Misses Bent and Nesbitt.

Americans Abroad.

Thousands of our fellow countrymen and women will doubtless take a run across the water for a brief vacation this coming summer. It is safe to say a majority of them will go for the first time and that they will be of that class which combines the best qualities of mankind—the intelligent people who have earned the money they are going to spend in Europe. They may be seen by the hundred and thousand crisscrossing Europe, notebooks in hand, and, heaven bless them! talking through their noses, sometimes, alas! very loud.

A word to these, our fellow countrymen and women, may not be out of place, lest the ignorant and untraveled populations of Europe get exceedingly erroneous ideas of this Union. Don't talk loudly and boastfully everywhere about how superior things in your own country are to everything in Europe. It will not go down pleasantly with the foreigners, and, besides, it is not the fact. A hundred things there are better, finer and handsomer than any object in the same line in this country. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open. Watch quietly the usages of the foreign ladies and gentlemen and fall into their customs when you are in their country. Note that foreigners do not expectorate and do not chew tobacco.

Look at the exquisite pictures, the marvelous sculpture. Listen to the music, contemplate the finely finished landscapes, the lovely parks, and let the beauty and poetry of it all sink into your utilitarian American soul. You will be reminded by the behavior of some of your own fellow countrymen that rudeness is not independence, and a coarse, aggressive manner is not the best way of showing yourself a citizen of the greatest nation the sun shines on. For that very reason you can afford to be quiet, polite and gentle in manner. Go abroad to learn, and you will be richly rewarded. Do not lecture the foreigners on temperance and prohibition. Doubtless they need it, but it is not your place to do it.

Once in awhile you will meet some of your own fellow countrymen with sprangly, bushy beards, outlandish garments and the same rusty, long legged boots they wore when they drove the cows to the swamp pasture—on the whole, looking like a grizzly bear. This kind of Americans will be so well satisfied with themselves that you will feel a blush creeping slowly up into your countenance at sight of them. You dodge them wherever you can, and small blame to you. You will wish often that some Americans only had sense enough to perceive how a well dressed, well bred foreigner can many a time give needed points to Americans in matters small and large.

About Newspapers.

Benjamin Franklin's mother advised her long-headed son not to start a newspaper, "because there are two newspapers already in the country." According to the latest edition of Rowell's Directory there are now 19,573 newspapers published in the United States and Canada, of which 13,983 are weekly publications, 2,886 monthly, 1,759 daily, 243 semi-monthly, 194 quarterly, 87 bi-weekly, 57 bi-monthly and 39 tri-weekly.

Montgomery Advertiser: There is some fun editing a paper in Germany if you can make it all right with the goverment and not have your edition suppressed after it has been prepared for publication. The editors of morning papers in Germany leave their offices at 9 o'clock, and the papers are on the press at 11 o'clock. By 12 o'clock even the printers have gone home, and when General Von Moltke died at 11 o'clock at night, there was only one Berlin newspaper that had a line about it in its issue next morning.

Notice.

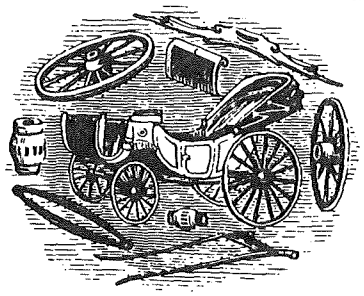
On account of the severe loss caused by the recent fire, I am obliged to ask all having accounts with me to make settlement at once. G. B. BROWNING.

PLOWS!

Best makes, riding and walking, including "Solid Comfort" and "Imperial." We have confidence in our machinery and know we can please you. Farm machinery, oils and repairs of all kinds.

HAND MADE HARNESSES

We are doing a nice trade and gaining an enviable reputation for good, seasonable goods. Prices? Right, of course



CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

The bottom has dropped out of the prices for good carriages and road wagons, and and we give our customers the benefit of the lowest rates we can get from the manufacturers. We have some fine vehicles, carriages, surreys, etc., in stock and if we haven't exactly what you want, we will get it for you just a little cheaper than anyone else. Wagons, as always, must be durable to give satisfaction, and we buy only such farm wagons as we know will be bound to satisfy.

ALEX. McWILLIAMS & SON.

THE FAIR ENDS.

Official Closing of the World's Columbian Exposition.

At the Sound of Cannon at Sunset All the Flags Are Lowered—A Total Paid Attendance of 21,477,212—Receipts Over $14,000,000.

THE LAST DAY.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The World's Columbian exposition came to an end Monday night. Six months ago it opened with splendid pageantry, and a thousand bright new banners were unfurled while a hundred thousand spectators cheered. Monday these weather-stained banners were pulled down almost in silence. Those that represent foreign countries will not be raised again. None but the American flag float over the buildings to-day.

The Flags Dropped.

The day had been one of the most quiet since the opening. A few more than 208,000 persons paid for entrance, and these were not demonstrative. At Festival hall the Harrison memorial services were held. Few of the large crowd in the park knew when the time had come for the end. At 4:30 o'clock men could be seen crawling up to the flagpoles around the Court of Honor. Fifteen minutes later there was a little puff of smoke from the United States steamer Michigan which lay at anchor off the grounds. Twenty more peals followed. All day the flags had been at half-mast, but when the twenty-first gun was fired they were pulled simultaneously to the flagstaff's peak, and after fluttering there for a moment, as if in farewell, they went down for the last time, and the official announcement had been made that the World's Columbian exposition as an international affair was at an end. Taps were sounded by Bugler Wiley and Innes' band played "The Star Spangled Banner." This was a spontaneous demonstation and for the first time the people cheered.

Only an Official Closing.

But the gates of the world's fair are not closed. They were officially closed Monday night at 11:30 o'clock, but they will be open again this morning, and there will be the usual band music during the day and the illumination and playing of the fountains to-night. This afternoon the executive committee of the board of directors will meet at Jackson park to determine how much longer and under what conditions the fair may be continued open. Their action will depend largely upon the state of the weather when the meeting is called and the crowd in attendance about the grounds. If both are favorable the exposition will doubtless be prolonged for a short period. Many of the directors favor such a course.

The Attendance.

Since the first of the world's fair entrances to open began business at 6:30 a. m., May 1, 21,477,213 men, women and children have passed through the turnstiles after dropping paid admission tickets into the tin boxes. Children to the number of 1,253,938 purchased tickets to enter the grounds.

The attendance by months does not vary except by moving forward and upward in an accelerated degree. May's attendance was 1,050,037; June, 2,075,113; July, 2,760,268; August, 3,515,493; September, 4,059,871; October, 6,816,435. The total attendance including passes, was 27,529,400.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Old Liberty Bell Leaves Jackson Park for the Quaker City.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Old Liberty bell, draped in somber colors, was rolled from its place in the Pennsylvania building Tuesday afternoon, placed on a wagon drawn by two big black horses, and started on its homeward journey to Philadelphia. There were no ceremonies. The frame was wrapped in emblems of mourning for the mayor of Chicago. The bell was taken to Administration plaza and stopped for a few minutes by the side of the new Liberty bell. A few speeches were made. It was taken to the Union depot, placed aboard a special car in the Fort Wayne night train, and at 9 o'clock left for the east. The itineracy of the trip shows that stops of a few hours each will be made at Dayton, Xenia, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Altoona, Harrisburg, Reading and Allentown, the bell arriving at Philadelphia at 10 a. m. November 4.

GRANDMA KEELER.

The Good Old Lady Written Up for the Detroit Journal.

A Decatur correspondent of the Detroit Journal sends the following to the Journal. The story of the remarkable life of Mrs. Keeler is printed, accompanied by a picture of her as follows:

"There is probably no woman now living that can tell more interesting stories of the early history of the state of Michigan, and particularly that of Jackson county, that Mrs. Sarah Keeler of Decatur. She was truly a pioneer, being the first white woman in Jackson county, and a settler in Kalamazoo and Van Buren counties when they were scarcely more than forests. She recites many interesting stories of her early life among the Indians of Michigan.

"She was born in Hamilton, Ont., in 1806, on the site where Dundurn castle now stands, and in 1822 was married to Josephas Case, a brother of Hon. D. L. Case, now of Lansing. They moved to Dixborough, near Ann Arbor, soon after and were accompanied by D. L. Case. At that time Detroit was a trading post, and gave but small evidence of the city it was destined to be in the future. In 1830 they moved to Jacksonburg, now known as Jackson. The land on which the Case family settled was a wilderness, and Mrs. Case, for this was the name of our subject then, was the first white woman to reside there, her nearest white neighbor being thirty miles away."

"There was an Indial trail running from Detroit to Chicago at that time, and an old Indian prophet told Mrs. Case that some day it would be a great thoroughfare and would connect two great cities. His prediction came true, for the line of the Michigan Central is built near this trail. The Case family got into the good graces of the Indians, and there was nothing too good for them, especially for Mrs. Case, who was called by them the white squaw. She soon learned to speak their language, amd the best piece of venison or the best fish that they caught was always saved for her.

"The land on which they settled was owned by William Thompson and was soon platted into village lots. Mr. Case bought the first lot sold and erected the first frame house in what is now the city of Jackson, and his wife gave birth to the first white child born in the county. Her husband was a blacksmith by trade. His first shop in the wilderness was by the roadside. Afterwards he built a shop on the ground now occupied by the Michigan Central as a depot. At this time there was no grist mill in the little settlement, the nearest one being at Flowerfield, some fifty miles away.

"In 1837 the Case family moved to Alamo, Kalamazoo county, and in 1843 to Kalamazoo. The celery city was then only a hamlet. Mrs. Case was a resident of that city when the Michigan Central ran its first train into the village. Her husband died in 1850 and in 1854 she moved with her family to this village. This place was then a wilderness. In 1856 she was married to Judge Wilcott H. Keeler, after whom the village of Keeler was named. Judge Keeler was the first settler in the village and the first judge of Van Buren county. He died in 1862.

"The subject of this sketch, who is now 87 years old, has been the mother of eleven children; and she survives all but three of them, a maiden daughter who lives with her; Chas. S. Case of California; and Mrs. L. F. D. Tucker of Battle Creek. She has lived in the same house here for 28 years, and is for many miles around known by both old and young, as "Grandma Keeler." Notwithstanding her age she is hale and hearty, and very seldom fails to attend the Methodist church. She yet has in her possession an old wooden clock, which her husband purchased 65 years ago of Homer Hurd, after whom the village of Homer, Calhoun county, is named. The clock has been in constant use ever since, and keeps excellent time."

All of which is substantially correct, except as to the old lady's health, she now being in a feeble condition.

M. O. ROWLAND.

NUTS TO CRACK.

We are sorry to say that a few of the newspaper editors of Van Buren county are possessed of souls so small and minds so narrow that they think success in the profession is only to be attained through the tearing down of

some lively competitor, and a number of them are engaged in a vain endeavor to prevent the REPUBLICAN from reaping the legitimate fruitage of its enterprise. One journal, liliputian in importance and influence, three-fourths patent and half of the other fourth advertisements, has persistently, and without cause other than jealousy, kept up a fusilade against the REPUBLICAN ever since the present proprietor purchased it. Now that paper happens to be in the hands of a couple of youthful printers, absolutely devoid of practical newspaper experience, and we have not heretofore deigned to notice their calumnies. They have resided in Van Buren county less than three years, while the editor of the REPUBLICAN has spent less than three years of his life outside of this county. Yet they insultingly said, last spring, that the editor of the REPUBLICAN had returned to Van Buren county to remain until he went elsewhere in his erratic career! Last week the same paper took occasion to insinuate that the REPUBLICAN was not up in typography at all.

Now we have no desire to waste powder on vultures, who see no prosperity unless they have the carrion of dead competitors to feed upon, and merely wish to say in this connection that the present form of this paper was not assumed to please the Lawton Leader or Paw Paw Northerner, but in response to the lively demand of the people of the southern part of Van Buren county for a better paper than they have ever had. The fact that the change in form is commended as a happy surprise by the best practical employing printer in the county, Mr. H. A. Cole of the Courier, is far more significant than the growling of the two papers that have been all along envious of our success. As we receive the work of the two largest patrons of job printers in the county, neither of whom reside in Decatur, such talk as that referred to dissolves into mere air. We are in Van Buren county, our birthplace and home, to stay; nothing could tempt us to leave so long as such competition is trying to drive us out. We shall continue our progress, regardless of whether it pleases our competitors or not, and expect to prosper on a wholesome diet of live county news and crisp editorial; not by attempting to overthrow any of the other county papers, many of which are capably edited. This week we publish one of the largest regular editions in the county. Our subscription list has increased more than 50 per cent since May 1 last. We have more cash in advance subscribers than any Van Buren county newspaper. This is the only paper published in the southern half of the county at $1 per year, and the only only one in the county printed all at home. While some of the other papers have increased in price and decreased in quality, the REPUBLICAN has decreased the price and increased the quality.

Crack these nuts, and then be honest and give us credit for the improvements we make, as most of the county papers have cordially done, or else say nothing whatever. Don't misrepresent. The boomerang of untruth is a dangerous weapon.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Being a complete description of the World's Columbian Exposition from its inception, by Thos. W. Palmer, Pres., Geo. R. Davis, Director General, D. H. Burnham, Director of Works, Thos. B. Bryan, Commissioner at Large, Maj. Ben. C. Truman, Dep't Chief of Floriculture and many others prominent in authority.

A volume for the people that tells all that is worth knowing about the great Columbian Exposition, that stupendous array of results of over 19 centuries of Christian civilization, which will descend to history as the triumph of American achievement, marking the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the New World. This best and latest memorial record of the World's Fair project is written by the ablest authorities in every department and carries with it the prestige and authority of names that have been identified with this great national undertaking from its inception. The chapters describing its dedication, its completion, its architecture and its wonders of various kinds are from the facile pens of those familiar with each phase of the interesting narative; men and women whose names alone are a splendid guarantee of the entire authenticity of every statement made, and whose official connection with the Fair is such that no possible question can be offered as to the real value of this magnificent work.

The Triumphs of Mechanical Skill, the Wonders of Electricity, the World of Travel, the Marvels of Inventions, the Wealth of the Mines, the advance in Agriculture, the Beauties of Horticulture, the Triumph of United Womanhood.

It is a Liberal Education in Itself.

The Midway Plaisance, that wonderful street of nations where are gathered inhabitants from almost every country and clime, from the fine female warriors of Dahomey to the wild little Esquimaux of Alaska, are all described in a most charming style and yet in language so terse that "he who runs may read." Do not be deceived into buying any so-called books made up wholly of newspaper clippings, rehash of "Ancient History," taking in the "Chicago Fire," and in fact a little of everything except the Columbian Exposition. Size of complete book, 8 1-2 x 10 1-2 inches, printed on super-calendared paper, about 600 broad, handsome pages, and nearly as many highly artistic pictures and other special features, perfectly bound and at prices within the reach of all:

Fine Silk Cloth, full gold side and back, ---------- $2 75
Half Moroco, mottled edges, full gold side nnd back, ---------- 3 50
Elegant Full Moroco, gold edges and back, silk headbands ------ 4 25

H. JACOBS, Ag't., PROSPECT LAKE, MICH.

World's Fair.

During the World's Fair, I will rent desirable rooms on reasonable terms. Would like to entertain parties of four. Location near elevated railroad station which will have depot on exposition grounds. Reference, the VAN BUREN COUNTY REPUBLICAN. Address,

E. E. ROWLAND,
3338, Armour Ave., Chicago.

Parties desiring goods in the marble and granite line will find it to their advantage to notify S. G. Toof, Decatur, Mich., general agent for T. J. Edwards, Dowagiac, Mich., dealer in marble and granite, who will call upon you showing designs, samples and prices.

Thos. Culverhouse.

Bricklayer, lather and plasterer, etc. All work done in first class style at reasonable prices. South Side, Decatur, Mich.

For Sale Cheap.

One and one-half village lots, adjoining the Dr. Keables place on the east. A very fine location. Enquire of

THE REPUBLICAN.

Paw Paw City 'Bus & Hack line.

Geo. E. Butler, proprietor. Runs to Hotels and Private Houses. Never misses a train. tf

---

Carriages, Carriages.

A complete line always on hand and sold at close prices, and fully warranted.

N. RASMUSON.

Pleasant World's Fair Quarters.

Five nice rooms, bath rooms with hot or cold water. 10 minutes ride from Fair Grounds, 20 from city. Parties of 2, rooms $1 per day. Discount to larger parties. Board if desired at reasonable rates. For information enquire of J. D. Van Hise, Decatur. MRS. NELLIE MC LOGAN, (formerly Nellie Farmer of Decatur)
6351 Peoria St., Englewood, Ills.

All kinds feed for sale at Decatur Roller Mills. Bran and middlings in ton lots at reduced price.

Snow Flake flour bakes bread as white as the Alpine snows.

Flour.

When you buy Snow Flake Flour you are sure to get honest weight. Ask your grocer for Snow Flake and insist on having it.

Teachers' Examinations.

Regular—Paw Paw, Thur., Aug. 3, '93
Special—So. Haven, Sat., Sept. 30, '93
Special—Hartford, Sat., Oct. 28, '93
Regular—Paw Paw, Thur., Mar. 29, '94
Special—Bloom'gdale, Sat., Apr. 28, '94

All examinations will begin at 8:30, and it is desirable that applicants shall be present promptly at that time.

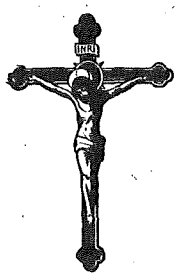
J. A. O'LEARY, Co. Com. of Schools.

Dressmaking.

Mrs. Meeker Shookman has secured rooms over Geo. Baker's store and is ready to do dressmaking again, and she invites all her friends and patrons to call.

Notice.

On account of the severe loss caused by the recent fire, I am obliged to ask all having accounts with me to make settlement at once. G. B. BROWNING.



The Crucifixion at Chicago.

No event in the history of man is so far reaching in its results and influence as the Crucifixion of the Savior, and no spot of earth is so rich in historic interest and tender association as Jerusalem and her environments. Probably more people have a desire to visit the Holy Land, and Jerusalem in particular, than any other place in the world. What a matchless subject for a grand Panoramic production wherein shall be shown, not alone the scene of Crucifixion, with the surging multitude of scoffers, the small and almost panic stricken party of friends of the Savior, but also the ancient city, gorgeous for the festival season, the great temple, palaces, walls, the whole city fairly alive with people from the country round about. This great scene, 50 by 100 feet high, is now being produced, and will be ready for public view by May 1st, on Wabash ave. and Hubbard Court, Chicago, where it will remain as one of the leading down-town attractions during the World's Fair. The work is in the hands of Messrs. Reed and Gross, who produced the World's Famous Cyclorama of the Chicago Fire, now on exhibition in that city.

NEWS ITEMS

Frank Stapleton and A. W. Showerman went out from Paw Paw, early Monday morning and caught 50 speckled trout from the numerous streams in that vicinity.

Quarterly meeting at the M. E. church next Saturday and Sunday, May 6th and 7th. Preaching by Presiding Elder Carlisle, Saturday at 2:30 p. m. and Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

Elder Hammond will preach Sunday morning at the Christian church on "Salvation by Grace." In the evening, "If the righteous dead go immediately to heaven, why a resurrection and day of judgment?"

On the evening of May 31, the Maccabees expect to have Col. Smiley here to give a free public lecture in the opera house for the good of the order. The 'Bees will banquet at the Duncombe house, after the lecture.

Invitations are out for the marriage on Tuesday evening, May 16, of Miss Jeannette Cohn to Mr. Jacob Tick of Chicago. The ceremony will occur at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cohn, followed by a reception at the Duncombe house.

Jos. Cohn has already purchased over 10,000 pounds of wool, at prices ranging from 15 to 21 cents, and says he expects to purchase more this year than he has ever done before. As usual, the Decatur market is a cent or two above that of surrounding towns.

Last Sunday, the 30th ult., was the 76th birthday of Mr. David Christie of this place. On Saturday, a goodly number of the relatives came in with baskets well loaded with good things and took him by surprise and had a good time. May all present live to have many more such gatherings.

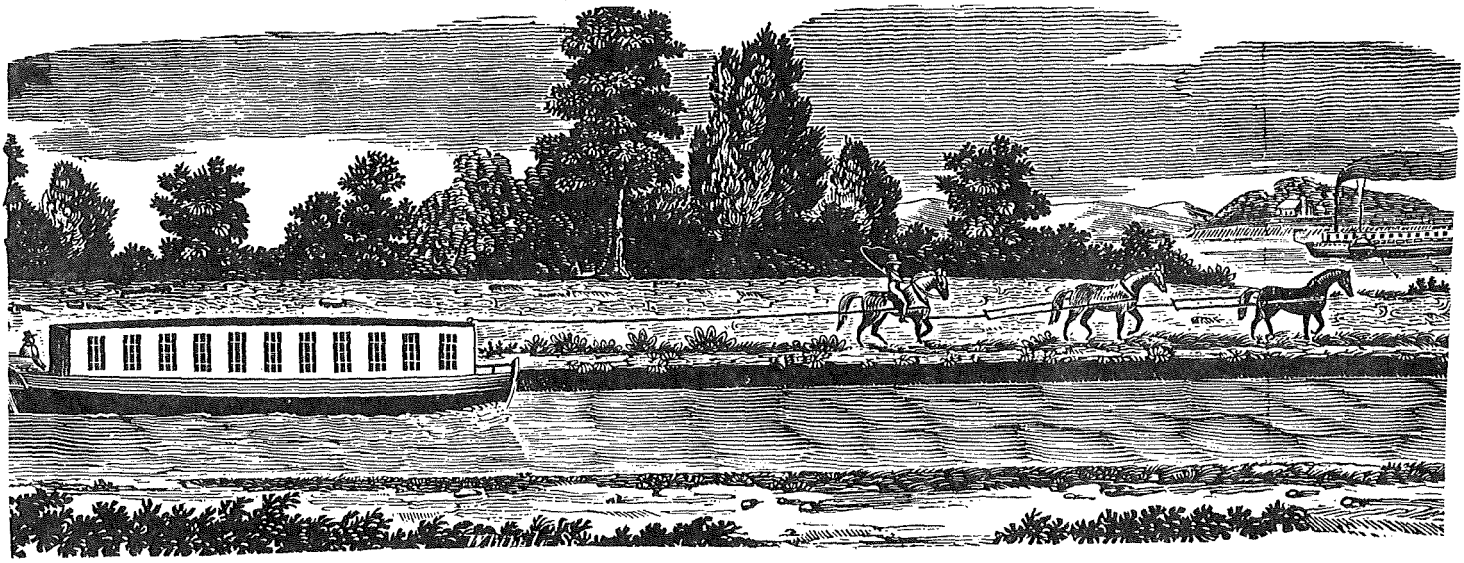
The "grabber" let go of the western mail sack yesterday noon, after carrying it several rods, and the sack was returned to the postoffice. Fortunately, it was not drawn under the wheels and was uninjured. But the fact remains that, for safety and convenience, local mails should be carried on local trains.

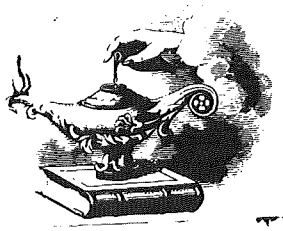
For the convenience of visitors to World's Fair, a branch of the Chicago postoffice has been established in the Goverment building on the grounds, with regular collections and delivery, money order and registry department. Mail intended for this branch office should be addressed to World's Fair Station, Chicago.

Miss Effie Prouty was one of the unfortunate passengers in the Berrien Springs hack which was smashed by a running team near Berrien Springs last Thursday afternoon. There were four people in the hack and the other three escaped unhurt. One of the horses were killed, the harness and wagon were badly smashed.—*Berrien County Banner.*

J. P. Warner has been granted a patent on a metal railroad tie and nut lock, which promises to almost revolutionize railroad construction. Practical railroad men say it is just what they have been seeking for years, and that there can be no question as to its success. Mr. Warner will construct a few sample ties and put them in the Central track here, where they will be thoroughly tested.

At the council meeting Monday evening, the druggists' bonds were approved, after which adjournment was had until Wednesday evening. At that time, several official bonds were approved, a batch of bills were allowed and Messrs. Stewart and Hooper were appointed a committee to report on the finishing of the engine house. President Willison was in the chair, for the first time since his illness





ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

Decatur High School

At the Opera House,

Thursday Evening, June 28,

At Eight O'Clock.

Graduates.

"Not How Much, But How Well."

Latin Scientific Course.

ALFRED T. GOSLING. BEULAH S. WEEKS.

Latin Course.

CARRIE A. DOBSON. GRACE B. PORTER.

MAUD PLACE.

English Course.

FRED H. DEWEY. LUCY HOWLAND.

WILLIAM A. HIGH. MARY E. MAHONEY.

CLASS COLORS—SAGE GREEN AND SALMON PINK.

Program.

Overture—"Stagione." ..... Lewis.
Beckwith Memorial Theatre Orchestra.

Invocation.

Salutation—with Essay, "What Steam Hath Wrought."
WILLIAM A. HIGH

Oration—Once Created, Never Destroyed ..... LUCY HOWLAND

Solo—"Italian Serenade" with clarionet obligato..... Berdan.
Mrs. A. E. Lawrence.

Essay—Liberating Power of Education ..... GRACE B. PORTER

Oration—The North Pole of Success..... ALFRED T. GOSLING

Fantasie—"Life in a Rural Village,"....Arranged by A. E. Rudolphi.
(a)Sunrise.—(b)Astir in the village—(c) Children on their way to school—(d) The village blacksmith.—(e) Choosing the May Queen.—(f) The Maypole dance.
Orchestra.

Symposium—Our Indebtedness:
To Greece for Culture ..... MAUD PLACE
To Rome for Government..... BEULAH S. WEEKS
To America for Enterprise ..... MARY E. MAHONEY

Waltzes—"Gondolier"..... Roeder.
Orchestra.

Oration—Possibilities of Our Country..... FRED H. DEWEY

Solo..... Selected.
Miss Marie L Gilkey.

Essay—A Modern Utopia ..... CARRIE A. DOBSON

Valedictory ..... MAUD PLACE

Musical Episode—"A Hunt in the Black Forest"..... Voelker.
Synopsis:—Break of day.—Singing of birds.—Crowing of Roosters.—Huntsman's call to arise.—Chimes in distance—Huntsman's horns in the distance to assemble.—They mount and start.—Call to halt and dismount as they arrive at the forest blacksmith shop.—The smith at work—Call to assemble.—They assemble, drink and the champagne song.—They mount and start again.—The hounds scent game.—After game, firing of guns, barking of hounds, etc.—Homeward bound.
Orchestra.

Presentation of Diplomas.

March—"American Cadets"..... Hall.
Orchestra.

Benediction.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

MARVIN HINKLEY President.

A. H. HUYCK Secretary.

THEO. TROWBRIDGE Treasurer.

CARL W. WILLISON.

A. L. MOULTON.

INSTRUCTORS.

W. V. SAGE Supt.

HELEN A. NORTON Prin.

MABEL C. WILLISON.

ELIZABETH GILMORE.

NELLIE M. POTTS.

MARIE E. DYER.

IDA TROWBRIDGE.

1894

Left to right - William High, Maud Place, Carrie Dobson, Lucy Howland, Fred Dewey, Beulah Weeks, Grace Porter, Alfred Gosling, Mary Mahoney

Supt. - W. V. Sage
Prin. - Miss Norton
Picture - Roy Morlan (Deceased)

(Maud Place Skinner, Carrie Dobson Dwight, Beulah Weeks Hemenway, Mary Mahoney Howland)

Commencement.

The Exercises of the Class of '94 a Brilliant Affair.

As early as half-past six Thursday evening the people began gathering at the opera house to be in time to secure desirable seats to enjoy the commencement exercises of the class of '94, and in an hour's time after the doors were open every available inch of room in the hall was occupied.

The stage was very beautifully decorated and draped with lace curtains and at 8:15 the class took their places on the stage, accompanied by the teachers of the several rooms in the school.

An overture by the orchestra very finely executed, opened the exercises and this was followed by an invocation by Rev. G. W. Gosling.

The salutation by Mr. Wm. High was rendered in a manner that was a credit to him as well as his instructors. Mr. High spoke in a clear, loud voice and could be heard distinctly over the house and his words of welcome were well chosen.

Miss Lucy Howland followed with an oration, "Once Created Never Destroyed." She stepped to the front of the stage with a step that showed the confidence she felt to cope with her subject. Her voice rang out clear and crisp and the manner in which she spoke was very fine.

Mrs. A. E. Lawrence then rendered a solo, "Italian Serenade," with that perfect ease and grace that is so becoming of her.

"Liberating Power of Education" was the subject chosen by Miss Grace Porter. The handled her subject very well indeed and, like those before her spoke in a voice that could be heard in any part of the large hall, and the way in which she delivered her essay was another evidence of careful training.

"The North Pole of Success," an oration delivered by Mr. Alfred T. Gosling was evidence that his years spent in the school room had been crowned with success. The thoughts brought forth were a credit to him as well as the teachers who have helped and cheered him on when days of darkness and despair came. The oration was worthy of the young man. The orchestra rendered a descriptive fantasie, "Life in a rural village," which was arranged by A. E. Rudolph and which was very fine.

Symposium—"Our Indebtedness:"—To Greece for Culture, was the subject chosen by Miss Maud Place. She was dressed in a dress of the Grecian style In her essay she gave a history of that country from the ancient time to the present and showed the many ways it had benefitted this country. Like those before her she could be heard plainly and distinctly and her delivery was simply perfect.

To Rome for Government, by Miss Buelah Weeks was a fine oration on Rome and its government. She was dressed as a Roman and presented a very pleasant appearance. Her voice was clear and sweet and every word could be heard seemingly without any special effort on her part.

To America for Enterprise, was the subject so ably handled by Miss Marie Mahoney. She gave Greece her due credit for culture, and Rome for government, but America as being ahead of all for enterprise, etc. She was dressed in pure white, emblematic of the purety of our country. She spoke with a tone of voice that could be heard without difficulty and which was pleasing to the ear.

The "Gondolier" waltzes were very ably rendered by the orchestra.

Oration, "Possibilities of Our Country," by Fred H. Dewey, was very fine indeed and showed much study and thought in being able to grapple with a subject that has such a volume of meaning in it. His delivery was very good and he spoke very fluently, thus displaying that the efforts that had been put forth by him were not in vain.

Mrs. A. E. Lawrence again pleased the audience in another solo by her sweet voice.

"A Modern Utopia," by Miss Carrie Dobson was a well written essay and the manner in which she handled her subject showed only too well the careful preparation and study put forth, to be crowned at last with success. With perfect self control she delivered her essay in a very creditable manner.

The valedictory by Miss Maud Place was very fine. Her well chosen words and the way in which she delivered them were a credit to her.

A musical episode, "A Hunt in the Black Forest" another descriptive piece by the orchestra was a grand piece of music.

Prof. W. V. Sage then presented each with their diploma with a few very touching remarks that brought tears to the eyes of several in that crowded house. The orchestra rendered a march, American Cadets, followed by the benediction by Rev. G. W. Gosling, and the exercises were over.

The members of the class recieved many fine and valuable presents from their many friends.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The Negro Met the Lawyer on His Own Ground.

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington post office the other day, when an old colored man came up, and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me, is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir; this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a little quiet fun; "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat dubiously, shook his head, and then, with a long breath, remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it an't, but just s'posen dat de eckcentricity of the aggregation transubstantuates de ignominiousness of de puppindickeler and sublimites de puspicuity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government would confiscate dat dare letter? I guess I'd jest better put some stamps on anyhow, fer luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.—Chicago Times.

JESSIE MORRIS WELCH

OBITUARY

Mrs. Jessie Morris Welch was born October 4, 1859 and died January 1, 1894. She was the only daughter of Elias and Charlotte Morris. She was born on Little Prairie Ronde, and had spent most of her life in sight of the place of her birth, among the friends of her childhood. She was carefully educated by kind parents, having attended school at Monroe and Albion. She was married to Arthur Welch, May 15, 1880, and from her parental home she went to make a home for herself and husband in the Dolphin Morris homestead, where she continued to live near her loving parents and brothers, surrounded by her own family, until death, untimely, took her from the presence of her loved ones to the presence of her God, whom she said she had been preparing to meet, having said two weeks before her death that for some time she had been thinking a great deal about death and the future world, and had been trying to be ready, and that she could say she was not afraid to die. She requested her friends to be told that she had only gone on before them and she wished them all to meet her there, where there will be no more sickness, pain and death, no sad farewells, and where all tears shall be wiped away from sorrowing eyes.

She leaves to mourn her departure a husband, one son and two little daughters, a father, mother and two brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Laurence, Mrs. Minnie Hathaway Vought and Mr. Morris Vining, in accordance with her request, rendered appropriate and consoling music, and Elder J.H. Hammond delivered the sermon from Rev. 14:13.

Decatur Independent.

DECATUR, : : MICHIGAN.

A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO.

I can see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscopic view,
'Mid the circling disc of time rings that my mind is gazing through--
A fairyland of beauty which my early childhood knew,
Where the purest, sweetest flowers and the softest mosses grew.

The paths were stiffly outlined by a bordering of box,
The flower beds flashed brightly with marigold and phlox,
While the grapevines grew precisely, in a fashion orthodox,
To evade the crafty cunning of each spoiling two-legg'd fox.

I can see the drooping pear tree, stooping low to touch the ground,
And deposit ripened sweetness where it soonest could be found;
While the honey bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round,
And clapped their wings in soft applause, with hazy, happy sound.

The currants flashed to crimson 'neath the brightness of the sun,
Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun,
And tumbled off demurely in the green grass, one by one,
To wait until the children adown the pathway run.

And then—the very best of all—the merry little brook
That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook,
Yet held its little mirrors where the lilies bent to look,
And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music book.

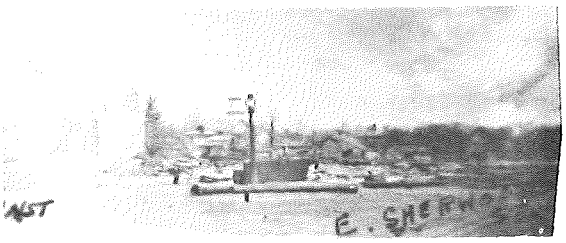
As I tell myself the story, my heart is all aglow
With reverberating pleasures, that from the mem'ry grow,
So I write down glimpses of it, that others, too, may know,
The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.

—Alice Crary, in Ladies' Home Journal.

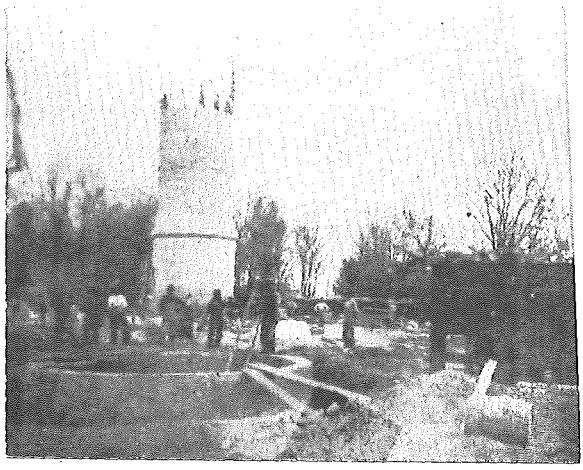
Village Council that Constructed Decatur Waterworks in 1895

Standing--Dr. F. E. Hooper, trustee; Arthur L. Moulton, attorney; Dexter E. Brigham, trustee; Perry M. Young, trustee
Sitting--Marvin Hinkley, president; Frank C. Stapleton, clerk; Lyscom Brigham, trustee; Jacob Byers, trustee; Frank Potts, trustee

Above: This group of influential men brought about the construction of the vital link in the town's progress.



Water Pipes On The Ground



Stand Pipe Under Construction

DECATUR'S WORST FIRE

In place of the "Twenty Years Ago" column this week we print an account of the worst fire recorded in Decatur's history, known by older residents of the village as "The Duncombe House Fire." The story is taken from a copy of the Decatur Independent March 28, 1895, brought to the office by Mac Wooster of Hamilton, who discovered the paper among some of his possessions:

Fire broke out Saturday morning about 5:30 o'clock in the "Blind Tiger," or in the oil room of the Duncombe house. Mr. Scott, the night watch, called Mr. Rix at five o'clock and everything seemed to be all right. Mr. Scott went home and went to bed as usual, Mr. Rix got up soon after, dressed and went down stairs, going through the door from the hall into the dining room and out into the kitchen, where he opened the door that leads into the office and there to his amazement he found the room to be filled with smoke. He was not long in considering how it got there, but ran up stairs and called his wife, who quickly dressed, and ran down the hall and called the guests, who grabbed their clothes and started to get down stairs, most of whom dressed upon the street. All had been called with the exception of Fred Mosier, who occupied the northeast room in the third story. Mrs. Rix went up and screamed' "Fire!" "Fire!" and Fred answered, but seemed not to take in the situation. He got up and looked out the south window, and seeing nothing, he thought Mrs. Rix must have been scared over nothing, so he began dressing himself as usual and to pack up his trunk if anything should be wrong but he stopped and looked out of the east window and there he could see the flames. Opening the bedroom door that leads into the hall the smoke began to roll in. Grabbing his best suit of clothes and his K. P. suit he began to make his way down stairs, which were enveloped in a cloud of smoke, at last reaching the bottom nearly exhausted from the effects of the smoke. Fred says that Mrs. Rix was the saver of his life as his room was the first to fall in and he never could have escaped later without jumping.

The origin of the fire is unknown. I. R. Pearl, the gentleman who is putting in the water-works, was the first one upon the scene of the fire. He says, "Mr. Rix and myself went down into the wash-room and from there we could look through the window that was in the oil room and see the flame which was very small. Mr. Rix went and got a pail of water and then we opened the door to put the fire out, but the suction of the wind was so great that it started the flames agoing and soon they were beyond control."

Mr. Rix says he is not certain whether it caught in the oil room or in the "Blind Tiger," as there was fire in both places. A great many seem to think that it was set but it probably never will be known. After trying to put out the fire, Mr. Rix and Mr. Pearl aroused the inmates of the house and proceeded to remove the furniture, etc., saving but a small per cent.

The wind was blowing from the south and at one time it looked as if the whole of the north end of the town would have to go up in flames. The flames rushed on in the devastation on East Sherwood street, burning two livery barns, Shulter's hotel, Rasmusson's carriage works, Arnold's building, in which was Hakes' blacksmith shop and Ackley's wagon and repair shop, also his barn situated just back of the building, passing on, burning C. E. Miller's fine residence and barn. It was thought that the fire had run its course when the cry of fire again was heard and it was discovered that the Universalist church, a fine brick structure, had caught on

the roof and was soon a mass of flames. Mr. Rogers' and Mr. Carney's residences, situated on either side of the church were saved by hard efforts. If one or the other had caught, no telling where the fire would have ended.

The fire burned on Main street running north of the First State bank. Arnold's brick building, which S. G. Toof had just moved into, and under which Mr. Todd of Kalamazoo had just stored away 600 bushels of potatoes, which are said to be spoiled and unfit for eatng. On it went, burning the Shaad building, in which was situated Arnold & Carney's meat market and on the opposite side of the street the heat broke all of the large plate glass windows in the stores of Brigham, Browning and Stewart.

John Shaad store building, loss $2,500, with insurance of $1500. The Arnold brick building, loss, $3,000, with insurance of $1,500. The First State Bank, loss $4,000, with insurance of $2,000. Duncombe House, loss $3,000, without insurance. Duncombe livery barn, loss $250, no insurance. Henry Shulters, Shulters hotel, loss on building $1,000, with insurance of $500, loss on goods $300, no insurance. Loss on barn $100, no insurance. Rasmusson's carriage works, loss $800 with insurance of $550; loss on tools not known. Ed. Arnold's shop building and barn, loss $650, no insurance.

C. E. Miller's residence, loss $1,400, with insurance of $500; loss on goods $150; loss on barn $100, no insurance. The Universalist church, loss $2,000, with $1,000 insurance. H. Lurkins loss on barn $100, with insurance of $100 on barn, wood and out-buildings; Arnold & Carney's loss $150, no insurance. Scott Smith, loss on household goods $75, no insurance.

In all there were seventeen buildings burned. The Dowagiac fire company were summoned, loaded their engine and came down on the morning freight. They arrived a little after seven o'clock a. m., but their engine failed to work. It was no fault of the firemen from the fact that the engine had not been used in about three years.

If the water works had been in working order the loss might have been very small, but as they were, they were as helpless as an infant. It should be the pride and the hope of the citizens of Decatur that they are going to have a system of water works by which a great fire as this has been may be prevented. The present hand engine is inadequate for such a fire.

DECATUR FIRE DEPARTMENT (LONG AGO)

The odds were against the fire fighters in the 1850's and early 1900's. In the early days the town had cisterns installed below Main Street for water storage; but they were seldom used because they leaked.

When there was a fire the men came running from every direction, formed a "Bucket Brigade," and passed pails of water along the line to the fire. At the time there was an old-fashioned pump on Main St. in front of Carney's Drug Store, (about where the Bakery now stands), so they may have taken it from that source.

When they reached the fire the water was thrown onto the building (as far as they could reach). If the fire had much of a start their efforts were in vain.

After a few years the town bought a fire wagon. It had a pump on either side similar to the Railroad hand cars of that era. A half dozen or more men were on either side and pumped the water through a large hose to the scene of the fire. The fire wagon was drawn by hand (eight or ten men). Horses were not used on fire wagons until a later date.

There were several disastrous fires in those early days, probably due to lack of fire equipment.

One of the most disastrous fires started in the Brownbridge Drug Store. It was the third building north from the Down's House which stood on the corner where the Brigham building now stands (across from the park). The Down's House was an old, old hotel in its day.

Bert Culverhouse was the clerk in the drug store and he was in the basement doing something with a can of gasoline. Not living in the "push button" age, he struck a match! It almost cost him his life; rescuers managed to pull him out of the manhole in front of the building but he was badly burned. The fire destroyed two buildings — the drug store and Rathbun's Grocery Store. There was another bad fire in the early times which started where the former Mosier's Dry Goods store now stands. It took half the block (going south).

In later years (early 1900's), another fire occurred in Warner's Grocery Store, which stood in the middle of the block. There were other fires too, the most historic being the Presbyterian Church and the old Decatur High School building. There were many sentimental laments from generations of school children who loved the old school house. So ends an era!

DEATH OF MARIE MELVILLE HALL (1893-1895)

Howard Hall, who was called here on account of the sickenss of his little girl, who died last week, returned to Wilkes-barre, Pennsylvania, where he will join the opera company, "Howard Hall's Ideals," which he left. Mr. Hall is a well known actor in this part of the country, and he is gaining a great notoriety in the eastern states.

A large snow plough from north Hamilton was in town Monday with seven span of horses hitched to it, all of whom had a man upon his back with the exception of the leading team. The people in that part of Hamilton were unable to get to town. It would have been a good idea, if other sections of country around about Decatur would have done the same thing.

From Decatur Independent – 1895

NEIGHBORS BREAK ROAD FOR FUNERAL

At the time of the funeral of Marie Melville Hall, the snow drifts were high and none of the people on Territorial Road had been able to use the snow-blocked highway for days. Even horses and sleigh were useless in trying to surmount those mountainous snow-drifts.

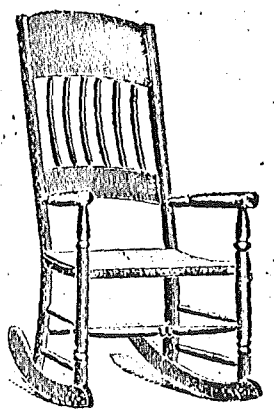
Bert Kidman remembers how his father, George, fashioned a snow plough from two sets of planks bolted together with strap iron. A shelf was built on the top, and for weight — he used stones. Seven span of horses (14) were used to pull the plough. Log chains were used — running from the plough to each of the teams with an evener between each team. They were called "ranks." Each horse had a rider with the exception of the lead team. A team and sleigh followed the plough, with extra men and scoop shovels to dig out the horses when they floundered.

The teams belonged to Sherb Richmond (lead team), Bert Kidman (sleigh), Sanford Phillips, John Phillips, George Young, Charley Barber, Lon Phleps, Tom Conway.

The shovelers were: Decker Shoudy and Sam Yeckly.

The week before the child died, the same group of men ploughed out the road to procure a doctor for the Halls. When they reached Decatur, Willard Van Antwerp collected money from the townspeople to rub down, blanket, and feed the horses at the livery barn. The performance of those stalwart men at the time of an emergency was an example of the staunch friendship, generosity and love of neighbor, which was typical of that era.

1895



Manufactured at the

DECATUR NOVELTY WORKS.

The best Ironing Board in the world. May be closed up when not in use, taking up but little room. Also the Grange Arm Chair, with and without rockers, slat bottoms, easy sitting. Also the Columbian Easy Chair, very easy and comfortable. Camp Stools, very light and strong. Garden Wheelbarrows, wrought iron wheel and axle; best in the market.

FOR SALE—A good Hearse cheap. Also second hand Engine and Upright Boiler, 5 horse power. Also Feed Mill and Sheller combined. One Sorghum or Sap Pan, copper bottom. Address

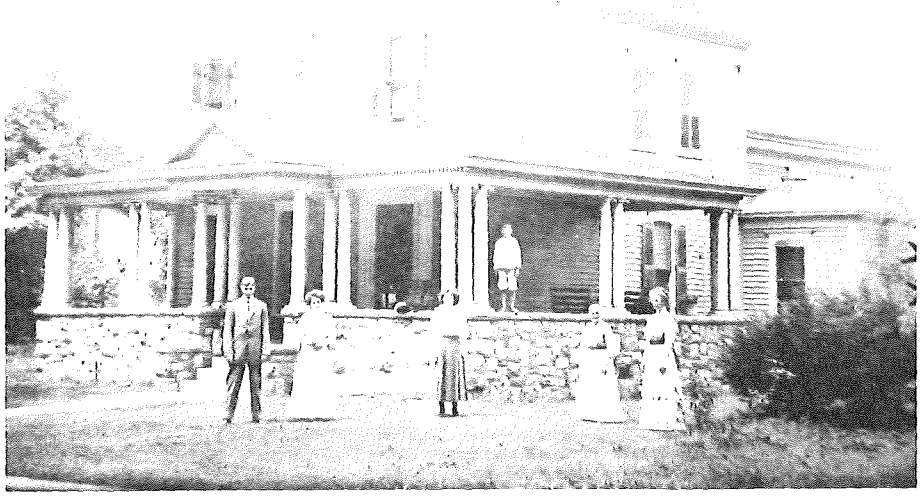
DECATUR NOVELTY WORKS,
Decatur, Michigan.

DECATUR BANDS

THE TOWN OF DECATUR ALWAYS HAD GOOD BANDS

BAND ABOUT 1895

Charles Smith ..... Drummer (Snare)
Paul Roe Warner ..... Tenor horn
Pat Howland ..... Tenor horn
Will Clark ..... Baritone horn
Harry Smith .....
Willard Van Antwerp ..... Base drum
Will Secord ..... Cornet
Earl Simpson ..... Alto horn
Claude Young ..... Cornet



MALCOLM CARNEY, SR. HOME

Left To Right -
Robert Rudzinski, Lucille Carney Rudzinski Kidman, Aileen Carney Haefner Keller, Mary Jane Carney Ryan, Catherine Wheaten Carney, Malcolm Carney, Jr. (On Porch)

Banquet

AT

Stewart's Hall.

Invocation,.....Rev. J. H. Hammond.

Supper.

Toastmistress,.....Mrs. Anna D. Sage.

"Our Guests".....Mrs. Franc Rogers.

"Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

"The Gentlemen,".....Mrs. Mary H. Hooper.

"What a piece of work is man!"

"The Ladies,".....Rev. G. W. Healy.

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

"This Happy Occasion,".....Hon. A. B. Copley.

"To feastful mirth be this white hour assigned
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind."

"Our Club,".....Mrs. Carrie T. Roberts.

"A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Did never float upon the swelling tide."

"Our Village,".....Rev. G. W. Gosling.

"The free, fair homes of Decatur."

"The Future,".....Prof. W. V. Sage.

"We know what we are,
But know not what we may be."

Parting Song,..written by Mrs. Emma L. Price.
The Company.

BANQUET

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1895.

Reception

At the

Residence of Mrs. Kate W. Carney.

* * * * *

Solo, "Hearts,".....Charles K. Harris
Mrs. Fannie R. Thomas.

President's Address.....Mrs. May P. Healy

Piano Solo, "Cascade de Roses,".....Ascher
Mrs. Ida L. Yeckley.

Recitation,....."Tobe's Monument,"
Mrs. Emma L. Price.

Quartette, "By the Sea,".....Rees
Mesdames Keables, Thomas, Sage, and Price.

Recitation,.....{"The Lates in Delsarte,"
Miss Anna Shaad.

Charade.

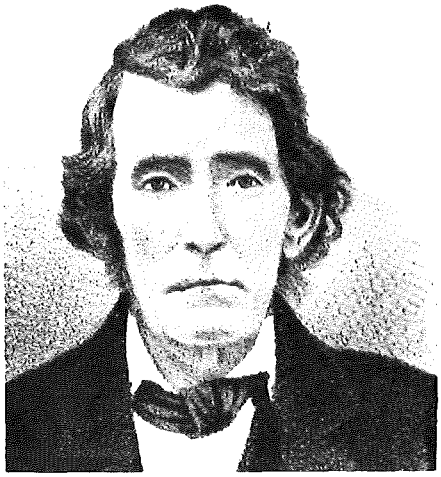
Solo, "Good Night,".....Nevin,
Miss Gertrude Charles.

1895

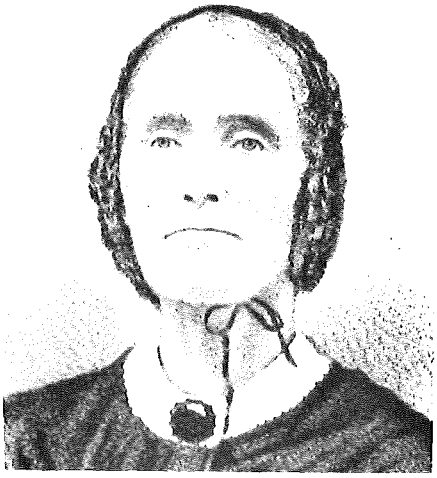
The home of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Squier in Decatur, Michigan - about 1895.

Mr. & Mrs. David A. Squier

Samuel Rich, born Aug. 10, 1802, Died Feb. 20, 1873. Married Charity Gard a daughter of Josephus And Sarah (Goeble) Gard. Mrs. Rich was born Nov. 15, 1806 and died Aug. 6, 1891. Samuel Rich was one of the first settlers in Volinia Township, in 1829. They were the parents of Mrs. David A. Squier.



DANIEL C. SQUIER
BORN MARCH 23, 1800
DIED JULY 23, 1873



MRS. DANIEL C. SQUIER
ELIZABETH CASE - BORN
FEB. 16, 1802
DIED APRIL 8, 1883

The Daniel C. Squier lot in Volinia cemetery was badly damaged by vandals. This is the way this lot looked before I had the big stone reset and a new marker installed to replace the five broken stones. This work was done in July, 1973.

In July of 1973 I had the big stone reset and the broken stones were replaced with a modern stone,, setting forth all of the information engraved on the five broken stones.

Walter H. Squier
77 Grand Blvd.
Battle Creek, Mich. 49015

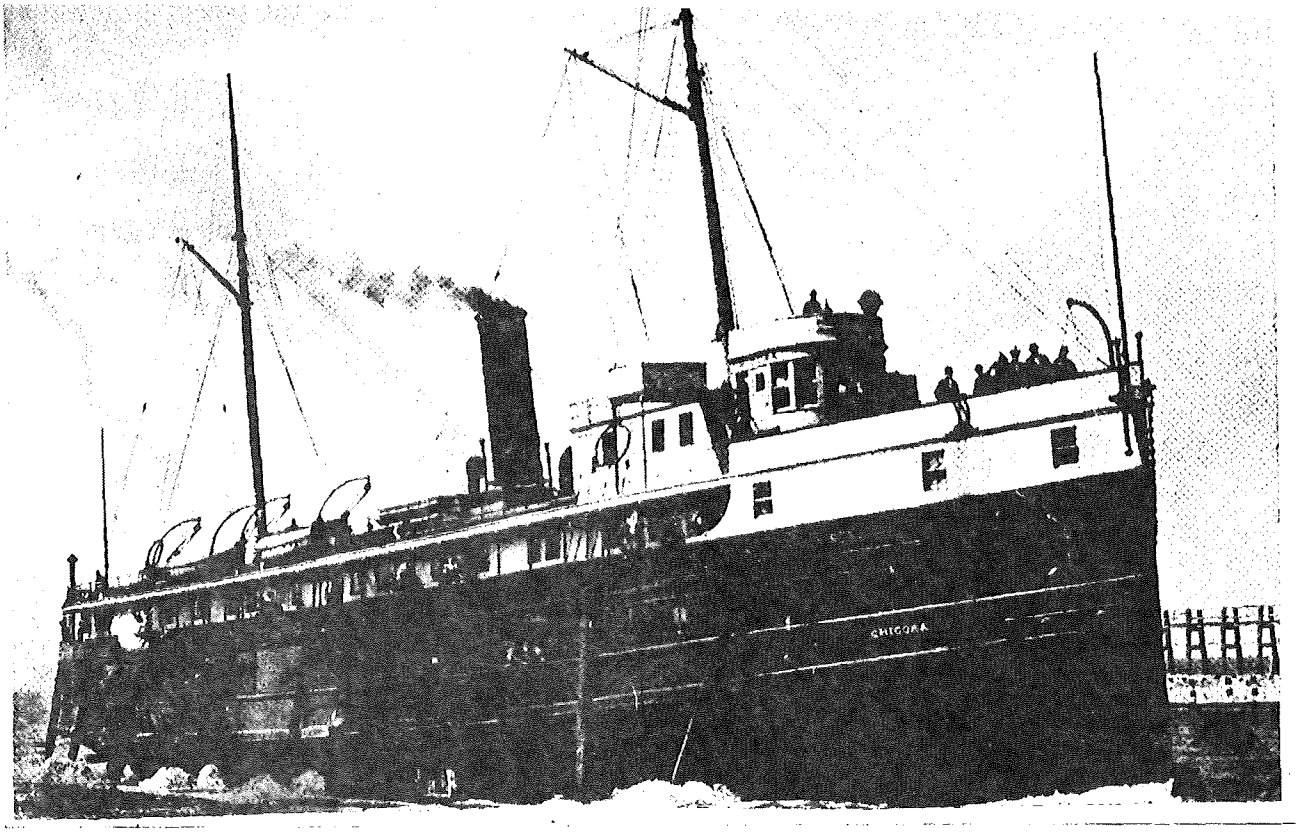
1895

POTT'S GROCERY STORE
CIRCA 1895
(Note lamppost)

Left to right: 1st man (unidentified)
2nd " Dare Knight
3rd " Will High (with crutches)
4th " Frank Potts

1895

Captain Edward G. Stines



Graham & Morton Transportation Co's

STEAMER CHICORA

foundered in Lake Michigan between Milwaukee and St. Joseph – January 21, 1895.

The Chicora was built by the Dry Dock Company for the Graham & Morton Transportation Company at a cost of $110,000. She had a guaranteed speed of seventeen miles an hour, was 217 feet long, with a beam 35 feet, increased to 40 by guards, and had a molded depth of 15 feet. The loss of the vessel and cargo amounts to $175,000. The cargo of thirty eight carloads of flour was valued at $20,000. The Chicora was rated A-1 with a star, and had an insurance valuation of $100,000. Her original cost, including furnishings, was $140,000.

EDWARD GEORGE STINES, Captain, St. Joseph
CORNELIUS D. SIMONS, 1st Mate, Benton Harbor
BENNIE EDWARD STINES, 2nd Mate, St. Joseph

ROBERT McCLURE, Chief Engineer, Detroit; JAMES R. CLARKE, Clerk, St. Joseph; JOSEPH F. PEARL, Passenger, St. Joseph; ALFRED WIRTZ, Second Engineer, Detroit; JOSEPH MARKS, Wheelman, Benton Harbor; JOHN WERNER, Fireman, Sweden; WILLIAM M. SCHECK, Fireman, Philadelphia; THOMAS ROBERTSON, Watchman, Baltimore; JOHN HOGEBOOM, Watchman, Saginaw; GRANT A. DOWNING, Oiler, Lapeer; RALPH DOWNING, Coal passer, Lapeer; NATHAN LYNCH, Cook, St. Joseph; MERRITT W. MORGAN, Steward, Benton Harbor; JAMES MALONE, Pantryman, Chicago; JESSE DAVIS, Porter, Benton Harbor; JNO MATTISON, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor; ARCHIE BENTLY, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor; WM. DUNN, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor; JOSEPH FELIX, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor; THOMAS CASS, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor JACK RYAN, Deck Hand, Benton Harbor.

Courtesy of Van Buren Co. Historical Society 1895

Yourself and Ladies are cordially invited to attend the

Third Annual Ball

K. O. T. M.

Decatur Opera House,

On Wednesday Evening,

April 29th, 1896.

MUSIC BY DECATUR OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

COMMITTEES:

ARRANGEMENTS.

A. E. Cady, Tom Mahoney, Dare Knight.

FLOOR.

Frank Potts, Claud Young.

INVITATION.

Dr. J. E. Maxwell, Irving Dewey, Chas. Criffield.

DANCE BILL 75 CENTS.

Isn't she a beauty,
My darling sweetheart Sue?
'Twixt you and me,
Now isn't she
As sweet as sweet can be?
Sue so pretty! Sue so witty!
Heart-bewitching Sue!

MAIN STREET (CIRCA 1896)

First three men - Not identified
Fourth - Thomas Mahoney
Fifth - Leo Howland
Last two men - Not identified

4th Annual Ball.

K. O. T. M.

DECATUR TENT No. 586.

Yourself and Ladies will be cordially welcome at the

4th Annual Ball

K. O. T. M.

Decatur Opera House,

On Wednesday Evening,

January 20th, 1897.

MUSIC BY BUCK AND GEER'S FULL ORCHESTRA.

COMMITTEES:

Arrangements.

WM. CONWAY, TOM MAHONEY.
DARE KNIGHT.

Invitation.

I. A. DEWEY, CHAS. CRIFFIELD,
JAS. E. MAXWELL.

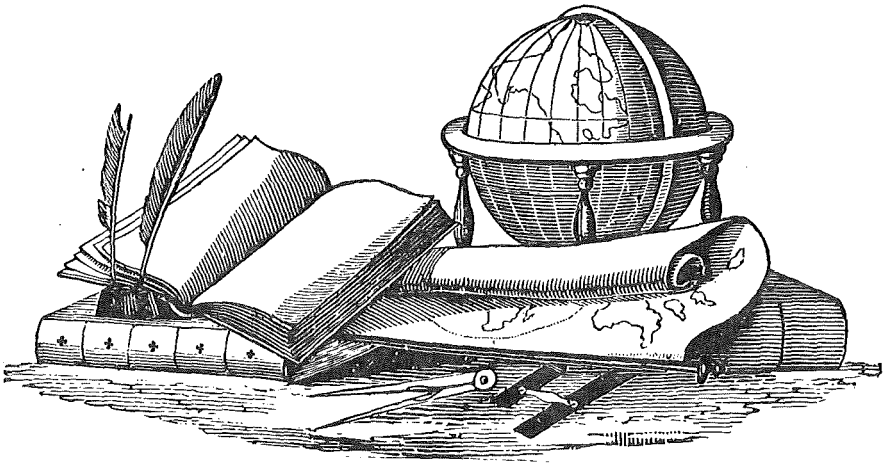
Reception.

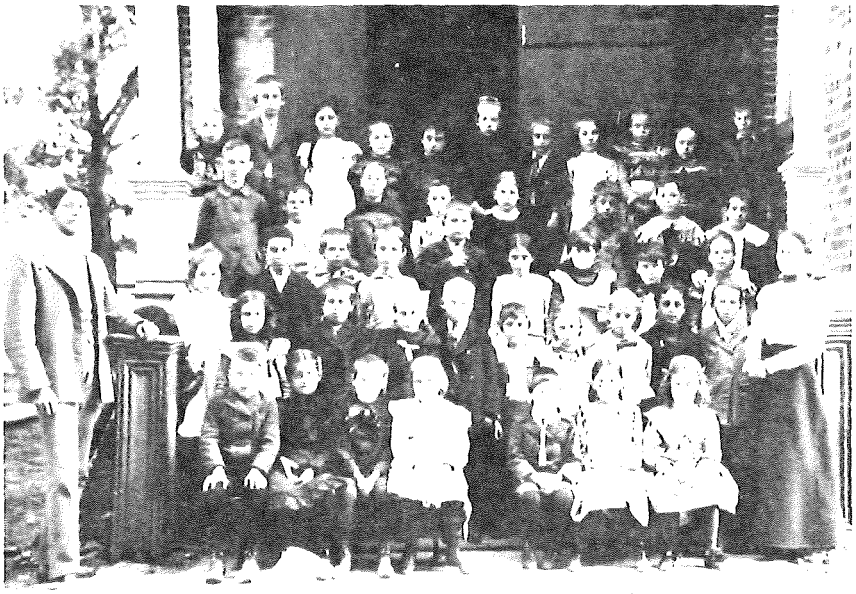
FRANK POTTS, M. S. CARNEY,
H. T. CREAGAN.

Floor.

C. E. YOUNG, A. E. CADY.

1898





Decatur Grade School — 1898

Top Row

1— Margaret Brigham
2— Harold Peterson
3— Gertrude Summer
4— Marion Wells
5— Thomas Right
6— Ethyl Griffin
7— Angus Carey
8— Mabel Bright
9— Bula Selby
10— Neelie Mullinex
11— Fred Johnson

Second Row

1— Hiram Plough
2— Charley Brownbridge
3— Fern Echenberger
4— Genevieve Hamlin
5— Eva Graham
6— Clyde Hamilton
7— Harry Taylor
8— Floyd Fuller

Third Row

1— Mabel Hooper
2— Harley Bass
3— Harold Mott
4— John Plough
5— Stacey Peterson
6— Maude Millard
7— Mildred Waters
8— Floyd Mullinex
9— Florence Goble

Fourth Row

1— Anita Youells
2— Henry Degus
3— Nina Goble
4— Andrew Goodrich
5— Burdette Bletts
6— Hattie Graham
7— Orley Udell
8— Guy Windburn
9— Carl Vining

Front Row

1— Prof. Willis Bishop
2— Harry Houseman
3— Anna Degus
4— Carl Squier
5— Ruth Thomas
6— Harold Dwight
7— Maude Rumbaugh
8— Dorothy Criffield
9— Rose Dennis, Teacher

WILL BROWN AT SKAGWAY

Mr. Wm. Brown, who left for the gold fields of Alaska the latter part of January writes to his sister, Miss Mollie Brown in part as follows: Feb. 16, 1898

We are here without mishap. Found cheap lodging and cheap meat and don't know yet whether or not to start over the trail.

Have stored supplies where two sleep with a young Englishman who is honest. His wife is American and they are good Christian people, though a large part of the community, I mean the saloon and dance house element are worse than savages. The Pass-White Pass, is no pass at all. It is only a great road over which it is possible to drive a pair of horses and bob-sleighs, but more practicable to drive a single horse and narrow sled, as far as Lake Bennett. From there the river goes direct to Dawson which is an easy journey by boat in summer. It is not possible now, however, beyond Lake Bennett, as the broken ice is piled up 10 or 15 ft. high on the river. Everyone now is trying to get his outfit over the pass as far as Lake Bennett because it is an easy task while the road is frozen, but almost impossible after the thaw, when the road is like a quagmire. The Chilikott pass is then preferable, though much steeper and higher and more difficult.

There is talk of building a narrow gage R.R. from Skagway to Lake Bennett or even farther, next summer in which case this town would be the base both for summer and winter. A man can pull a sled and 300 lb. over the White Pass as far as Lake Bennett, where it is necessary to stack and cover up his goods, build a boat and wait until Spring, either in a tent or, as it is only 37 miles and easy to get back even in summer when you have no load or pack, return to Skagway. I am not yet decided whether to stop here and start a business or to be one of the vast army that is going in search of gold. I think there is a very good chance here in any kind of business.

It is not any colder here than in Michigan when you have a good cold snap but it is a trifle more rigorous owing to the severe wind. I understand that in the interior it is dryer and the cold is not felt even so much as here if one keeps working or moving. It is pretty tough business, though it is only necessary to take care of one's self. I go about Skagway without any covering for my ears except at the sea where the wind has a sweep.

The government at this place is a disgrace to America and makes all reputable people blush to compare it with the good order and freedom from lawlessness that exists on the Canadian side. Hundreds are daily robbed by the most barefaced skin games in gambling houses and it is incredible that such things have gone on so long. Judge Astrander arrived today from Juneau and with the aid of a new marshall hired by the citizens, we hope for an improvement. The new marshall is a Minneapolis detective and is not to be bought as the U.S. Marshall is. The judge will hold court in the Occidental tomorrow. Before, there has been no law in the town and a councilman told me he had a hundred complaints a day from those who have been robbed by men to whom the odious name of gambler is applied.

1898

MY MOTHER

Tonight I hear my mother's voice
As oft I heard it long ago,
When in her arms she held me fast
And gently rocked me to and fro;
And sang a soothing lullaby
That soon would put me fast asleep—
Sleep came e'er quickly in her arms
Though oft since then I've counted sheep.
Through mist of years I see her face
Again light up with loving care,
While teaching me the A B C's
Or list'ning to my evening pray'r;
For mother meant that I should be
A manly man just like my dad—
Were I a boy again tonight
I'd strive quite hard to make her glad.
Again I feel her loving kiss
Against my cheeks, my lips, my head,
As she would say good-night to me
And gently tuck me into bed;
And though long since she left this world
To dwell eternally above,
I shall e'er cherish and revere
The memory of her deep love.
— Alonzo Newton Benn, 5000 East End ave., Chicago 15.

No Friends Like Old Friends

There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam;
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends,
To help us on with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side.

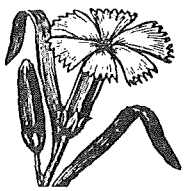
HERO SOLDIERS

Harken the sounds of martial music
And the beat of muffled drums,
As down the streets of the new world
The blue clad warriors come.

Warriors of two generations,
How proudly they march today,
To the graves where our loved ones
are buried —
They of the Blue and the Gray.

Our hearts beat heavy within us,
And the tear-drops softly fall,
As we hear wafted away in the distance,
The gun-shot and bugle call.

Anon.

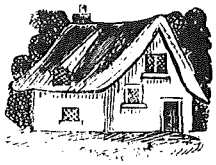


LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care,
it it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then — Sit on the lid and laugh.

FRANK TUCKER

PLAYING TO WELL-FILLED HOUSES IN MICHIGAN TOWNS



THE FRANK TUCKER THEATRE COMPANY PLAYED AT MOUNT PLEASANT during the week ending August 12. Concerning Mr. Tucker and his company, the MOUNT PLEASANT DEMOCRAT says:

"Frank Tucker and his company have given performances at the opera house each evening this week and will continue all week, ending the engagement tomorrow evening. Notwithstanding that for the past five years Mr. Tucker has seen a heap of trouble, he has lost none of his old-time vim as an actor.

About five years ago he broke his leg just above the ankle joint, and for three years he was in the hospital fighting against an amputation; bound with an indomitable will to save his leg, but after the long struggle, suffering and expense the inevitable came and today he is hobbling with crutch and cane; but by his next visit here the crutch and cane will be discarded as he is having a cork leg made which will enable him to get around equal to anyone. This accident has cost Mr. Tucker thousands of dollars but he has stuck to his text and pulled through, aided by his estimable, faithful little wife, who while he lay ill took the brunt of the management of the company and went out and made money to meet the demands. They have an excellent company among which is Frank Russell of this city, who has developed into an actor of no small ability. Frank is a natural impersonator, a close student and by careful attention has a bright future before him in this line. He has been the recipiaent since the engagement of many flattering encores. The repertoire of the company is good and the house should be filled for the balance of the engagement."

1899

FOURTH OF JULY — 1899

Very Quiet In Decatur

The arrival of the 4th was well announced. At midnight every church bell was ringing and the explosion of dynamite firecrackers assisted in disturbing the slumbers of the peaceful population. A little later the early morning train gathered up the celebrators and distributed them, some to South Haven, some to Kalamazoo and some to Benton Harbor. During the day Main Street was nearly deserted, save the crowd of small boys who had been saving their pennies for the past month to buy firecrackers and were now getting the worth of their money. The center of this crowd was a tall, slim boy, towering two feet above the heads of the others. He wore a broad brim, black, slouch hat, overalls and blouse and rubber boots. He had come in from the country to celebrate and the fire crackers went fast while his money lasted. When he went anywhere the boys knew that something was going to happen and they crowded after him up and down the street and in and out of the stores. Once this tall boy exploded a dynamite firecracker in his hand. The boys marvelled at this and he became at once a hero among them. They thought that even Dewey himself would not dare to do that. When the tall boy's money was gone he suddenly disappeared and the crowd scattered.

In the evening the streets were lined with people who came out to see the fireworks. Square dancing was the favorite amusement at that time and the following are some of the popular variations: Money Musk, Virginia Reel, Opera Reel, Fireman's Dance, The Tempest, Sicilian Circle, Double Scotch Reel, The Crooked "S" and the Grand March.

A CARD — 1899

Having retired from business and about to permanently leave Decatur, I desire to extend to the many friends and patrons my heartfelt thanks for the confidence so often reposed and their very liberal patronage bestowed during the fifteen years I have been in business in Decatur. I would assure them one and all that no one could more fully appreciate all this than myself and that I leave Decatur with the earnest hopes and best wishes for its prosperity and the welfare of its citizens.

/S/Chas. Schuster

A NEW FIRM

BAGLEY & CADY — SUCCESSORS TO FRANK POTTS

Frank Potts, founder and proprietor of the Star Grocery has sold to Messrs. I.B. Bagley and M.P. Cady who will continue the business under the firm name of Bagley & Cady. The transfer took place Monday. Mr. Potts established the grocery eleven years ago in the building now occupied by the merchants, Durkee & Associates and they displayed great energy and ability and built up a large and popular trade. A few years ago he conceived the idea of erecting a building, one that would be large enough to display to advantage his large stock and also be an ornament to his home village.

The elegant block on the east side of Main street is the fulfillment of his plan, and in the years to come where-ever the builder may be it will remain a fitting evidence that he was a good man for the town. Frank's plans for the future are not definite. He needs a rest and will take this fall and winter for collecting accounts and settling other business matters. He expects ultimately to establish himself in business in a larger place.

His successors in business are not strangers in Decatur and vicinity but are well known as men of energy and good business ability. Mr. Bagley has been in the grocery business in the past and understands the wants of the people in that line. Mr. Cady is known as a practical man capable of winning the confidence of the trade. The efficient corps of clerks will be retained.

1899

THE CRADLE SONGS OF MANY NATIONS

1899

Will be given at Beckwith Memorial Theatre, under the direction of Miss Gertrude Charles Friday evening. Miss Charles has trained about three hundred lads and lassies of Dowagiac for this unique entertainment. Mrs. Katherine Wallace Davis will assist with solos. Entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Dowagiac Hive I.O.T.M. Miss Charles expects to leave for Italy next month, where she will continue her studies in music.

Levi Lyle

Born in 1846 in a shanty in woods of Paw Paw township, thrity feet from where now stands the home of his nephew, Jay Lyle. He is oldest son of John Lyle and Maihilda Sherrod, early settlers of this county. His grandfather, John Lyle Sr. was a native of Cornwald, England and was born on Christmas day 1793. He emigrated with his family to America in 1823 and in the spring of 1835 came to Michigan, locating his home in the wilderness, a mile and a half north of Paw Paw. John Lyle Jr., Levi's father was born in Devonshire, England in 1818. He took up a farm in the wilderness in 1845 and blazed a trail to Paw Paw, his trading place. This farm which he cleared, became one of the best in the county and was his home until his death in 1899. Levi went to school in the old log schoolhouse in the neighborhood and then took two years under Professor Bellows in Decatur High School. It was while going to school here in 1867 that the Decatur Republican was started. He became one of the first subscribers.

FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN DECATUR

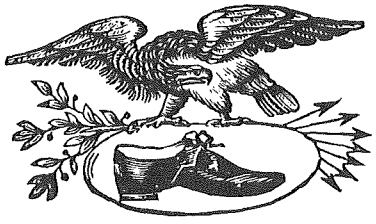
The streets of Decatur were illuminated by electricity for the first time on a Saturday evening in 1899. The business street was lined with people anticipating the event and when the big white lights blazed out upon the streets with a brightness almost equal to that of the sun, exclamations of approval poured forth from everyone and the soul of each good and loyal citizen swelled with pride for his pretty home village.

The system gave universal satisfaction and Mr. Pioil, the contractor, strived to make it first class in every respect. He deserves the commendation of our citizens.

The village board, which will go down in our local history as the "Electric Light" board, has done its part of the work thoroughly and well; through their careful deliberations and intelligent decisions, we have obtained as fine a lighting system as can be found anywhere.

The board contemplates erecting, in the near future, five more street lights which will make the village well "lit up" in every section.

1899



IT HAPPENED IN THE LATE 80's

On complaint of Amos Morris, of Van Buren County, Mr. M.J. Matteson, a money lender of Decatur, has just been arrested and is charged with forging three mortgages amounting in all to $10,200.00. They purport to have been recently executed in the village of Decatur and are witnessed by Foster & Coleman, a prominent and respected law firm of that village. The examination has only increased the mystery.

Mr. Morris denies any knowledge of the transactions whatsoever, while Coleman, one of the witnesses, positively avers to the contrary. Mr. Morris' circumstances would not seem to demand that he should borrow any such amounts, being a wealthy farmer. Matteson has been held for trial.

Article from an old paper
Courtesy of Catherine Kezerle
1889

1899

ALUMNI

1899

Eighteenth Annual Meeting
Decatur Alumni Association

Decatur, Michigan
June 20, 1899

At Universalist Church,

eight o'clock p.m.

Banquet at Grange Halls

PROGRAM

March, — "Prescott" ..... Orchestra
Welcome to Class of '99 ..... Miss Hattie Phelps
class of '98
Response ..... Lisle Hampton
class of '99
Invocation ..... Rev. Geo. B. Rogers

BANQUET
TOAST MISTRESS, MISS NELLIE MURPHY

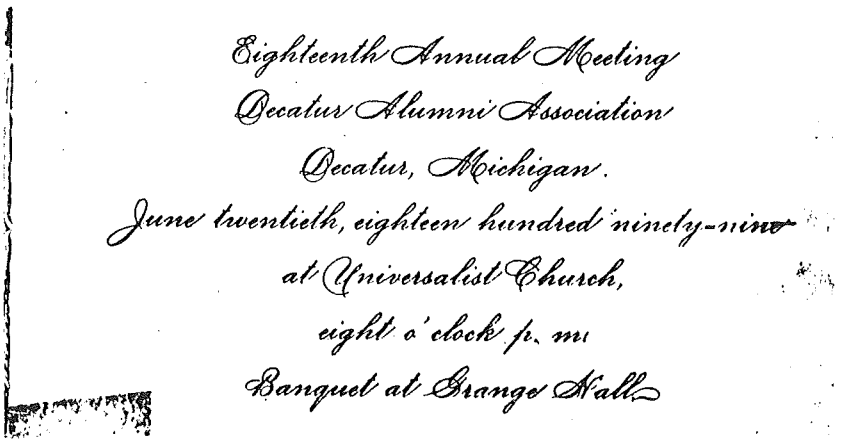
Music, — Overture, "Zitell," ..... Orchestra
class of '86
Toast, — "Shadows."
Some there be that shadows kiss
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
Response by ..... Miss Mable Willison
class of '88
Vocal Solo, — Selected, ... Mrs. Agnes McWilliams
class of '96
Toast, —"Skimmers and Deppers,"
Response by ..... Willie J. Nower
class of '98
Quartet, —"Silent Twilight," ..... Missrs. Welch, Mott, Hubbard and Beach
Reading, — "Mrs. Marigold," ..... Miss Anna Shaad
class of '77
Vocal Solo, ... S. Fay Beach
class of '97
Toast, — "College Life,"
Knowledge is Power.
Response by ..... Alfred T. Gosling
class of '94
Music, — Spanish Waltz, "Ozema," ..... Orchestra

OFFICERS

Harry J. Lurkins, *President*
Miss Gladys Lincoln, *Vice President*
Miss Molie G. Willison, *Sec'y and Treas.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Mrs. Carrie Q. Thomas
Miss Olive A. Lyle
Miss Rose Dennis



Program

March,—"Prescott," - - - *Orchestra.*

WELCOME TO CLASS OF '99, - - MISS HATTIE PHELPS.
CLASS OF '98.

RESPONSE, - - - - - - - LIBLE HAMPTON.
CLASS OF '99.

Invocation, - - - *Rev. Geo. B. Rogers.*

BANQUET.

TOAST MISTRESS, MISS NELLIE MURPHY,
CLASS OF '98

Music,—Overture, "Zitella," - - *Orchestra.*

TOAST,—"SHADOWS."

Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

RESPONSE BY - - - - - - MISS MABEL WILLISON.
CLASS OF '98.

Vocal Solo,—Selected, . *Mrs. Agnes McWilliams.*
CLASS OF 96.

TOAST,—"SKIMMERS AND DIPPERS,"

RESPONSE BY - - - - - - WILLIE J. NOWER.
CLASS OF '98.

Quartet,—"Silent Twilight,"
Messrs. Welch, Mott, Hubbard and Beach.

READING,—"MRS. MARIGOLD," - - MISS ANNA SHAAD.
CLASS OF '77.

Vocal Solo, - - - - - - *S. Fay Beach.*
CLASS OF '97,

TOAST,—"COLLEGE LIFE,"

Knowledge is Power.

RESPONSE BY - - - - - - ALFRED T. GOSLING
CLASS OF '94.

Music,—Spanish Waltz, "Ozema," - *Orchestra.*

Officers

HARRY J. LURKINS, PRESIDENT '13
MISS GLADYS LINCOLN, VICE PRESIDENT '14
MISS MOLLIE G. WILLISON, SEC'Y AND TREAS. '99

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. CARRIE Q. THOMAS
MISS OLIVE A. LYLE
MISS ROSE DENNIS

HON. A. B. COPLEY.

A Good Man Whose Loss Will Long be Felt in the Community.

"Alexander Bennett Copley was born March 11, 1822, at Champion, Jefferson county, N. Y., removing with his parents to Dayton, Ohio, in 1828, and from there to the territory of Michigan in 1833, settling on what is now known as Little Prairie Ronde, where he lived till he made his home in Decatur in 1874. He was married March 26, 1850, to Helen Jane Hathaway, who was his beloved companion till her death Sept. 20, 1890, when he was left with two sons, who are still living. March 20, 1892, he was married to Mrs. Emma Pritchard, who was his loving consort till his death at Havana, Cuba, March 27, 1899.

He was a pioneer in settlement of country and either leader or hearty co-operator in all good works following. Prominent in organizing Farmers' Club, Good Templar Lodge, Sabbath School, etc., also in introducing new machinery, advancing agriculture, building roads, reclaiming muck lands, establishing bank and factories. Earnest supporter of educational, temperance or any work for betterment of mankind. A consistent Republican and a loyal American. Though not assuming to be an orator he was an ever well informed interesting and eloquent speaker. He served the people faithfully in both state and local offices. A worthy friend to the needy and trusted counselor of all. A firm believer in the faith of the New Jerusalem Church, yet never obtruding his views on others. A clean, progressive, sympathetic man, advanced in years bodily, but young in spirit, who has left this world much better for his having lived in it".

Thus was most briefly outlined the life of a man whose work here began when the red man and wild deer were frequently to be seen, and closed while reviewing the crowning achievement of our great nation. What vast changes he had witnessed and how happy must have been the consciousness of the part he had contributed in bringing them about in the upwards of sixty years of earnest, intelligent, uplifting effort! With inherited mechanical ability we learn of him as a boy assisting his father in building the pioneer saw mill, a part of the frame of which is still an interesting landmark on the banks of the stream where his first home was built. With this the timber was cut for the "glass house," a large frame house with numerous sash windows, the wonder of the time, which was for many years after his home and is still the most conspicious reminder of pioneer days on the beautiful prairie on which it was located and where is retained the old homestead, on which still another home was built in after years.

His school advantages were limited to less than one year in a rude log school house, the first of its kind in Van Buren county. What a contrast to the magnificent educational institutions he has so royally helped to build up for the benefit of those who were to follow him. But his life has been one of continuous study and advancement so that he was ever well abreast of the times on all questions of general interest. It is related that during some of his young manhood days he would begin studying at the breakfast table and remain in continous session till dinner was served, much to the displeasure of his fellow laborers. It was also by unaided effort that the mysteries of shorthand writing were solved—an example which the more favored youth of to-day may well ponder.

By the death of his father he was left before attaining his majority at the head of a large family, but these involved duties like all the later onse were willingly met and faithfully discharged. An interesting book might be written of his pioneer experiences which can barely be mentioned in a brief newspaper sketch. Many there are who can recall with pleasure his various recountings of the days before improved farm machinery and railroads, when the products were hauled to "St Joe" to market, each trip occupying several days and the whole seasons' crop perhaps netting little more than the farmer now receives who brings a load of grain to the home market in half a day and who daily enjoys luxuries which were far beyond the reach of his pioneer brother.

His efforts in establishing and maintaining various societies for the improvement of the community in which he lived must be passed without notice further than that his Sabbath school work in particular was such as the superintendents of modern schools might well emulate.

He was several times elected to serve the people in legislative and other capacities, in all of which he conscientiously labored to bring about what seemed best for his constituents. When the need arose for a bank in Decatur he was ready to assist in establishing it and it is told by a former official that frequently persons who were unable to secure accomodations at the bank's counter received help from his personal funds. Any movement giving fair promise of promoting the good of the community could confidently rely on his support by pen, tongue and purse.

While a man of deep religious convictions, he never sought to force his views on others, yet his implicit faith in the revelations and teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg could scarcely fail to command the respect of any inquirer. His regard for this great writer was notably attested a few years since when he caused a family monument to be erected, the handsome shaft for which was specially imported from his revered teacher's native land,—Sweden.

That a man who all through a long life had been so helpful to those around him and so loyal to his country should die among strangers and in a strange land is in a sense sad, yet it was in part at least as he had wished to go when his time came, quickly (and it is believed painlessly) and while in the full enjoyment of his faculties, or as he had said "in the harness."

May his pure, unassuming, helpful life ever be an inspiration to the many who cherish his memory.

E. A. L.

About two months ago Mr. and Mrs. Copley went to Jacksonville, Florida, to spend the winter, thence to Havana Cuba, where from the standpoint of an American citizen he could study the condition of the government and the manners and customs of the people of the island which Uncle Sam had freed from bondage. It was the day before their intended return to the United States that Mr. Copley was killed. They were driving on the boulevard when he suddenly fainted and fell from the carriage; he was carried to the hotel but never regained consciousness and died the same evening. The remains accompanied by Mrs. Copley and his son E. B. Copley arrived in Decatur Saturday afternoon. The funeral was held at the Presbyterian church Monday afternoon and was largely attended by residents of the village and county who came to pay the last respect to their dead friend. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Daniels, a New Church minister of La Porte, Indiana. Interment was in Rosehill cemetery.

FAMILY OF ABNER HATHEWAY

From the reminiscences of Al Shaw

Abner Hatheway and his wife, Naomi, were natives of the State of New York.

In the spring of 1837, the year that Michigan was admitted to the Union, they left their eastern home and traveled by boat on the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes to Detroit, and by team to Little Prairie Ronde, Cass County.

They bought a farm from a man by name of Stephens, it being the present, beautiful home of Mrs. Kitty Hatheway and her daughter, Miss Helen.

They were the parents of seven children, Benjamin, Judson, Helen, Eliza, Lucia, Phoebe and Emma. Of this family the only survivor is Emma, Mrs. Vincent, who resides with her son in Rockford, Illinois. Abner was a good farmer and his sons both profited by the many lessons in agriculture which he gave them. He died in the prime of life in the early forties. His wife, Naomi, afterward lived for the most part with her son, Benjamin and died in 1890 at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. Benjamin was born in 1822, and came with his parents to the prairie and on the death of his father succeeded to the home farm. He made of it a model farm and at one time in competition he was awarded a premium for having the second best farm in the state.

He failed to receive the first premium only

because the competition was for a 165-acre farm and the Hatheway farm contained but 120.

Mr. Hatheway set out pine and maple trees among the native oak, raised beautiful hedges and gardens, nearly every kind of fruit that would grow in this country, and kept one of the finest nurseries in the state.

Benjamin Hatheway was a poet and a writer of fine ability. He became known throughout the country as FARMER POET and his published works "The Last of the Iroquois" and "Art Life" and "Other Poems" are known and admired by students of good literature. On his model farm he trimmed the native oak trees to thirty feet and under them planted hard maples in rows. This made not only a pretty scene but a luxurious maple sugar grove which still yields a substantial revenue.

Many years before when Benjamin Hatheway was a young man he set out a row of hard maples one hundred rods long extending from Judson's south line, south to the corner. These trees became a rich sugar grove. One night in sap-running time several of the mischievous boys of that neighborhood emptied all of the sap from fifty or more pails out onto the ground and filled them with water from Sanuel Morris' big horse tank.

John Noland was bossing the sugar camp for Mr. Hatheway, and when he came out from his home in Charleston he was accosted by that gentleman who had been to the grove before him. "Y. Y. John," said Mr. Hatheway, "Chitter along, the pails are all running over, you must hurry and get the sap to boiling, we are going to have a heavy run." John got busy and soon had it boiling. He boiled it all the forenoon and into the afternoon 'til Mr. Hatheway came back and sampled it and found that the water that had not gotten into steam was no sweeter or thicker than when it was poured into the kettle.

Mr. Hatheway always had several of the young men from the neighborhood working for him on the farm and in this nursery and garden. He could get plenty of help for they all liked to work for him.

He liked a good joke, humored the boys in their pranks and didn't complain when they were on him.

Mr. Hatheway also planted on his farm a chestnut grove. From one particularly fine chestnut which he planted in his youth by the side of the house he had made the coffin in which he was laid to rest. He had the tree cut and sawed into lumber while in his prime and engaged Arnie and Linneus Lawrence to make the coffin for him. Patrick Howland planed the boards that were used in constructing the coffin. They did their work well and when all that was earthly of this great man of the Prairie reposed therein and the sorrowing relatives and neighbors beheld his form for the last time the harmony and peace of that repose in the beautifully fashioned timbers from the chestnut he planted and loved, left an impression that will never fade away. Mr. Hatheway passed from this earth in 1896 at the age of seventy-four years.

As I Remember Decatur In 1869

BY--
DR. H. M. BRODRICK.

On the 7th day of July, 1869, I stepped off the afternoon M. C. R. R. train, was met by the agreeable clerk of the Downs House, Dick Eckler, who conducted me to that hostelry, and welcomed by "mine host," R. J. Downs. Being favorably impressed with the appearance of the town, I decided to cast my lot in with its citizens. Having secured a few rooms, I hung out my shingle and remained one of your citizens for twenty-one years.

As so many changes have taken place amongst the men who were in business at that time, but one, John Shaad, being left. I thought it best, on solicitation, to give my remembrance of them on my arrival.

Commencing at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets where the Duncombe Hotel was burned, I found a two story frame building occupied as a hardware store by John M. Moore, who, the next year, moved to Denver, Col., where he has since died. Next door north was a one story frame store building in which Rogers (John) & Moulton had their grocery. This with Mr. Moore's building was burned in the early fall of that year. Mr. Moulton has since died, and Mr. Rogers is a citizen of Dowagiac. The next place was the one story frame millinery store of the late Mrs. Barney which by heroic efforts without any means of fighting fire but buckets, was saved in that fire, and was ultimately moved onto the lot of Joseph H. Haynes on Delaware St.

Next north was the frame building of H. Arnold, used by the firm of Horace Arnold & Son as a grocery and dry goods store, and the upper story as a residence for both families. The next one was that of John Shaad used as his shoe store and residence. Then Drs. Keables and Ross had their offices in a small two story frame. Then a boarding house, two stories, conducted I think by Hank DeBolt, and then a two story with a meat market in it, a family living upstairs.

Now we come to a low, wide, red building seemingly the oldest in town occupied by S. N. Thomas for a hardware store, and then a white two story frame occupied by Anson Knights. Next to this was a similar building used as a bakery by S. M. Rawson, and in a small room adjoining it, was a shoe shop, used I think by Charley Hayes. Then a two story frame owned by Jerome Coleman, later if not at the time. This was occupied by L. D. Roberts and a partner, whose name I have forgotten. Then the corner store, a frame one, used for a grocery by Stevenson Bros. and the upper rooms by Mrs. H. H. Haskins for dressmaking. This is where Fred Stern now is in business; it was bought by Dr. Browning, raised, enlarged, and bricked in.

Across Delaware street Hill (E. P.) & Trowbridge (Wm. E.) had a grocery store, and the upper rooms were occupied by John E. Upton and Wm. H. Tucker for their law offices. Next to this was the postoffice in a small two story frame with Capt. Beebe as postmaster and Merrit M. Manley as clerk, who also had a small news stand in one corner; upstairs was used by a veterinary surgeon. This with the corner store was burned down that fall prior to the burning of the Moore corner, and during the fire the veterinary surgeon whose name I cannot think of, jumped out of the upper window and was so badly hurt and burned that he died the next day at the residence of Dr. Keables whither he had been removed. What there was between the postoffice and Peter Pardonette's building I forget, but think there was a two story frame. Pardonett's building was used by himself as a harness shop and residence and was I am told to the day of his death.

Next door to this was Thomas Conway's saloon and residence, vacancy intervened between that and the Duncombe Hotel which stood on the corner of Phelps and St. Mary streets. The landlord was Hank Galloway, with (P. G.) Clark as clerk, porter and general utility man.

Crossing west over Phelps street we come to a small dwelling house with no other building until the next house, the Poor residence, now that of James Potts and family; then the Poor block of brick stores, three of them as new. The first one was the furniture store of Nearpass & Clark (W. H.), in the third story of which was the photograph gallery of G. B Boughton. The next store I cannot recall the occupancy of, but remember the second story was the home of the Decatur Republican under the editorship of E. A. Blackman, and our old friend Dick Lyon, now editor of the South Bend Tribune, was one of the compositors. The last story was a hall unused. The third store of this block was that of a Mr. Eichelman, a merchant tailor. The second floor contained the law office of Newton Foster, and the third floor was a lodge room.

Next to this now came the hardware store of Keables (Lon) & Nicholson (Gene). The next was the grocery store of James Potts and then came the dry goods store of Fred G. Russell, with residence above, and the corner one was the dry goods store of Aaron S. Hathaway who is now tickling the soil at or near Plainwell.

Across Delaware street on the corner was the dry goods store of Abbott Bros., this building was afterwards moved across the street to make room for the present brick and was occupied by D. W. Leavens as a drug store-who a few years after moved into the room now used by M. S. Carney. Then came another grocery store, that of

Dowd Bros. and next it was the restaurant and residence of Ed. Trowbridge, now in Dowagiac. An alley intervened between this and the next, that of the clothing store of Henry Rosenberg, the upper story of which was the office of the "scribe." Henry Duffin's shoe shop and residence was the next building, and the next one was the "old salamander of your last fire, Thos. Brownbridge's meat market. Another alley intervened and we have the Chadwick building, occupied as a grocery and dry goods store by the Chadwick Bros. (John, Ev. and Fred.) The second story was the residence of Ev. and family, and the third floor was the Masonic lodge room. In the basement of this building Johnny Bartlett had a saloon and billiard room. Next south of this building was the express office under the charge of Charles Cockett, and the next to this was the drug store of Dr. Thos. Browning. Then a wooden building again, used for a short time before his death by Fred Smith in his jewelry business. Next comes the saloon and billiard room of the Downs house, the room in which shortly before, Joe Pearson was shot. And then came the Downs House itself.

To the east of the Moore building we came to a small building used by Warren M. Blowers as an agricultural implements and insurance office. Next were a few groceries one kept by Rufus Nash, and still farther east a few more store buildings, from which business had flown to Phelps street.

The big Wooden mill of A. A. Abbott occupied the corner now used by Hinkley, Roberts & Co.'s measure factory. It burned down one night about nine years after. The stave mill was booming under the direction of Hinkley Bros. (Myron and Marvin). The tannery was quite an institution with Horatio J. Hendryx proprietor and James Ellis foreman. The planing mill which stood next the railroad in the rear of the Ed Copley building, was conducted by a Mr. Prentice. The livery barn was owned and conducted by Mace Seymour. The old grain warehouse was owned and used by the late Lyman T. Rawson The station agent of the M. C. R. R. was Carleton Wheeler. The saw mill was the property of James Haynes. A prominent grain buyer and insurance agent was Grove Tarbell. Two wagon and blacksmith shops were those of Theordore Harlan on the lot now occupied by M. E. Chadwick's residence on Delaware St.; the other that of Walter Russell on St. Mary St.

The prominent money loaner was Dehart Matteson. The pastors of the two churches were, of the Methodist, Rev. Mr. George; of the Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Bartle. A private bank in some building on Phelps St. was run by the late Joseph Rogers. There were but four doctors, Dr. C. T. Baker, Dr. Keables, Dr. Wm. Ross and Dr. Rogers, all gone to their final account but Dr. Baker. The principal of the school was Prof. Bishop who remained but one year, moving to Wyandotte to go into business with Chas. Northrup.

Phelps street was narrower than it is now and after the fires of the two corners, the council decided to widen it 16½ feet before any brick buildings were erected and all but those of Arnold and Shaad were moved back, but finally, they, too, moved back and Mr. Shaad bricked up his building. The Duncombe House was removed in a few years down to the corner on which it burned.

In 1869 there was no West Michigan R. R., nor had the Paw Paw road been extended farther than Paw Paw, consequently the country through which they both now run had no wheat markets, and most of the wheat from Bangor, Hartford and South Haven was drawn to Decatur, consequently there was lots of business done there, but when these roads were built, the depression in business was keenly felt and many changes were made among the business men. But thanks to the big ditch and the reclaimed swamp, this depression is being removed and Decatur is improving, which is very gratifying to the old residents.

Ravens, But Not Little Hawks.

Dr. Hawks, an old-time eloquent and popular New York divine, once asked a vestryman of his church to increase his salary because of his increased family expenses. "Don't trouble yourself," said the vestryman, "the Lord has said he will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the clergyman, "but nothing is said about the young Hawks."

STATE PROHIBITION IN MICHIGAN DOUBTED BY EARLY SETTLERS

Discussion of statement in Republican last week brings out interesting facts concerning Decatur's early history

GEORGE NESBITT RODE HORSEBACK OVER THE SITE OF THE VILLAGE IN 1846

The statement in last week's Republican that Michigan was under State prohibition from 1853 to 1875 was read with a smile of incredulity by the oldest inhabitants whose memory of early days, including the saloons in Decatur is even more clear than it is of the affairs of more recent date.

"I don't believe a word of it," said George Nesbitt. "To tell the truth and shun the devil there were no less than fourteen saloons in Decatur during war times and business men and farmers in those days thorught no more of stepping into a saloon and taking a drink of whiskey than they do now of buying a cigar. But the whiskey of fifty to sixty years ago was a far different grade of refreshment than we have now. It did not leave those raging headaches and tired feeling the next day. The boys would go on about their work as though nothing had happened.

I remember the first saloon that was opened in Decatur. It was run by a man by the name of Dobbs in the days before the war. The story was started one cold winter's day that Dobbs whiskey had frozen up over night. It was a joke but it stuck to Dobbs as long as he stayed in Decatur. Dobbs' saloon was located where Hinckley's Livery Barn stands. Jim Dean opened the second saloon in Decatur about on the site of Dr. Maxwell's office and Bob Willis opened the third where Hamilton's furniture store is located. During the 60's and 70's, when the Saloon Dealers' Association says Michigan was under State Prohibition, there were more saloons in Decatur than at any other period in its history."

Hamilton's First Settlers

In the visit with Mr. Nesbitt the writer gained a number of interesting facts concerning the early history of Decatur and Hamilton. His father, Robert Nesbitt, was one of the very first settlers of Hamilton Township. Zabina Sterns, grandfather of our well known citizen, Bine Sterns, and a man by the name of Knickerbocker were probably the only men who came here before him. Knickerbocker Lake was named for Knickerbocker and he was buried on the island in this lake about 1840. The island has since become a part of the mainland and it would not be inappropriate for the township or some interested person to mark the grave of this first settler.

Robert Nesbitt, that prince of pioneers, whose name will last in history as long as that of the

Milk wagon with Mr. Hart driving - 1900

township in which he settled, was born near Belfast, Ireland in 1810. At the age of fourteen he came to America bringing one thousand dollars in cash with the responsible mission of delivering it to his older brother in Detroit. He first worked three years in a bakery in Detroit and then went onto a farm thirty miles distant. He next settled in Kalamazoo County for a short time and in 1830 located in North Hamilton where the beautiful Nesbitt home stands a pleasant reminder of his boundless power and energy.

First Visit To Decatur

George Nesbitt was born on this farm July 18, 1841, which makes him now past seventy-four years of age, but we doubt if a stranger would place him at over sixty. He made his first trip to Decatur in 1846, when he was five years old. There was no village of Decatur then, only the unbroken township. The few settlers had not been able to clear sufficient land to furnish hay for their stock and supplied their needs from the pieces of marsh hay on the nearby lowlands. Robert Nesbitt and five-year old George drove to a patch of marsh hay where the Brownbridge barns now stand, but before cutting, the father decided to look at the hay on a clearing commonly known as "Ireland" and the two rode over there on the ponies. "Ireland" has since been known as the Rawson farm south of the village.

In the fall of 1848 the Michigan Central was built to Decatur and the following winter was so open that grading for the road was continued all through it. There was no depot here the first winter and goods shipped to Mr. Nesbitt from Detroit were delivered from the car.

George Nesbitt says the widow Dixon and her three sons, Ham, Ed, and George, kept the first store in a small shack which burned down in Decatur's first fire in about the year 1850. They then built the building which is now being remodeled by Brooks & Sons on the same site.

Col. Phelps first kept post office in a building back of Brigham's store on west Sherwood street. He later moved the office into his house which was located on the site of the Chadwick store. The Phelps house was moved onto the farm owned by Mrs. Harry McWilliams and was known for many years as the George Wesley Smith place. When George Wesley moved away the slot where letters were pushed through the door was still there. The Chadwick store now owned by L.G. Stewart was built in 1866.

Drafting Men For Service

Mr. Nesbitt tells an interesting story of drafting soldiers during the Civil War. The first draft was in the winter of '62 and '63. Able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were subject to draft. Hamilton Township was called upon to furnish two men and there were about two hundred from which to choose. The names of the two hundred were written on separate slips of paper and shaken together in a hat. The first two names out were compelled to go to war or furnish substitutes. The drawing was on Main street in Decatur one forenoon. Nearly everyone in Hamilton Township and Decatur and other nearby places were present. The street was packed with people and excitement ran high. Tom Parmater, stepfather of Milo Barton, was selected to draw the names out of the hat, and the first name out was that of George Nesbitt. Mr. Nesbitt was boosted onto the shoulders of a dozen or more young men and amid shouts and cheering headed a procession down Main street.

For the drawing of the second name the situation was equally as intent. About two hundred young men were there, all excited and wondering who would receive the other draft. John Steele, recklessly tempting the fates, shouted at the top of his voice, "Pull mine out next, pull mine out next." And sure enough the next name drawn was that of John Steele.

George Nesbitt hired a man from Paw Paw for $100 to go in his place. About three months later he sat down to dinner in the hotel at Paw Paw and the man sitting across from him was the man he had paid to take his place at the front. The substitute had passed the physical examination here but the army physician had sent him back. The fellow had learned that the army physician would not accept him and was making a business of selling himself as a substitute.

A drafted man who furnished a substitute was exempt for nine months. Later Mr. Nesbitt paid three hundred dollars under conscript which exempted him for three years and also put up two hundred dollars toward a fund to engage Canadians to enter the service.

The day of the drafting, Decatur's fourteen saloons actually went dry but it was not on account of the Prohibition Law. That night Robert Nesbitt, who was supervisor of Hamilton Township, went to Detroit and officially delivered the two men who responded to the draft. John Steele also furnished a substitute.

FAMOUS 4TH OF JULY

FIRST 4TH OF JULY EVER HELD IN DOWAGIAC & SOME HERE WHO SAW IT (1850)

Dowagiac's first 4th of July occurred in 1850 and there are still people living in this vicinity who took part in it.

At that time Kendrick Miller was teacher of a singing school at the Gage School and he organized a glee club composed of Dorcas Ryder, Ann E. Allen, Phebe Carr, Jan Van Houten, Henry B. Wells, Victor Morton, Amos Thompson and Mr. Miller.

The Glee Club sang here that day, standing under the old oaks in the north park, now covered with business blocks, and of the eight, only Dorcas Ryder Harwood, Ann Allen Alwood and Henry Wells are living.

Dorcas Ryder was then going with Simone Harwood and after the day was over they started for home and stopping at Justus Gage's were united in marriage, surprising their friends completely.

M.T. Garvey was then a Justice of the Peace here and deputy Post Master. He was chosen to make the address of welcome, and having composed something suitable for the occasion, went down to the river about four o'clock in the morning and standing on a log in the bushes, rehearsed it. Hearing a noise, he looked around and discovered William Waterman looking at him in open mouthed wonder, which so rattled Mr. Garvey that he asked him what in thunder he was doing there.

Mr. Waterman was looking after his cow, and passed on, but the interruption spoiled the rehearsal.

The speaker of the day was Congressman Philotus Hayden of Hamilton and one of the brightest men in Van Buren County. He had not had the benefit of an education and was badly handicapped, but was a natural born orator and had no equal in that direction anywhere. He was one of the best men of his time and serve dhis country faithfully, as Congressman.

Daniel Blish and Charles Brownell furnished the music for the occasion. It was the soul-stirring fife and drum and was very good.

Dowagiac's last 4th was in 1898 when a semi-centennial of the city's existence was observed and it now looks as if we would have to wait until 1948 until another is held.

Contributed

PICKLE FACTORY
GOOD PROSPECTS FOR SECURING ANOTHER INDUSTRY
Committee Sent To Chicago To Negotiate With Reid, Murdoch & Company

The building of a canning factory has served as a stimulus to the business men of our village to make still further efforts towards advancing the business interests of the community.

Some correspondence regarding the building of the pickling factory resulted in a meeting at the First State Bank Tuesday afternoon at which L.fi. Hill gave the results of some of his efforts in that direction. One letter was from David Smith of Bloomingdale who wrote that farmers had received as high as $160.00 at an average of $75.00 an acre for cucumbers raised for the factory in that village, and that the company will double the capacity of the plant next year.

A letter from the factory at Plainwell shows a similar result and says that the farmers are anxious to contract again.

Mr. Hill next wrote to Reid, Murdoch & Co., wholesale grocers of Chicago, inviting them to build a plant in Decatur which they accepted. Their plans included the installation of three salting plants. They stipulated that they did not wish to start unless they could secure three hundred acres. This is equivalent to 150 farmers with two acres each. Messrs. W.fi. Clark and L.G. Stewart were elected a committee to go to Chicago and secure the factory, if possible.

Muckland as well as highland is said to be adapted to the raising of cucumbers and the necessary acreage can be easily secured.

1900

SCHOOL ITEMS
(October 25, 1900)

Rev. G. L. Guchard conducted Chapel exercises Monday Morning.

The 8th grade pupils have completed Longfellow's Evangeline and are now reading Burough's "Sharp Eyes."

Among those who visited the Grammar School last Friday were: Mesdames Frank White, Carrie Baker, Geo. Roberts and Miss Verna Percival.

The program given by the pupils of the grammar Room last Friday was very much enjoyed.

Solos were rendered by Agnes Mahoney and Nellie Chapin. A prayer was read by Alex McWilliams and recitations were given by Hazel Millard and Ethel Knights.

Following is the program for the High School debate Friday P.M.

Essay — Mahala Griffin
Oration — John Creagan
Debate — Resolved that monthly tests should be abolished

Affirmative — Ruby McWilliams, Malcolm Denise, Jay Sutton and Sara Dodge
Negative — Amy Beals, Lottie Welch, Ethel Roy and Anna Mahoney

You are cordially invited

Programme

Overture, "Arcadia,"	*Hoffman*
Invocation	Rev. Geo. B. Rogers
Waltzes, "Tendresse,"	*Waldteufel*
"MacLaren's Portrayal of the Scotch Character,"	Margaret J. McLeese
"Greater America,"	Earnest S. Whitlock
"Human Verbs,"	Ethel L. Stewart
"Waiting for Wings,"	Bessie E. Parker
"A Plea for the Boers,"	Ralph E. Van Hise
Descriptive—"The Warrior's Dream,"	*Voelker*
"Medieaval and Modern Superstitions,"	Anna M. Orr
"Getting and Giving,"	Maynard Q. Thomas
"Fiction as Life's Teacher,"	Nellie E. Taylor
"The Mission of Music,"	Ethel R. Bassett
Poem—"Class Prophecy,"	Beatrice C. Harris
Medley—"A Jolly Good Time,"	*Beyer*
"America a Colonial Power,"	Waldo E. Phillips
"The Girls of the 20th Century,"	Edythe E. Sanborn
Poem—"Ships at Sea,"	Berenice N. Harris
Valedictory	Albert C. Dwight
Diploma Presentation	Supt. W. T. Bishop
Two-step—"Reveille,"	*Dave Reed*

Benediction.

Music furnished by the Beckwith Memorial Theatre Orchestra of Dowagiac, Michigan.

Graduates

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

ALBERT C. DWIGHT — EARNEST S. WHITLOCK

LATIN COURSE.

ANNA M. ORR — ETHEL R. BASSETT

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

BERENICE N. HARRIS — RALPH E. VAN HISE
BEATRICE C. HARRIS — WALDO E. PHILLIPS

ENGLISH COURSE.

MARGARET J. MCLEESE — MAYNARD Q. THOMAS
ETHEL L. STEWART — NELLIE E. TAYLOR
BESSIE E. PARKER — EDYTHE E. SANBORN

....Class Officers

WALDO E. PHILLIPS, President
ETHEL L. STEWART, Vice President
EDYTHE E. SANBORN, Secretary
ALBERT C. DWIGHT, Treasurer

High School Instructors.

WILLIS T. BISHOP, Superintendent
MAY D. AGNEW, Principal
SARA E. HUYCK, Assistant

CLASS MOTTO—"The Ropes of the Past Swing the Bells of the Future."

CLASS COLORS—Lavender and Cream.

CLASS FLOWER—White Rose.

CLASS YELL—Whoop-la-rah! Whoop-la-ree. Walk up! Chalk up! Upidee! Nineteen Hundred! Yes Sir-ree!

Board of Education

ISAAC S. DEWEY, President
LEWIS G. STEWART, Secretary
MARCUS S. THOMAS, Treasurer
MARVIN HINKLEY
*ALVAH H. HUYCK

*Deceased

P.D. BECKWITH'S FIRST STOVE SOLD AT AUCTION

(First stove the great maker, P.D. Beckwith, ever built)

There seems to be some mystery about the origin of the name that Mr. Beckwith gave to this great stove. One story is to the effect that they sold one to a farmer in Wayne, and when meeting him later asked him how he liked it. The farmer replied: "First rate! I believe it is just the thing to burn my round oak wood." Mr. Beckwith at once said, "You have given me a good idea. I will name it the Round Oak.

THE HISTORY OF PORTER TOWNSHIP

Written by John H. Cornish, one of the Township's pioneer residents and read by him before the annual meeting of the Van Buren County Pioneer Ass'n held in Lawton June 16.

We all know the township of Porter lies in the extreme south east corner of the County of Van Buren, with Kalamazoo County on the east and Cass County on the south. In fact at one time it was a part of Cass County and the Township of Penn.

The first settlement made in Porter was on Section 13 by Abner Mack, who built a cabin upon it in 1833. The second settler was Milton Van Duzer and the third James Young in 1835.

These were the only permanent settlers until the arrival in 1835 of Elijah Kinney, his wife and seven unmarried children from Milan, Ohio, with his nephew, Uri Kinney, who founded what is now known as the Kinney Settlement. Following them came Nelson and Sanford Corey, Stephen Kinney, Moses Monroe, Benjamin Reynolds and Daniel Alexander, the latter of whom bought two hundred acres in the southwestern portion of the township and for a time suppose he was the only settler in Porter until he came upon James Young, while on a trip of discovery. Others whose names are familiar are Roderick Bell, Nathan Cook, Miles Van Sickle, Jacob Stillwell, Elias Harmon, John Nesbitt, L.H. Weldin, Isaac Hall, Samuel Harper, Jeremiah Barker and William Hatheway. These pioneers of Porter found the most of the country heavily timbered. But the oak openings were more quickly settled because there was no underbrush in many places and it was easy to drive a team without clearing a road.

There are several attractive lakes in Porter, the largest of which is Bankson with an area of about six hundred acres; Cedar, with an area of about five hundred, also Gravel and Hussey, the latter of which takes its name from Erastus Hussey, the noted abolitionist, who entered all the land around the lake many years ago. The water is deep and clear and abounds in fish. These lakes are all popular resorts and are becoming more attractive each year.

Porter's Post Office

Although Porter has no Post Office, it was better favored in 1840. George Frees was appointed P. M. and kept the office at his house near Gravel Lake. What little mail he received was left him by a mail carrier who traversed the route from Schoolcraft to Dowagiac. In 1845 it was transferred to Isaac Hall and when the M.C.R.R. was completed it was removed to Lawton.

Porter has no water power. Consequently no milling industry. In 1866 Samuel Strong built a steam sawmill on Sec. 25 and afterwards Leonard M. Waldorn built and operated one on Sec. 23. At the present time there is none in the Township.

About the year '59 a small store was opened as Porter Center by a Mr. Lewis. It existed only a short time. I have occasion to remember its existence, however, as I was often sent there upon errands. At present we have a flourishing, general store owned by J.H. Clark.

The only tavern in the township was the Scisson House situated upon what is now known as the Peters place.

The first marriage that occurred in the township was in 1837 when William Nixon was married to Electa Smith, one of Porter's pioneers. The earliest birth that we have any record of is that of Francis Marion Scott born in 1837. The first death recorded is that of a child of Matthew Lewis in 1836, and it was buried on Luke Munger's farm.

Originally Part of Decatur

The township of Porter was originally a part of Decatur; but in 1845 it was set off by a council of committee men, held at the home of Nathan Cook to decide upon the selection of a name. Miss Cook suggested the name of Porter, being interested in the naval hero, Commodore Porter, of whom she was then reading. The suggestion was voted upon and adopted at once.

The first township meeting was held April 7, 1845 at what is now known as the No. 8 schoolhouse. The greatest number of votes cast for any one candidate was forty-five. The township board consisted of Horace H. Adams, Stephen Kinney, David Alexander and Samuel P. Harper. Clerks of the board were Nathan Cook and Warren S. Corey.

Harvey Barker, one of the pioneer preachers, settled in the township in 1839. His place became the headquarters for circuit riders of those early days. In 1837 Rev. Samuel L. Julian, a free-will Baptist, settled in Porter and organized a church in the Kinney settlement. The first M. E. Church was organized in 1844, when services were held in Roderick Bell's cooper shop on the banks of Gravel lake. The First Methodist Protestant Church was organized in 1865 by Rev. Samuel Reeves, known at that time as the West Porter Class. In 1867 this class erected a church which is still in use.

The first school was taught by Warren S. Correy in the Kinney Settlement, Sarah Cook taught the first school in the Bell District. Now we have a graded school system in nine districts.

Pleasant Memories

To show the condition of highways, as late as '46 when John Nesbitt came to his home in Porter, he was compelled to make his own road while his wife drove the ox team that carried their worldly goods. In the memory of their youngest son, Thomas Nesbitt, the road extended no further south than their home. This same road is being macadamized at the present time in Porter.

Well do I remember the first carriage. How we children ran to the gate, and even into the road and watched it until it was out of sight. Little did we think that in so short a time we would see the horseless carriage speeding along the same country road.

I can remember back when I was quite a small boy when stock of all kinds were turned into the woods, placing a bell upon one of the cows. They were allowed to go wherever they chose. Sometimes they went east and sometimes west, but I was the one who brought them up at milking time. I could distinguish the difference in the sound of the bells and many nights have I started through the woods when it was so dark that I just followed the sound of the bell, but they always brought me out into the clearing. Except one time when I was sent to keep them off from a small piece of wheat, after following them farther than I intended. I became confused and lost my way. I remember thinking I could live on wild grapes, for the woods were full of them, but what could I give my poor little dog. After a time i came out of the woods near the Weldin cemetery. Then I knew where I was and soon found my way home.

The old swimming hole is now a public highway, and the little log-cabin school where the mice ran riot and the snakes thrust their heads up through the cracks in the floor has long since gone to decay, but the memory of those days will never leave us. Nor the wonderful logging bees where great piles of valuable timber were burned that the land might be made tillable. The timber thus disposed of would represent untold wealth at the present time. But the land has been cleared by our sturdy forefathers and has developed her resources into smiling fields of grain, and vineyards and orchards laden with earth's choicest fruits.

Honor The Pioneers

We can justly feel proud of those pioneers, who have blazed the way for us. But men die and are forgotten. The great world goes on the same. Among the men that live or have lived or shall live; what is a single life, that we should think that all nature would stand still if we were gone? We must make room for others. But I am thankful kind providence has permitted us to live in a country where the spirit of peace prevails, where the farmers are progressive, the farm buildings up to date, showing the prosperity of them all, reminding us of what man can do in a comparatively short space of time.

The good old days, seen through a haze of tricky memory, look passing fair. But were we there, great drawbacks we should see. So we will brace ourselves and cheer our face and uncloud our brow, not look behind, and we will find the finest days are now.

1901

REMINISCENT

EARLY DECATUR — REVIEWED FROM AN EARLY NEWSPAPER

Decatur is getting to be an old town. Michigan is no longer in the west. When old residents think back to the extent of their recollection, they will remember that they came here a long time ago. In March, 1829, the first settlement in Van Buren Co. was made on Little Prairie Ronde, now in this township of Dolphin Morris and Henry D. Swift. No other settlers came into the county until 1832, when Sam Morris, Le Grand Anderson, David Curry and George Tuttle settled in the same locality, and other settlers soon followed.

The first death in Decatur Twp. occurred in December, 1830. He was a son od Dolphin Morris, Elijah Goble and Eliza Tittle were the first to be married and Jon Curry was the first white child born in the township.

The Methodists were the first denomination to start in the county, having held their first quarterly meeting on the prairie in 1834.

Decatur village sprang into being in 1849, when the Mich. Central R.R. went thru on its present site, on land granted by government to Messr. Beers and Sherwood, and rapidly grew into prominence. The village was incorporated by the supervisors in 1859 and rechartered by the legislature in 1861, E.P. Hill having been the first president. The Union School building was erected in 1863-4, at a cost of $12,000.

No village of the pretensions of Decatur even in an early day, could get along without a newspaper, and in 1861 the Van Buren Co. Tribune was started, of which paper No. 22 of Vol. I is now before the writer, bearing date of Feb. 20, 1862, with the name of Chas. P. Sweet of the head as editor and Publisher. A reference to its columns will be interesting.

Under the head of "Business Directory" are found Hiram Cole and Chas. Shier Jr. attorneys — Orrin T. Welch & T.E. Hendrick, Justices of Peace — J. Tarbell, banker — T.E. Phelps postmaster and dealer in grain — C.T. Baker, J.T. Keables, G.W. Rogers, I.F.C. Mershon, physicians. R. Rich, brick and stone masons — Ira Nash, drygoods and groceries — W.E. Trowbridge, druggist — C. Baker, livery — F.N. Chadwick, proprietor of Duncombe House — G.A. Van Sickle, carpenter — J.A. Stafford, tinner — Richland Green, tailor — Frank Wright, architect — M. Woodruff, manufacturer of cabinet furniture and coffins — E.C. Pease, barber — T.P. Bashford, blacksmith — Jo Sallesbury, drayman — C. Lee, butcher — J. Wright, cooper.

Perhaps the most unique announcement is that Geo. R. McKoy does all kinds of blacksmithing and has superior grub and stump extractors for sale. Horse and Ox shoeing done in superior style.

Ah well! Decatur has changed in 30 years hasn't it? Many of the business men whose

names appeared in advertisements in 1862 are dead, others are old men retired from business and others have removed of all those mentioned above, only T.C. Baker is still here and engaged in the same vocation as at that time.

Editor Sweet, in addition to looking after the tribune and doing job printing found time to attend to a lumber business. The greater part of the paper is taken up with war news. One big heading reads as follows: GREAT VICTORY! FORT DONELSON TAKEN! 15,000 REBELS CAPTURED. Verily times have changed in 30 years and reference to an old paper shows it. Will the columns of the issue of the Republican, read 30 years hence, reveal as great changes in the ranks of Decatur business men and institutions? We think likely! In no respect is the change more marked than the contrast between the Van Buren Co Tribune of 30 years ago and the Van Buren County Republican of today and remarkable progress will have to be made to keep up the record of local newspaper improvement the comparison reveals.

1901

WHEN DID THE BIG GRIST MILL BURN

TWO SAY IN SPRING OF 1881—ANOTHER REMEMBERS DATE IS 1879 — CAMBERLAIN HOME BURNED ALSO SAYS WALTER BROWN

The Republican has received three answers to its query last week as to when the big three story flour mill burned, that stood on the site of the measure factory.

Two of Decatur's older residents, Theo. Trowbridge and Emory Place, have agreed that it burned in 1881, Walter Brown of Kalamazoo believes the fire occurred on a Sunday night in 1879. Which of these answers is right? The Republican would like to hear from more who can remember the fire.

Mr. Trowbridge was married the year before, and was living in the home now owned and occupied by Rheo Hirst, formerly known as the Anderson place on East Delaware street. The house then was owned by a man named Fish. Mr. Trowbridge was building the home now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Carney at the time. Josiah Hopkins, manager of the mill, lived next door to the Trowbridges in a small house that has since been replaced by a modern residence. Peter Slick was another one of the millers. Mr. Trowbridge does not remember the exact date, but does remember that the Hopkins' boy said a bunch of wooden headlinings, soaked in kerosene was found in one of the bolting machines in the mill, a few days before the fire, indicating that attempts were made to burn the mill and that the fire that destroyed the mill was undoubtedly of incendiary origin.

Says It Was April, 1881

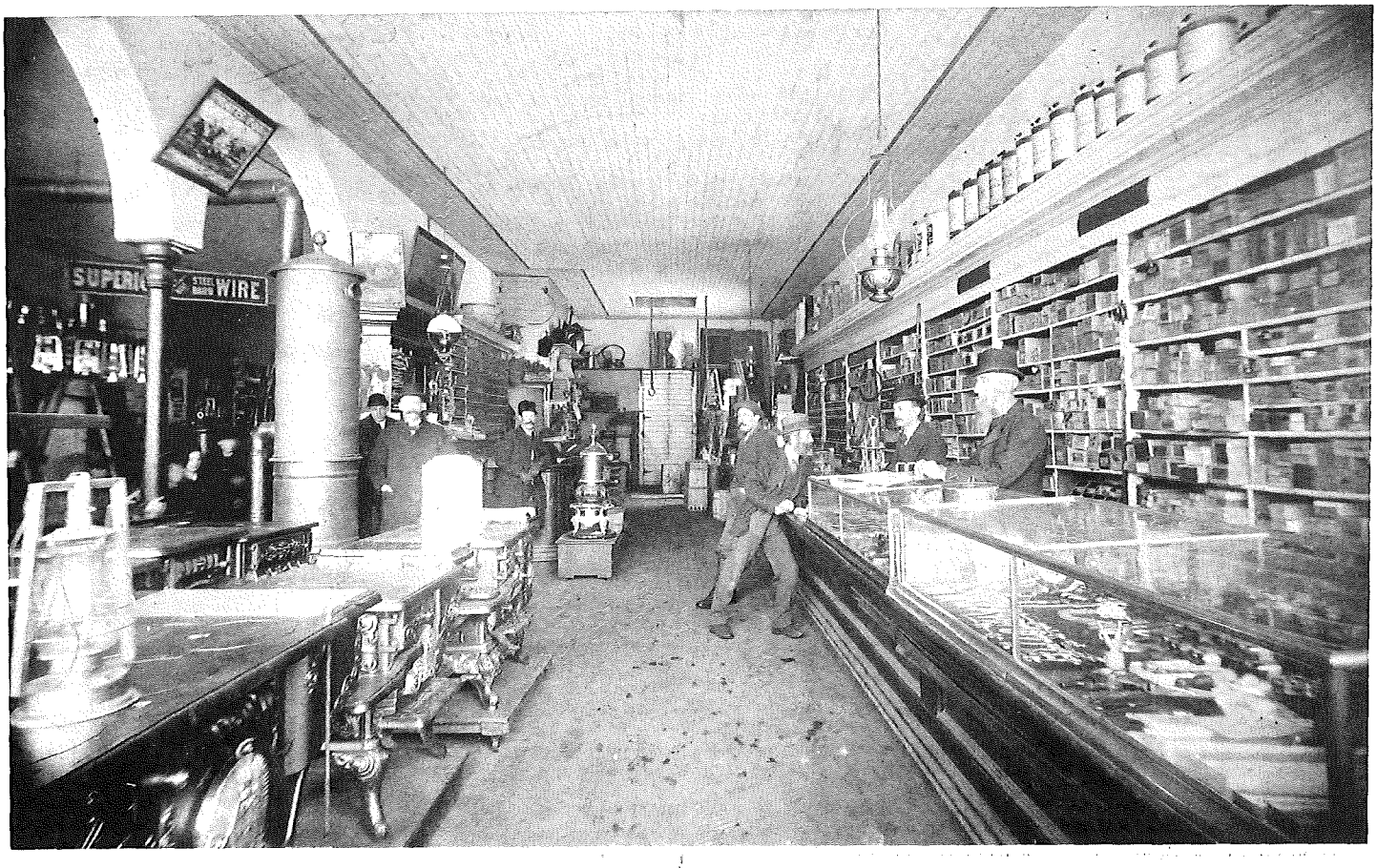
Mr. Place says that he and his family had just moved into the village from the Mort Haydon place in Hamilton. They were living with Mr. Place's sister, Mrs. Foster, in the house that this summer was remodeled by Ernest Edgerly on Wheeler street. The family had retired for the night, but the church bells began to ring about eleven o'clock, and he went to the fire with James Shockley, who lived on the same street.

Mr. Place started to work that spring for Lyman Rawson and believes the fire occurred in April, although he can't remember the exact date. He thinks the mill was built in 1867, and that Mr. North, a millwright, who afterwards made his home here for many years, came here to do the work of erecting it.

Mill Burned In '79, Says Brown

Walter Brown of Kalamazoo writes the Republican that the mill burned in 1879. His account of the fire is interesting:

When did the Decatur flour mill burn? The Decatur flour mill burned on Sunday night in 1879. It was owned by Chas. Duncombe, but was being run by Josiah Hopkins. The first attempt to burn it was by putting a bundle of head linings in the bolting chest on the second floor. It was discovered by Mr. Hopkins after he came back from supper. The mill was run-



SILAS THOMAS - HARDWARE STORE - N. EAST CORNER - PHELPS & DELAWARE STS. DECATUR, MICH. - 1901

ning late, in the evening, making flour for export. It also burned the residence of A. N. Chamberlain, which stood just north of the mill.

Tom Culverhouse says he was in Decatur when the mill burned and helped to save some of the flour, but he can't remember the year. Perhaps someone has a scrap book or old diary that will give a clew to the exact date.

CHIEF POKAGON

The Silver Creek church is unique in that it stands on land which was bought back from the Government by a Pottawattomie Indian Chief who had previously signed a treaty deeding all the remaining Pottawattomie lands in Michigan to the U.S. Government.

The chief was Leopold Pokagon and the treaty was signed at Chicago in 1833. By this treaty the Indians sold their lands for various payments and agreed to go west in three years; however, Pokagon was able to secure a stipulation that he and his band could stay, provided they bought land and paid taxes on it like white men.

In behalf of his band of about 250 people in 1836 Pokagon bought several hundred acres in Silver Creek Township, Cass County and the Indians moved to it in 1837. They paid for it with money received from treaties and an annuity paid by the government.

Pokagon was a devout Catholic and the next year he selected a beautiful spot on top of a hill close to a lake and built the first church in the township. It was a log cabin about 20 × 30. That location has been used for religious purposes ever since.

Pokagon had considerable trouble in getting the church completed. The Indians could cut the trees but did not possess the experience and skill to erect a large log cabin. His white neighbors, already in the township in considerable numbers, would not help him as there was much prejudice against his denomination. Also, Pokagon and his band had fought on the side of the British in the war of 1812.

As a final resort, Pokagon went to John Barney, a newcomer in the township and a Presbyterian, who told the chief to get his logs together and he would help raise the building.

Among the white settlers, in those days, it was considered a necessity to have a jug of whiskey on hand anytime a building was to be raised. Pokagon knew this and when Barney and his three hired men arrived, all was in readiness including the jug of whiskey.

After a while, Barney noticed that the Indians were not drinking and asked Pokagon about it. Pokagon replied that whiskey was very bad for Indians and he had forbidden his braves to touch it.

According to the story, Barney replied that if the Indians couldn't drink, his men couldn't drink either, so he tipped the jug over and let the contents run on the ground.

The story has come down from several sources and is believed to be true. Perhaps Barney had seen trouble develop from too much whiskey at cabin raisings and decided that pouring the whiskey onto the ground was the best way to avoid any such difficulties with the Indians.

1901

The Song of the River

By William Randolph Hearst

The snow melts on the mountain
And the water runs down to the spring,
And the spring in a turbulent fountain,
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the riotous river,
And the river flows to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be.

And I wonder if life's deep mystery
Isn't much like the rain and the snow
Returning through all eternity
To the places it used to know.

For life was born on the lofty heights
And flows in a laughing stream
To the river below,
Whose onward flow
Ends in a peaceful dream.

And so at last,
When our life has passed
And the river has run its course,
It again goes back,
O'er the selfsame track,
To the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life
Or why fear death,
Or dread what is to be?
The river ran its alloted span
Till it reached the silent sea.
Then the water harked back to the mountain top
To begin its course once more.

So we shall run the course begun
Till we reach the silent shore,
Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why we live or die,
Or whither or when we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know.

STAY IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

Honeysuckle blooming in the corner by the gate,
Mammy in the little cottage door,
Curley headed pickaninny coming home so late,
Crying cause his little heart is sore.
All the children playing 'round
Have skins so white and fair
None of them with him will ever play.
So mammy on her lap takes her little weeping chap
And says in her kind old way,

Chorus—
Now honey you stay in your own back yard,
Don't mind what them white childs do
What show you suppose they's gwine to give
A black little coon like you?
So stay on this side of the high board fence,
And honey don't cry so hard.
Go out and play just as much as you please,
But stay in your own back yard.
All the other children as they pass old mammy's place,
Romping home from school at night or noon
Peering through the fence could see that eager little face,
Such a wistful, lonesome little coon.
But one day that little face
Was gone forever more,
God had called the little lonesome elf,
And mammy as before in her little cabin door
Sits and croons to her old black self.
Chorus—

THE FRUIT BELT TRAIN
(History)
By Genevieve Cross

The Fruit Belt Train was originally known as the Toledo and South Haven Railroad, and was opened in 1877. At this time this railroad ran from South Haven, Mich. and passed through the towns of Hartford, Lawrence, PawPaw and Lawton, Michigan and on to Toledo, Ohio.

Later, in 1903, the South Haven and Eastern Railroad was taken over by the Pere Marquette RR and a spur was laid from Paw Paw to Kalamazoo, Mi.

Therefore, the Fruit Belt Train, as this author remembers it, ran from Kalamazoo to South Haven. It is interesting to note that the original road bed paralelled what is now the Michigan Central and can be seen today as one leaves Kalamazoo for Chicago. Now, most of the track is gone - only the road bed remains of what was once a fascinating sight -- THE FRUIT BELT TRAIN!

1901

Class 1901

Thirty-fifth Annual Commencement of the Decatur High School, Thursday June thirteenth, 1901 7:30 p.m.

Announcements

Baccalaureate Address — Hon. Delos Fall — Presbyterian Church, Sunday Evening, June 9.

Class Exercises — High School Room — 2:30 p.m. Tuesday, June 11, 2:30 p.m. Wednesday, June 12.

Commencement Address — Hon. Perry F. Powers — Presbyterian Church, Thursday, June 13, 7:30 p.m.

Alumni Meeting — Friday, June 14.

Program

Tuesday Afternoon

Music .....
Grecian Love of the Beautiful ..... Mabelle Creagan
The Soul of a Book ..... Daisy Brodhed
The Dead Living and the Living Dead ..... John Creagan
Music .....
The Power of Poetic Sentiment ..... Amy Beals
The Passion Play ..... Mahala Griffin
The American Flag ..... Bernard Creagan
Music .....

Wednesday Afternoon

Music .....
The Spectrum of Life ..... Mae McWilliams
The Harp of the Senses ..... Lotta Copley
The Maid of Orleans ..... Ward Collins
Music .....
Class Will ..... Estella Bostwick
Class Prophecy ..... Ethel Lyle
Pillars of the Commonwealth ..... Leroy Dewey
Music .....

Thursday Evening

Overture, Felice D'Amour — Balfe ..... Orchestra
Invocation ..... Rev. L.H. Manning
Valse, When Knighthood was in Flower — Gustin ..... Orchestra
Address ..... Hon. Perry F. Powers
Mosquitos Parade — Whitney ..... Orchestra
Valedictory Oration ..... Charles B. Trowbridge
Presentation of Diplomas ..... Supt. W. T. Bishop
March, A Century — Bernard ..... Orchestra

Benediction

Latin Scientific Course — Daisy Brodhed, Lotta Copley, Bernard Creagan, John Creagan, Charles Trowbridge.
Latin Course — Estella Bostwick
Scientific Course — Amy Beals, Mabelle Creagan, Ward Collins, Leroy Dewey, Mahala Griffin, Mae McWilliams, Ethel Lyle.

Class Officers — Leroy L. Dewey, President; Daisy Brodhed, Vice President; Amy Beals, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Motto — Niti est vincere (To Strive is to Conquer.)
Class Colors — Green, White and Gold.
Class Flower — English Violet.
Class Yell — Rock-Chalk-Jay-Hawk
Chili-sauce and puns
Vive-a-la-vive-a-la
Class of "Naughty Ones"

Instructors — Willis T. Bishop, Superintendent; Sara E. Huyck, Principal; May D. Agnew, Language Teacher; Adelaide M. Sherrod, Nellie Murphy, Ella S. Eckenberger, Rose B. Dennis, Ida M. Trowbridge.

Board of Education — Isaac S. Dewey, President; Lewis G. Stewart, Secretary; Marcus S. Thomas, Marvin Hinkley, Dr. James E. Maxwell.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Baccalaureate Address ..... Hon. Delos Fall
Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening June 9

Class Exercises
High School Room 2:30 P.M. Tuesday, June 11
2:30 P.M. Wednesday, June 12

Commencement Address ..... Hon. Perry F. Powers
Presbyterian Church, Thursday, June 13, 7:30 P.M.

Alumni Meeting Friday, June 14.

Tuesday afternoon

Music "Grecian Love of the Beautiful — Mabelle Creagan
The Soul of a book — Daisy Brodhed
The dead living and the living dead — John Creagan
Music The Power of Poetic Sentiment — Amy Beals

The Passion Play — Mahala Griffin
The American Flag — Bernart Creagan Music
Wednesday afternoon
Music The Spectrum of Life — Mae McWilliams
The Harp of the Senses — Lotta Copley
The Maid of New Orleans — Ward Collins
Class Will — Estella Bostwick
Class Prophecy — Ethel Lyle
Pillars of the Commonwealth — LeRoy Dewey
Thursday evening
Overture: Felice D'Amour — Balfe Orchestra
Invocation — Rev. L.H. Manning
Valse, When Knighthood was in Flower — Gustin — Orchestra
Address — Hon. Perry F. Powers
Mosquitos Parade — Whitney — Orchestra
Valedictory Oration — Charles B. Trowbridge
Presentation of Diplomas — Supt. W.J. Bishop
March, A century — Bernard — Orchestra
Benedict LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Daisy Brodhead — Lotta Copley — Bernard Creagan — John Creagan — Charles Trowbridge

LATIN COURSE — Estell Bostwick

SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Ward Collins, Mabel Creagan — Leroy Dewey — Mahala Griffin — Amy Beals — Mae McWilliams — Ethel Lyle.

CLASS OFFICERS
LeRoy Dewey, President; Daisy Brodhed, Vice President; Amy Beals, Sec. & Treas.
Class Motto — Niti Est Vincere (To strive is to Conquer)
Class Colors — Green, white and gold
Class Flower — English violet
Class Yell — *Rock-chalk – Jay-Hawk*
Chili Sauce and puns
Viva-a-la-viva-a-la
Class of "Naughty Ones."

INSTRUCTORS
Willis T. Bishop, Supt.
Sara E. Huyck, Prin.
May D. Agnew, Language Teacher
Adelaide M. Sherrod
Nellie Murphy
Ella S. Eckenberger
Rose B. Dennis
Ida M. Trowbridge

BOARD OF EDUCATION
Isaac S. Dewey, Pres.
Lewis G. Stewart, Sec.
Marcus S. Thomas
Marvin Hinkley
Dr. James E. Maxwell

1901

Big Attractive

Discounts!

For January Only.

Every ***SATURDAY*** and ***MONDAY*** during the month of January, commencing with Saturday, January 6, we will give a discount of

25 PER CENT

From regular prices, on any goods in our stock on cash purchases, ***excepting Shoes*** and ***Sheeting.*** There is no deception about this. It is a

BONA FIDE DISCOUNT SALE.

For cash only, in order to turn our stock into money during the post-holiday season. You can save money no more easily, you can make no greater interest on any investment, than by buying

DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY,
UNDERWEAR,

Etc., at the big discount offered.

REMEMBER

25 per cent discount on cash sales only, every Saturday and Monday during January.

MARY SHAAD.

LET TREAT FIX Your WATCH NEXT TIME.

I will do it properly and make it keep good time.
All Jewelry repairing promptly and well done.

D. J. TREAT, Jeweler.

JANUARY

= Discount Sale. =

During the month of January, I will give a discount of

15 Per Cent

From regular prices on all cash sales to the amount of $1 and over, of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Remember, this discount is for but 30 days, on all *LEATHER GOODS ONLY*, and on *CASH* sales of $1.00 and upwards.

Don't Miss this Opportunity.

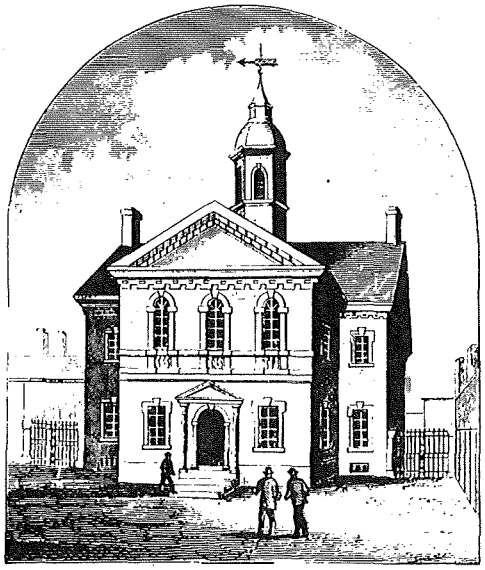
S. ELLIS.

1901

Yourself and Ladies are cordially invited
to attend the Dedication Dance
of the
New Decatur Town Hall
given by
Decatur Lodge No. 112 K. of P.
Thursday evening, Nov. 14, 1901

MUSIC BY
FISCHER'S FULL PAN AMERICAN ORCHESTRA

CONCERT 8:30
DANCING 9:30



Public Benefit.

For the benefit of those who feel the need of FOOTWEAR, we say, come and see us. We are going to quote you some prices. Will you be benefited or will you wait until you are compelled to buy and then pay a large profit?

Men's Shoes good value at.....*$2.00 now $1.25*
" " ..... *2.50* " *2.00*
Men's Fine Shoes good value at... *3.50* " *3.00*
" " " ... *4.00* " *3.50*

Boston Rubber Boots always on hand.

On Rubbers, Buckled Arctics, Storm Artics, Rubbers for Felts and Socks, we save you from 15 to 50 cents.

Mishawaka Knit Boots and Rubbers *$2.50*

Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes and Rubbers at same rate. Ask to see our fleece lined shoes.

Good footwear is essential now. Your family ought not to go without it at these prices.

We are headquarters for Dry Goods and Cloaks.

Fred Stern.

G. B. McOMBER, Prop.

THE FAIR STORES,

DECATUR AND BENTON HARBOR.

Those who think Duncombe sells goods cheaper than anyone else had better look at this: He sells gray cotton Underwear at 43 cents; we sell red wool at 50 cents.

We beat him on hosiery, whips, crockery, clocks, factory, flannels, yarns, mittens, millinery, tea, tobacco, flour, and in fact hundreds of things that it is impossible to mention.

He sells 50 cent tea at 40 cents, we sell it at 35 cents.

He sells a tobacco at 23 cents, we sell one at 20 cents.

All the following articles we sell cheaper, such as Flour, Syrup, Molasses, Nutmegs, Matches, Rice, Oil Cans, Sardines, Salmon, Crackers, Raisins, Axle Grease, Brooms, Wash Boards and Tubs.

We give a long list of prices, naming articles and prices of things, which we think beat a great, flashy "ad.," naming leaders only. WE SELL Flour at 40 cents a sack, 2 sacks for 75 cents, Decatur or Paw Paw. Paw Paw corn meal and Graham 25 cents. Buckwheat cheap.

Salmon 2 cans for 25c
Corn 2 cans for 25c
Mince Meat 3 cans for 25c
Tomatoes 10c
Good Coffee 18c
XXXX, Jersey, Arbuckle's or Lion 25c
Something Better in bulk 25c
Best Coffee ever offered in Decatur 30
Honey 12½c
Nutmegs 1c each
1200 Parlor Matches 10c
2 lbs best Dried Beef 25c
All Spices at reduced rates
Electric Headlight Oil 9c
Soda 6 and 8c
3lbs best Raisins 25c
4lbs best Crackers 25c
Axle Grease 5c
Sardines 5c
2 Brooms 25c
2 Wash Boards 25c
3lbs Sal Soda 10c.

1902

Oysters in bulk 30c
" per can 20c
Rice 5c
7lbs very best Rolled Oats 25c
2 boxes Blueing 5c
1 quart Blueing 15c
Dupont's best Gun Powder 30c
Shot 8c
Waterproof Gun Caps 5c
Good Baking Powder 15c
Baking Powder and Chair 39c never sold for less than 50c
Dr. Price's Baking Powder 45c
3 cans Pumpkin 25c
Cove Oysters 6c
Nice Mixed Candy 15c
Large Oranges and Lemons 2 for 5c
Roasted Peanuts 12½c per pound
Silver Syrup 40c
Cooking Molasses 25c
Tea Dust 15c
Tea 20, 25, 35, and 50c
All Standard Soaps 6 bars for 25c
Colgate's famous Octagon Soap, best in the world 6 bars for 25c
Hiawatha Tobacco 65c
40 cent Tobacco at 30c
Another Light at 20c
Lamp Chimneys 5, 7 and 8c
Nutmegs 1c each
1200 Parlor Matches 10c
2 lbs best Dried Beef 25c
All Spices at reduced rates
Electric Headlight Oil 9c
Soda 6 and 8c
3lbs best Raisins 25c
4lbs best Crackers 25c
Axle Grease 5c
Sardines 5c
2 Brooms 25c
2 Wash Boards 25c
3lbs Sal Soda 10c.
Oysters in bulk 20c

LOOK HEREINOW

Just for fun here go Prints for 4c per yard
Cood Sheeting 5c
Best Canton Flannel 10c
Gent's and Ladies' Underwear cheap
Gray and White Merino Underwear (very nice and fleecy) 50c
Splendid Red Merino 75c and $1
Ladies', Children's and Gent's Hose cheap.
Ladies' all Wool Hose 25c
Gent's Seamless tight top 3 pairs for 25c
Best Ladies' Black Hose in the world for 10c
Fine Black Hose 20, 25, 40c, etc
Dress Buttons 5c worth 10c
More 75c Overalls for 50c
Lots of Silk Clocked Suspenders 25c worth 50c
Shirtings, Denims, Outing Flannel, Red Flannel.
Red and While Table Cloth 25c per yard and up.
All Linen Towels 5c
Crash 5c
Big lot Hosiery, Gent's and Ladies' 5c pair
24 sheets good Writing Paper 5c
24 Envelopes 5c
By far the Best Stock of Gloves and Mittens ever seen in Decatur. This is conceded by all and cheaper than ever sold
Gloves 10c to $1.25 per pair
Mittens same prices
Lots of Ladies' Mitts from 25c up
Best Ladies' Leggins ever offered 50c
Good Nickel Alarm Clocks 99c
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware at a great reduction.
We really have hundreds of Albums, Plush Boxes and Dolls that we can sell at astonishingly low prices. Having had many calls for doll heads, we this year can offer a fine stock very cheap.
Lots of Tablets and Pencils for the school children
Ink 5c
Mucilage 5c
Slates 5 to 20c
Whips 5c to $1
Pins from 1c to 10c
Needles, Hair Pins, Shoe Laces, Hooks and Eyes, Thimbles, Brass, for 10c
Fine Black Hose 20, 25, 40c, etc

HOLIDAY GOODS

And at such low prices that everyone can buy something for Christmas presents.

Remember, that we have again set the price on granulated Sugar at the same old hole, 21 pounds for $1.

We will offer for one week only with every purchase of 25c or more your choice of either a good 5c cigar or a box of candy.

Our opponents say we are selling flour and many other things below cost. We pay for more advertising than anyone else in Decatur. The wonder is how do we do all this. We know if you don't. Anyway get bargains while you can.

A VAGABOND'S DREAM

What care I for ceilings high
Or drapes or pictured walls?
What care I for Duncan Phyfes
When nature's playhouse calls?

What care I for Chinese rugs
Or a couch with silken spread
Or mirrors with carved out wreaths,
When the sun shines overhead

The blue sky is my ceiling high,
A hedge of wild rose my drape,
An ivied stump my table,
My walls — the wide landscape,

The soft green grass my worsted rug.
For a couch the fragrant hay.
The quiet brook my mirror clear.
Thank God for a carefree-day.

Sylvia Reiss
1902

They Are Coming

They will make a sensation among the ladies this time, sure. If you don't believe it, come into our store and we will convince you.

WHAT?

Why we are now getting in our immense

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS

And the assortment is a beautiful one. Handsome, serviceable goods in the very latest styles and the newest shades and patterns. You will regret it all the season if you buy before you see what we have to show you.

Yours with Fall Dress Goods,

MARY SHAAD.

Burnside Post No. 27, G.A.R. Decatur, Mich. 1902

Members Present at regular Meeting

R. Calbetzor
John Knoll
D.W. Curry
Elias Teitsort
Comard Nicholas
Alson J. Lusk
Chemmie
W.H. White
E. Williams
Charles Steel
O.M. Pritchar
John Fry
Cimmon Francis
Jerry Fate
Jeremiah Bowen

DECATUR'S ROLL OF HONOR

The following list of Veterans buried in Lakeside Cemetery, was compiled by the Decoration Day Committee of Burnside Post G.A.R. L.G. Rafter was chairman of this Committee. The list includes one Veteran of the Revolutionary War.

M.L. Crittenden
L.A. Roberts
Smith (Revolution)
Newton Foster
Melrose Steel
Charles Steel
S.R. Fuller
Enoch Howe
Aaron Sweet
John Going
O.W. Chamberlin
Charles Boyle
John Wiles
T.M. Harris
Spencer White
Monroe Southern
John Redmond
Mort Redmond
Sylvester Redmond
Edw. Campbell
S.A. Harris
J.E. Kelly
Geremiah Fate
W.H. DeBolt
D.H. Stewart
Levi Garwood
A.S. Austin
Peter Cole
H.S. DeBolt
A.D. Scott
R.J. Rawson
George Percival
Oscar Caldwell
McKinney
Edgar Watson
Lucius Nutting
D.H. Lee
Issac Edick
E.R. Farmer
John Code
F.O. Breter
A.T. Jourdan
Jerome Head
Alfred Myers
Edw. Lee
Noble (unknown)
John Graham
H.B. Myers
Steven Parmerton
John Grotsinger
G.W. Riley
Nathan Kenges
Nelson Brown
Peter Bullard
George Dixon
B.F. Kimball
Silas Ferguson
C.J. Northrup
Johnson Parsons
Wm. Lyon
Charles Welcher
W.E. Cary
J.F. Cole
O.M. Pritchard
Robert McCann
George Delong
Orange Hayes
Wm. Horton
W.M. Chambers
Benjammon Bayles
John Hart
John Knoll
Jacob Echenberger
S.M. Rawson
Levi Caldwell
James H. Hammond
Alson Lusk
John Corner
Zephania Melly

THOMAS BRIGHAM, THE EMIGRANT:

1603-1653

1 THOMAS BRIGHAM, born probably in England in 1603; died in Cambridge, Mass., 8 Dec., 1653; married, probably in 1637, Mercy Hurd, born probably in England; died in Marlboro, Mass., 23 Dec., 1693.

Governor Winthrop has left a graphic narrative of sixty-four days on shipboard coming hither from old England in 1630. The Rev. Richard Mather also kept a journal of his passage, in 1635, which occupied twelve weeks and two days from taking ship at Bristol to the landing at Boston. These stories present a vivid picture of the perils and privations attending the long voyage Thomas Brigham encountered a little earlier in the latter season, from the somewhat more remote port of London. He must have first set foot on the New England shore early in June, for in one of the few passenger lists of that time which have escaped loss or destruction we read:

"VIII April 1635. Theis under written are to be transported to New England imbarqued in the *Suzan* and *Ellen*, Edward Payne Mr (Master). The p'ties have brought certificates from y^{e} Ministers and Justices of the peace y^{t} they are no subsidy men; and are conformable to y^{e} orders and discipline of the Church of England.

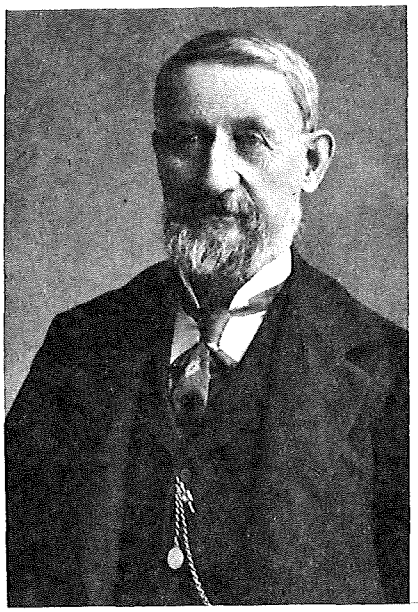
"Thomas Brigham 32"

Aboard the same ship were Symon Crosby and his wife and infant, future neighbors in Cambridge; Ralph Hudson and Percival Green, who were to be fellow-townsmen there, and also two boys, Benjamin and Daniel, with their father, the learned and reverend Peter Bulkley, who the same year was to found the town of Concord and long was its pastor and benefactor.

The record quoted, which is the earliest we have of Thomas Brigham, shows that he was born in 1603.

THOMAS[2], son of Thomas[1] and Mercy (Hurd) Brigham; born probably in Cambridge, Mass., about 1640; died in Marlboro, Mass., 25 Nov., 1716; married (1), 27 Dec., 1665, Mary, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Moore) Rice, (daughter of John and Elizabeth Moore of Sudbury), and granddaughter of Edmund Rice, the emigrant, and his wife, Tamazine; married (2), 30 July, 1695, Susanna, daughter of William Shattuck of Watertown and widow (1) of Joseph Morse and (2) of John Fay, whose first wife was Mary, the sister of Thomas. It will be noted that every descendant of Thomas[2] is also a descendant of Edmund Rice, who is an ancestor of many colonial families in eastern Massachusetts. He had a large number of children, some of whom were of mature age at the time of the emigration.

Thomas went to Sudbury and Marlboro with his mother when she married Edmund Rice. On attaining his majority he bought of his stepfather, for £30, a town right in Marlboro of "24 acres, with the frame of a dwelling house thereon, with all the privileges of the town commons and further additions of allotments to be made thereto." August 28, 1665, having completed payment for the same, he received a deed from the Executors of Edmund Rice.* This land, situated near Williams Pond in the southwest part of the town, was the beginning of his large farm, which included many acres stretching away toward Chauncey Pond in Westboro. Thomas Brigham also was one of the purchasers of the old plantation "Ockoocangansett," which had been reserved for the Indians out of the ancient boundaries of Marlboro, and which many contended they forfeited by their perfidy during Philip's War. Certain leading men of Marlboro, including the Brighams of the day, obtained, without the consent of the General Court, title to this plantation of 5800 acres and formed a company. The amount paid never can



⊙ LYSCUM BRIGHAM ⊙

be known, because of the subsequent disappearance of the deed, but the sum doubtless was nominal.

Miss Martha L. Ames, a descendant of Thomas[2], residing on the old Joseph Brigham place in Marlboro, owns a very early Brigham deed, dated "May 10, 1706," being a conveyance of 13¾ acres of meadow land, as explained by a map, going to Thomas[2] Brigham, out of "Cow common" land, and certified to by his brother "Dr. John," who had been chosen "surveyor and clerk" by the proprietors. On the old Thomas Brigham homestead, on the south side of present Forest Street, beyond the confluence of Glen Street, something like a score of rods from the highway and at the foot of Crane Hill, is a slightly raised rectangular plot, about 30 × 75 feet, from whose center springs a mature apple tree. Here rest the last of the Marlboro Indians, whose earlier generations listened to the great Indian Apostle Eliot. Their last chief expired in his wigwam, near Williams Pond, and was buried at this place on the Brigham farm, where thirty other individual graves could be made out by the last generation of Marlboro citizens. This spot has always been sacredly preserved by the owners of the Brigham farm.

*The parchment deed of this purchase is owned by Charles F. Brigham, of Allston, Mass., who relates that when a boy he boasted at school that he had a deed on parchment at home, and being dared to produce it, he tore a small piece off one corner of it and carried it to school to vindicate his statement. The interview afterward with his father was not pleasant. This deed runs from Benjamin Rice to Thomas Brigham, and upon it Mercy Rice made her "Mark" in place of a signature.

SECOND GENERATION

John Brigham began business for himself by erecting a sawmill, with rude flutter wheel, the first turned on Assabet River, it may be, near the site of one existing in Morse's day owned by Hayes and Bush in Northboro on Howard's Brook; he having received, in 1672, a grant of land on Licor Meadow Plain. Hudson says "It is difficult to tell when or where the first mill was erected. It is probable, however, that the first was a sawmill and was erected in that part of the town now included in Northboro, by John Brigham. It was near the center of the present town of Northboro, on a stream which constitutes one of the principal tributaries of the Assabet River. This mill was erected before Philip's War." Whitney's *History of Worcester* (1793) points out that "a little north of the meeting-house runs a small but lasting stream from the hills in the westerly part of the town, on which is a sawmill which performs considerable work in spring and fall." Rev. Joseph Allen says he was the first white settler of Northboro.

He surveyed the Marlboro Indian Plantation of about 6000 acres in 1672; was granted the extensive "Coram farm" for his services as surveyor; surveyed and mapped out Sudbury Township in 1708.

John Brigham appears to have been the leader in the attempt of some of the principal citizens of Marlboro to possess themselves of the Indian Plantation, Ockoocangansett, which, they alleged, had been forfeited by the Indians through their participation in King Philip's War. The General Court, in 1684, refused the prayer of the petitioners for permission to purchase the Plantation of the Indians; whereupon, says Hudson, it appears that the principal inhabitants of Marlboro, headed by John Brigham, resolved to possess the Indian lands. To cut the knot which they could not untie, on the 15th of July, 1684, they obtained, without the consent of the General Court, a deed of the Plantation from the Indians. This deed the General Court promptly declared null and void; notwithstanding which, the purchasers proceeded at once to take possession of the Plantation and to lay out and divide the lands.

"The 29th of October, 1686: At a meeting of the proprietors of Ockoocangansett Plantation, it was ordered that every proprietor should have laid out to him in some of the best of the land lying as conveniently as may be to the town of Marlboro.

FOURTH GENERATION

22 LIEUT. NATHAN[4], son of Nathan[3] and Elizabeth (Howe) Brigham, born in Marlboro, Mass., 28 Nov., 1693; died in Southboro, Mass., 15 Sept, 1784, æ. 91; married (1) 24 Dec., 1717, Dina, daughter of Edmund and Ruth (Parker) Rice of Westboro, Mass.; married (2) about 1729, Elizabeth (Ward) Snow.

Morse gathered the following facts: Prior to the second division of the original township of Marlboro, in 1727, Nathan held several minor town offices, but in the new town of Southboro, to which he was set off, he appears at once among her principal citizens, serving the first year as a selectman and soon after as treasurer. He was repeatedly placed on committees for hiring schoolmasters and chosen for the 29th time as a selectman at the age of 77 years, at which he remonstrated and was, with public thanks, excused. He lived near the houses of Samuel and Dana Brigham in the north part of Southboro, and is presumed to have inherited the lands southeast of Crane meadow, drawn in his grandfather Thomas' right. He did inherit the Bible, law-book, cane and sword of his father Nathan. He retained his vigor to a great age and when in his 90th year used to mount his horse without assistance.

FIFTH GENERATION

73 CAPT. EDMUND[5], son of Lieut. Nathan[4] and Elizabeth (Ward) Brigham, born in Southboro, Mass., 12 Aug., 1733; died in Westboro, Mass., 29 June, 1806; married (1), 2 Nov., 1757, Sarah, probably daughter of Samuel Lyscom, born 27 Dec., 1734; died 27 May, 1769; married (2), Elizabeth Bevel, of Marlboro, born 1740; died in Westboro, 11 May, 1825; she was brought up by Mrs. Ruth Ward, who became the second wife of Joseph Brigham of Marlboro, and lived in the old house, still standing, and occupied by Miss Martha L. Ames; it was in this house that Elizabeth Bevel was married.

Capt. Edmund was also deacon; he settled near Chauncey Pond in the northeast part of Westboro, and was an important citizen. He was warden in 1774; member of a committee of vigilance and correspondence, '77 and '78; selectman, '79, '87, '88, '91, 93. Was also Captain of the Company of Minute Men who marched on the Lexington Alarm. He took 18

men to the Northern Army, (who each had a bounty of £9), and at the surrender of Burgoyne he had command of a company of volunteers. Was kicked by a horse, which incapacitated him for further service in the army. British prisoners, destined for Boston, under charge of officers, accompanied him on his journey home, and were encamped on his grounds for a night, as they passed through Westboro. During the halt, a Hessian prisoner drew a map of Capt. Brigham's fine farm as the one he intended to draw for his service in conquering the country. This map was discovered, about 1800, by a citizen from the vicinity of Westboro, hanging upon the wall of an inn in Germany.

SEVENTH GENERATION

433 DEXTER[7], son of Samuel[6] and Lydia (Ball) Brigham; born in Waterford, Me., 24 Sept., 1808; died in Westboro, Mass., in 1884; married, 16 Sept., 1834, Martha W., daughter of Capt. Pierpont —— and Anna (Warren) Brigham, (186); born in Westboro, 3 April, 1813; died in Westboro, 6 April, 1889.

He resided on Pierpont Brigham's homestead in the north-east part of Westboro, probably the place where Capt. Edmund Brigham resided. The male line is extinct.

Children, born in Westboro:

i Marion Sophia[8], b. 26 March, 1835; d. 18 Feb., 1841.

ii Adaliza, b. 20 Oct., 1839; d. 7 Jan., 1877; m. 15 March, 1866, Andrew Otis. Ch. (Otis):
1 *Francis*[9], b. 1871; d. *ibid.*
2 *W. I.*, b. 25 Sept. 1875; m. in 1900, ——.
3 *Fred*, b. 15 Jan. 1885.

iii Mary Elizabeth, b. 8 Aug., 1843; d. 7 April, 1869; m. 14 Nov., 1865, William C. Penniman. Ch. (Penniman):
1 *Lizzie P.*[9], b. 11 Dec. 1868; m. in 1897, Edgar H. Bates.

iv Dexter Pierpont, b. 14 Oct. 1845; res. in 1904, in Westboro; m. (1) 14 Nov., 1867, Diana Tufts; m. (2) 5 Dec. 1894, Alice J. Forbush. Ch. (by first wife):
1 *Jessie*[9], b. 6 April, 1869; m. 28 July, 1897, William Sanford.

v Albert, b. 11 July, 1846; d. 8 July, 1887; m. 28 Jan., 1870, Kate Pettigrew. Ch.:
1 *Nellie E.*[9], b. 20 June, 1872; m. 25 Dec., 1897, Albert H. Daniels.

vi Ella Sophia, b. 14 June, 1848; d. 27 Jan., 1870.

vii Lora, b. 26 March, 1851; d. 30 Aug., 1851.

434 CURTIS[7], son of Dea. Lyscom[6] and Martha (Fay) Brigham; born in Westboro, Mass., 21 May, 1793; died in Gun Plains, Mich., 24 Feb., 1872; married in Boston, 14 Aug., 1817, Lydia, daughter of John Woodbury; born in Salem, Mass., 5 April, 1789; died in Gun Plains, Mich., 28 Nov., 1876.

He was a shoemaker and farmer. In 1812 he walked 90 miles to Boston for work; then engaged on a coast vessel and was captured in the War of 1812. He kept a shoeshop in Boston. In 1833, he started for the West; drove to Brattleboro, Vt., thence took stage to Troy, N.Y., canal to Buffalo; by lake to Detroit; then walked 125 miles to Gun (or Gull) Prairie, Mich.; then he returned for his family and drove back the next year. He cleared a farm and saw hard times. He began the first regular Sunday meetings in Allegan County, Mich. in 1835, and was licensed to preach. For 10 years he led meetings, Sunday-school and attended funerals, besides doing his farm-work. At the age of 75 he wrote an interesting life-sketch for his family from which this is taken.

Children, the eldest born in Boston, the second and third in Charlestown, and the others in Shutesbury, Mass.:

I Lydia W.[8], b. 11 Jan., 1820; d. in Plainwell, Mich., 27 Aug., 1891; m. in Gun Plains, 17 Dec. 1845, William Y., son of John Gilkey; b. in Vt., 10 June, 1805; d. in Richland, Mich., 13 Jan., 1868. Ch. (Gilkey), all b. in Richland, except the eldest:
1 *Curtis O.*[9], b. in Gun Plains, 3 Sept., 1848.
2 *Martha*, b. 28 Feb., 1852.
3 *Willard E.*, b. 24 March, 1854.
4 *Mary O.*, b. 5 April, 1856.
5 *John W.*, 1 Feb., 1859.

435 BENJAMIN FAY[7], son of Dea. Lyscom[6] and Patty (Fay) Brigham; born in Pelham, Mass., 25 Aug., 1800; died in Springfield, Mass., 16 March, 1884; married in 1823, Abigail, daughter of Shadrach Hoar; born in New Salem, Mass. 7 March, 1803; died in Springfield, 21 Oct. 1868.

He was a merchant, and in 1835 moved to Westboro, Mass., where he remained for 16 years; thence to Springfield. He also resided for a time at Shutesbury, Mass. The male line is extinct.

705 LYSCOM[8], son of Dea. Curtis[7] and Lydia (Woodbury) Brigham; born in Shutesbury, Mass. 31 Jan., 1827; married (1) 29 Jan., 1852, Mary, daughter of Theron Norton of Cooper, Mich., who died 6 Nov., 1869; married (2) 26 Jan., 1870, Calista, daughter of Erastus Cressy of Prairieville, Mich.

He studied at Olivet College, Mich.; resided in Orangeville, Mich., thence to Decatur, Mich., where a prominent citizen and the largest mint distiller in the state; has a 520 acre farm. He patented a marsh shoe for horses to work in the swamp.

Children (by first wife), born in Decatur:

i Curtis L.[9], b. 3 April, 1855; m. Kate Lindsey; res. Plainwell, Mich. Ch.:
1 *Olive*[10]

ii Lydia M., b. 12 Sept., 1860; res. unm., with father.

iii Dexter E., b. 14 May, 1862.

iv Charles W., b. 29 June, 1867; m. Lucy Cady; res. Decatur, Mich., where a grower and distiller of mint. Ch.:
1 *Geneva R.*[10]

Children (by second wife), born in Decatur:

v Arthur E., b. 28 Nov., 1871; m. Mabel Culverhouse; res. Decatur. Ch.:
1 *Thomas A.*[10]

vi John F., b. 29 Nov., 1877; m. Allie Willson; mint grower, Decatur.

vii Frank M., b. 11 Feb., 1880; unm.

viii Alfred C., b. 29 Jan., 1883.

ix Leslie A., b. 31 Aug., 1886.

810 ERVIN FRANK[9], son of Dea. Curtis[8] and Esther (Metcalf) Brigham; born in Sylvan, Mich., 17 April 1853; died in Lenville, Idaho, 3 June, 1893; married in Moscow, Idaho, 5 Oct., 1880, Emma, daughter of William Overacker of Iowa; born 22 July, 1859; she resides a widow in Kipling, Wash. Was a fruit-grower in Idaho. Justice of the Peace and Sunday School superintendent. He was 6 ft 1½ in. in height.

Children, all but the eldest born in Lenville:

i William Curtis[10], b. in Moscow, 4 Sept., 1881; educated Univ. of Idaho; a teacher and medical student; in 1905 went to Des Moines, Ia., and thence to Los Angeles, Cal., to study Osteopathy.

ii Frank Howard, b. 17 May, 1883; d. 17 July, 1894.

iii Harrison Benton, b. 11 Nov., 1888.

iv Fleda Adaline, b. 18 Dec., 1891.

v. Ella Gladys, b. 20 Oct., and d. 14 Nov., 1893.

811 DEXTER E.[9], son of Lyscom[8] and Mary (Norton) Brigham; born in Decatur, Mich., 14 May, 1862; married 27 Jan., 1892, Clara W., daughter of William and Olive (Wait) Lindsey; born in Prairieville Township, Mich., 9 Sept., 1861. He reisdes in Decatur, Mich., where he is a grower and distiller of essential oils; is a member of the Village Council.

Children, born in Decatur:

i Margaret Wait[10], b. 15 Aug., 1893.

ii Doris Mary, b. 15 June, 1895.

iii Lyscom Dexter, b. 2 Oct., 1901.

812 WALTER DAMON[9], son of Alfred Milo[8] and Caroline (Damon) Brigham; born in Natick, Mass., 4 Sept., 1853; married in Manchester, N.H., 17 July, 1879, Carrie B., daughter of Charles Brigham; born E. Kingston, N.H., 2 Sept., 1860. He resided in Willimantic, Conn., for many years, where he was superintendent in the factory of the Willimantic Linen Co.; was also Postmaster and alderman. Removed to Plymouth, Mass.

Children, all but the eldest born in Willimantic:

i Abbie Wood[10], b. in Lowell, Mass., 22 Oct., 1881.

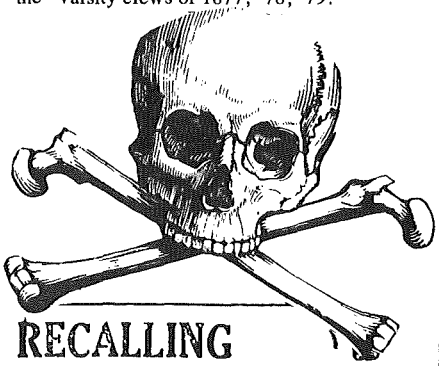
ii Helen Idora, b. 21 Sept., 1884.

iii Barbara Louisa, b. 26 Nov., 1884.

iv Paul Goodrich, b. 25 Sept., 1894.

813 NATHANIEL MAYNARD[9], son of Alfred Milo[8] and Caroline (Damon) Brigham; born in Saxonville, Mass., 8 March, 1856; married 18 June, 1894, Mrs. Luella Cobb Young of Salt Lake City, Utah.

He is a graduate of Harvard University in the famous class of 1880 (Roosevelt); a member of the 'Varsity crews of 1877, '78, '79.



RECALLING MORRIS MURDER

(The story of the Morris murder as published in the Paw Paw Free Press and Courier of October 2, 1879, was completed with testimony before a coroner's jury and the jury's verdict. The paper is faded and worn in creases and difficult to read, but Operator Howe has done a good job of deciphering and has here preserved the manuscript which otherwise would have been lost to the world.)

THE TESTIMONY

Below we give in full the proceedings on the inquest:

The Coroner's Jury

A jury was impaneled by Justice Haynes, of Decatur, consisting of Dr. J. T. Keables, Dr. G. L. Rose, Dr. H. M. Brodrick, W. H. Clark, and L. D. Roberts, and testimony was taken as follows:

The Testimony

Jennie M. Bull, (a girl who had worked several years for the family) testified—"I went away to Geo. Relts', at Charleston, yesterday about quarter past eleven; came home about 4 o'clock; found the house locked; I went home to father's, then came back about half past six. They (Mr. and Mrs. Morris) told me they went away about noon to John Gould's in Porter; they had a horse named "Raish" and single buggy. The clock struck 8 as I blew out my light before retiring. They were both at the barn feeding colt when I went up stairs. There was no one around here when I came home. I heard them talking after they came back from the barn; don't know when they retired. I walked to

Charleston alone. I heard no noise in the house during the night, but a jar. (She explained that she did not know what it was or suspect anything wrong,and went to sleep again.) I slept over the dining room, just over the door where Henry was found on the stoop. My stair door was shut but not fastened—was ajar. The inside lock on the porch door was fastened by a catch for fastening the bolt of the lock. While we were eating our lunch, Mrs. Morris said, "Jenny, did any one bring you home?" I said no. She said, "there are buggy tracks that turned up the lane from the east"; but nothing more was said about the buggy.

When I awoke this morning my arms were numb. I awoke and saw the sun up, and wondered why I was not called because they always called me earlier. I got up this morning at about half past six o'clock. I came down stairs and saw Henry lying on the porch as I went by the door. The door was open, but the screen door was shut. All the rest of the doors of the house were locked.

I went out at the woodshed door, and went to Mr. Gillitt's, in the tenant house. The hired man was not there. Mrs. Morris while at lunch told me she thought he would not be here to-morrow on account of the sickness of his wife. His name is John Klinger. I did not see him when he came. I was at Gillitt's. It was about an hour before I came back.

I ran to my father's from Gillitt's, and came back again with my mother after a little while, for I was afraid to come back alone, and found John Klinger, Mr. Rosewarne, Charley Rosewarne, and my father at the barn and Elias Morris and wife in the house. They came out as soon as I got back. There have not been any strangers here for several days or weeks.

No one working for Henry but Johnny Klinger, he has been here six or seven weeks. Before him Riley Huntley worked for him nearly four years. Johnny came to work Monday and Riley left Tuesday afternoon. Levi Reits worked one month with Klinger. When Reits left here he went to his father's. He lives on the Goble place, now owned by Austin Charles.

Riley quit work because Henry did not like his drinking, but parted good friends as far as I know.

Mrs. Morris always kept her jewelry in the right hand drawer of the bureau and always locked the drawer when she went away. When I have made the bed I have often found the revolver under his pillow, but sometimes saw it on the washstand, to the right of the door as you enter, after the bed has been made. He generally slept on the front side of the bed next the door. I have been here with them 4 or 5 years; and was intimate with them, so much so that Mrs. Morris would tell me to be sure and lock that drawer if I went away. I guess they hid the money about the bureau but do not know.

He sold I think $122 worth of hogs at Decatur on Wednesday." (She did not know whether he got the money.)

John Klinger testified:—"I am 21 years old, and live in Volinia, 1⅓ miles from here. Knew Henry Morris and wife; have known them two years and a half. I have been at work for Mr. Morris two months. I boarded here when I worked for him. I was here every night last week. Drew wheat to Decatur last Saturday for Mr. Morris. He was at Decatur with me.

He went over in a buggy; got home about six o'clock; he got home about 10 minutes before I did. Don't know whether Mr. Morris got any money Saturday for his wheat. I stayed here Saturday night; left here Sunday noon. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were at the barn when I left here. I went home yesterday when I left here, and did not return until about six o'clock this morning. Met some parties at Nicholsville, but did not have any particular conversation with any one.

When I came home I rode to the barn and fed the horses; came out and found Mr. Morris' pants at the barn as I came out. I lifted them up and dropped them; came to the house, found Hank, took hold of him to lift him up, thinking he was sick and couldn't get back to the house. I saw the door open and discovered him bloody, so I left him. Did not notice any tracks on the lane, but thought it strange the gate was open. No bridle or halter is missing from the barn.

Mr. Morris said (yesterday) he was going to John Gould's for a while and make a call, and would probably be back at 4 o'clock. Levi Reits was working here about four weeks ago. I get $13 a month wages on this farm. There is a horse missing; there were five horses in the barn last night. The one that is gone was the best one he had."

The Verdict

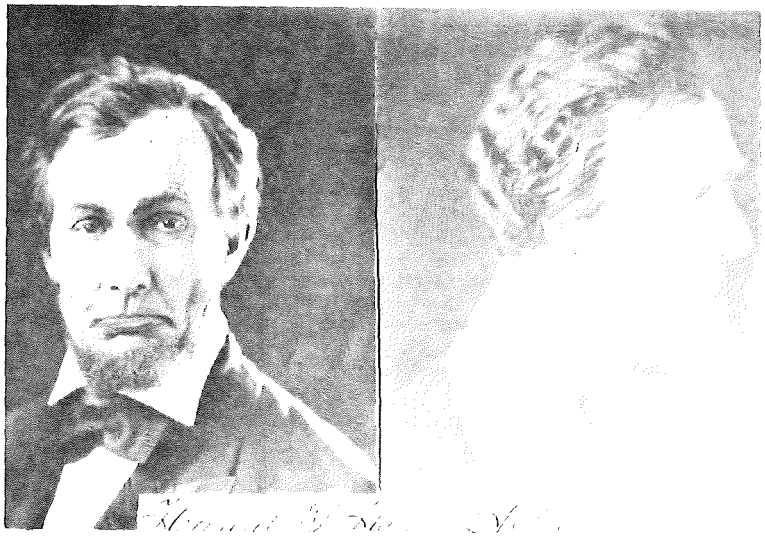
The jury in their verdict, say: "That the bodies of the said Charles H. Morris and Esther Morris were found lying dead in the house of the said Charles H. Morris in the township of Decatur, in the county aforesaid, and that said bodies, when so found as aforesaid, appear to have been shot—Esther Morris having received one shot entering the thoracic cavity below the lower angle of the scapula, on the right side, which shot came out on the left side between the third and fourth ribs, on a line with the nipple; another shot entered the left breast above and to the left of the nipple, either of which would have caused her death. Chas. H. Morris received two shots, one of which entered between the fourth and fifth ribs within an inch of the nipple on the right side of the chest, and came out beneath the shoulder blade of the left side; another penetrated the neck on the right side, its course being downward and to the left, lodging under the skin one inch to the left of the spine, on a line with the exit of the other, either of which was sufficient to cause his death. And the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths as aforesaid, do say that the said Charles H. Morris and Esther Morris came to their death by the said wounds, appearing upon their bodies as aforesaid, and not otherwise, but who inflicted said wounds is to the jurors unknown."

LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD

[illegible] time [illegible] dog-
wood tree
Grew stately and [illegible] the
rest,
In the [illegible]age of the forest
In [illegible]ing [illegible] they spoke,
For [illegible] the [illegible]
Their [illegible] hearts with
love,
For [illegible] of the Crucifixion
Was [illegible]ing very near.
Alas, [illegible] was the fate of the dogwood,
Twixt sorrow and shame was
torn,
When it was called upon to hold
The Master's crucified form.
Then Jesus in deep compassion
Promised never again would it
be
For a [illegible] reminder of His Cross
He chose the dogwood tree.
Each springtime thruout the ages
As the dogwood petals unfold
Impressed on each is a nail print
For all mankind to behold.
In the center of each blossom
There appears a crown of thorn,
A reminder of His sorrow and
shame
And the suffering that was borne.
The branches now twisted and
slender
That once were so rugged and
strong,
The petals in the form of a cross,
Two short, the other two long.

—J. H. A.

Howard Hall - Actor



Howard Hall As Lincoln

HOWARD HALL'S SUCCESS

Is Rated Most Versatile Actor in Melodrama

Howard Hall, the popular actor whose country home is in Hamilton township, is meeting with remarkable success this season in his play "The Wall street detective."

The New York Mirror, one of the leading dramatic papers, says of his work:

"It is not necessary to visit a Broadway playhouse and pay $2 for a seat to enjoy good acting. That is, it is not necessary as long as Howard Hall is appearing in The Wall Street Detective at popular price houses. At the Fourteenth Street Theatre last week Howard Hall gave a performance playing three different characters, that would hold its own in comparison to most work one sees along Broadway in the course of a dramatic season. The play was performed for the first time and must necessarily undergo many changes before it can be expected to stand as high in the estimation of an audience as the acting of the chief character who plays in it. Mr. Hall in playing the three different parts demonstrates his right to be known as the most versatile actor in melodrama. If nothing else was needed to prove his right to this distinction, the reception which was tendered him by the large audience which assembled to witness the first performance of his play should be proof conclusive to the unknowing. Mr. Hall looked as though he didn't like the presentation of flowers, but that is the penalty for a popular actor and his friends rightly thought that no exception should be made in his case. The play contains some climaxes which do not have the desired effect. They need not be detailed here, as they were as evident to the author of the play as to the spectator, and with a few more rehearsals and performances the defects will be removed and it will undoubtedly occupy a high place in the list of attractions which the popular price houses will see the coming season. The Wall Street Detective can be said already to have taken a place which, for its appeal to lovers of clean melodrama, will rank it with the best.

Mr. Hall is playing in the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York City.

ACTOR HAS FIGHT WITH UGLY LION

HOWARD HALL ATTACKED ON STAGE AT BIJOU.

"Brutus" of "The Waif's Paradise" Attempted to Put Star of Play into the Actor Man's Paradise—Mangled Hall's Hand, but Hall is Thankful to Escape With His Life

When Howard Hall, leading man in "The Waifs' Paradise" at the Bijou theatre, appeared on the stage December 12, it was with one hand in blood-stained bandages. Every person in the audience noticed the bandage, but few knew that it told of a terrible fight for life that occurred behind the scenes while the early arrivals at the theatre were being seated by the ushers.

Just before dressing for his first appearance on the stage Mr. Hall went into the cage of lions to test their temper. He found Princess as gentle and docile as usual, but Brutus was ugly. Mr. Hall watched him carefully, and after a minute or two the animal calmed down and appeared to be all right. Thinking that all was well, Mr. Hall started toward the door of the cage when suddenly with a roar the beast was after him.

Mr. Hall turned quickly and fired his pistol in the beast's face. The powder had its effect, but before he retreated to the opposite corner of his cage, the lion struck viciously at Mr. Hall, the claws catching his hand, and badly lacerating the middle finger of his right hand.

"I suppose it was a narrow escape," said Mr. Hall, "But as it is, it is only a trifle. The claws came very near to my body, and if they had caught me—well, there wouldn't have been any performance of 'The Waifs' Paradise.'

"Brutus has an ugly disposition. He is not really ferocious, but is treacherous. The day I bought him last fall at Coney Island, when he was being transferred into my cage, he caught Captain Wilson, his old attendant, and nearly killed him. I have always watched him carefully since then, and tonight is the first time that he ever injured me."—Minneapolis Journal.

What Do We Know Of the Real Indian?

BY CHAS. PALMITER

Scattered over the country are the works of two distinct races, one race extinct, the other practically so: one the Mound Builders, the other the Indians. While the works of the first are popularly called Indian mounds, it has been decided by those who claim to know that the Indians had nothing to do with their construction, and that the occasional skeletons, that are evidently Indian, found in them were buried there ages after the completion of the mounds. The mounds and earthworks of the Mound Builders are not found east of the Alleghany Mountains, while the stone implements of the Indians are found from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Since the coming of the white man, bringing iron and gunpowder, the characteristics of the Indian has so changed that the people who scattered the arrow heads can well be said to be extinct. The physical may remain the same but the real Indian has gone. When an Indian obtained a gun he had no use for the flint arrow heads and he neither made nor taught their making, so that in a few generations the making of stone weapons become a lost art. To understand how an art may be so easily lost, we have only to remember that spinning wheels are a great deal more scarce than stone weapons. It does not take a very old person to remember the time when nearly every house contained the implements used to manufacture cloth. The women spun and wove, and who knows that the squaws did not make the arrow heads?

It does not do much good to search the fields for arrow heads as they are nearly always a surprise, but there are camps to look for. The camps are plentifully scattered over our country, and it does not take much cunning to find them. They are found, mostly, in the neighborhood of water and on sandy soil. Nearly my whole experience in looking up camps has been in the township of Hamilton, and over only a small portion of that. I have looked in the neighborhood of running water in but one place. I saw a place that I thought that if the soil happened to be right there might be a camp. On going to the place I found sand, flint chips and a few arrowheads. I mention this to show that it is not very difficult to locate camps. The camps that are not near to water seem to me to have been temporary ones, as I have found nothing in them but the flint chips and an occasional fragment of an arrowhead that is not finished, indicating, to me, that it was broken while being worked at and the pieces thrown away.

Usually flint chips are what first attracts the attention on a camp. When the chips are found, begin to look for anything that may be found, for you are quite liable to find something besides arrowheads. I have found many stone implements on camps the use of which is beyond me. One kind I have called scrapers. I have many of them of different forms though they may have been used for the same purposes, and one of them appears to be made to use with a handle. Another tool that I have found I can conceive of no use for unless they are used for a similar purpose that sailors use a piece of leather in the palm of the hand to push a sail needle through the cloth, the Indians using the stone in the palm of the hand to push a bone awl through leather. There is another kind of a stone implement, but what they were used for I have not even tried to guess, except that they were used to pound with. They usually weigh a pound or a pound and a half, and are of an oval shape and about an inch in thickness. The middle of the flat sides has a depression as if made by continuously striking something sharp and hard, and the edges are battered as though they had been struck against another stone. These implements are not flint, nor are they made but are natural stones selected on account of their shape and size. Another implement is called a skinning stone, I have been told. The only one that I have found is about three inches long and the bit or cutting part is about an inch and a half wide and is finished like the bit of a stone tomahawk. It is as symmetrical and as well finished as can be done by civilized stone workers with steel tools.

There seems to be two kinds of arrowheads, one for hunting and one for war arrows. The hunting arrowhead, the kind with the notches in, is much the more common and needs no description. The war arrows are of a different shape. They are a triangle the length being more or less greater

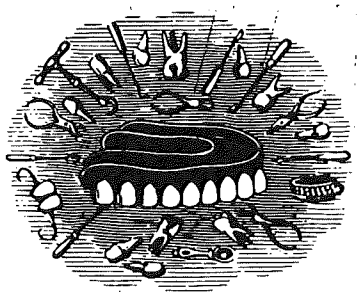
than the width. They are smaller and thinner and all the edges are equally sharp. There are no notches to fasten them to the shaft for they were to be left in the wound if the shaft was withdrawn. Doubtless this kind was poisoned. **Each of these kinds may be subdivided, according to their forms.**

The difference in form I have supposed originated in the different work by different tribes, yet some suppose that the difference came from a difference in individual workmen. It is easy to divide them into kinds, but there are not enough different forms to justify me in believing the difference is individual and not tribal. I find a kind of arrowhead that is not finished with the usual notches but there is a shank to fasten it to the shaft. This kind of a head is of a much stronger make than the other kinds. Then I have found a few, but enough to show that they are a class by themselves, that are more like a spike, becoming somewhat wider and thinner toward the back end which is half moon in shape and thinned to an edge.

The making of arrowheads is generally looked upon as a great mystery. It is said that the Indians will not tell how it is done. Now I think that the Indian of today does not know how himself. He has lost the art, that is all. I will venture to say, with my small knowledge and experience that the 20th century white, man if he was put to it could make them, and without iron tools, either. I have seen my own work pass for the real thing. In examining the chips around a camp, many will be found with one side thick and square. We can safely say that they were removed by a blow, which shows one way that flint may be worked. It is supposed that fire and water may have been used also. If flint is heated, and a sharp stick with a drop of water on it be touched to the hot flint, a flake will come off. A wet buckskin string, or even the finger with a drop of water will have the same effect. I know a man who has tried the heat and water plan and found that it would work. A plan that I have tried is to take a piece of flint in each hand, and simply press them together.

It is also a mystery to many where the Indians got the flint, thinking it is not to be found around here. Some kinds I have not been able to find, but I have seen places where it can be gotten, and where it has been dug and broken into a shape to carry away to be finished in camp.

It isn't how much cold cream a woman puts on her face but how much Rocky Mountain Tea she takes inside that brings out real beauty. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea complexions stay. 35 cents. Tea or tablets. M.S.Carney.



DENTIST.

DR. HOOPER, DENTIST

The professional card of N. E. Hooper, dentist, again appears in the Republican. Dr. Hooper has practiced dentistry in Decatur continuously for 34 years and by far the greater part of that time he has been the only dentist in Decatur.

He has been so thorough and painstaking in his work that his practice has grown beyond the limits of this village and vicinity and some of the best citizens of surrounding towns come here for their dental work.

Dr. Hooper and Dr. Sprague were in partnership two years and now Dr Sprague has returned to Dowagiac and Dr. Hooper is alone again. Miss Leota Denise is assisting him and the Doctor is meeting his appointments with his usual promptness.

A QUIET FOURTH

A Few Picnics, a Few Dinner Parties, a Few Accidents

The fourth was void of excitement No attempt was made to attract visitors by a celebration. Some of our towns people entertained company and as many took advantage of the holiday to visit others.

There were a number of pleasant dinner parties in town and a number of picnic parties to the surrounding lakes. In the evening Main street was alive with fireworks.

But two accidents were recorded. In the morning Miss Lila Rose with a party of friends at Finch lake attempted to shoot a cannon fire cracker. The fuse burned too rapidly and just as she threw it it exploded.

Her hand was badly burned and she was driven hurriedly to town to have it dressed.

Orris Roberts thought he was firing a roman candle but it proved to be some kind of a set piece that shot fire out of holes along the side of it His hand was painfully burned.

BY J. J. STURR

The author of the following unique poem, now a printer of Brooklyn, New York, is a brother of attorney J. L. Sturr of this village, and spent his boyhood days on his father, Jacob Sturr's, farm in Volinia township. His pathetic portrayal of his present self indicates that his sojourn in Cass county must have been in primitive times, since which the land has been denuded of its forest and become bald like unto the author, and like him, too, is growing old, but none the less useful,

Underneath the turquoise sky
Where the limpid streams are streaming,
I watch the truant moments fly
And dream the dreams that I am dreaming.
No cherished fame or lust of gold
Appeals to me howe'er appealing.
It may be that I am growing old.
I sometimes feel I feel that feeling.
No silvery tuft or hoary lock
Adorns my knob with chaste adorning,
I furtive stroke my polished block
And mourn the morn of youth's glad morning.
My forehead now hangs down behind,
The few blond hairs are growing fewer,
I've tried experts of every kind
Who know the newest hair renewer.
It would not phase my billiard ball,
Not strong enough appeared the strongest,
So now I have no hair at all
Where long I longed to have the longest.
Since life is short and hope is gone,
I often think while I am thinking,
I'll go and fill my demijohn
And drink the drink the drunkard's drinking.
Or shall I choose the better part,
(If I may dare to be so daring)
And find some warm confiding heart,
Then pare my pear and go on pairing.

MISS CHARLES' SUCCESS

Critical Audience of Aquila, Italy, Applauds her Work and Mayor of the City Sends Congratulatory Message.

Herewith is published a letter to Mrs. A. Charles of this village from a member of the opera company in which her daughter Miss Gertrude is singing in Aquila, Italy:

Aquila, Italia,
July 31, 1904.

MRS. A. CHARLES,
Dear Madam:—

I wish to acquaint you with your daughter's success upon the operatic stage in this city last evening. She made her appearance in Verdi's opera of "Il Trovatore;" singing the strong role of "Azucena" (the gipsy). The theatre was filled with our best people and every one was very curious to hear her in that heavy part. When the curtain went up for the second act with Azucena on the stage for the first time, there was a perfect silence all over the house; but when she had sung her solo, they applauded and encored her until she was obliged to repeat it.

At the close of the act, the first society people of the place went upon the stage to congratulate her, and the Mayor of the city wrote her a complimentary message. All this is the more remarkable because the people of this place are very difficult to please in matters of music

I have, myself, never doubted that she would succeed because she had a fine voice to begin with, but she has had to study very hard to accomplish what she has done, for you must know that to sing in Italian and in Italy is very difficult indeed for a foreigner. No one of us, however, would have believed that she could do so well in her first performance, and we are all delighted that the first step has been so successfully taken, and that she has promise of doing so much in the career of the theatre.

Everyone is talking of her to-day, of her beautiful voice and the good work she has done, and saying that she has a very bright future before her. I am sure that you must be proud of your daughter's brilliant debut, and you will be interested to know that it took place in the same theatre where the famous Prima Donna Lillian Nordica made her first success.

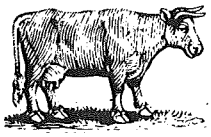
To-day Miss Charles is very tired because there has been a great deal of extra work during the past few days. She has asked me to write you how everything has gone, which I do with the greatest pleasure.

Trusting to have sometime the honor of making your acquaintance personally, I am, with my best regards

Very sincerely yours,

ENRICO OPPI.

Miss Charles has won fame in the operatic world after years of unremitting work. Perseverance and pluck tell the story of her success. Her parents and friends and her home community may well be proud of her.



BUTCHERING AT HOME

The slaughtering of live stock on the farm is going out of fashion altogether — too fast! There is no good reason why every farmer should not butcher his own meat as well as market more or less of his live stock direct to the consumer. The illustration shows a very simple and suggestive way of butchering a beef or other animal.

Where a suitable building and windlass is not convenient, the work may be done under a large tree. Strongly fasten a stout pulley, a rope up among the branches, and fasten the end to a spike driven into the tree.

1904

"Peeka, The Pottawatamie"

BY

HARRY GARRETT

Shavehead was tramping noiselessly through the soft, light snow along the shore of Diamond Lake. He was on track of a wild turkey, and his well trained eye told him that the bird was not far away. Suddenly there was a flapping of wings, and, looking up, he saw it gracefully sail into a tree. A little way from the tree lay a large log, if he could get behind this, he would have a good shot. Unstrapping his snowshoes, dodging carefully from tree to tree, he at last reached the log, and was about to fire, when the turkey, with a loud gobble, spread its wings and flew far out into the forest. With a grunt of disgust Shavehead was about to arise when something else caught his eye.

Out in the lake, a few rods from the shore lay a little island of about eighty acres. This island was covered with forest. On the edge of the woods, close to the shore of the island, directly opposite of where Shavehead lay, was the hut of Old Jim, the Diamond Lake hermit. There he lived all alone, five miles from the nearest white family. It was reported among the Indians that he had money hid somewhere, still they had never seen it. They knew that every month he would go to St. Joe with a pack of furs for which he would receive a good sum of money. From this they reasoned he must have it concealed somewhere about the island.

As Shavehead was about to come out from behind the log, buckle on his snowshoes and tramp on, he saw Old Jim come out of his hut and look carefully about him. There was something mysterious in his actions, so Shavehead lay still. Satisfied no one was around Old Jim took up an ax and went up to a large sycamore tree a little way out in the forest. Then he struck the tree a few blows close down by its roots, and, after prying a little, about two square feet of the side of the tree fell out. Reaching in he drew out two iron kettles, sat them on the ground, and then put back the square good as before. But as he set one of the kettles down, something slid off the top and lay glittering on the ground. A ray of the setting sun fell upon it and it shone with a golden lustre. Gold, said Shavehead to himself, and his Indian eye gleamed animously. After Old Jim had entered his hut, Shavehead arose from the log, fastened on his snowshoes, and tramped far out into the forest. There he built a fire and lay down beside it to await the morning, when he would return to his Indian village.

Devils Lake is about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Near its western end lay three small islands. Opposite these islands on the shore of the lake, was a Pottawatamie village. This was the largest and most important of their villages in the southern part of Michigan, for it was the home of the great Pottawatamie chief, Pokagon. Pokagon was getting old, though yet he could tramp many a mile without fatigue. He was loved by all his tribe. Though brave and strong, he ruled his people by love, not fear. He allowed the missionaries from the east to build their little church a few miles to the south of Devil's Lake, then he and his beautiful daughter Peeka were among the first converts. Since that time the mighty chief and his daughter could be seen every Sunday morning at the church. Peeka was a typical Pottawatamie. At the age of nineteen she could run as swift, shoot as straight, or paddle a canoe as good as any one in the village. Her voice was soft and musical. She was kind to everyone. Around her lips a smile was always hovering.

One night Peeka sat alone in her wigwam, humming a little song the missionaries had taught her. The flap parted and Wanee strode in. Wanee, though the youngest, was the greatest warrior of the tribe. He stood next to Pokagon in importance. He was loving and kind. No one could bring in more game than he; no one could paddle a canoe any swifter; no one could

endure more hardships. For this he was looked up to and respected. Wanee's especial friend was Shavehead. They could nearly always be seen together, although Shavehead was the opposite in character. He was only a little behind Wanee in those qualities that make an Indian great. He was rash and impetuous. He was respected through fear. He hesitated at nothing which would be the means of obtaining his ends. Wanee could see these things less plainly than others of the tribe, for he and Shavehead had been friends since their childhood.

"How," said Wanee, as he entered Peeka's wigwam.

"How," returned Peeka.

Then Wanee crossed over and sat down on the bearskin beside her. The fire at the doorway blazed up and threw a red glow over the interior. The bronze features of Peeka trembled. Her eyes shone like stars. She sat beside the warrior she loved. For a few moments they sat in the dull red glow in silence. She felt the clasp of his great brown hand about hers. She thought of the awful power at its command. It could strangle a young wolf with the greatest ease. Now its touch was soft and gentle. Thus for a few moments these children of nature conversed in that silent language, then Peeka spoke:

"Wanee, 'when does Shavehead return?"

"In the morning," answered Wanee.

"You and Shavehead are the best of friends," went on Peeka, "but you must watch him, for I'm afraid he will harm you some time."

"Nonsense, Peeka, what makes you think that."

"He knows that you are the greatest warrior in the tribe," replied Peeka. He knows he is next. He is becoming jealous. He would stop at nothing to obtain that first place. But he is becoming jealous of you in another way. He loves me!"

Wanee started. Could it be that Shavehead did love Peeka? He never had thought it. Still he trusted his friend, he felt no harm. "But does he know that you do no not love him," he at length replied.

"No I never have told him, fearing to arouse his anger. But I must do something soon, it can't go on much longer."

The fire was dying low. They heard the footsteps of Pokagon, so Wanee arose to go. At the door he met the chief.

"How," said Pokagon.

"How," returned Wanee, passed on, and soon was slumbering in his wigwam.

Shortly after sunrise next morning Shavehead came into camp. He went about more overbearing than ever.

Near one of the islands is a place the Indians call Devil's Hole. There is a mystery about this place. A few years before a squaw was crossing over to this island on the ice, and when nearly there, she was seen to go down, and has never been seen since. The next winter a deer was crossing the ice and disappeared in the same place. The Indians began to look upon it in superstitious awe.

The afternoon of Shavehead's return he and Wanee were out fishing. Just before dark they saw a little girl making straight towards Devil's Hole. They called, and waved their hands, but all in vain, she neither saw nor heard them. On she sped until all at once she gave a cry, and sank before their eyes.

For a week after this incident the camp was quiet. Then one day Pokagon and Wanee went on a hunting trip. Shavehead remained in camp. After they had gone he went to the wigwam of Peeka. She was alone. He strode noisily in and grunted a greeting.

What a contrast, thought Peeka, to Wanee, who came in soft and still, whose voice was low and kind, and whose touch was light and caressing. After a brief silence Shavehead spoke.

"Peeka, I love you, I think I have told you that before. To-day I ask you to be my wife."

This took Peeka unawares. But her mind worked fast. She did not want to tell him that she did not love him. She did not want to tell him that she was promised to Wanee, for she feared for Wanee's life.

"Shavehead," she finally answered, "when you can come into my wigwam and pour into my lap more gold than any warrior in the village, then, perhaps, I'll be your wife."

"Will you? then your mine," he answered and left her.

"Never," she said after he had gone, and her black eyes snapped.

One night about a week later, when all the village was wrapped in slumber, Shavehead arose, buckled on his snowshoes, threw his gun over his shoulder, and departed toward the southeast. After about three hours' journey he found himself again on the shore of Diamond Lake. Before him was the hut of Old Jim. Near it was the coveted gold. He crossed over to the island and pounded on the door of the hut.

"Who's there?" shouted Old Jim.

Shavehead gave a shove and the door fell in. A bright moon was shining, and he saw Old Jim sitting up in bed on the opposite side of the room. He threw his gun to his shoulder, a deafening crash rang out upon the still night air, and when the smoke cleared away, Old Jim lay upon the floor with a bullet in his head. Shavehead then went to the sycamore tree, took out the gold, and was soon striding towards home, and, by the time the rest were astir in the Indian village, he was in his wigwam with his gold safely buried.

The winter wore slowly on. Spring was near at hand. Shavehead and Wanee decided to have one more hunt that winter. The next week they would start, and would not return for many moons.

At last the night before their departure arrived. Peeka had been with Wanee all day, and had cautioned him again and again to beware of Shavehead. She was sitting all alone in her wigwam, when suddenly the flap was lifted and Shavehead strode in. Going directly over to where she sat, he emptied a hand full of gold in her lap.

"Now my reward," he said.

For a moment Peeka could not speak. She never thought for a moment that he could obtain the gold. She decided to tell him all.

"Shavehead, I can never marry you, I do not love you."

"No, but you love Wanee," Shavehead thundered.

"Yes," replied Peeka. "Here, take your gold," and she threw it on the bearskin at his feet.

Shavehead gathered it up and departed.

Wanee and Shavehead had been hunting nearly two weeks. They were on the banks of the St. Joe. It was growing dark and time to camp, but they could find no suitable place. Finally they decided to cross. Wanee took the paddle and Shavehead sat in the stern. When they had reached the centre of the river, Shavehead reached down at his feet and picked up his tomahawk. He drew back his arm, and then with all his mighty strength, it flew from his hand. His aim had been true. Striking Wanee in the head, it went crashing through the skull, and buried itself deep in the brain. With never a cry he threw up his hands and fell into the dark waters. In a moment all was quiet. The peaceful waters of the St. Joe rolled over the body of Wanee.

Shavehead hunted a few days alone, then returned to Devils Lake. There he told how Wanee, after killing a deer, and loading it into a boat, had tried to cross the river, but when about half way across, was capsized

and drowned.

All believed this except one broken hearted maiden, and that was Peeka. Not for one moment did she doubt but that Shavehead was the cause of Wanee's death.

A week rolled by and again Shavehead stood in the wigwam alone with Peeka. But before he could say a word, Peeka arose and stood before him. She drew herself to her full height; her proud head was thrown back; her eyes flashed in anger. Her long brown arm was pointed directly at Shavehead, who stood cowering before this haughty Princess of the Woods. At length she spoke.

"I know why you came here. I know what you want. But you may as well go out into yonder forest and talk to the senseless oak. Never shall I become the wife of Shavehead. You it was who murdered the hermit of Diamond Lake that you might throw his gold at my feet; you it was who closed in death the eyes of my lost Wanee. Go, and never address Peeka again."

For once Shavehead was defeated. Before him stood Peeka motionless as a statue. He fell under the power of her eyes, and obeyed them. Without uttering a word he wheeled and went out.

The next Sunday Pokagon and Peeka went to the little church as usual. No smile played round her lips now. Her face was sad and thoughtful. She sang the simple songs as never before. They lingered a long time after the sermon before they returned to the village.

That night just at sunset, someone saw a figure out on the lake, going straight toward Devil's Hole. The alarm was spread, but too late, she was on its very brink. It was Peeka. She kept saying over and over a little prayer she had been taught. She knew she was very near, she shut her eyes. All at once she felt herself going down. She felt the cold water about her. It seemed an age, but at last it closed over her and she knew no more.

There was one who stood on the shore who could not bear to see the sight. Shavehead had turned his back.

A WEEK OF SORROW

Large Crowds Attend Funerals of Three Boys Drowned in Lake of the Woods.

BRIFF SKETCHES OF THEIR SHORT LIVES

During the past week but little has been thought of in this village save the sad fate that befell the three school boys who were drowned in Lake of the Woods last week Wednesday.

The boys were good students and well thought of in the community.

The funerals were attended by crowds of people that packed the large churches and many were turned away.

Miss Gertude Charles sang at each funeral.

RALPH ADAMS.

Ralph Adams, the older son of Mr. and Mrs. George Adams, was born in Charlotte, March 31, 1889, came to Decatur with his parents in 1901, and since that time has been a student in the Decatur school, entering the high school this year. He was a good student and a favorite alike with his schoolmates and teachers. He was one of the school's best representatives in athletics and was the regular second baseman in the high school nine. He was a member of the school fraternity, Kappa Delta Psi.

From 9 to 11 o'clock Sunday morning a continual procession of his school friends passed through the [illegible] gazed for the last time on [illegible], bright face which they will never forget.

The funeral was held in the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon, Rev. A. M. Smith officiating, assisted by Rev. A. L. Toner. His schoolmates, the Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebecca attended the funeral and marched to the grave in Lakeside cemetery. The pall bearers were Arden Treat, Leslie Sweetland, Lyle Rawson, Elmer Wolfe, Archie Wolfe and Lester Beardsley.

Those from away who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Will R. Quantrell and George Quantrell of Charlotte, A. B. Quantrell of Grand Ledge, Mrs. J. E. Scott of Detroit and Mrs. A. C. Darling of Charlotte. The last named is Mr. Adams' mother and she will remain here this winter.

CARD OF THANKS

Words will not express the gratitude of our hearts to our many kind and loving friends and especially the I. O. O. F. and D. of R. who so courteously and kindly helped us to bear our bereavement. Thankfully Yours,

MR. AND MRS. GEO. E. ADAMS.

FRANK BAYLES.

Benjamin F. Bayles, Jr., was born in Horseheads, New York, August 20, 1889, and moved to Decatur with his parents 5 years ago. He graduated from the grammar room last June and was a good pupil. He was one of the best athletes in the school and was the regular catcher for the high school ball club.

His funeral was held in the Methodist church Saturday afternoon and the church was not near large enough to hold the crowd that went to it. Rev. A. L. Toner officiated. The pall bearers were Lyle Rawson, Arden Treat, Tommie Brownbridge, Martin Knoll, Lester Beardsley and Leslie Sweetland. Interment was in Lakeside cemetery.

Those from away who attended the funeral were May Bayles and Mrs. Nellie Flickenstein of Kalamazoo and Miss Annie Cassady of Macomb, Ill.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavement, the loss of our loved one. Also the choir and for the beautiful flowers. The kindness of all will never be forgotten.

MR. AND MRS. B. F. BAYLES
AND FAMILY.

BURDETTE BLETT.

The youngest of the three boys drowned in Lake of the Woods last week was born in Pennfield township, Calhoun county, March 5, 1893. He was one of four children of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Blett and came to Decatur with his parents seven years ago last August. He spent his entire school life in this village and so far as his father remembers, was never absent from school but one day. He was in the sixth grade, Mrs. Genung teacher, at the time of his death.

The funeral was held in the Methodist church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. Hay officiating.

The Odd Fellows, Daughters of Rebecca, Modern Maccabees, W. R. C. and his schoolmates attended the funeral and followed the remains to Lakeside cemetery where interment took place. 575 people viewed the body at the church.

The pall bearers were Paul Squier, Irving King, Carl Vining, Stacy Peterson, Charlie Brownbridge and Floyd Mullinex.

Among the relatives from a distance who attended the funeral were Mrs. Susan Brown, her daughter Mrs. Cora Brown and her adopted child of Texas, Kalamazoo county, Ferris Blett and family and Timothy Cotherman of Marcellus, Levi Cotherman and family of Kalamazoo, and Mrs. Sarah Gearhart and daughter of Marcellus.

CARD OF THANKS.

We appreciate beyond our power to tell the kindness that has been shown us in our bereavement. We especially thank the societies and the school.

ALLEN BLETT AND FAMILY.

THE FLOWERS.

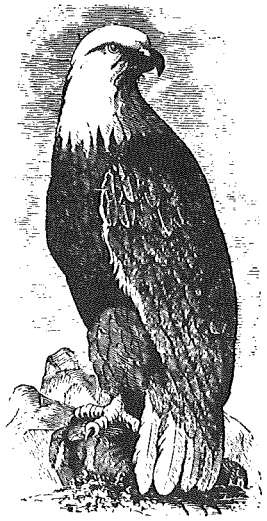
School was called last Thursday morning and dismissed until Monday. Teachers and pupils alike were shocked by the terrible accident.

The teachers and pupils raised $32 for flowers and Bernard Creagan went to Kalamazoo and bought them Friday. He selected a beautiful pillow and three large sprays for each of the boys. The Kappa Delta Psi of which Ralph was a member, and the Kappa Delta Gamma, a similar society of high school girls, furnished a beautiful wreath of white and red carnations for their fellow member.

The Odd Fellows lodge furnished floral pillows for the graves of Ralph Adams and Burdette Blett and the Modern Maccabees a wreath for Burdette Blett, their fathers being members of these orders.

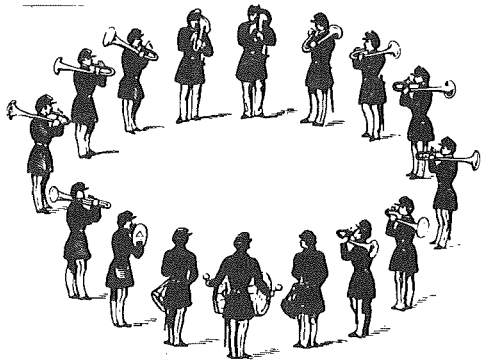
These special pieces and many other beautiful flowers covered and surrounded each white casket.

Benjamin F. Bayles who was recently committed to the Jackson state prison for 5 years for shooting Sylvester C[illegible] attended the funeral of his son Frank in charge of Guard Stearn. At the earnest request of the members of his family the citizens secured the consent of Warden Vincent to let Bayles come and a collection was taken up to defray the expenses. Bayles and the guard arrived on the 2:39 train and were driven to the bereft home. They remained over night going to Kalamazoo on the early morning train and on to Jackson over the electric road.



DECATUR CORNET BAND
(Successors) — 1904

George Adams
Otis Newell
Harold Lawrence
Willard Van Antwerp
William Geer
Charles Upfield
Leon Knight
Carlton Lindsley
Arden Treat
Charles Pritchard
Bruce Bassett
Austin Lawrence
Myron Hinckley
Nick Huff



ORDINATION SERVICE

With Auspicious Services, Rev. Franklin G. Varney Became the Ordained Pastor of the Universalist Church.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

The ordination of Rev. Franklin G. Varney into the Christian ministry at the Universalist church last Thursday evening, March 2nd, marked the beginning of another epoch of usefulness for the little brick church. Mr. Varney graduated from Lombard college, Galesburg, Ill., last June, taking the two degrees of B. D., and A. D., and shortly after which he took up the work as pastor of the local church. During his short residence in Decatur, he has proven himself a faithful and conscientious servant of God and has manifested an innate desire to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it is revealed unto him. He is broad and liberal in his thinking, always willing that others should interpret life and its duties in accordance with the light that is given unto them; yet always conservative in the practice of all pertaining to man's higher nature and anxious for the moral and spiritual welfare of the community. And, consequently, he has won the respect and confidence of the members of his church so that they are unanimous in asking for his ordination and he is highly esteemed by all who have made his acquaintance.

The Republican predicts a bright future for Mr. Varney and believes that all who are interested in the upbuilding of Christ's kindom, wish him God speed in his chosen work.

His ordination service was largely attended and all present were benefited by being uplifted in thought and purpose of life. As a mininister of another church said; "It was a feast of good things." Mr. Varney's brother, Rev. C. E. Varney, pastor of the First Universalist church of Clinton, Ill., delivered the address of the evening, and it was pronounced by all who heard it, irrespective of church affiliation, one of the best that they have had the pleasure of hearing. If he should again visit Decatur as a preacher or lecturer, he would receive a most cordial welcome for he won the admiration of his audience by his fearless yet gentlemanly presentation of his message. His text was: "I came that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." He began with the first and simplest form of life in the far off beginning, and symmetrically evolved his theme by treating life in its many and varied forms of development, until it reaches its highest form with which we are acquainted, that of the spiritual life in man. He concluded by emphasizing the fact that it was the duty of the Christian mininister to aid in every possible way, the development of man's spiritual life. He also offered the ordination prayer and in a few well chosen words, presented the pastor with a Bible, the gift of Rev. Mecca Varney, wife of the speaker.

Rev. W. L. Gibbs of Concord gave the charge to the people and to the pastor, and also, as chairman of the Fellowship and Ordination committee of the state convention and in behalf of the General Convention of Universalist churches, extended the Right Hand of Fellowship. It is always a pleasure to listen to words spoken by Mr. Gibbs.

Rev. Geo. B. Rogers contributed the invocation and scripture reading and otherwise aided in making the occasion the impressive yet joyous one that it was. It was through his favorable acquaintance with the principal speaker of the evening during their college days that the younger brother was called to begin his ministry here. Mr. Rogers, as many of our readers will recall, also began his ministerial work here by preaching during the summer vacation of 1896, returning after graduating from the Lombard College in 1897 to become the regular pastor, being ordained in October of that year and continuing in active work until threatened nervous troubles caused him to resign in 1900. Since that time he has frequently supplied the pulpit and throughout all, both by precept and example, has done much for the uplifting of humanity and the sustaining of the Christian church at large on the broad and high plane which it oc cupies.

The two special pieces of music by the chorus choir, under the direction of W. E. Munger, and the solo by Mrs. Geo. B. Rogers lent much of beauty and inspiration to the service and thus closed an eventful evening for the Universalist church, and may it prosper in all its activities.

A large number of Knights of Pythias attended the service.

Gather the roses of health for your cheeks,
While the parks are shining with dew.
Get out in the morning early and bright
By taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night. M. S. Carney.

JOHN SQUIER

After a long illness from which there was no hope of recovery John Squier answered the final summons early Monday morning, January 9. Mr. Squier died at the home of his brother David where he went last summer and where he has been tenderly cared for during all of his long illness. The funeral was held at the Universalist church Wednesday afternoon and the remains were laid at rest in Crane Cemetery by the side of his wife and five children.

The deceased was the eldest son of Daniel C. and Elizabeth Squier. He was born in Butler County, Ohio, December 8th, 1828, and came to Michigan, then a territory, with his parents in 1831. The family located in LaGrange township, Cass County, where the village of Cassopolis now stands. During the winter Daniel Squier helped to lay out the village of Cassopolis. In March, 1832, they took up their farm in Volinia township which was then a trackless wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and Indians. Their nearest neighbors were Indians located about twenty rods from their cabin. At this time all of Van Buren County belonged to Volinia township for judicial and legislative purposes. In youth John Squier learned the carpenter's trade and worked on buildings in Cassopolis, LaGrange, Dowagiac, Decatur and the surrounding country. February 24th, 1853, he was married to Sarah Morlan who preceeded him to the other side August 23rd, 1903. To them were born five children, Alonzo, Estella, Ellsworth, Otis and Fred, all of whom have passed away. After his marriage Mr Squier purchased 80 acres of land one-half mile south of Charleston where they lived until 1894. On account of poor health he sold the farm and moved to Decatur. He was a member of the Masonic lodge of Decatur, its members attending the funeral in a body and performing the Masonic burial service at the grave.

John Squier was a man whom everyone respected and honored. He was one of the oldest pioneers of Cass County and did his share toward moulding it into the prosperous county it is today. He was one of those men whose word is as good as his bond and who never took advantage of a man in a deal. He will be remembered long in the communities in which he lived, and without an unkind thought.

1905

THE OUTLOOK FOR DECATUR

BY A. W. HAYDON

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

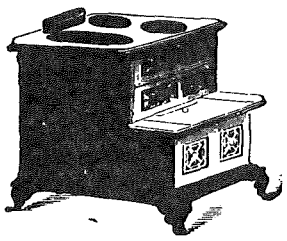
True as to individuals, alike true as to villages, states and nations. The whole past is strewn with the wrecks of lost opportunities, and tinged with the bitterness of mistakes and regrets Can we learn wisdom by the failures and successes of the past? Perhaps a little. O "if our foresight was only as good as our hindsight." Such little circumstances make such vast differences in the outcome of things. The old territorial road ran from Detroit to St. Joseph. The Michigan Central survey followed through Kalamazoo, Paw Paw and Keeler Center and many expected St. Joe to become the second city in importance in the state. If this dream had come true Lawton, Decatur and Dowagiac, it is likely, might never have been on the map, while Paw Paw might have been a city and Prospect Lake and Keeler might have been large and prosperous villages. It is said that P. D. Beckwith was at the end of his rope when he had invented the roller drill and powerless to go on without financial aid and that he could find but one man who would give him the assistance needed. It was flood tide for Dowagiac and that inventor and his friend seized it and initiated an impulse which has flowed on, and on, and made it what it is, one of the brightest, most active, up-to-date cities in the state, and its drills and stoves are known the world over.

Now as to Decatur. With the coming of the Michigan Central the flood tide began and it soon became the market town for an immense territory. North and South and West, till other railroads cut it off on all sides. Then it was feared that the ebb was about to commence. But with the improvement of the swamp lands and the growth of the celery, mint, and produce trade, and later the rapidly expanding fruit interests, comes the assurance that the tide of prosperity is still rising.

Shall we keep it coming by securing the electric road or shall we lose the chance, and while away our idle moments building other paper roads as we have in the past. "He who will not when he may, he shall not when he would." This road would make Decatur a junction and a competing point. It would bring our beautiful country in close touch with Chicago and lend city people to buy homes here and all property would increase in value, all lines of trade would expand and the town would grow and be alive. If the road should run along the west and south sides of the Lake of the Woods, a resort might spring up which would be of immense advantage. Chicago is coming to Michigan to live about its lakes in summer. But if we allow the lake to be drained we can't have it a resort, now or ever.

Other things being equal Decatur would have got the Normal School on account of the beautiful lake view from its proposed site. But the Normal is not the only "pebble on the beach" and other, and perhaps better things may offer, and the lake may determine their location here. Better get a move on and keep the lake with all its possibilities. It will cost nothing to keep it but a whole lot to drain it.

At first thought few would realize what it would mean to lower the lake four feet. Water one inch deep over the surface of an acre weighs over 113 tons. To look at the map the lake would seem to cover an area at least one mile long and one half mile wide or 320 acres, which would give a total weight of water to the depth of four feet of 1,728,000 tons equal to nearly thirteen million barrels. What would be the effect of removing such an immence volume of water from the lake? Opinions would doubtless differ widely, but in all fairness it ought not to be done without full consideration and the approval of a majority of those who might be affected thereby.



MILLIONAIRE'S POOR STOMACH.

The worn-out stomach of the overfed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists. M.S.Carney.

TUSK BROUGHT FORTUNE.

Story of the Beginning of Prosperity of Alaskan Millionaire.

Harry Hill, the millionaire lumberman of Alaska, found his first streak of good luck in the tusk of a mastodon. Seven years ago he went to Alaska as a prospector. He failed to make a strike and was about to return to the States. When traveling north of Nome he saw great forests there and knew that a fortune greater than any gold mine existed in them. Hill soon acquired the right to cut unlimited timber, but he lacked the means to do it. He had no money to pay the enormous cost of a saw mill in that territory and he saw no chance of getting it until one day the mastodon's tusks appeared on the scene.

In the heart of a dense forest through which the young man was wandering and making vain plans for the future, but at the same time keeping his eyes open for new species of timber, he leaned to rest for a moment against what he thought was an enormous boulder. As he did so there was a crash, he felt himself falling in a cloud of dust and when much surprised he picked himself up again, it was to find that the boulder was in reality the skull of an antediluvian monster. Investigating further, he discovered that it was the skull of a mastodon with its tusks buried in the ground, just as it had fallen thousands of years ago in some great battle with its kind. Securing tools he dug downward and unearthed one perfect tusk and the broken half of another.

To make a long story short, he sold the great tusk to the Canadian government for $8,000, and through this sale met people who financed him in his lumber project.

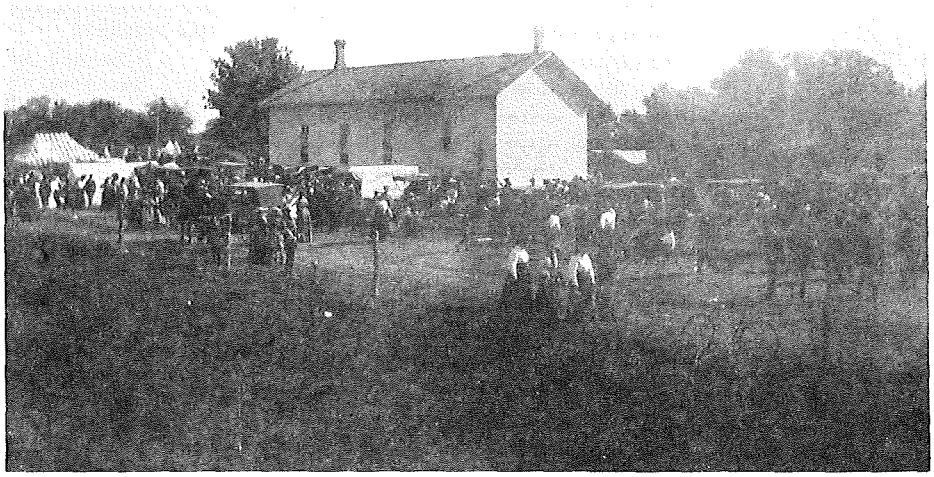
From the broken half he has had different small objects made for use as presents, and Edward VII. of England plays billiards with the only ivory balls ever made from the tusk of a mastodon.

During the past year nine weddings have been celebrated in the family of Henry Fritz of Fritzburg. One was his brother, four were nephews and four were nieces.

Jonathan Curry (died 1905)

Born on Curry Homestead in Decatur Township 1833. He was third white child born in Van Buren County. Lewis Clayton Morris was born in 1830 and Elias Morris born 1832. Married Elizabeth Good — came from Ohio in 1829. Received title to 160 acres from the Governor. His son, D.A. Curry made the farm his home.

1905



HAMILTON FAIR AT HAMILTON GRANGE HALL - 1905

CHANT OF THE MUSHROOM HUNTER

I

We chant of fungus on the tree
Of mushrooms growing o'er the lea,
Of toadstools in grass and wood,
The oddest that's ever told,

CHANT —

Pleurotus — Ostreatus
Campestris, Boletus,
We'll have you for dinner at six o'clock sharp
"Beware, don't you eat us"
Say most Amanitas,
"Or by dawn of tomorrow you'll play on a harp."

II

We hunt the morels in the spring;
The parasol, the fairy ring,
We seek in later seasons when
The silvercola dots the glen,

CHANT —

The green lepiots,
The fat pholiota,
We pick and admire, but care not to eat,
But Coprinus Comatus
Or any pleurotus
Have wonderful flavor and cannot be beat.

III

All good puffballs are white inside
As angle cake — and splendid fried!
But Jack-O-Lanterns that glow at night
Are pleasant only on to the sight.

CHANT —

Red head Hygrophorus
Stinkhorn, Polyporus,
Pine cone... coral... white, blue and red;
Oh, how can you tell 'em
Oh, some you can smell 'em;
And others you eat — if they're poison, —
YOU'RE DEAD!!!

DEATH OF THADDEUS HAMPTON

"In 1868 our subject came to Michigan, and in 1870 settled in Dowagiac, where he lived about seven years. Next he went to Glenwood to care for property there, and is now (1893) developing a large stock farm, a part of it wet lands, which he hopes by tile draining to make highly productive, more for the satisfaction of seeing the change than the prospect of profits.

"Mr. Hampton was married November 19, 1856, to Marry L Phippen, a native of Lynn, Mass., and a daughter of Rev. George Phippen, then of Canton, Conn. She was a lady of culture and refinement and an exemplary Christian of the Baptist persuasion. She died February 7, 1862, leaving to the father's care two little boys: Herbert M., now a merchant at Glenwood; and William H., who died July 19, 1890. He lived single until October 20, 1873, when he married Miss Gertrude R. Reshore, who was born in New Haven, Ohio, March 8, 1848, a daughter of Louis and Martha (Lisle) Reshore, the father a native of Paris, France, the mother of Sandusky, Ohio. She was educated mainly in the Dowagiac public school, and subsequently was engaged in teaching at Albion, Ind., and Dowagiac, Mich., until her marriage. Of this union were born four children, Robert Louis, Charles Francis, Thaddeus Lisle and Lucy Graee, who are all living. In religious belief Mrs. Hampton was a Baptist and widely known as an intelligent promotor of practical Christianity. Mr. Hampton's belief was, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." They are both advocates of temperance. Mr. Hampton never drank a glass of liquor at a bar, and he and his sons abstain from strong drink and tobacco in any form. Both husband and wife believe in the enforcement of industry and sobriety as a preventitive of crime and dependence, instead of punishment afterward, which does not prevent.

"In politics Mr. Hampton was a Whig and gave his first Presidential vote to W. H. Harrison. He is strongly in favor of protection to American industry. He was in at the beginning of the Republican party and was secretary of the large mass meeting held at Ottawa that inaugurated the party in Illinois. Though not desirous of holding office, he takes an active interest in all the measures he deems for the public good.

"On September 10, 1888, while walking on the railroad track in Glenwood, he was struck by a freight engine and was so terribly injured that for weeks recovery seemed impossible; but a strong constitution, skilled physicians, and especially the constant watchfulness of his devoted wife, finally prevailed, and now, at the age of seventy-six, he apparently has a lease of several years more of usefulness."

Since the above was written Mr. Hampton's wife and brothers and sisters have all preceeded him into the Great Beyond. He continued to gradually improve and develop his extensive farm property at Glenwood and the property became valuable beyond his early expectations. In 1902 he deeded the property, consisting of 1000 acres of land and numerous buildings, to his five children who incorporated under the name of the Hampton Stock Farm Company and are now conducting an extensive and profitable business.

IN OLD ENGLAND

T. Culverhouse Visits the Scenes of His Childhood.

Thomas Culverhouse has just returned from the scenes of his boyhood in Old England, and he tells about his journey in the following lines to the Republican:

I left Decatur May 15th, went to Buffalo, from there to Baltimore and from there to New York City.

Was in New York three days. I got a permit from the inspector and boarded the Celtic, the largest of the White Star line of ocean steamers, also the La Tourine of the French Transatlantique Co.

Sunday, May 21st., I boarded the British King steamer and arrived at Hamburg 16 days later.

I spent a week on the mainland visiting Berlin, Brestsh, Cologne, Paris and Calais, and arrived in London June 17. Was a little too late for the Derby races, but attended the Ascott Lady Horse Race, saw the king and queen in the grand stand and London's 10,000 in white silks and laces. The king and queen are very popular and go about the city nearly every day which makes a big trade in bunting and fine clothes.

London has been promoted and is now a county instead of a city. The county owns the electric car lines, the river boats, the gas and electric lighting plants, and the rates are very cheap. It costs 1 cent to ride on the cars and 2 cents on the boats. Everything is at the lowest notch to help the working class.

The London Council has 400,000 employees on the pay roll and $25,000,000 was appropriated for street work this summer.

I left London June 26th. for Tring Park, the country seat of Lord Rothchild. I have nephews, nieces and an aunt there. My nephews showed me over the lord's estate, through his kitchen and flour gardens kept by dozens of gardeners, through his immense private menagerie, through his auto and cow sheds and barns. He has got a great dairy of Jerseys, they are kept in stalls and the partitions are antique oak. Each cow's name is in a gilded frame at the head of the stall. The floor of the barn is glazed tile. The lord has large fields of hay and it brings $20 a ton now. During the Boer war it brought $35.

I went next to Watford, near London, to see my two brothers John and James. My nephews and nieces here had lots of fun with their Yankee uncle. The showed me their school and how to play cricket and introduced me to their friends. I stayed with them ten days and then went back to London.

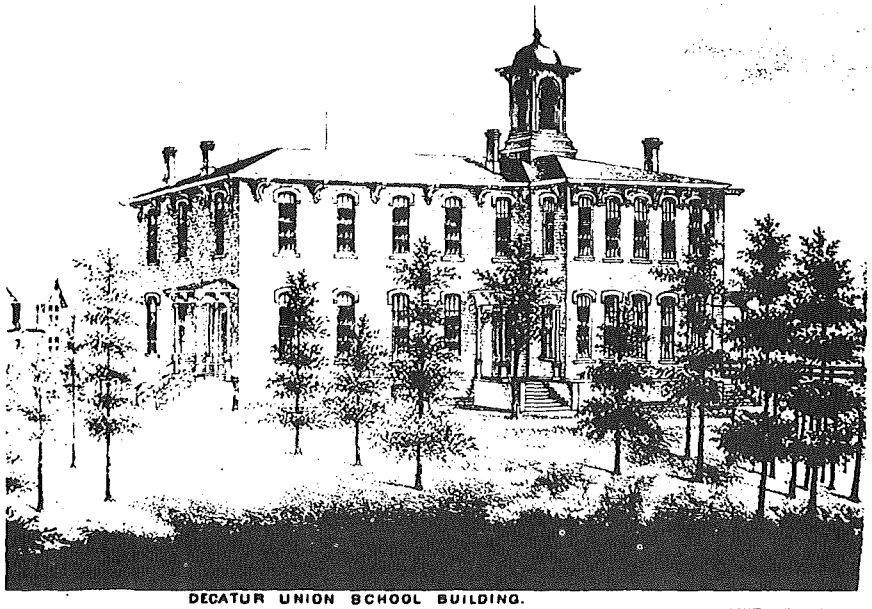
On the 24th. of July I started for home. I knew it would be very warm on a steel ship to New York so I went to Glasgow and took the North Passage. On the 29th of July I left this city on the steamer Athenia of the Donnelson line. The passengers were mostly Scotch immigrants going to western Canada and we had a very pleasant voyage, singing and dancing every evening. One day we had a concert for the Sailors' Widows and Orphans Home and raised $15.

All day Friday, August 4th., we were in sight of large icebergs off the coast of Labrador. Saturday night we sailed across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Sunday night arrived at Quebec.

The next morning after breakfast ourselves and our baggage were examined by the doctors and custom house officers and were allowed to land. I came on to Montreal, Toronto, Detroit and home.

It was a fine trip and not expensive and I would advise all my friends to take it. THOMAS CULVERHOUSE

1 Edward II



DECATUR UNION SCHOOL BUILDING.

HISTORY — THE UNION SCHOOL

The school in Dist. 4, Decatur Village, was organized in 1862 as a graded school. In 1863 work on a new school building was begun and in September 1864, sessions were held in the edifice. It was of brick, of handsome and substantial appearance. Cost $12,000.

Employed seven teachers, had an average attendance of about 400 and required for its annual support $4,300. The first Superintendent was Prof. Bellows. He graduated his first class in 1867.

On February 11, 1919, during the night a fire of undetermined origin destroyed the first building. Loss $40,000, insurance coverage $12,000. Mr. Washburn was Superintendent. They went to the Trowbridge house on School St. and used it for the rest of the year. They started the new building right away and it was completed in September 1920. The cost $100,000. There were 371 students.

In 1912 the grade school building was built as the number of pupils increased. This two story building cost $12,000.

In 1951 another grade building was built. The cost for this building was $175,000.

In 1963 the third High School building was started and finished for full use by January 1964. The bond issue was $750,000.

SUCCESS OF FORMER DECATURITE

Ward Copley Elected President of a Half Million Dollar Corporation.

The Republican is pleased to publish a portion of a letter from Ward Copley received last week in which he gives a brief account of the Citizens' Transit Company of which he recently has been elected president:

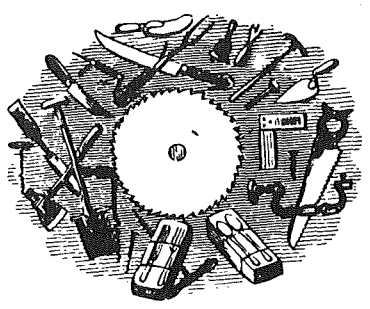
Detroit, Mich., Feb. 27, 1905.

DEAR SIR:—

Inclosed find one dollar for subscription to your paper, which I think has a high standard of excellence.

The first of January I was elected president of the Citizens' Transit Co., a half million dollar corporation, organized to operate electric automobiles in the city and on Belle Isle. It was a knowledge of electricity worked out by me in the class of physics in the Decatur high school and my practical application of such knowledge in the electrical business in Kansas City, which secured me the position. Our company has the state rights for the "Berg" patent, which is a motor for each wheel and each wheel on a pivotal steering device. It has been demonstrated that a storage battery car can be operated at one-half the expense of a gasoline car and I think the coming car for city use will be an electrical machine with hard rubber tires. Such a machine well run eighty miles at from twelve to fifteen miles an an hour and be practically indestructible and and free from repairs. It takes about as long to charge the battery as to run it off.

Yours truly,
WARD COPLEY.



HON. E.P. HILL

DECATUR'S VENERABLE CITIZEN ANSWERS THE FINAL SUMMONS

The death of E. Parker Hill removes from Decatur one of its oldest residents and foremost citizens. Though living for some years past in the peaceful retirement of age, he was for many years in the early history of Decatur, one of its most active leaders and devoted his ability and energy unsparingly to its interests.

Mr. Hill was born in Yates county, N.Y., May 11th, 1819. He received a common school education and learned the cooper's trade from his father at Waterville, N.Y. There he became acquainted with Miss Harriet E. Hatch whose native place was Springfield, Mass., and on October 18th, 1843, they were united in those happy bonds which death has severed after almost 62 years.

For several years he engaged in the stave and cooperage business in Greene, Eaton and Prattsburgh, N.Y. Being in poor health, in 1849 he journeyed overland to California, but returned in two years by way of Panama and took up the stave business again. In 1856 he removed to Davenport, Iowa, to take charge of a stave factory but not finding the climate a healthful one for his family they came to the then new town of Decatur in December, 1858, where he assumed the management of the stave factory. He afterward bought an interest in the business which he conducted for many years, during which time he employed a large amount of labor and paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars to the new settlers for timber and labor. After retiring from the stave business he became interested in other business. He at one time conducted a grocery business with the late William E. Trowbridge, later was interested in the grain and shipping business with the late Lyman T. Rawson, conducted a hardware business for several years, and for a time was interested in a stave factory at Hartford, Mich.

He always took an active part in all local affairs and was an influential man in the development of the village and county. He was one of the first to advocate the incorporation of the village and became its first president. He advocated strongly a long list of public improvements some of which were strongly opposed by some of the less liberal and far sighted citizens, notably the building of what was at the time the largest school building in the county. He was instrumental in organizing the First National Bank of Decatur, and was its first cashier and later became its president. No matter what the movement was for the advancement of his home town and community, the subscription usually contained his name at the head, and he gave unstintedly of his time and toil for the common good. His services were appreciated and although he never was an office seeker, he was elected from time to time to various offices: President of the village, member of the school board, township supervisor he held for years in succession, besides having been elected to the offices of Register of Deeds and member of the legislature.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill have one son and one daughter living. L.D. Hill of Decatur, and Mrs. Alice H. Gordon of Van Wert, Ohio. One son, De Los, died in the south leaving one son of the same name now living in Atlanta, Georgia.

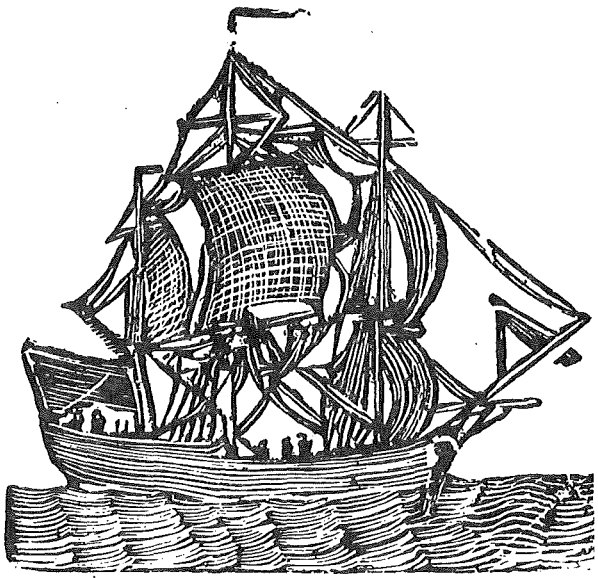
Mr. Hill was reared religiously and early in life became an active member of the church of his father's. For almost half a century he has been identified with the Presbyterian church of Decatur, and has served in every capacity from janitor up. He was its Sabbath school superintendent for many years and at the time of his death was its senior ruling elder in point of service. He has represented the church in the higher courts of the denomination frequently and in 1889 was a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in New York City.

His last sickness was of only two weeks' duration and he was conscious of but little pain, and at the close of a beautiful Sabbath day, August 20th, 1905, he passed quietly away, aged 86 years, 3 months and 9 days.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at the Presbyterian church, conducted by his pastor, Rev. A.M. Smith.

In his death a kind neighbor, a liberal and public spirited citizen and a genial and faithful Christian has gone to his eternal reward.

Aug. 1905



OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.*

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman, that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't make it quite clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby, for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I have never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An then I wrote to Rebecca,—my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there, for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

*From "Farm Ballads." Published by Harper & Brothers.

AN INDIAN INTERPRETER

OVER EIGHTY YEARS SPENT IN CASS & VAN BUREN CO. AND ALWAYS BUSY

At an early age, Mr. Isaac Wells, oldest pioneer in Cass County, lived in Bertrand Township, Berrien County. He and his parents were one of the first five families who settled on the old "Indian Reserve" which, at that time, was inhabited by a band of about 480 Pottawatomie Indians. His childhood days were spent in the comradeship of the few white children and numerous Indian boys who roamed the old "Reserve."

He was often employed as an interpreter for the Indians with whom he was on the friendliest of terms. Mr. Wells made numerous trips on the Kankakee River with Chief Topneh Bey on hunting and fishing expeditions.

In his early manhood, Mr. Wells learned the art of blacksmithing from his older brothers, and continued this trade during the 1840's and 1850's shoeing many horses, mules and oxen that made the trip to the Golden Gate country in

the rush to that Eldorado.

He used to relate how he would stay up until late hours at night making nails from crude iron for use during the following day. Like most pioneers, he had a wonderful memory and told many interesting stories of the early days.

1906

LEVI LYLE

One of the County's Best Citizens and Earliest Pioneers

March 29, 1846, that is 60 years ago next March, Levi Lyle was born in a rough hewn shanty in the woods of Paw Paw township, 30 feet from where now stands the home of his nephew Jay Lyle.

Levi is the oldest son of the late John Lyle, one of the early settlers of the county. His grandfather, John Lyle Sr., was a native of Cornwall, England, and was born on Christmas day, 1793. With his family he immigrated to America in 1832, and in the spring of 1835 came to Michigan, locating his home in the wilderness 1¼ miles north of Paw Paw. He died December 4th, 1867, leaving a wife, ten children and numerous grandchildren to mourn their loss.

John Lyle Jr., Levi's father, was born in Devonshire, England, January 5, 1818. He was the oldest of the ten children and came to Michigan with the family.

He took up his farm in the wilderness in 1845 and blazed a trail to Paw Paw, his trading place. This farm which he cleared became one of the best in the county and was his home until his death October 5, 1899.

Levi, the oldest of four children, grew to manhood on this farm. He went to school in the old log school house in the neighborhood and then took two years under Prof. Bellows in the Decatur High School.

It was while going to school here in 1867 that the Decatur Republican was started. Mr. Lyle became one of its first subscribers and has never missed a paper since.

When he became 21 Mr. Lyle went onto the farm he now owns and built his present home. He was married in 1869 to Matildha Sherrod and they are the parents of seven children,—Melvin, Mrs. Nellie Patton, Mrs. Gertrude Webb, Mrs. Walve Mosier, Miss Beatrice, Arley, and Miss Alta.

A more honest, conscientious and upright citizen than Levi Lyle cannot be named. He has lived all of his life in one neighborhood and it is not known that he has an enemy.

His sense of right is such that he could not take even what is usually considered a fair advantage of a fellow citizen, and in selling wood he has been known to tell his boys not to accept if it was offered a price greater than he considered it worth. And in such a case his value of it is never high.

Mr. Lyle's life has been quiet and uneventful, but it furnishes an example of true citizenship which will be an influence for good in his community for generations to come.

CHRISTMAS IN A LOG CABIN

A Pioneer Family's Celebration

BY R. H. LYON.

Memory's storehouse holds many bright, happy, joyous Christmas days, scattered through a long flight of years, from the pompous public celebration and brilliant society performance to the quiet home observance, but among them all there is one far back in childhood's time that ever stands out in bold relief.

Father, with the courage born of the true American patriot and pioneer, had transported his 10 children from the ancestral abode among the aristocratic hills of old Connecticut to a new home in the wilds of western Michigan. A spacious house of logs had been constructed in the forest during the summer and there the large family was comfortably domiciled, while a small clearing upon which a few vegetables and corn were raised, with the wild game the country furnished in abundance provided provender of a plain but substantial character.

Good health and perfect contentment were each one's portion in this free, unrestrained life in the wilderness and all went merrily until the holiday season approached. Then the thought of old associations brought sadness to the mother's heart and to the hearts of the elder children. Away from church privileges, from all kin and old friends, and accustomed to big family gatherings, the idea of spending Christmas in this lonely place resolved itself into quite a serious problem. To those brave enough to break off life-long ties leave native heath and seek a new home a thousand miles distant in the unknown west, such a situation did not remain long in controversy, however, so there was joy throughout the household when the parents announced their decision that we were to have an old-fashioned Christmas celebration among ourselves, all at home.

Then the preparations began with great enthusiasm. From a towering pine tree on an island in a nearby lake the elder boys gathered evergreen boughs for decorating the house reserving one branch large enough for the Christmas tree This was set up beside the big fire place and the whitewashed walls of the one spacious living room were freely adorned with sprigs of green variegated with brown oak

leaves and the red berries of the bittersweet, till the face of the old clock on the mantel and that of the venerable bishop in its frame beside it fairly beamed with pleasure.

Meantime the girls were busy making molasses candy and fried cake images and little bags to put them in, while mother spent her time in molding candles with which to ornament the tree and illuminate the house, as well as cooking big fat doughnuts covered with real white sugar, and mince and pumpkin pies. Father had a secret mission to the village a few days before the great event and did not get home until after dark. He was seen to hide a good many mysterious bundles in the loft over the ox stalls, but they were not disturbed. No youngster of the family dare undertake such a risk.

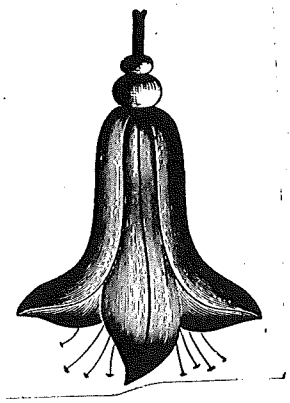
Certainly in no place on earth at that very time was there more peace or good will, or hearts better attuned to "sing the Great Creator's praise" than in this humble wildwood home.

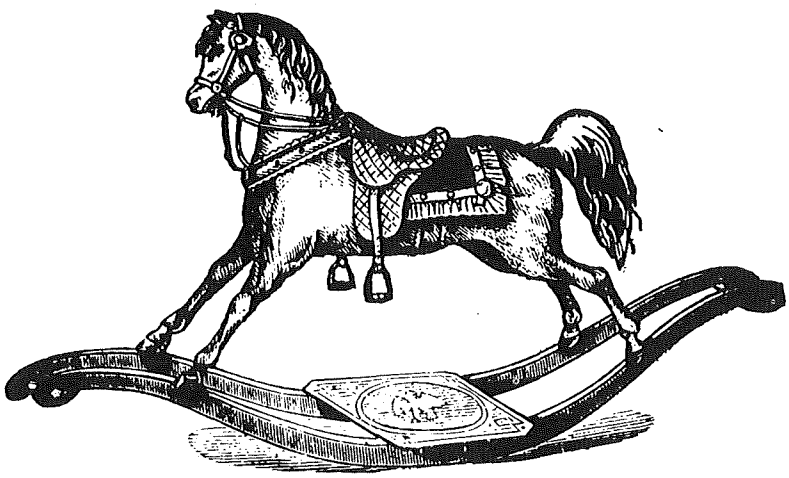
The sacred exercises over, then came the distribution of presents from the tree, the eldest son attired in a buffalo robe with a sheep bell hung about his neck and his head encased in a squirrel skin cap acting the part of Santa Claus. Each member of this happy household of a dozen souls, from sire to tiny babe, was generously remembered, and there were many glad surprises. Soon there was a gay procession of boys in home-made rabbit fur caps and gloves and red top boots, girls in new shoes, knit leggins, new aprons and rigolettes, father in a coon skin head covering, buckskin mittens and mother beaming through new spectacles, the baby toddling along in the rear flourishing a new rag doll, marched round and round the room, singing and shouting until the very logs of the domicile trembled from the jar of tramping feet, while the hunting dogs, aroused by the unusual racket, came out of their underground kennels in the back yard and set up a tremendous howl of distress.

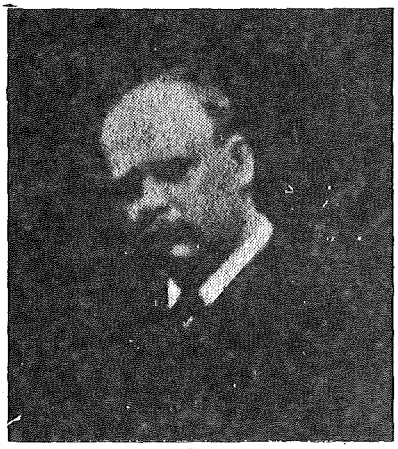
The next day the festivities were continued in the old-fashioned way, the chief feature of which was a feast that would have honored any baronial hall or home of the aristocrat. The menu consisted of wild turkey, fat, tender and juicy; saddle of rich, fresh venison, roast rabbit and stuffed pheasants, all of our own capture, with every ingredient that goes to make up a full grown Christmas dinner, including big raised biscuits, Jonnie cake, Indian pudding and mince and pumpkin pies. It was indeed a glorious feast, such as one meets with but once in a life time and it is not necessary to add that each hungry, healthy child was filled to full satisfaction.

After dinner we held a formal meeting and then resolved to celebrate the next Christmas in the same elaborate but homespun way, little dreaming that this would be the last event of its kind in the family's experience. In one short year the happy circle was broken by the hand of death. The eldest boy had given his life to his country and far away he was sleeping in an unknown grave on a southern battlefield, while the little wilderness home in the north was filled with mourning at Christmas time. Still another glad holiday season came and there were absent ones from the hearthstone and no thought was given to making merry in the old time way.

Many years have come and gone since that one joyous event in the primitive western home. Long ago father and mother laid aside the toils and triumphs of life and are sleeping the sleep of the just, with their youngest born, in the little cemetry by the lake side. Through many states the living ones of the family are scattered, none abiding near the pioneer home. The old log house has long since disappeared and the forest has melted away into fruitful fields, while the landscape for many miles is dotted over with the showy dwellings and massive barns of the successful husbandman. Still back through the years memory loves to wander at yuletide to that happiest of days in childhood. Take this leaf from the book of remembrance and its brightest page is gone.







DR. G. L. ROSE

Decatur's Beloved Physician Dead.

Dr. Gilbert L. Rose died Saturday, January 5, at 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon.

His final illness was of brief duration. Monday he seemed in usual health, attended to his practice and did his usual hard day's work. Tuesday morning he was taken with a chill but in response to a summons drove out to the home of his nephew, Carl Rose, six miles in the country.

This was the Doctor's last drive. The little team which was known on every highway for twenty miles around had carried its last succor and good cheer to the sick or dying. The voice of the noble master is forever still.

He went home after this drive with a well developed case of the grip and Wednesday the disease took a more serious turn. Dr. J. E. Maxwell rendered all medical assistance possible. Dr. Palmer of Hartford came over in the afternoon and Dr Peterson of the University of Michigan called in the evening.

Thursday he continued to grow worse and there seemed to be but little chance for his recovery.

Friday Drs. Mahoney of Chicago, J. C. Maxwell and Hoyt of Paw Paw, Cornish and Hamilton of Lawton called and their sorrowing faces showed too plainly that all hope was lost. In the evening Dr. Dock of the University of Michigan came and remained all night. When he left on the early Saturday morning train he thought Dr. Rose could live but a couple of hours. At 7 o'clock he became very restless which lasted for about an hour, and then peace came and the end.

Gilbert Lester Rose was born in Laporte county, Indiana, July 21, 1853. His father was twice married; his mother, Louisa Hazelton Rose was the second wife. There were six children in the first family and four, of whom the Doctor was the youngest, in the second. Those who survive are Mrs. Margaret Winch of Bangor and Mrs. Sarah Black of Waverly, Iowa, half sisters, and Walter Rose of Volinia and Mrs. Mary Roper of Toledo, Ohio, own brother and sister.

He attended the public school at Laporte and later went to Vinton, Iowa, where he first began to read medicine. At the age of 17 he entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, attending one year, studied under Dr. Dillon two years, and then went one year to the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, graduating in February, 1874.

A few years previous to this time his parents moved from Laporte to Volinia, Cass county, and the young doctor went to Marcellus to begin the practice of his profession. The same year he came to Decatur, where he has practiced continuously for over 32 years. When he first came to Decatur he entered into partnership with Dr. Dillon and their office was over Geo. Roberts' hardware store. This partnership lasted two years. The Doctor then practiced alone until 1888 when he formed a partnership with Dr. George W. Mahoney which lasted four years.

In 1898 Drs. Rose and Hooper built the elegant office buildings on East Phelps street from which the former has since conducted his extensive practice.

August 1, 1876, Dr. Rose and Miss Mary E. Kelly were united in marriage at Cincinnati, Ohio. To them were born two children, Max Donald, May 9, 1885, and Dalton Keats, October 28, 1886.

The funeral of Dr. G. L. Rose was held in the town hall Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The remains were brought to the hall at noon and placed at the foot of the center aisle and directly in front of the stage.

The flowers that surrounded and covered the coffin formed a bank extending the width of the proscenium arch and from the main floor to several feet above the stage floor, probably the largest and most beautiful display ever seen in Decatur. Some of the choicest pieces were a pillow of cream roses on which was formed in purple immortelles the word "Father," a large Maltese cross, the emblem of the Medical profession, a harp, a heart, a number of wreaths and nearly fifty casket boquets.

From the time the remains were brought to the hall there was a continual line of people passing the casket until the hall became so crowded they could not make the circuit. Before 1 o'clock the seats began to fill and at 1:30 there was scarcely standing room. The entrance and the cloak room were crowded. Before two o'clock, the time set for the funeral, several hundred people, unable to get inside the building had either returned to their homes or were standing near the entrance.

The funeral service was opened by Geo. B. Rogers who read appropriate selections from the Scriptures and offered prayer.

Mrs. G. W. Cornish sang, "My God and Father While I Stray," by G. W. Marston, and Elder J. H. Hammond gave a short and eloquent address from the standpoint of a fellow citizen.

Dr. Reuben Peterson of the University of Michigan gave the principal address, speaking from his knowledge of the departed as a fellow practitioner. Dr. Peterson brought out the good qualities in Dr. Rose's life and his eloquent and inspiring words were as peace to the dead and a comfort to the living.

The address was followed by a short eulogy by Mr. Rogers which told the love of a community for the good man who is gone.

The service closed with "The Song of the Heart" by Mrs. Cornish, which like the opening song was most beautiful.

The pall bearers were Drs. J. E. Maxwell of Decatur, J. C. Maxwell, and W. F. Hoyt of Paw Paw, I. E. Hamilton and G. W. Cornish of Lawton, E. A. Palmer of Hartford, G. W. Mahoney of Chicago and W. P. Bope of Lawrence. Other physicians present were Drs. Ketcham, Easton, Myers and Parker of Dowagiac and McNair and King of Kalamazoo.

The relatives present from a distance were C. E. Kelly of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rose and Carl Rose and family of Volinia, Mrs. Harriet Baker and Clyde Baker of Buchanan.

Among the many friends who came from other places were Hon. and Mrs. C. D. Lawton of Lawton, Judge A. J. Mills of Kalamazoo, George T. Chamberlin and H. M. Olney of Hartford, Matthew Murphy and family and Mr. and Mrs. Nash of Lawton, Mrs. Cora Whalen of Benton Harbor, Mrs. Fred Baker of Dowagiac, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Desenberg of Buchanan and Mr. and Mrs. Stern of Lawton, and A. F. Pearce of Elkhart.

DR GILBERT L. ROSE

The only photograph of Dr. Rose in existence was taken in Kalamazoo over 20 years ago. The above cut was made from a kodak picture taken 2 or 3 years ago. The picture was very dim and while the cut is not clear, to produce it at all satisfactorily required unusually skillful electrotyping.

Card of Thanks

To our many friends who in our deep affliction have shown us so much kindness and sympathy we desire to express our sincere thanks.

MRS. G. L. ROSE
MAX and DALTON ROSE.

Dr. Rose.

"A good man has passed unto the tomb—and there awaits the requiem of winters' snows."

No greater achievement can crown a man's life than that his death be mourned by an entire community. With the passing of Dr. Rose we all feel that we have lost a friend. In constant association for over thirty years, he has so lived among his fellows that his friendship was an asset of which anyone could be proud, and was enjoyed alike by everyone, however humble.

There are people whose chief pleasure in life is making others happy and it is shown to us in many ways how Dr. Rose was one of these. Generosity was a pronounced characteristic and with his genial, pleasing personality, always effervescent with jolity and

good fellowship, a ray of sunshine has pierced the gloom of many desolate and disconsolate homes. The sick and unfortunate have often benefited by his good humor as much as by his physic.

Disregarding his own health and comfort, he has on countless occasions risen from his bed and driven miles through the cold and stormy night to minister to a sick patient, with no thought of remuneration other than that of rendering a service to suffering humanity. It is not recalled that anyone ever appealed to him for aid and was refused.

A close student of human nature, he was able always to draw some good from the worst conditions of life. He praised where some condemned; he developed commendable traits of character in people which others passed unnoticed and in so doing found a warm place in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. He was an enthusiastic reader of good literature and well informed on many subjects not pertaining to his profession. His fads and fancies were keen and wholesome and of a type peculiar to himself. He was a great admirer of art and an illustrative picture or painting held his closest attention and interest.

In characterizing the many noble qualities of the Doctor's life, his friendship and consideration for his fellow beings, his ideal home life, his charity and benevolence, we can think of no higher tribute to this great friend than the peaceful words of a once famous author: "And were everyone for whom he did some loving kindness to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight 'neath a wilderness of flowers."

A DAY IN BOSTON

BY LE ROY DEWEY

The following is the portion of a letter written by Mr. Dewey to his parents and describing his visit to Boston as the guest of his former Albion College friends. Rev. and Mrs. Yost, Thanksgiving Day:

"Wednesday morning to my great disappointment when I awakened I found it raining and the outlook for the day was anything but promising, but at eight o'clock I boarded the train for Boston and at shortly before 12 I disembarked in the Athens of the United States where I found Mr. Yost waiting for me. We immediately went to a restaurant for dinner, after which we started on a hasty tour of sight seeing.

We first took the elevated railroad going along the harbor where in the early period of our history the tea was thrown overboard; then in the distance I saw the Charlestown navy yard with the gunboats idly resting, and still further on I could just see through the snow and haze the Bunker Hill monument. Had our time not been so limited I should have gone out there and looked around, but we had so much to see in such a short space of time that for the present I let the distant view suffice. To the left of us from the car I saw the tower of the Old North Church from which in that early morning hour there flashed the signal lantern which sent Paul Revere on his wild and courageous ride, and kindled the fire in hundreds of patriotic and sacrificing hearts. The original tower was blown down by a wind storm years ago, but an exact duplicate was immediately built in its stead and still stands.

We soon left the elevated and went to the other extreme, going down to the subway and boarding one of those cars thus giving me my first experience in a subway. It seemed rather queer to see those hundreds of people swarming around there under the streets of Boston, waiting for, boarding or disembarking from cars.

However we had started for Cambridge, and it was not long before we came to the surface of the ground though I scarcely knew when the transition came. One does not know when he leaves Boston and gets into Cambridge for the houses are thick all the way, though I think they are two distinct municipalities. It did not take us long to reach the interesting city of Cambridge where is situated one of the most famous universities in the world, old Harvard. And if fame and popularity comes to one who goes through Harvard then the success of my future is certainly assured, for I had the grand privilege of going through that famous university, even though my course was brief and hasty. It is a large campus surrounded by a huge metal fence enclosing many buildings, some large, some small, some new and some very old.

Not far from Harvard is Radcliffe college, the Cambridge intellectual resort for girls, and I have no doubt a social resort for the men of Harvard. The men of the east have no use for co-education, yet they don't seem to object to having a woman's institution near by for social purposes.

Not far from Harvard is the old Washington elm under which in July, 1775, Washington took command of the revolutionary army. The tree is showing its age and begins to look as though life would not much longer last. It is protected by a picket fence around it so that it will not be molested by memento seekers. Across from the tree is the church in which the Father of our country prayed and worshipped the greater Father of us all, and the sight of these things rather make the heart beat faster, and the blood run swifter through one's veins. At a distance farther on and on a different street we came to the old house well preserved, which at one time was the headquarters of General Washington and in which General Burgoyne was held on parole. Later this became the home of New England's famous poet, Henry W. Longfellow. It is a fine large house surrounded by a spacious yard and altogether an ideal place for a poet.

We had not time to spend longer in Cambridge so we went back to Boston, on the way seeing many beautiful buildings, among them being the Library building and the magnificent Art building. In the distance I saw the mammoth cathedral but recently built by the Christian Scientists and nearby saw Trinity church in which Phillips Brooks preached in the days of his great power.

We soon arrived at a station in Boston and immediately set out in the direction of the Boston Theological school taking in the sights as we went along. We passed the old Boston Commons in which in 1770 occurred the bloody massacre, and as I looked upon the place where no buildings are allowed to be erected, a thrill went through by being, for I realized that I was looking upon the ground that had received the blood of those brave men who were willing to sacrifice life for right. From here we went to the State Capital and went through parts of it, beholding its wonderful beauty, amazed at its grandeur of marble floor and pillars and walls. In the soldier's room where are collections of the powder stained and bullet torn flags of the civil war there is a request that all visitors remove their hats; and so with bared heads we viewed these relics of the war which preserved our nation.

From the Seminary we started out on another tour, seeing the old South Church which was standing during the revolutionary period; the old State House which was the scene of many exciting events during that stormy period, also Fanuel Hall, which in the early part of the 19th century was remodeled so that it does not look just exactly as it did in 1775, but very near it. It is now used for a market and when I went through it about all we could see was turkeys, in fact it looked very much as though the market was glutted with them.

After supper we saw the famous old Corner Book Store having borne that name since 1828. Then we went to Tremont Temple where the famous Gypsy Smith meetings were being held. People began to line up before five o'clock, but at six we arrived in time to get a pretty good seat, but by seven o'clock the large magnificent church was filled, the floor, two galleries and all, and people standing up.

SUPERVISOR DAVID A. SQUIER

Born Nov. 22, 1834, Died Nov. 19, 1907

David A. Squier, who passed from this life on the nineteenth day of November, as was recorded in the Republican last week, was born in Volinia township, Cass county, November 22, 1834. His seventy-third birthday was the day of his funeral

He comes of a New England family which was founded in America in the early colonial days. His grandfather, William Squier, was born in New Jersey in 1756, and farming was his life's occupation. He moved to Pennsylvawhere his son Daniel C., father of our

deceased townsman, was born in 1800.

Daniel C. Squier emigrated to Volinia, Cass county, in 1831, and his father, who was with the family on a visit, died there in 1832. He was the first to be buried in Crane cemetery. Daniel C. Squier died in 1853 and his wife, who was Elizabeth Case, a native of Northumberland county, Penn., followed him in 1881.

David A. Squier was one of nine children, of whom but one, Mrs. Susanah Morlan, survives. He spent his boyhood days on the farm and was married November 1st, 1860, to Miss Mary A. Rich, a daughter of Samuel A. Rich, who settled in Volinia in 1832.

Mr. Squier purchased forty acres of land which is now a part of the Lewis Morlan farm, and resided there until 1868 when he moved to Decatur. For ten years he was in the grocery business in this village, being associated for two years with Isaac B. Higgins. Since then he has been actively engaged in farming and his farm on the northern village limits is one of the finest in the county.

He was one of the stockholders of the Hinkley Stave Company in the days when it was Decatur's best industry. He always found time to devote to public interests and in the years past has served as township treasurer, member of the school board, village assessor and village president. Fourteen years ago he was elected supervisor for the first time. The next year he did not run, but twelve years ago he was re-elected and served continuously until his death. He was a democrat in politics, but the people elected him year after year in a strong republican township. He was the oldest supervisor in point of service in the county and had twice been elected chairman of the Board.

Evans Grocery Store
Left to Right - Joseph Fletcher, Jerry Bowen, Elmer Woolfe (Red).

DECATUR'S FIRST WEDDING

The following copy of a marriage certificate was received by the Republican office a short time ago from Florence S. Babbitt of Ypsilanti, Mich., and reads as below:

"I do hereby certify that on the second day of May, 1850, Miss Mary Elliott was married to Mr. Levi T. Olds by me. Decatur, Michigan, May 26th, 1850.

"Witnesses present—
Thadaeous Gardiner,
Sarah Ann Elliott,
Charles A. Stuart.

(Signed) George B. Sherwood,
Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Van Buren, State of Michigan."

Well, there's nothing very remarkable about that, you may say. Men and women will get married; they are doing it all the time, so why do you bring forward these old residents to expose their weakness? But there is one little difference about this marriag from the countless others that have taken place in our village.

It so happened that about two years ago I had occasion to dig up the early history of Decatur, and in doing so I discovered that this was the very first marriage that was solemnized in our village. There have been a great many others since, but this was the only genuine first wedding, and therefore is somewhat different from the others.

All of the older residents of forty-five or fifty years ago will remember Mr. Olds. He was a nice, gentle old man, who, so far as I know, never injured any one or had an enemy. In his younger days he had been a soldier during the Mexican war, and marched with Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and fought in many of the battles during that campaign.

Mr. Olds must have been one of the very early settlers of Decatur, but I could find nothing to show when he arrived here. The first notice of his name seems to have been his marriage. While he lived here he was a carpenter and builder. I think that he had only one child—Miss Frankie Olds—who married while living here, but I do not know what became of her.

Mr. Olds moved away from Decatur many years ago, but about twenty years since he visited here and I saw him. I believe that I afterward heard he had died. He was very old when I saw him last. He was a good man, but like most good men, he never accumulated very much wordly wealth.

W. H. Tuttle.

The three names given as witnesses to this marriage are all strange to me. I do not think that I ever knew any of them. Perhaps some of the other very old residents will remember them. Mr. George B. Sherwood was the first Justice of the Peace in our village and this wedding was one of his very first

official acts. He was also our first postmaster. The postoffice was established in 1852. He must have left Decatur before my time.

The dates given in Mr. Sherwood's certificate differ somewhat from those that I found in an old Decatur history, but they are all included in the month of May, 1850.

26th ALUMNI REUNION

Class of '82 Have Charge

One of the most successful re-unions in the history of the Alumni Association was held at the Opera House on the evening of June 14. Graduates and their guests to the number of one hundred and eight sat down to the supper which had been prepared by the ladies of the Universalist society.

A lively business meeting was held at the Universalist church before the adjournment to the opera house and much discussion as to "ways and means" was indulged in. The dues were reduced to twenty-five cents, and the price of the supper was left for the officers and committee to determine. The following officers were elected to serve next year: President, Nellie Murphy; 1st Vice President, Ida Yeckley; 2d Vice President, Marjorie Thomas. Executive Committee — Mrs. Mabel Brigham, Mrs. Gertrude Crilfield and Miss Leona Youells.

The class of 1882, which consisted of Eugene Hinckley, Alfred Jennings, Lizzie Murphy, Mattie and Hattie Morehouse, Bessie Lyon and Mrs. Nellie Rich decided that after the lapse of twenty-five years they would hold a reunion. The resolve was carried out this year, but only the first four named of their number were present. Their beloved superintendent, Henry Upton, and their classmate, Bessie Lyon, have long since crossed to the other shore, and distance prevented the others from attending. Their teacher, Miss Abigail Pearce of the Ypsilanti Normal College was present to the delight of her pupils and friends.

After the supper had been served, the following program was carried out:

PROGRAM

March, - - - Ruby Crane
Address of Welcome, - John Creagon
Response, - - Bertha Baker
Invocation, - Rev. F. G. Varney

BANQUET

E. H. HINCKLEY, '82, TOASTMASTER

Piano Solo, Air de Ballade, Chaminade
Mrs. Eva Lawrence
Toast—Service
Response, LeRoy Dewey
Quartet, Cupid Made Love to the Moon
Mesdames Lammond, Jones, Rogers, Adams
Toast—The Elements of Success
Response, Miss Abigail Pearce
Piano duet, Poet and Peasant
Amy Baker, Maude Roberts
Toast—Reminiscences
Response, A. E Jennings
Piano solo, Rondeau Op. 16, Chopin
Mrs. Marion Ring
Quartet, For-Get-Me-Not Von Suppe
Mesdames Lammond, Jones, Rogers, Adams

John Creagan's welcome to the class of 1907 was a most cordial and pleasant one, and Bertha Baker responded in a very pleasing manner. Eugene Hinckley of Kalamazoo, who was toastmaster at the first alumni meeting twenty-five years ago, acted in that capacity on this occasion, and his ever-ready wit was appreciated by his auditors.

EXPRESS AGENT TWENTY-ONE YEARS

J. H. Haynes Celebrates by Moving Into Building of His Own

One of Decatur's most beloved and respected citizens is Joseph Harvey Haynes, agent for the American Express Company.

Mr. Haynes has been a resident of Van Buren county seventy years. There are probably not a dozen men in the county who have been here as long. He has been a resident of Decatur forty-one years and express agent twenty-one years.

He was six months old when his parents left the old home in Genessee county, New York, to find a home in the west. They came all the way from Detroit by wagon and located in Lawrence township. There he grew to manhood and with the exception of a few years spent in the south, Lawrence was his home until he came to Decatur in 1866.

For twenty years he sold dry goods and groceries for E. E. and J. L. Chadwick, serving the public faithfully. He was as popular a salesman as ever stood behind a counter.

After twenty years of mercantile life he accepted the agency of the American Express Company which position he has filled to the best of his ability. The Express office has been moved for the third time since he has been in charge. It was first in Browning's drug store, then in the Shaad building that burned. In 1892 he moved into the Dwight building and last Saturday he formally opened for business in his pleasant and commodious new building.

Crowds of people filed into the pretty new office and bakery and every one received a hearty welcome and a dainty rose bud fresh from the green house. The store was decorated with beautiful flowers, many of which were presented by friends for which Joe, Ella and Bernice wish to thank the givers.

Joe has a host of warm friends in this little community who know that the best is none too good for him and rejoice that he is so pleasantly located.

THE DECATUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Decatur schools will open September 3.

All students or prospective students who have conditions to remove are requested to present themselves at the school house on Friday morning August 30, for examination.

Those who hold eighth grade county diplomas will be admitted to the high school without examination, as in the past.

The Decatur schools, especially the high school in the past, have had a large foreign attendance. The large number of these who have succeeded in university and college courses, and the large number who have been successful in business life and as useful citizens attest the value of the training received.

The high school has excellent standing with the University and Normal college, also with the other colleges and normal schools. It is on the list of approved schools whose graduates enter the University and other colleges without examinations.

For the coming year another teacher has been added to the corps to relieve the crowded conditions of the grades. Several rooms have been refitted, making all the rooms very pleasant for both teachers and pupils.

The laboratories in the basement of the building have been completed enabling the high school to meet the most exacting requirements in the teaching of the laboratory sciences.

The aim of the school is to give thorough preparation for life and citizenship to those for whom the high school education must suffice, and a sound foundation for the advanced work of college to those who are permitted to secure a higher education.

"Say, fellers, let me tell yer
I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was the feller
That my mother thinks I am.
She thinks I am a wonder
And knows her little lad
Could never mix with nothing
That's ugly, mean or bad.
And lots of times I sit and think
How nice 'twould be, ge whiz!
If a feller was a feller
That his mother thinks he is."

Decatur High School 1907

Top Row

1— Frieda Ball
2— Ruth Roberts
3— Hazel Kern
4— Phromsey Broadhead
5— Ruby Crane
6— Paul Squier
7— Harold Rose
8— Ray McGowan
9— Hattie Maxson
10— Laura Conklin

Second Row

1— Myra Lawrence
2— Mable Tomey
3— Ivan Keyes
4— Edna Beals
5— Gladys Galbreath
6— Nellie Rosewarne
7— Herbert Creagan
8— Vincent Deamer
9— H. McAdams
10— Mattie Wagner
11— Bess Taylor
12— Blanche Karnes
13— Maude Dowker
14— Arva Mahoney

Third Row

1— Florence Lindsay
2— Dorothy Abbot
3— Carl Hamilton
4— Edna Sherrod
5— Ruth Thomas
6— Anita Youells
7— Lila Carris
8— Mary Roosevelt
9— Mable Hooper
10— Mabel Hayden
11— Bula Selby
12— Fern Godfrey

Fourth Row

1— Lyda Scott
2— Dorothy Criffield
3— Bernice Creagan
4— Chester Shoemaker
5— Floyd Odlum
6— Leon Knight
7— Ralph McGowan
8— Charley Cady
9— Ivan Genung
10— Vera Muffley
11— Mabel Willison
12— Cyrus Tremper

Fifth Row

1— Ruby Hamilton
2— Margaret Odlum
3— Arly Baker
4— Agnes Code
5— Maude Woodhouse
6— Mattie Binningfield
7— Lila Rose
8— Francis Squier
9— Alta Hinckley
10— Doris Greenman
11— V. Kennedy
12— Myron Hinckley
13— Harold Lawrence

Front Row

1— Lou Taylor
2— Marion Fuller
3— Otto Baxter
4— Galen Chaney
5— Donald Sutton
6— Robert Orr
7— Floyd Mullinex
8— Harold Dwight

STAPLETON'S NEW SHOP

Opened to the Public Wednesday

Frank C. Stapleton opened his new barber shop Wednesday and his many friends were delighted with its handsome appointments. It is a model shop, luxuriant and commodious, and few towns the size of Decatur can boast of its equal. In fact this village, whether in building barber shops, store buildings or residences, has shown many times that it never does any thing by halves.

Mr. Stapleton's new shop is located in a new brick block adjoining the Thomas building on the east side of Main street. The large plate glass front reveals a pleasing picture of the handsome interior. Everything in it is new. Three hydraulic chairs of Mission finish and leather padded face large beveled mirrors and a marble top wall case on which are placed a complete outfit of barber's tools, the refreshing toilet waters and cosmetics.

Handy to the chairs is a wall case for mugs and under the case is the porcelain basin with hot and cold water. Two large settees line the wall for the comfort of waiting patrons and a room in the rear, nicely furnished and partly separated from the main room, is set apart for visitors and patrons. The floor is covered with heavy lino-

leum. The shop is lighted by electricity and heated by a furnace. A bright new barber pole on the outside shows the way.

Frank Stapleton has been in the barber business in Decatur seventeen years and this handsome new shop is in a sense a reward for those years of industry.

Tommy Bass has been with him fifteen years, a faithful and competent assistant.

Chet Horton will work at the third chair on Saturdays.

MAHONEY WINS CONTEST

Colored Orator at Olivet is Best of Six Entered

Olivet, Mich., June 18. — Charles Henry Mahoney of Decatur, the colored orator, won first place in the Drury prize oratorical contest. Clarence S. Blake of Lennoxdale, Mass., won second. Six contestants were entered and Mahoney had a clear lead of six points in the final ranking. He intends to enter Fiske university for colored students at Nashville, Tenn., where he will take his degree and at the same time teach several courses in history. Mahoney is one of the most talented and most popular men who ever stood on the Olivet campus, and his friends unite in wishing him godspeed. At present he is the only colored student in Olivet.—Detroit Free Press.

DECATUR CELERY

An Important Industry that is Still in its Infancy

An enthusiastic meeting of the Decatur Celery Growers' Association was held in the Council rooms Monday evening.

The advisability of shipping by freight was the principal question brought up. All of the celery previously shipped had gone by express. It was shown that the freight rate would be cheaper providing the association would ship in sufficient quantities to fill a car. It was decided to order a car a day and a daily shipment of 300 dozen was pledged by those present. The first car was shipped Wednesday.

Returns from late shipments through the Association were very satisfactory, Secretary John Borst reporting a net price of $1 05 per box, four and one-half dozen to the box. Dispatches from the Chicago commission houses ask for heavy shipments especially until Thanksgiving Day and say the prices will be good.

Celery growing has come to the front as Decatur's chief industry and it is destined to do great things for our village. Decatur's muck land will raise the finest celery that can be grown and in a few years we will be the celery center of the world.

The Celery Growers' Association has already a membership of fifty-eight, all growers of celery, and there are a number who have not yet come into the organization. There are 500 acres out this year and the acreage will probably be doubled next year. The average value of the crop per acre is $150.

Besides the association J. H. Haynes, the pioneer celery buyer of the village, and Ward Knoll, are making large shipments every day.

BASE BALL

Decatur vs. Kalamazoo

A number of good ball games have been played in Decatur this season but probably the best of them all was the game with the Sam Folz city league team of Kalamazoo. Of course it adds something to the quality of a game to have the home club win and certainly it was a grand finish that brought Decatur out on top this time.

The visitors made three runs on errors in the first innings and took a lead that the home club could not catch until the eighth. There was great excitement when the boys made two scores in the eighth and tied the score.

The fans went wild and shouted themselves hoarse; everybody stood up and yelled and Peter Ickes got over on to the home plate and pretty nearly swung his arms off.

It seemed to be all over with Kalamazoo after that, they were quickly whitewashed in their half of the ninth and the home club made the winning run with only one man out.

Billie Killefer and Royal Decker of Paw Paw played with the visitors In the third innings Killefer was the first to bat. He asked for the home-run club and the mascot picked it out for him. He struck the first ball pitched and made probably the longest drive ever seen on the home ground, it went over the back fence and was lost in the grubs. The runner made the circuit of the bases before it could be fielded. Ed Morlan also made a home run on a hot liner to right field which got lost in the grass.

Lyle Rawson pitched for Decatur and struck out nine. The Kalamazoo pitcher struck out three.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Decatur,	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	—5
Kalamaz'o	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

CREAGAN LIVERY IN LAWTON BARN

ROY CURTIS, THE MISSING NEWS DEALER HAS NOT RETURNED

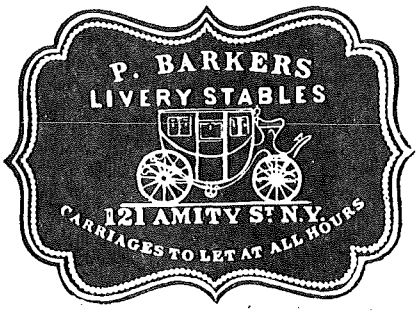
As reported last week, Roy Curtis hired a livery at Creagan's barn for a trip to Paw Paw, stating that he would return in the afternoon. Instead, he drove to Lawton where he put the horse up at Robinson's barn, leaving instructions that if he did not return for it in three days, to return it to Mr. Creagan in Decatur. It is said that he paid three days' board.

Last Thursday Sheriff Beattie located the outfit at the Lawton Livery barn. Mr. Creagan recovered it Friday morning.

Curtis told some of his friends that he was going to Kalamazoo to look for work to earn money to pay his debts. He had gotten behind in the news business and creditors were crowding him. He is only a boy nineteen years old and was scared into thinking that he was obliged to pay or he would get into trouble. He could not get the money and took the only other course he saw open.

Inasmuch as the livery has been returned, no criminal case will be brought against Curtis, and he will probably be required to work out his financial troubles in some other way.

1907



NEWS ITEMS

November 21, 1907.

Supervisor David A. Squier died November 19, within a few days of his 73rd birthday.

Two separate fires were discovered on Main street last Saturday evening. The sheds back of McOmber's store caught fire from a tank of gasoline. While the firemen were putting it out another alarm was turned in and the Brigham building at Main and Sherwood streets was found to be smoking furiously in the second story. Harry Maxham lived there and the first floor was occupied by McKain and Bagley with a grain and seed store. The damage to the Brigham building was about $1,000 covered by insurance.

The Decatur Celery Growers' Association held an enthusiastic meeting in the Council Rooms Monday evening. The association has a membership of 58. There are about 500 acres out this year and the acreage will be doubled next year. The average value of the crop per acre is $50. J. H. Haynes, Decatur's pione[illegible]uyer, and Ward Knoll are also making large shipments of celery every day.

Charles S. Smith of Lawton was sentenced by Judge Des Voignes to 15 years in the Jackson prison with a recommendation of five years for killing Capt. George H. Prentice of the same town. It was the result of a dispute over a ball game. Smith used a ball club on the head of the Captain to get the better of the argument.

November 28, 1907.

Henry Mahoney has completed his second enlistment in the United States army and arrived home from Cuba last week.

F. W. Bertram is the new pharmacist in Carney's drug store.

Hugh Osborn and Miss Lucille Baker were married in Paw Paw last Friday afternoon. Hugh is a moulder in the Round Oak plant and they will move to Dowagiac. Mrs. Ella Eckenberger succeeds Mrs. Osborn as teacher of the third grade.

The Lia Carli Company appeared before a large audience in the town hall Friday evening. The receipts were $60 of which the Eastern Star received 40 per cent. Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger was given the stage name of Lia Carli while studying music in Italy.

January 31, 1907.

Carl Squier, page in the House of Representatives, came home Saturday and will go back next Monday. The legislature is adjourned this week while the members are out visiting the several institutions.

The case of the People vs. John Bailey, up for trial in the circuit court last week, went over the term by order of the court.

Miss Eva Kinney will go to New York City the first of February to study the spring styles in millinery. She is employed in Ann Arbor.

Wednesday, January 23, at noon the curtain dropped for the last time, and Ben R. Desenberg passed into the great home above. He was born in Hanover, Germany, December 4, 1853, came to America when 11. In 1888 he and Fred Stern bought the dry-goods business of Charles Schuster. In 1901 he sold his interest to Mr. Stern and went into business with his brother Sig in Buchanan. He was known here as a fine citizen. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stern, P. M. Young and Max Rose attended the funeral in Kalamazoo.

THE FLAG

An old-time newspaper man, John D. Barry, of Washington, D. C., died a few weeks ago and left to perpetuate his memory these verses on the flag:

Here's to the Red of it;
There's not a thread of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Slept with the dead for it,
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it;
Who knows the might of it
But thrills at the sight of it
Through day and night.
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it;
Heavenly hue of it,
Star-spangled view of it,
Constant and true;
And here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes and pole of it,
Here's to the Soul of it—
Red, White and Blue.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten

A BRIEF TRIBUTE

DELIVERED BY Eld. J.H. Hammond at the Funeral in the Town Hall, Jan. 8

I wish to recognize the special favor and high honor in the privilege of bearing a brief word of testimony and tribute of merited praise from the standpoint of a fellow citizen on this occasion.

We are gathered from near and far into this vast audience as members of one great family to mourn the seemingly untimely departing of a respected fellow citizen, a skillful and honored physician and a tried and trusted friend. That Dr. Rose was respected far and near by those who knew him is evidenced by this vast concourse of people who cannot gain access within the walls of this large edifice. That he was skillful in his profession is conceded by all within the circle of his extensive practice and proven by the frequent calls made upon him for consultation in critical cases by physicians in other fields. That he was our mutual friend no one in this vast audience would call in question.

While we all recognized that in him we had a skillful physician we intuitively felt we had also a trusted friend, for it could be said of him, as said in the great book of the great Physician, "He was a friend of the common people." Many could bear grateful testimony that many times has he visited homes night and day without any hope of remuneration, and dispensed medicine and supplied other necessaries of life at his own expense, and most gladly would they lay a flower upon his grave and call him blessed.

The passing of Dr. Rose is a great loss to his family; his profession; his town; the State, and the world. The ongoing years with their accompanying pains, fevers and sickness will cause us to more keenly realize that loss.

Gilbert L. Rose was a superior man in many ways. Like the ruler of ancient times, he was cast in a large mould, not only physically but intellectually he stood head and shoulders above the rank and file of mankind. One could not long converse with him without feeling that they had come in touch with a great mind which had a broad and comprehensive sweep and an intelligent and firm grasp of nearly any subject that might be broached.

He was a man of large sympathies which led to generosity, without which no man can be truly great. That person whose sympathies and interest all center in kith and kin has only an extended and enlarged selfishness, and will never be regarded great, or mourned as a benefactor to mankind. He was an enterprising, generous, public spirited man. Many of the public improvements that contribute to the convenience and adornment of our beautiful town were conceived in his massive mind or strongly championed by his large heart though he knew it meant a large expense to himself. He could not be small, selfish or penurious.

He was devoted to his profession. In this he was an example worthy of imitation. He was very seldom seen at social gatherings or places of entertainment. He denied himself of rest and recreation that he might relieve others of their sufferings and thus contribute to their joys. He seemed to think that his mission was to minister to others in distress and with the great apostle Paul he could say, "This one thing I do," and how faithfully and well he performed his mission many can gratefully and gladly testify.

His life's work is ended and he has gone to join the great majority upon the other side of the turbulent tide. His familiar form will no longer be seen upon our streets. His cheerful voice will no more be heard in our homes mingling with the sighs of the sick. But long, long, will it be before that genial smile and friendly voice will vanish from our grateful hearts.

1907

IN MEMORY OF DR. ROSE

BY DR. G.W. MAHONEY

Dr. Rose is dead, but he still lives in the hearts of all who knew him as the most noble, the most generous, the most charitable, the most beloved of all men. As we pause in silence and in grief and vainly try to look forward into the days that are to come, it seems impossible that we shall never see him again. During the thirty-two years that he practiced medicine here he was the central figure of this community. There never was a public improvement of any kind that was not championed by and worked for by Dr. Rose. He gave freely of his time, busy though he was, and opened wide his purse for everything that was for the public good. He was a man of refined and cultured taste, a lover of art and the beauties of nature always appealed strongly to him. Among the many things that stand out boldly in the life of Dr. Rose is that there are many men today who owe their success in both commercial and professional life to the substantial assistance as well as the encouragement and advice of this noble benefactor. It was at his earnest solicitation that I took up the study of medicine. It was due to his generosity and unselfishness that I was enabled to begin the practice of my profession the day I returned from college. Of all the men I ever knew he was the most loyal friend. He made a friend's cause his own, and such friendship is among the rarest of God's blessings to mankind. The tribute I hold within my heart is more than I can express.

He loved truth and honor, justice and honesty, things that were noble and good. There was no place in his heart for malice or envy, but kindness, helpfulness, friendship, love and charity made up his tender nature. His cheery way and lightheartedness lifted daily care. We heard his name every day and every hour. It was a household word in nearly every home. We knew he worked hard; we knew he drove all day and far into the night and often arose again before the gray of morning appeared to respond to a call at the bedside of some sufferer. The night was never too dark or stormy, or the wind never so bleak or piercing as to keep him at home when he felt his patient needed him.

He was a great student of disease, a skillful diagnostician, a good surgeon. He was the ideal family physician, and he was much more. He cheered the strong on to better and nobler things. He assisted the weak in their struggles with the world; his counsel and advice were sought every day and freely given on things in the outside of his profession, and his judgment was always good. By his genial smile and happy ways he dropped a flower in the pathway every day of everyone with whom he came in contact. We who knew him best loved him most. His very presence in the sick room was like a sunbeam pushing aside the dark and lowering cloud. The touch of his soft and gentle hand always soothed the fevered brow and his words of cheer quieted the overworked heart of his suffering patient; and when the hand of death visited a home, his words of comfort always lessened the sting of the awful messenger, and the smothering grief was less terrible to bear. He was a friend when a friend was needed. He loved his home. He was a devoted husband and an ideal father. He loved his wife and children with a tenderness that knew no bounds, and he has left to his two manly sons the greatest heritage that a father can give, the heritage of an honored name.

He wanted to live to see his sons take their places in the world of affairs, and carry that name onward and upward.

There never was a physician or a man in all this section of the country that was counseled every day by more people, high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, than Dr. Rose, and we doubt if there ever will be. And to all he gave the greatest consideration. There never was a physician in all this section of the country who visited the bedside of the sick and suffering more often with no expectation of recompense or reward except the simple gratitude of the poor than Dr. Rose, and there never will be; and he was yet only in his prime, at the zenith of his usefulness. Oh, that he could have lived! But he has gone. That familiar figure and genial face will be seen no more, but the name of Dr. Rose and his magnificent generosity, and the remembrance of his charities will be always with us, and will go out in widening waves for the good of all, and the world is and will be better that he has lived.

The shades are drawn and the office is dark for the first time in over thirty years. The medicine case has been closed and clasped for the last time. The fever thermometer has been laid aside, and the hand has been stilled. The pines seem to sigh more deeply, and the wind to moan more dolefully than ever before. And as in speechless grief we saw all business life in Decatur stilled, and saw the throng of people gathered from all walks of life, from all sections, paying to this man with their silence and their sobs the greatest tribute that was ever paid to anyone in this section, we turn and say in resignation, as if he could hear us — Rest, rest, our beloved friend, rest. Rest from the awful heat of summer's sun and the driving rains you have faced so often. Rest from the piercing blasts and awful storms of winter. Rest from your long and tedious drives in the dark and cheerless nights while others slept. Rest! Rest! Rest!

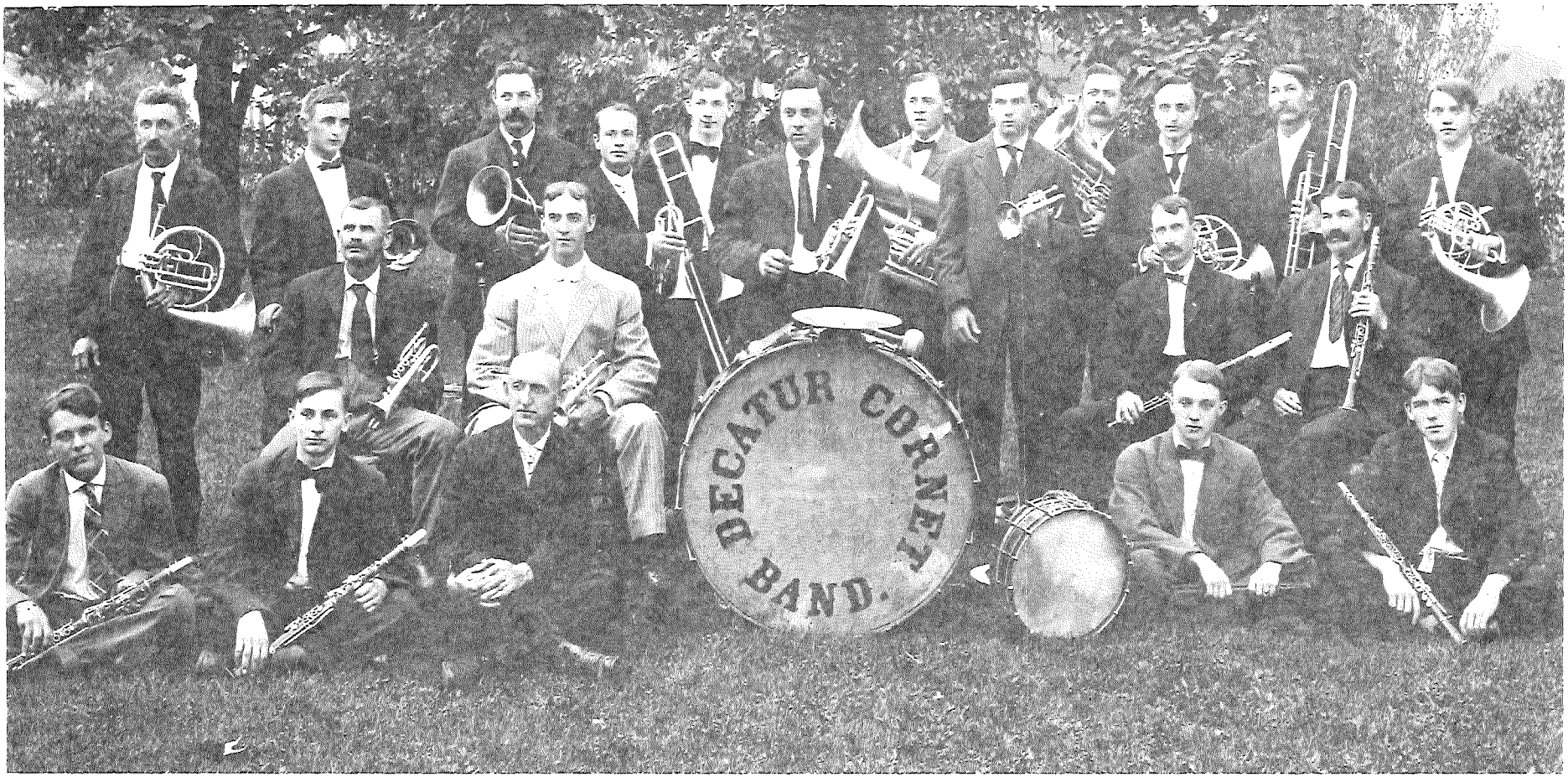
1907

LOWER ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Leon Knight, Myron Hinckley, Willard Van Antwerp, Arden Treat, Harold Lawrence.

SECOND ROW: Walt Greenman, Harvey Lammond, Will Clark, Austin Lawrence.

BACK ROW: Maurice Vining, Angus Cary, Charles Upfield, Sela Pokenberger, Bruce Bassett, Charles Ellsworth, Dr. W. P. Bope, Dana Sherrod, Nick Huff, Otis Newell, George Adams, Carlton Lindsley.

Circa 1907



TEN PRAIRIE PIONEERS

By Frank L. Kern

Friend Arba: Complying with your request for some more reminiscent sketches covering the stirring days of the great civil war, followed by the flush times that lasted up to the panic of '71 following the passage of the Sherman demonitization act just after the great Chicago fire, I would like to characterize, as best I can in a series of short articles, ten important and somewhat remarkable personages who constituted largely the aristocracy of wealth and culture in those old days on Little Prairie Ronde.

Five of these, namely Benjamin Hathaway, B. G. Buell, R. J. Huvek, L. B. Lawrence and Dr. N. D. Thomas, resided on the southern edge of the prairie and the other five, Elias Morris, Wm. V. Rosewarne, LeGrand Anderson, Dolphin Morris and the Hon. A. B Copley, lived on the northern side. Dr. Thomas and Elias Morris, only one from each set, still survive and both live in Decatur.

These ten men and their interesting families wielded a powerful influence for good in a large community. They were each and all intelligent, thrifty, well-bred, honest and law-abiding citizens, always standing for what was best for mankind and living for peace, happiness and prosperity. They picked no quarrels and made no fights. As a farm lad I worked for each of them more or less and can therefore speak from an intimate acquaintance.

The first five named above, all lived contiguous to a charming woodland of giant oaks, ash, beech and maple, where it seemed that "God had kissed the earth and made a beauty spot" as an ideal place for lovely rural homes. These people got in there among the first settlers in the '30's and '40's when this part of Michigan was considered the far West, wild and fuzzy, and secured farms offering the greatest diversity and advantage. Nearly every farm had a portion of the deep, black prairie loam, some heavy timber for fuel and lumber with its rich leafmold and also some "oak openings," offering a variety of soils in clay, sand and gravel. Hence these farms were admirably adapted for the successful raising of stock, grain, fruits and vegetables of all kinds.

Oh for a pen sufficiently golden-tipped to picture those old woods as they charmed us during the romantic and veally days of childhood, when in spring at the noon hour we rushed from the old Huycktown school close by, to romp and frolic here gathering lovely spring beauties, violets, anemones and trilliums. Poor dear little flowerets, how innocently they looked up at us and the rosy sky and bright sun as it peeped through the leaves to make them thirsty. But we are taught to believe that when the little flowers said their prayers to the fairies at night they expected the sylphs to sprinkle them with vapor from their invisible watering pots. Dear old forest, must I bid you good bye? Your sights, sounds and odors again fill my soul and my heart warms to the music of a romantic spell. I see it again with that happy band—my childhood chums. The same old sun, master of its surpassing beauty, fills the atmosphere with life and fragrance, bands those old trunks, drips in diamonds from myriad leaf-tips and makes gold-yellow the fresh green of the undergrowth, bejewels each fern and modest flower and rests a mellow sheen in the open glades and on lichen-covered logs.

And here is the old inscription tree under which we arranged our boquets and wreaths—

"Where we lived and we loved
By that knife-girdled beech
In the beautiful days long ago."

Here is where some lame fellow rested his cane while high up on that smooth bark he rudely inscribed the initials that his grandchildren may read today—"G. J. K. & M. R." Below we find somewhat more distinctly cut, "E. B. C. & E. M." On the other side are a number of indistinct inscriptions, but I adjust my old specs and make out "C. E. B., F. L. K." and some other letters, but this is getting personal now—and then too that is another story, —to be only whispered in the twilight.

Benjamin Hathaway

A farmer? Yes, but infinitely more. He was a classic poet-philosopher in whose soul there constantly rang that song without words to which he frequently gave utterance in verse so pure, sweet and deep that few possessed the "mens divinior" to fathom their beauty and meaning. So dearly did this great heart love the soil and trees, so devoted was he to farm, garden, nursery and forest and so unconscious was he of self that we might have dubbed him "L'homme du bois" as the Parisians did the famous artist Millet of Barbazon.

The Hathaway premium small farm of Michigan, consisting of but 110 acres, bordered by osage orange hedges, was at the southwest corner of what was called "the square" which included the greater part of the original prairie. This famous farm included prairie, heavy timber land and from the main road, a half mile to Bunker lake, it took in a beautiful forest which the poet and landscape artist had trimmed up, amplified and beautified until to this day its equal cannot likely be found in the state.

At this home of fields, gardens, orchards, vineyards, flowers and fancy shrubbery, all kept in perfect order, the poet delighted to improve every one of the multifold crops he raised, and propagated new varieties of stock, grain, fruits, vegetables, flowers, bees and even birds of the air. He would be a hot competitor of Luther Burbank if alive to-day. He kept from several to a dozen boys in his employ whom he almost literally whipped into line and compelled all who had any capacity, to take an interest in their work and do it thoroughly. That was a rare school for any boy who really cared to lay a foundation for success in life, for Mr. Hathaway was a constant inspiration and guide to the very highest and best in this world of work. Here is where my pen breaks away and I need not guide it, for of all the great and good men whom I have met in this broad land, I have never found the equal of the immortal Benjamin Hathaway. Was his hair a little bushy? Were his eyes a little too small? Were his ways peculiar and his dress sometimes ill-fitting and even uncouth? Yes, but he was one of the world's great geniuses. A man of heart, mind and soul never yet properly fathomed or gauged by those who knew him best. The soul of purity, honor and integrity, a philanthropist and a power for good. Read, yes study hard some of the beautiful thoughts contained in some of his published works. You will be richly rewarded. Especially in his "Art Life" and "Finished Creation" are to be found gems of masterful soul-reach expressed in choicest imagery as nearly divine as anything ever penned by poet, sage or seer. He well said "All hearts the Poet fires are his" and in the years to come the world may yet learn what he tried to do for it, for as posterity shall grow wise enough and good enough to comprehend the inspired lines of this master mind, hearts will surely be won to nobler thoughts and actions, minds will be led to higher aspirations and the writer will live on earth in a larger and better sense than when we knew him in his prime over forty years ago. His soul of honor and truth must stamp itself upon future ages growing wider, sweeter and better on through all eternity.

"He hath the noblest faith, no creed confessing,
Who writes his faith in deeds."

Did space permit, gladly would I pay just tribute to the faithful wife who so nobly helped to ease the burdens and pains of declining years, and who has since carried out his wishes in respect to the old farm home and his amiable and talented daughter.

Barber G. Buell

The Buells descended from a proud old patrician family having a sufficient touch of the plebean to incline them to farming and stock raising. The haughty and debonair Emmons Buel showed the blue blood in dress and

every act. It was not necessary to inform him that he was an aristocrat of the noblest type. But his brother, the subject of this sketch and familiarly called "Barb", was an Abraham Lincoln type of man both in character and strong physical resemblance to our great immortal martyr. He was a high-toned, cultured gentleman of quiet dignity, clever, agreeable and of modest pretensions. He was the owner and executive head of the well known Buell plantation now owned and cultivated by L. L. Lawrence and was at the time referred to perhaps the most desirable farm in Cass county. On this great farm there was ever that bustle and push that gets large results. Great prairie grain fields and pastures with monster flocks and herds; big woods and extensive orchards; numerous buildings and a full complement of teams, tools, men and machinery. High bred stock and up-to-date varieties of grain, fruits and vegetables prevailed here, for Mr. Buell was president of the agricultural society and showed the neighbors how to improve varieties and protect all from harm or deterioration. He was technically and practically a thorough agriculturalist and stock man. While he never cultivated a mercenary spirit he made his farming pay. But unfortunately this property came to him weighted down with an impossible burden of debts whose annual interest ate up all the profits and this finally wore him out. This happened to thousands of good men during those awful panicky years that followed the inflated values consequent upon the issuing of "fiat rag money". Debts had been contracted when greenbacks, on a parity with gold, were worth only about thirty-four cents on the dollar and had to be paid with 100 cents of good money raised when farm produce was low and wages and expenses were still high. Shall we see again something like that?

You might visit the Hathaway farm adjoining on the west and feel like passing through an art exhibit crowded with masterpieces that finally clog and weary you, but on the Buell plantation there was a delightful sensation of the magnificence, thrift and grandeur of it all. Here we might see a forty-acre orchard where thousands of barrels of choice varieties of apples were gathered every fall, not to mention the thousands of bushels left to rot upon the ground or furnish a relish for hundreds of thoroughbred hogs. Here was a great peach orchard extending down to old Bunker lake, so handy that it was said one family on the opposite side of the little town, who never bought or raised a peach but who owned a boat that ran quietly after dark, always feasted on canned Early Crawfords at every meal!

"Barb" Buell was a good neighbor and friend and a kind and indulgent husband and father, devoted to his noble and queenly wife and unusually interesting family of three fine sons and two lovely daughters. Considerate for every living thing on his farm and the men in his employ, he was ever ready to help the worthy when in need and we, his old friends, know that this world was made wiser, richer and better because Barber G. Buell lived in it.

William V. Rosewarne

We addressed him familiarly and lovingly as "Billy." "When names contain a 'rose' or 'pen' that's a sign of Cornishman." When a young man Mr. Rosewarne came to "York State" from good old Cornwall, England. His father was a free land owner and "a fine old English gentleman."

In 1849 when the pull of Empire and craze for gold was taking many on that perilous journey to the far west, our Uncle Billy came on as far as Lawton which was then the end of the M. C. R. R and staged it across to Niles where he helped put the railroad across the "sweet-flowing St. Joe." The next year he married Miss Martha, daughter of Sam Morris, brother of John and Dolphin, and later bought his father-in-law's farm at the northeast corner of the prairie with holdings on both sides of the Cass-Van Buren line. This large farm was well watered and had a diversity of fertile soils and Mr. R. made additions and improvements until it was one of the ideal farms of the county and no one raised better crops than he did. Here they reared a unique family of three hearty sons and three fine daughters who are today doing well their share of the world's work. The two younger boys, Cass and Frank, now own the old farm.

Most Engishmen have such love and loyalty for the mother country with deep reverence for its stable laws and conservative ways, that they are not easily reconciled to our unsettled conditions and unstable and half-enforced laws. But Mr. Rosewarne became at once a loyal American with true Yankee vim and patriotism. Ella Huyck once facetiously remarked: "Some men sit and think, some sit and smoke and some just sit." But here we have a man with pluck and energy that amazed slow-going people and it always got him out in time to see the little bird surround the early angleworm I have often seen him drive his mower or reaper until after midnight! Genial, generous, loving, great-hearted Billy Rosewarne, the man who could forget his own interests and go far out of his way to help a poor neighbor; who had ever kind sympathy, praise and encouragement for the poor lad tugging at the bootstraps. He was truthful and honest and kept every promise. "No," said he one day, coming around the old house by the upper orchard, "it may not be a misdemeanor to fill your pockets from an orchard where there is a surplus, but it shows better manners if you first ask permission." This liberal ruling lifted a great weight from the mind of an anxious little Dutch boy who at that particular moment had otherwise all he could carry.

Yes, that old farm paid, but here again the great debt obligation and steady interest drain held back the measure of success which he fairly earned. It makes the heart ache when we reflect how faithfully and patiently and hopefully many of those old-timers toiled on year after year throughout their long lives making big money only to satisfy interest and tax demands, while so worthy of a magnificent fortune. It does not seem to accord with the divine principles of eternal justice, but we must reflect also that generosity and benevolence have small affinity for thrift and affluence.

Men always liked to work for Mr. Rosewarne because they were well treated, liberally paid and bountifully fed. Here was something to gladden the heart of the growing farm boy as he whistled up his old familiar tune, for at harvest and haying time in the middle of each half day we were served cold milk or hot coffee and delicious doughnuts. Oh for a peck of those good doughnuts today, backed by that appetite. It would renew our youth and make old Father Time hang up his rusty scythe and stop shaking his hour-glass. This harvest luncheon was indulged on the Huyck farm and one or two others but never became a general practice.

Uncle Billy never ornamented his face with pipe or cigar and never acquired the Milwaukee thirst, but he did allow his men to use whiskey while washing sheep in the early springtime when the water was cold.

His temperament would sometimes encounter a brain-storm giving a shower of unprintable expletives that offered no apologies to Uncle Joe Cannon, old fiery Zack Chandler or our fighting Bob Evans. Every great and good man must have some loop-hole through which to crawl when hard pressed.

Some of us get shocked at a little plain and forceful profanity, but we have faith to believe that good kind-hearted William Rosewarne has a much higher seat up yonder than those santimonious hypocrits who could never swear but who could deceive and cheat and disregard the needs of the suffering poor.

> "So many Gods, so many creeds,
> So many ways that wind and wind,
> While just the art of being kind
> Is all this old world needs."

Hon. Alexander B. Copley

This noted farmer, statesman, banker and philantropist was so widely known to a majority of your readers that I need not characterize him much beyond his great and beneficent work as founder and superintendent for many years of the famous Little Prairie Sunday school.

Mr. Copley observed that the young people were more or less exposed to the influence of farm help which was often low and degrading. Some one has observed that of all tough toughs, the toughest tough is the dirty, ignorant, low-lived country tough. Some of the boys were getting their ideals from "Dick Deadeye the Hero of Bloody Gulch," and "Squint eyed Bill, the famous Bully of the Woods." The terrible conflict raging in the southland at that time was telling on public morals, and so during those dark and thrilling days of heartache and dread, this noble man of peace and love, who knew how to offer a fervent prayer to God and make a telling appeal in words of soul-reaching eloquence, organized that non-sectarian sabbath school.

Besides the assistance of his wife and her sister, Emma Hathaway, who later became his second wife, Mr. Copley had the earnest and efficient help of his two talented sisters, Mrs. Buell

and Mrs. Lawrence and many others equally helpful, among whom I must mention Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Elias Morris, Mrs. Thorpe and the Huyck family. I entered this school when an impulsive and impressionable lad whose feet all too easily slipped down the broad and easy road toward destruction, and here found the one great and potent influence outside of my devoted mother's love and teaching, that inspired me to fight upward toward a better life.

Our teachers encouraged us to commit the entire lesson thoroughly and then those eternal truths were ground into our souls to become a necessary part of our lives. Then the dear, sweet old songs and hymns with Ella Huyck, our musical evangelist, at the organ, charming our undeveloped souls into tune with the Infinite. Then came those fascinating reviews, illustrations and exhortations from our superintendent that compelled conviction, repentance and prayerful consecration to a higher, sweeter and purer life.

Dear classmates of those old days, let's stop here and bow our heads and hark back to that blessed time. Again we sing lustily that first song we learned, "Dare to do right, dare to be true," followed by "Sweet hour of prayer." And now, "Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet have trod?" Oh Father in heaven, we have all been down to that dark river to bid the last good bye to loved ones passing over to the "Ever shining shore." See that old schoolhouse packed with its nine big classes besides the score of little tots under the loving care of dear Mrs. Thomas out in the vestibule. See that devoted, godly man, that gentleman and scholar, whose life always squared with his teachings, giving out papers, cards, prizes and bibles furnished at his own expense; planning new exercises, union picnics and everything to charm and edify and make us wiser, better and happier.

Maybe our progress has been rapid since those old days when our electric light was a sputtering "slut"—a dish of lard from which burned dimly a braided cotton rag—we used candles for company; when our horseless carriage was an unruly yoke of steers hitched to a clumsy wagon; when we telephoned by sending a note, not written with a typewriter. But must I say that no Sunday school of today gets one-half the actual results that came from that dear old Little Prairie Sunday school when conducted by our beloved Bennett Copley and his capable and devoted band of teachers.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given to you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it dry another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on."

Thus have I tried to picture some of my old-time friends, the worthy forbears of those schoolmates and associates of forty years ago who are today "sowing the earth with men." Gladly would I jab my pen into that "second generation," including those smartie chaps who beat me out of my winter-greens and tamarack gum, giving me nothing in return but apples, candy and pie! But if I did them one-half justice, I would not dare go back to the great reunion next August, unless the biggest of them were to die or move away. And those dear girls, including "that old sweetheart of mine," that peachy little tintype of the clinging-vine variety, whom no one could catch at pom-pom-pull-away. Ho, hum! she married that school-fellow who licked me once—just for nuthin'. I forgave him though last year when I stopped at his farm and found that little tintype at the churn surrounded by seven grandchildren and two dogs. Oh what an alarm clock to my happy dreams! She was now full cabinet size, weighing 287 pounds and she and Tige were talking in the same key. "Of all sad words."

BY FRANK L. KERN

The two preceding articles gave a little characterization of the first set of five of the old settlers of Little Prairie with whom I had much to do during my boyhood days in the 60's and who were then most prominently in the public eye in that locality. We now move over to the northern part of the Prairie and briefly sketch the other set.

The ten families referred to were nearly all more or less related by intermarriage. Of the large and interesting Morris families I shall write at this time only of the Dolphin Morris branch who with his four sons, Samuel, Amos, Elias and Henry, occupied a large place in the social and business life of the Prairie, all responsible and well-to-do farmers. Susan, the only daughter, became the wife of Redmond Anderson.

Dolphin Morris

Was an old man, when I was a young child and really belonged with LeGrand Anderson and a few others, to an older or first generation and among the true original settlers of Van Buren and Cass counties. Mr. Morris and wife were counted as the way-up family of the Prairie. They were quiet, pious and somewhat aristocratic people who owned a large acreage of rich, virgin prairie and valuable timber land about the old homestead where in the middle 70's the young and promising son Henry and his beautiful and charming wife were so shockingly and brutally murdered.

That was a wonderful old forest about the Morris and Anderson homes with its great wealth of large walnut, hickory, beech, maple, ash, oak, basswood, etc. Here we gathered nuts and Paw Paws, mushrooms and hawes, near the old burying ground now crowded with those once so dear to our lives and still a sweet, tender memory. Here we hunted squirrels, red, black, and gray fox, which in large numbers then overran the fences and trees. Here we made syrup, wax and sugar in the early springtime and later reveled knee deep in a wealth of flowers, little dreaming how quickly the years would slip by when we too must begin to feel that "life's long dream is o'er, farewell, farewell".

Dolphin Morris was a good manager and his large farm, orchard, garden and stock were always in fine condition while good old-fashioned hospitality was administered to all who came. Here charity was genuine, broad and deep and great pains were taken to look up the worthy who were in need, that without any ostentation, their wants might be supplied. Pardon me if my pen often slips off into this characteristic of those dear old friends. A certain widow with a lot of helpless, hungry children, found employment in these homes at house cleaning, washing, butchering, etc., and often did the Morris team bring to her cheerless shack of poverty, far more in fuel, food and clothing than the price of her labor. God in his just and tender mercy cannot fail to amply reward those generous souls of Little Prairie who thus kindly cared for that noble and faithful woman during those long years of her toil and anxiety.

Elias Morris

Owned a large and valuable farm extending from the main highway, one mile east across the Prairie through the oak woods to Saddlebag Lake, where the great re-union will take place next August

Just before the civil war broke out Elias married the kind-hearted, popular and cultured Charlotte Dunning, (and oh how kindly she has been remembered for fifty years by the poor little "Dutch" lad whose pockets she so often filled with doughnuts, cookies and apples), and a little later he built the finest residence on the Prairie and here they resided long years, rearing the two sons now so well known as Drs. Ray and Carl, and the charming daughter Jessie who left this earth a few years ago. Little Freddie died when a small child. Mr. Morris was ever prepossessing and of pleasing and courteous address, affable, keen, shrewd and quick-witted. He was a public spirited, well-read and progressive farmer, keeping only well-bred stock and always raising paying crops

Elias always stood well among all his associates who admired his broad-minded, genial and manly ways and truthful, upright character, for like his father, he was generous-hearted and always mindful of those less fortunate in life. Mr. and Mrs. Morris who now reside in Decatur, bear the distinction of being the only pair left on earth of all those complete families whom we knew in the prime of life and activity in the old days. They are close to the date of their golden wedding anniversary, and w[illegible] I remember the many kindnesses shown my family in the years that are gone, I thank God they have been permitted to live so long in peace and love together and to bless the world, and my earnest prayer is that many more years may be allowed them before passing on to the sure reward that awaits the faithful in the world to come.

Farmer folks are those who labor
From the rise to set of sun
Calling every man a neighbor,
Who has all his duty done:
Helping weary ones who sorrow,
In a tender, loving way,
Counting not upon the morrow—
Faithful to the present day."

Continuing the write-up of some of the leading citizens of Little Prairie during my boyhood days some forty years ago, I will here remark that in 1860 if a man drove a top buggy it was a sure sign of wealth and if he were known to possess an estate valued at fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, he was considered independently rich. Double that sum to-day would be just a start—a nest-egg. We heard of one or two millionaires in New York but could hardly comprehend the meaning.

I doubt if these old farms will ever be as valuable and productive, even under the improved, scientific methods, as when kept up and operated by those old pioneers.

Richard J. Huyck

When a little child, nearly fifty years ago, I stood in awe and reverence before this tall, dignified man, then in middle life, a leading citizen and influential public officer. He was at that time, town clerk, postmaster, merchant and farmer. His little general store at what was then called "Huycktown" disappeared long ago. In later years Mr. Huyck developed into a sort of patriarch of the community and was always most highly respected by everybody and loved and revered by those who knew him intimately.

When in the early 30's Mr. Huyck began life as a teacher, a young brunette in the back row caught his fancy and later they began life together, living in peace, happiness and prosperity for about sixty years, celebrating their golden wedding in 1886. The four talented daughters and son who became a soldier, traveler and banker, were at one time the very heart and soul-life of the brilliant social whirl that characterized the school and Sunday school of the Prairie.

Richard Huyck was not a policy man but ever stood for the highest principles of right living and an honest, fair deal. He called things by their right names and his judgment was highly prized on local and national matters. Dignified, serious, thoughtful and earnest, he nevertheless enjoyed a good joke and dearly loved music, especially the kind furnished by his accomplished daughters and their associates who made the old home a happy resort. During the nearly four years I was under his direction as a farm boy and later as a member of the family, I never heard Mr. Huyck utter an improper or unkind word or have a single family jar. He was a keen scholar, a good linguist and a fine penman and mathematician. He was skillful in the use of tools and even the painstaking Benjamin Hathaway was not more careful and systematic in every line of work, but Mr. Huyck excelled them all in the care of his teams and stock. He never sought to take any advantage in a trade, never pinched or pushed a creditor, was not in the least mercenary, still he was saving and thrifty and always prospered, providing bountifully for his family.

Like others of the Prairie pioneers, Mr. Huyck cared little for religious dogmas and doctrines but had a well-defined conception of man's dependence and duties. His moral code was clearly defined and rigidly adhered to and no man was ever offended or wronged by what he said or did. Surely I need not say more. Mrs. Huyck, now nearing four score and ten, lives in Decatur with her widowed daughters, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Dolloff.

Levi B. Lawrence

Here we have a man who started life with good hereditaments and bare hands, but he had a cool, level head and that best of all fortunes that can befall any man, a high-bred, refined and capable wife who was a rare helpmeet and housekeeper,—a grand good woman. Mr. Lawrence early learned an important principle of finance which he once put to me in his simple way, "It is not so much what you take in as what you don't pay out,—pay as you go or don't go". He knew how to raise a fine quality of grain and so carefully prepare it for market that he invariably got a higher price than others. He would contend long and hard for even a fraction of a cent per bushel extra which he claimed his stuff was worth. Some criticized this trait, but we saw him always keep his word, meet every obligation and generously support his family for whom he provided the best home in the township. He paid for his farm, bought several adjoining farms and lived to become the richest man on the Prairie.

At the Lawrence home was ever the most generous hospitality and entertainment. The best of good victuals for every meal and for the evenings, the choicest apples, cider, nuts, popcorn, etc., while books, magazines, games and music were freely indulged. Did we have the best school in the county? Yes, when Mr. Lawrence was director. Were the Prairie roads the best in the state? Not until Mr Lawrence was made commissioner of highways.

In the old days the winters were severe and the lanes and highways filled with drifts from fence to fence driving travel into the fields. It was Mr. Lawrence who started the move that caused these unsightly and expensive fences to disappear. I cannot name all the benefactions of this wise man who seemed to have an intuition as to just how to do things right. Had we found his methods and followed them, it would have been better for all of us. His three sons, well known in Decatur and vicinity, show the thrifty, sturdy responsibility of the father and the fine traits of that queenly mother whose life shed such a blessed fragrance upon all with whom she came in contact.

Nathaniel D. Thomas

You may ask why write up a man known so well by everybody as Dr. N. D. Thomas, and with the Doctor still here to speak for himself? Pat inquired, "Fot's the wurrold to a mon whin his wife's a widdy?" Why must we wait until we are gone before we find out what people thought of us while in life? The Doctor has a sharp pen and can get back at me if I hit him too hard.

The Thomases came from one of the leading families of Kalamazoo county and settled near Huycktown in the 50's. They were distinguished in a marked degree by an ideal home life, correct language and proper conduct. While holding themselves absolutely above reproach, they were not in the least proud or exclusive. It was into the refining social atmosphere of this home that the children of the poor and ignorant were first invited on equal terms with the rich, but with the rule requiring good manners and behavior, rigidly enforced. This practice soon became general in the fine homes of the Prairie, resulting in a marked uplift to the lower stratum of society and doubtless led to some of the life combinations of later years.

Dr. Thomas was a skillful and highly successful physician of the allopathic type but not so orthodox that he could not learn and practice all the best things of the other schools of medicine. So great was the demand upon him that he was literally in the saddle or gig day and night, making long rides over almost impassable roads, through the forests, among Indians and wild beasts and in all weathers, until he was compelled to give up the work or break down under the load.

During the Civil war as men responded to the constant call for troops, they invariably came to the Doctor requesting him to look after their dependant loved ones. God knows how many bereaved families thus became a charge upon the care and bounty of this good man. Many a long ride was made in rain, mud, slush and intense cold to bring comfort, care and remedies to the afflicted, and without a thought of charging a fee. He is really a great financier who could care so well for his own family and still be the true philanthropist, "visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction and keeping himself unspotted from the world". How do I know this? My own mother was a poor widow and while struggling to give her five children a start in life, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were a constant help, comfort and inspiration to her, often serving her with no hope of return.

Shall I tell of the buying of a large farm at the close of the war when prices were inflated, money cheap and all else dear? Of the great cost of clearing the grubs and stumps, fencing, breaking, building, equipping, educating those two boys and three girls in our best colleges and finally the burden of debt he had to carry? Need I rehearse the awful struggle which was borne by thousands when low prices, small crops, big expenses, with greenbacks at par and the interest drain taking all the margin of profits and more? This old world is full of heroes whose praises are unsung, who have fought nobly in the hard battle of life but whose recompense must await them in the world to come. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas lived pure and useful lives, scattering blessings all along the way. The world is wiser, better and happier at every point where they touched it.

The Doctor still owns the old farm and a goodly portion of the land he improved and where he lived, loved and labored so many years among his stock and growing crops, finding much satisfaction in the large measure of

success which came to him. He now resides in Decatur with his daughter, Miss Jessie, who, forgetting self in her devotion to duty, taught school many years and consecrated her quiet, happy and beautiful life to the good of her parents.

LeGrand Anderson

"O happy day, that fixed my choice," loudly sang the pious old man as he rocked back in his big chair on the ample porch. He was a jolly, sturdy old fellow with a boasted line of ancestry reaching across Missouri and Kentucky and on up into the first families of Virginia. But he was a loyal Unionist and was on this particular autumn day intensely watching the great conflict then at its height between the forces of the north and the south. "Lackaday, sonny!" shouted the dear old fellow as a dirty barefoot lad appeared in the orchard path, poking the other half of a big apple into the opening just below the tattered hatbrim. Little "Dutchy," always the hero of his own stories, had a perennial appetite that astonished the neighbors and worried his mother. "When a chap like you, sir, can handle so big a chunk of johnnycake and get away with a peck of apples several times a day in the slack of his blouse shirt, he can handle chips, potatoes and ears of corn and should go to work." The argument was unanswerable and forthwith "Dutchy" got his first job at 18 cents per day and "found"—usually found in the old orchard. Not long ago he again wandered through the remnant of orchard now left and sampled apples from the old favorite tree, but somehow they had lost their old-time flavor. Maybe he could ask with the poet Hathaway:

> Is this change in them, or alas in me,
> Since forty years ago?

The Anderson plantation bordered Swift's lake, then a body of deep, clear water, now a boggy marsh fit for raising frogs, turtles and mudhens. There were two sons and two daughters—William, who for years before his death resided in Decatur, was known far and near as a philantropist, preacher and temperance advocate of great force and persistence; Redmond, a clever money-maker and capitalist, now residing in the southwestern country; Mrs. Murdock of Paw Paw, and June, an erratic character, famous over several townships.

There were lively times on the "old man" Anderson farm in those old days, especially so when the grandson LeGrand Copley came home from college for his summer vacation to make the woods ring with his jolly songs and eloquent speeches. L. G. A. is now a retired capitalist of Kansas City, but we found him the other day still an allfired good fellow and we are glad to see him on the bill for a speech at our reunion next summer at Saddlebag Lake.

LeGrand Anderson, who gave me the "L" for my name, liked to play Santa Claus to poor children all the year round and push off up stream the little life canoes with instructions in steering and paddling. He was a constant inspiration and help to everybody. His charity covered a multitude of sins. I have seen him hitch up his team on a cold winter evening to take to her humble abode across the lake the poor tired widow, whose day's work ran five a. m. till nine p. m. on butchering days, and besides her regular wages, he carried to her home such fuel, food and clothing as he knew her children needed. Why such fulsome praise of these old settlers, had they no faults? Oh maybe; but the great English bard said: "The good men do lives after them while the evil is interred with their bones."

TRUE INDIAN STORIES

Part of the history concerning the Indians of early Decatur and vicinity is based upon legend — the Battle of Lake of the Woods, perhaps, being the most romantic; however, several of our pioneers have given authentic proof of having lived and played with Indian children of early days.

Among them were two from Little Prairie Ronde, south of town. John Eckenberger was one who lived near Charleston where the country was dense wilderness. He had Indian children for playmates and from them he learned the Indian language, which he could speak as well as his own. He camped and hunted with the Indians in his youthful days. As a result he learned to be a trapper and hunter. He also learned about herbs, which proved to be of great value to him in later life.

John was a great friend of Chief Pokagon and always visited his tribe whenever possible. He reflected upon his association with the Indians with fond memories. At one time, the early settlers in this section became alarmed over a rumor that the Pottawatomies were forming a plan of attack on the whites.

John Eckenberger made a special trip under the pretense of making a friendly visit to Chief Pokagon. During the conversation, the old chief guessed his errand, and hastened to assure John that the whites had nothing to fear from his tribe.

INDIAN WILLIAMS

Daily News Jan. 31, 1908
(Has Picture)

Indian Williams, the father of Mrs. Thomas Winchester of this city is dead at his home near Hartford at the age of more than 100 years, and thus has passed away one of the oldest members of the Pokagon band of Pottawatomie Indians and the oldest reputed resident of Van Buren county.

Peter Cow-Tuck-Muck is the name by which he is known to his Indian friends, but he has for years been known as "Indian Williams."

The interesting story of his life is told in The Hartford Day Spring to which The Daily News is indebted for the accompanying picture.

Peter Catuckmuck, Sr., or "Indian" Williams as he was more familiarly known to almost every resident of this section and who was accorded the distinction of being the oldest member of the Pokagon band of Pottawatomie Indians if not the oldest resident of Van Buren county, died last Friday morning at the age of 100. He was also one of the band's most interesting characters. A Day Spring representative who visited him at his home the Sunday before his death, found the centenarian confined to his bed, emaciated and suffering severely from a dropsical affection, but a remarkable example of the wonderful vitality and longevity of his race. Speaking partly in the English and partly in the Pottawatomie language with his son as interpreter, he told the story of his life.

He was born at Detroit in the month of May, 1807, a century ago. He professed a childish recollection of Detroit, then a settlement of but a few hundred people and composed entirely of Indians and French, the only business activity being the French trading post. At the age of five years, with 140 of his tribe's people, he journeyed through the forests, over Indian trails, to the site of the present village of Athens in Calhoun County. He appeared to possess a vivid recollection of his trip, describing the method in which the effects of the band and the children, himself included, were transported upon pack ponies, the balance of the party making the journey on foot. Athens was then but a French trading post, where the Indian exchanged the furs for the meagre ware afforded by the French, and in this environment he grew to young manhood.

He recalled the "falling of the stars" in 1833 and described the hunting lodge in which he was then located on the banks of "Pine Creek," a stream in that vicinity. It was soon after this that he visited the present site of the city of Niles, the first white settlement he ever saw. Niles then boasted of nearly 300 inhabitants, and was the main trading post for the Indians of this section.

At about this time he was converted to the Catholic faith, and in lieu of the Indian name of Catuckmuck he became known by the surname of Williams. It was over 70 years ago that he was married in Silver Creek to Miss Kedasmeeleeve Saugne by the Rev. Father McCoy of Niles. She died at Rush lake 58 years ago, and he was later remarried, the second wife surviving.

After spending the few months at Watervliet he settled in the forest near Paw Paw, and after a residence there of 20 years, he came to Hartford 50 years ago. True to his early environment he retained his love of the wild and found his favorite occupation in trapping along the Paw Paw river thickets. A few years ago, with money received from the government in settlement of the Indian claims to Chicago lake front property, he purchased a forty acre farm on the river bank.

One of the most interesting reminisences was of the last Indian battle between the Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Chippewas and the western Indians which took place on the present site of Muskegon county over 70 years ago and in which the western tribes were driven out of this section. He also recalled earlier conflicts in which he participated.

Fire arms had not yet been acquired by the Indians, tomohawks and bows and arrows being the weapons used in all of them.

"Indian" Williams was intelligent, above the average of his race, and possessed a reputation for the strictest integrity. One of his peculiar characteristics was the setting of the exact day upon which he would meet an obligation, however small, and it is said that he never failed his promise. He was unable to read English, but could read a book printed in the Chippewa language, a translation of Catholic teachings, and up to the time of his death would pursue the study of the work without the aid of glasses. He was never addicted to the use of tobacco or intoxicants. He leaves four sons, Peter and Frank Williams of Hartford, and John and Michael Williams of Silver Creek and one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Winchester. His funeral was at the Catholic church in this village Monday morning, interment taking place at Rush lake.

TWO DEATHS FROM POISON

Edward Carney, jr., died at 2 o'clock Monday night and James Mahoney, jr., died Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. Both died from the effects of wood alcohol poisoning in bay rum.

Craving for stimulant they went into Frank White's barber shop with his barber, Seldon Allen, Sunday and each took a drink from the jug labeled bay rum. Ordinarily the effect from a drink of bay rum would not be serious but the label on this jug stating that the preparation contained 50 per cent of wood alcohol marked it as deadly poison. Mr. White bought it from the Collins Barber Supply house of Toledo, Ohio.

The funeral of Edward Carney will be held this afternoon at two o'clock at the home. The funeral of James Mahoney will be held at the Catholic church Friday morning at nine o'clock.

The news of these unfortunate deaths caused a sensation in our village Wednesday. The Prosecuting Attorney, Coroner and Deputy Sheriff came over from Paw Paw to investigate. They held Seldon Allen for a few hours but decided that there was no cause of action against him and that inquests were not necessary.

Allen also drank some of the bay rum and Wednesday night became so ill that it was necessary to call a physician.

DEATH OF ELIAS MORRIS

Second White Child Born in Van Buren County. A Distinguished Pioneer and Citizen

BORN MAY 11, 1832 DIED JULY 2, 1909

Elias Morris died at his home in this village on the 2nd day of July, at the age of seventy-seven years, one month and twenty-two days.

He was a son of Dolphin and Nancy Morris, the first white settlers of Decatur township, who began the erection of the first log cabin in the township on the 27th day of March, 1829 on what is now known as the old Morris homestead.

It was in this cabin that Elias Morris was born on the 11th day of May, 1832.

He was of Scotch descent, his ancestors having come to this country in colonial days. His great grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

He was the second child born in Van Buren county. The first one was a brother who lived only a few months. At the time of his death Mr. Morris was the oldest white person born in this county

He obtained the his education in the district schools in the vicinity of his home with the exception of three terms in the Wesleyan Seminary at Albion, Mich., now Albion College.

On March 12th, 1857, he was married to Charlotte Dunning, a daughter of Allen Dunning of Edwardsburg, Mich., who survives him, and who has always been to him a loving, conscientious and helpful wife. To this union three children were born; Raymond O. Morris of Kalamazoo and Dr. Carlton D. Morris of Pontiac, Mich., who still survive him, his only daughter, Jessie Welch, having passed away some fifteen years ago, She left three children, Imogene, Lottie and Dr. Charles Welch, who have been brought up and educated by their grandparents.

As a citizen Mr. Morris was exceedingly well thought of and was respected by all. He was broad minded and liberal and was ever willing to do anything in his power for the advancement of the community in which he lived.

Politically, he was a Republican of the "stalwart" kind, and until within the last few years had taken a very active part in the political affairs of his county. He was not a seeker after political preferment but was a man who contributed liberally of his time and means for the advancement of his party's interests. His influence was not only felt in this 4th congressional district but it became state wide.

About the time of his reaching manhood he bought some land on Little Prairie Ronde in Volinia township, Cass county, upon which he built his home and where he resided until some twelve years ago when he bought a home in this village, where he resided at the time of his death.

He gradually added to the land that he first bought until he was the owner of three hundred and sixty-five acres of as fine land as there is in this part of the state, situated in the townships of Decatur and Volinia, besides a beautiful home in this village. He was also a stockholder and director of the First National Bank of Paw Paw.

On Friday, July 2nd, at a little after twelve o'clock, noon, surrounded by all the members of his family he quietly passed to his final home. Thus closed a long and eventful life, well spent and replete with honor and success.

His funeral was held at his late home and was attended by a large concourse of his old friends and neighbors. The funeral sermon was by Rev. Munneke and interment was in Lakeside cemetery.

DON C. ROGERS

A Short Sketch of the Life of a Brave Soldier and a Good Man

Don Carlos Rogers was born in Cincinnatus, Cortland county, New York, December 24, 1833, and died in Chicago, Tuesday, May 5, 1908, at the residence of his son W. A. Rogers, 763 West 66th street. Although he was gradually growing weaker with the advancing years he had enjoyed fairly good health the past winter and his final illness was of but three days duration.

The remains, accompanied by his son and family, were shipped to Decatur where the funeral was held in the Universalist church Thursday afternoon. Rev. Franklin G. Varney conducted the services, taking for his subject "The Inward and the Outward Man." It was a beautiful sermon, greatly appreciated by the relatives and friends.

The choir was composed of A. E. Lawrence and Geo. Adams, Mrs. Geo. Adams and Mrs. Henry Wolcott, Mrs. Lawrence accompanying. Their selections were very appropriate, the last song, "Bury Me Near the Old Home," being true to the occasion. Mr. Rogers always loved Decatur and although for many years past he has been a resident of other places his thoughts were always turning toward this home of his younger days and here it is fitting and proper that he should find the final rest.

Burnside Post No. 27, G. A. R., attended the funeral in a body and marched to the grave in Lakeside cemetery. The G. A. R. burial service was conducted at the grave.

The old flag presented to his Company by the ladies of Decatur when it left for the war, was brought over from Paw Paw and carried by the veterans.

Del Cummings, John Sirrine, A. J. Roundy, and James Bullard of Paw Paw, and Edward Carney of Decatur, members of Mr. Rogers' Company, were honorary pall bearers.

Mr. Rogers first came to Decatur in 1854 and resided here continuously till he joined the army. He held several local offices, including that of deputy sheriff, and after returning from the army he held the office of register of deeds one term. He was married August 30, 1863, to Charlotte Hinkley to whom one son was born, William, now a resident of Chicago. Early in the seventies he went to Detroit. After a residence of some years in that city he went to Dakota and since then has made his home with his son, first in Minneapolis, then in Milwaukee, and since September last in Chicago. He was a member of E. B. Wolcott Post No. 1, G. A. R. of Milwaukee, Wis.

Chess playing was his favorite pas-

time and he held the championship of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, at the time of his residence in those states. He has met many of the noted masters of the game at home and from abroad and was considered their strongest opponent.

Besides his son and family Mr. Rogers is survived by two sisters, Mrs Edward Trowbridge of Dowagiac and Mrs. Thickstun of Cassopolis.

His War Record

Mr. Rogers' war record was one of which he could well feel proud. His enlistment is best told in his own story of his three years of faithful and valiant service. He wrote:

"Hearing that the United States flag on Fort Sumter was at half mast, I immediately opened my office for enlistments. I enlisted April 14, 1861, at Decatur, Mich. At that time I was a deputy sheriff of Van Buren county and had my office with Hiram Cole, attorney. Being Sunday, I had started for church when I met Carlton Wheeler and Orren T. Welch who were talking about General Scott being too old to take command of the army in the field. Just at this time Mr. Richardson stepped up and said that "Jeff Davis was as good a man as General Scott." I said "You should know better," and knocked him off the sidewalk, saying, "the war might as well commence in Decatur as in Charlestown." He got up and said that he "would go home and get his gun and shoot me." Henry Chamberlain was near by and told him it was "all right to go home and as soon as he got there to go to bed—not to come up town with a gun as he might lose both his life and gun." I went to my office and headed a sheet of foolscap paper for the war and signed my name to it, Chamberlain doing the same. Did not attend church—talked war and got a few boys to sign my paper.

May 1, 1861, the Lafayette Light Guards of Paw Paw was reorganized and we at Decatur joined the new organization. May 6, we went into camp at the fair grounds and had our first night's rest on straw. During May we drilled and prepared for war. June 3, our flag was at half-mast for the death of Stephen A. Douglas. June 6th I returned from Big Prairie Ronde with thirteen good boys for the Company. Went to Isaac Conners to stay over night. Just heard that our Company was to join Daniel E. Sickles' brigade on Staten Island, N. Y., and that the ladies of Decatur would present the Company with a silk flag before leaving for New York City.

The board of supervisors of Van Buren voted $1,200 to send the Company to New York and June 13th the Company left Paw Paw. About 5,000 people were at the Lawton depot to bid the company good-bye and wish them a safe return. There were many sad faces. Company wore red flannel overshirts, blue deming overalls and black oilcloth caps.

We met the Third Michigan Infantry at Detroit on their way to help save the Union. We took passage on boat for Buffalo. At Buffalo we marched to the residence of Ex-President Fillmore and received his congratulations. At Syracuse the citizens gave us an elegant dinner on the green at the City Hall Park. At New York City we were received by General Daniel E. Sickles and others and sent by boat to Staten Island. The brigade was mustered into the United States service and known as the "Sickles Excelsior Brigade."

In the battle of Williamsburg, Va., Mr Rogers was shot in the right thigh, and in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, he was shot in the right foot.

He was mustered into the army with the rank of 3d sergeant, was promoted to 1st sergeant for meritorious conduct at the battle of Williamsburg; was promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. F, January 2, 1863; was promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 20, 1863. Was discharged from the service by special order of the War department for physical disabilities from wounds received in action April 9, 1864.

Mr. Rogers completed his story of his war experiences as follows:

"I returned home and after a little time entered my brother's grocery store as a clerk, and at the same time watching the results of the war. The day after President Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, there was some little excitement in Decatur. A fellow sitting in my brother's store made some disloyal remark about the President and I took him by the coat collar and spanked his coat tails out of the store. This caused some of his friends to make some similar remarks. Then the army boys took the whole outfit to the office of the Justice of the Peace and had them take the oath of allegiance. Soon after this we found that we had missed one. He feigned sickness and was not coming. The boys immediately made an army stretcher and brought him in and had him take the oath. Thus it was that a boy with a light heart had to spank a traitor before going into the army and a traitor after coming out.

CARD OF THANKS

To Burnside Post No. 27 G. A. R. who so beautifully conducted the last rites of our father and brother and their comrade and to the friends who personally assisted we extend our sincere thanks.

W. A. Rogers and Family,
Mrs. Edward Trowbridge,
Mrs. Eva Davis,
Mrs. D. C. Thickstun.

DAVID Q. CURRY

David Curry was the son of David and Elizabeth Curry, who lived on a fine Prairie farm, that was taken from the Government on a land Grant in 1832. David Q. was born in 1839. During the years of 1860 and 1861 he attended Kalamazoo College and intended to take a course in law, but instead answered his Country's call for Troops. In 1862 he joined the famous 4'th Michigan Cavalry. He was one of 300 picked men, who were sent out to capture Jefferson Davis, and while in the skermish with the wisconsin soldiers, his horse was shot from under him. He served three years in the war, during which time he was in 96 battles and skirmishes. He came home from the war, in 1865 and went back onto the farm, and it has been his only home since.

1908

THE HUCKLE-BERRY INDUSTRY

Largest High Bush Marsh in Michigan is Located in Hamilton Township

The huckleberry industry in this county is worthy of note. There are not only numerous small marshes that have produced big crops this season but the largest high bush marsh in the state is in this county, within seven miles of Decatur. It is located on the William H. Johnson farm, managed by G. J. Case, next to the Keeler line in Hamilton township.

The marsh contains 57 acres and this year Mr. Case will ship from 600 to 700 cases of huckleberries from it. He says he could ship 1000 cases from it if he could get them picked.

The berries are shipped direct to Chicago over the Graham & Morton boat line and are selling for $2 per crate. Mr. Case hauls them to Hills' corner two and one half miles away where they are loaded onto a Graham & Morton "schooner" and hauled to the Benton Harbor dock twenty-two miles distant. The "schooner" is a big covered wagon that makes the trip regularly and hauls from 250 to 300 cases of berries to the load.

The steamboat company takes the berries at Hills' corner and unloads them at the dock in Chicago for nine cents per case.

DECATUR HOOP AND LUMBER CO.

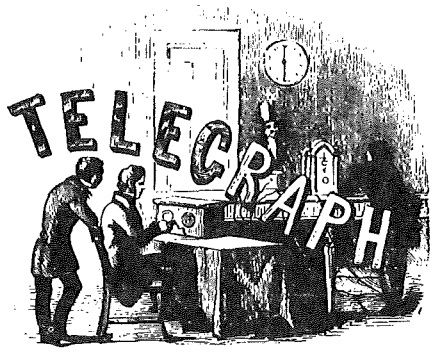
Pays Out in Wages Over $200 Per Week

The Decatur Hoop and Lumber Company has become one of the most important industries in our village.

The company is now employing 21 men and pays out in wages over $200 per week.

Their average production is 100,000 hoops per week and one week they made 134,000. They have fifteen carloads of hoops now on hand but the market is beginning to improve and they will soon be sold.

S. G. Hirst is the successor of the late E. L. Rettig as manager of the company. He has moved his family here from Alverton, Ohio, and will push the business this summer.



3

NO NIGHT OPERATOR

Michigan Central Denies Request of Decatur Petitioners.

Michigan Central Division Superintendent M. T. Wright and Train Master D. J. Hackett of Jackson paid a visit to Decatur Monday in answer to the petition of the business men to restore the night telegraph service.

Mr. Wright did not hold out much encouragement that the prayer of the petitioners would be granted, but consoled them by saying that the Decatur night man had been transferred to Lawton to make the required three shifts for that station.

The Company has so arranged its business that it has no further need of a night telegrapher at this station and Decatur people will have to apply to the Western Union Company if they want the service restored.

We may be thankful that we are favored with the day service, Mattawan, Glenwood and Pokagon haven't any telegraph operator at all any more. Buchanan and Three Oaks are in the same class with Decatur.

Allen Baker has been promoted to the position of Station Agent at Mattawan and Leslie Sweetland succeeds him as the night man at this station.

Fritzburg

Cute Knolls' handsome black colt is convalescing from the mumps.

Supervisor Conway has tapped his maple sugar bush of about fifty trees.

Fundy Shoudy came over from Benton Harbor on official business last week.

Corwin has finally conceded 'Onest John Wassman to be a resident of Fritzburg.

Dr. Friday has gone into the campaign for the nomination for Health Officer on the democratic ticket.

Bunk Richmond is looking for a saw mill to buy, not a cross-cut saw and horse, but a big one to saw up lumber.

Arkansaw Knolls offers the use of his new barn for public meetings to discuss the Primary Election question.

Decker Shoudy's famous bay mare is on the program for a whistling solo at the next meeting of the village council.

Lieut. Spike Conway has notified the village council that he and his Black Diamond horse will plant nine hundred acres of beans this spring.

Lieut. Bret H. Cockett of the Foster Corners suburb is slated for the nomination for Supervisor of Hamilton township on the republican ticket.

John Wassman received a car load of corn from Jackson last week and had it hauled out to his mill Friday and Saturday. He put an ad. in the Republican and sold it all in a few days.

A report is circulating in Fritzburg to the effect that the village clerk challenged one of the Rhodus horse-trading witnesses to meet him in mortal combat, the weapons being their fists and all rules set aside. The clerk put up his $200 watch against ten dollars on the result and then made a peaceful settlement with his opponent outside of the ring. Tickets to the mill were selling rapidly and the citizens are disatisfied and threaten to elect a new clerk.

FOUND HIGHEST POINT IN PORTER

Graham and Mahoney Drove Well There 135 Feet Deep

John L. Graham and George Mahoney drove a tubular well for Robert Woods of Porter last week.

The well is located on the top of a hill at the highest point in his grape vineyard. It is also the highest point in Porter towtship and 40 feet higher than Prospect Hill in Paw Paw.

It was a difficult job and took the drivers eleven days. They went down 97 feet and broke the pipe, losing 32 feet of it. Then they drove 135 feet before they struck water.

Mr. Woods has a forty acre grape vineyard and excellent prospects for a big crop. He will use the well for spraying and pump with a gasoline engine.

East Valley

H. H. Benjamin has painted his barn.

Eighth grade diplomas were given to Ora Jackson and Eleanor McVey of the East Valley school last week.

Fred Forbes, director of the East Valley school, completed the school census last week. He found 58 of the school age, between five and twenty years. This is the smallest number in the district in ten years.

Willie Hughes was leaning against the fence sobbing bitterly when a sympathetic neighbor came along the other day. The cause of his grief was the serious illness of his pet colt, a fine little roadster that Willie has been driving this year. The horse has a bad case of distemper.

A FEW REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD USE DECATUR FLOUR

Its as Good as Any Other Flour On the Market and We Consider It Much Better Than Many

Because—firstly, it is scientifically and hygenically milled on the latest and best milling machinery with 20 years of grain handling and milling experience.

Secondly, it is made from the very **Choicest Michigan Wheat**, every bushel of which is carefully inspected before using. Many large mills are compelled to use wheat from elevators where it is mixed, many kinds together, some good and some very bad.

Buying as we do eliminates all bad wheat and only the good is made into flour. With equal milling facilities this way cannot help making better flour.

Many large mills try to make every ounce of flour that is in the wheat. In doing this it seems to us that some flour of inferior quality must be made.

Our **White Lily** brand is the result of **carefully selected wheat** scientifically and carefully milled and by many considered the very best flour on the market.

Our Superior brand is equally as carefully handled and is composed of Michigan wheat flour and a large per cent of the **Celebrated Gold Medal** and is especially adapted to bread baking, though the following may be truthfully said of it:

Good for Bread or Pie or Cake,
Good for everything you Bake.

Thirdly, Decatur for Decatur. We feel that the **Decatur Roller mills** is a **good institution**. It is a benefit to the village and the surrounding country. The Decatur Milling Co. is one of the leading contributors and assistants in all movements for general improvements and the uplifting of the moral and social standing of the village.

We believe in the economic administration of public affairs and heartily approve of the actions of the present officials.

We believe in loyalty to home institutions and industry and sincerely hope for your protection and support. Not in pity, but through real merit, we solicit your business.

DECATUR MILLING COMPANY

Hawks' Burdock

Creates appetite, purifies the blood, cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder and stomach troubles. Large one dollar size bottles for 35 cents. For sale by

41-40 M. S. CARNEY.

SKETCH OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES BRAYBROOKS, SR.

"I am going to marry that girl." The speaker was a young man and the girl spoken of was one of two girls that were passing along the road in Old England many years ago. Upon being questioned as to which one of the girls he meant, he replied, "The one with the black eyes." Little did this young man dream that the words that he uttered at the time would prove true, and that the one with the black eyes would, indeed, in time become his wife. But such is the case, and today they are known as Mr. and Mrs. James Braybrooks, Sr. And because the greater part of those lives have been lived in the bounds of Van Buren county, and because they are still with us and able to receive our congratulations, we undertake to write this sketch of those lives which are so full of suggestions for the youth that is standing at the other end of the avenue of life.

James Braybrooks was born in Woodhurst, England, February 14, 1822. Jane Simmons was born in Camberhire, England, April 16, 1823 Their first meeting occurred while Miss Simmons and her companion were passing along the road with a threshing machine. This today may seem a strange thing, but it was a very common thing in those times in England. At this meeting the words were spoken that we quoted above.

October 13, 1846, in the church in the town of Elem, England, his prophetic words were made perfect and the black eyed girl became Mrs, James Braybrooks. Two years following this marriage were spent on English soil, and then came the "Call of American Opportunity," and Mr. Braybrooks, leaving wife and child and all that was dear to his heart, started for the land of Promise. After six weeks upon the Atlantic he landed in New York in October of the year 1848. He then went westward until he came to Ohio. Here he stopped and after laboring and saving for two years he was enabled to send sufficient means for the journey of wife and three year old child This child is is now the wife of Mr. James Brown of Lawrence. This trip required four weeks upon the waters. Today the same journey is being made in about five days, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour.

Now that all were here and united again, with willing hearts and hands they began life anew and many are the incidents of those pioneer days that come to us, giving us new courage and determination to meet boldly the obstacles that may beset our paths.

Time passed on and by hard labor and rigid economy that was taught to them by the hard hand of English necessity, they were soon laying by a little money for the future Again, we find them on the move for better opportunity, as they start out for the great west, of which Michigan was then a part Journeying and laboring they came on. We see them starting from Monroeville, Ohio, to Perrysburg, then by boat upon the Maumee river, from Perrysburg, Ohio, to Detroit, Mich , a two or three days journey. Afoot and by rail road they go to Pontiac Here they visit with a friend that crossed the ocean with Mrs. Braybrooks Then to Southfield Center they came where Mr. Braybrooks rented a house and searched for work. After staying three weeks and getting only three days' work in that time, they moved on to Northville Center. Here fortune smiled more genially, for he found work that lasted five months. This took up the whole summer and in the fall he started again and made the final lap of the trip, reaching Lawrence in the fall of the year 1852. Since that time Lawrence has been their continuous home Then with all the hardships of travel they still managed to save a little money and when they came to Lawrence they had one hundred and eight dollars laid by. Eight dollars were used in purchasing a fat hog and the remainder was soon invested in land.

The first land that they owned was a forty lying east of Lawrence, in the Crawford district But this was soon sold and they purchased the old homestead southwest of Lawrence, where they resided and labored for forty years. When they moved to Lawrence about ten years ago they had accumulated 280 acres of some of Van Buren county's best land Today they are residing on their little plot of two acres in the southern limits of the village of Lawrence, all alone. This is not because they could not have the care of the loving hands of their children but because it is their choice to remain alone.

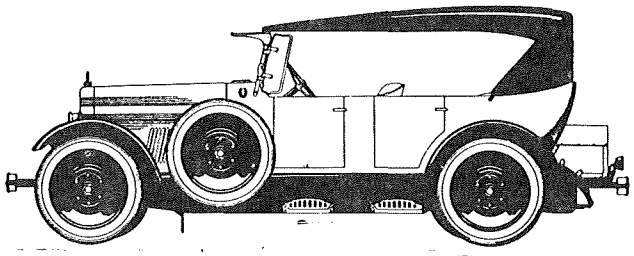
And now Mr. Braybrooks at the age of 85 and Mrs. Braybrooks at the age of 84 are in a position to answer that sometimes vexing question, "Is Life Worth Living."

Eight children were born to this union, six of whom are still living, two having ventured across the tide in their van There are also twenty-seven grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren.

Mr. Braybrooks cast his first vote for Mr Lincoln, he being the first man that he felt safe in voting for. We are wondering how many voters today are as conscientious in their voting, to see to it that the man of their choice is a safe man. It is an easy matter to guess Mr. Braybrooks' politics; 'and it is a matter of congratulation upon his good judgment that he has never since seen any good reason to regret or to change, and we testify that he is and always has been a staunch republican in principle

In the history of such lives as these there is much to make the calamity howler take to the woods or hide his head. When you hear the next man talking hard times, just ask how he would like to change back to the time when two little girls, aged ten and thirteen, had to walk to town carrying ten dozen eggs, to receive only three cents a dozen for them, just the price of a good broom, then taking the broom upon their shoulders walk home again. Or how much would we enjoy a journey today if we had to ride on a railroad made with wooden rails with a strap of iron nailed on the top. Such were the times and condition of things when Mr. and Mrs Braybrooks came to Michigan.

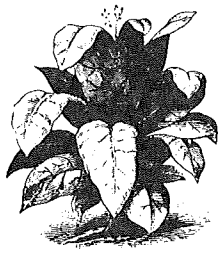
One more thing that is interesting to know and that is, that today there is a school house located upon one corner of their farm in south Lawrence, that is destined to keep their name fresh in the memory of the people for years to come, a sort of monument to their name —The Braybooks School.



BREAK TELE-PHONE POLE

And Oldsmobile Runs as Well as Ever

Frank Stapleton and George Nesbitt went out to the latter's farm Sunday morning and returned with a load of pears. Frank was driving his Olds runabout and a few rods this side of Foster's corners, in turning away from a frightened horse the machine crash into a telephone pole breaking it in two places. The occupants and contents of the automobile were strewn upon the ground and the front of the machine was wrecked. Fortunately Messrs. Stapleton and Nesbitt were uninjured and the game little Oldsmobile brought them on home with but little delay.



MEMORIES

There's a marvelous mirror in the half-way house of life. It is crystalized "mist of years, made half of smiles and half of tears". You sit before it in perfect quiet, your mind like a sensitized plate before the camera and slowly, bit by bit, to the most trivial detail life's roll of films passes before you. You see the waving of a grass blade, you smell that old fashioned puckered rose that blossomed under the window. You dig the moss away from the first ground nut with eager fingers and crunch the dainty with plenty of good black wood loam between sturdy young teeth. There's not a detail left out of that marvelous record and the little soul that was you, loves and hopes and fears and sobs and smiles for you, the sober faced audience of one. Every thought and even the hidden springs of action are laid bare before you as from God. One should tenderly love this little child of long ago.

I have been looking into this magic mirror to find when this awful thing called war first entered into the life of the little girl that was me. Away back in the mists there stands a tall straight Michigan lad with arms so strong he could toss little girls up in the air like a feather, and he had the kindest gray eyes in the world. He must have been about twenty years old and his name was Webster Rowe. His father was the village doctor and they lived right next to the village lawyer who was the great big father of the little girl that used to be me. When does a little girl begin her hero worship and learn to adore strength and courage? Before she is out of long dresses I have not a doubt. At any rate this little girl who used to be me knew all about it.

She would not change places with even the princess who sat on a throne. She had a throne, too—it was up on Webster's shoulder. He could toss one up so easy and hold one safe with his big hand. Down the path he would canter through the garden past the peach trees, over the brook and back again to mother baking pies in the kitchen. "Here is a nice plump loaf all ready to bake", he would say, and into the oven went the head of the little girl that was me. What happiness that any one so big and tall and splendid should want to bake a dumpy little thing with nothing but some baby curls and a dimple or two to commend her to the royal favor.

And then one day he came wearing such a pretty new coat, all blue with bright shiny buttons. He lifted the little girl and set her on his knee. She felt of the big, shiny buttons and traced the letters on them with her finger. Webster put back the curls and held her round face in both his big hands. "Little woman, I'm going to the war," he said. "When I come home I shall be a general maybe, and I will build you a house and then I shall marry you, little lady." That was very nice. Anything was nice that Webster did. Next morning the boys in blue went marching down the village street. The sun shone on the ends of their guns and on the bright cans they wore by their sides. The little girl sat on the top board of the fence with Webster's mother and mine both holding on to her skirts. Webster laughed out of his eyes as he went by keeping step to the pretty music. Down the street, across the old red bridge, along the country road and out of sight they went, and all the mothers and the little girls stayed behind. Webster's mother cried and cried, and so did mine. But the little girl, that was me, rocked her dolly to sleep. "When he comes home he will build us a house," she sang to herself over and over again, to a funny little tune she made up for herself, just as little girls do to day.

There was something the matter at Webster's house. All the women went in and when they came out their eyes were all red. Mother said Webster was dead. The little girl was sorry because they all cried. If only they knew about that house he was coming home to build; but little girls cannot tell all they know, even to comfort mothers who cry.

A wagon came from the railroad town, the very town the soldiers marched to when they went away. The man drove up to Webster's house and they lifted out a long box. It was so heavy all the neighbor men had to help. They carried it into Webster's mother and shut the door. The little girl was glad because of that big present that had come to Webster's mother. Now she would not cry any more. Mother came home, her eyes were so red you could hardly see the brown in them. She brought out the best little white slip, the one for Sunday, out of the bottom drawer of the bureau.

REMINISCENCES

This excellent toast was written by Clyde Parmelee of Chicago, a graduate of the Decatur High School, class of '83, for the Decatur Alumni Association. Mr. Parmelee expected to be present to deliver it but was prevented at the last moment by business and it was read by Miss Ida Trowbridge. The toast is published by request;

Chicago, June 10, '08

Dear Fellow Alumni of our loved school:

We meet tonight to celebrate an event that should be fondly cherished by everyone who has gone out from its friendly walls, into the great busy world, throbbing with its myriad of activities, and testing to the full of our real metal. How our minds revert to those happy days, now long gone, when we were students in this institution. How many pleasant memories flock to our assistance, and remind us of those cherished days; and of the blessed privileges of student life. How our hearts go out in gratitude toward faithful teacher, and generous citizen and patron, who made these opportunities a valued realization. How we have carried with us down through the years, which under a busy life have passed all too swiftly, the memories of many kindly deeds performed by the citizens of our school-home town.

This was as bread cast upon the waters. What an inspiration these things have been to us, as we have trudged along life's road. We have never forgotten the words of admonition from the lips of our faithful principal by the looks of reproof, or kindly smile of approval from our other instructors, or the genial hand shake or word of encouragement from the school board, or the friendly visitor; and so we say all hail to our school! — and so we come, from near and from far, with greetings for our Alma Mater.

Comrades of '83, twenty-five years have passed, since we, a class of eight boys and girls, received our diplomas from the High School of Decatur, a pleasant village in Southern Michigan with no greater attraction to commend it than the high grade of its school, its ample churches, and the high order of its citizenship, Among the last, we shall ever cherish the memory of our faithful principal, Prof. Henry Upton, and our equally faithful preceptress, Miss Abbie Pearce. The former has long since been called to his reward, but the latter still lives and labors faithfully on. It was the prerogative of all our faithful teachers, to explore and examine into the minds of such as came to them for instruction; and well do we remember how thoroughly some of them performed this duty. Some day there would be rich finds—like unto mining, and as unexpected—when a nugget of knowledge would pop out of a brain that had heretofore seemed barren of wit or wisdom.

As a class our teachers praised us, but did not leave the impression that we excelled all the classes that had gone before. At this we were not downcast, for we had the consciousness that we had within our ranks both genius and talent, wit and wisdom, although in its incipiency, and it was years before the waiting public discovered the germ.

Thoughts are things, and words are power. As we went forth with our thimbleful of knowledge, thinking it enough and thinking made it so; how large did the world seem to us then, with its broad avenues leading out in every direction to greatness! How high were our hopes, how lofty our ambitions, how exalted our ideals! But we have gleaned in the field of experience, and tonight, bringing our trophies and humbly laying them on the altar of our Alma Mater, in the spirit of the motto of the class of '83, "I serve" and in the the words of Kipling we ask, that "Only the Master shall praise and only the Master blame."

To our young minds a quarter of a century ago the world was large. Tonight, as we place our ear at the simple device, the telephone, and hear a voice a thousand miles away, we realize how very small was our world of '83, before the Wizzard awakened the springs of genius that gave the world new sounds and new lights.

The name of Thomas Edison is one to conjure with. In twenty-five years the mind of man has enlarged and broken the bonds that bound him to his purse. This is the "Evolution of Dodd" in manifestation. Educational methods have outgrown our day. The great Universities East and West show the marvelous growth of mind. Rockefeller, with his far-seeing instinct, and with the millions of money of the common people, has built better than he

know. Rich harvests will be reaped from the Chicago University as the years go by. Andrew Carnegie, too, is a product of the twentieth century who builds libraries in such a way as not to pauperize the people. Knowing full well the deteriorating influence of a large gift to individuals or communities, he has made wise provisions by which each recipient must contribute a like sum. No doubt he is familiar with the story of the lazy man who, when his neighbors refused to feed him longer, asked them to bury him alive. As they were on their way to the cemetery, a stranger intercepting the procession requested an explanation of the unusual proceeding and was told the facts of the case. "Oh if that is all, I will give him a bushel of corn," The man sat up in his coffin and said, "Stranger, is it shelled?" "No," he replied, "but I have a sheller and you can use it." He dropped back and said, "Drive on, boys." This is an extreme case of too much charity pauperizing, but extreme cases prove the rule. Other great souls are working unitedly in every city to save the children from becoming criminals, and thus preserve the nation from wreck and poverty.

The high tide of education rolls on. In the world of science, Luther Burbank, through patient study and experiment, has caused astonishment by the change he has brought about in improving plant life. Dr. Leon Landone, an English scientist, catching the idea, purposes to try it on children to develop two brain cells where there is now but one. From twenty thousand school children in Los Angeles he will select twelve on which to prove his theory. This school of experiment will be located at Hollywood; a suburb of Los Angeles. We must not lose sight of this latest project to improve the human race. At the same time Prof. Loeb is measuring and weighing chemicals and making selections to find the life elements of the sea urchin. He affirms that when the chemicals are in the right proportions and subject to the right temperature, life will spring forth, and Lo! God creates and man recreates.

O yes, the world has grown since '83, and we are enjoying the pleasant sensation of looking forward twenty-five years to hear our grand-children poke fun at us for having been born in the nineteenth century when everything was so crude, when our fastest ships today can only make the trip from New York to Liverpool in four days and twenty hours. While they sail the air and drop bouquets on the passing vessel, and 'ere the Captain can wave a "Thank you," they are out of sight. Oh, well! We will do what we can, and continue to carry the motto "I serve" in our heart of hearts, and try and be satisfied, as we look backward tonight, to leave with you this beautiful sentiment of the poet:

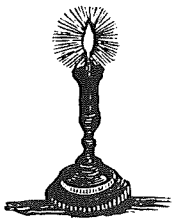
"Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
A word of courage or a thought of health
Dropped as I pass, for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived today."

E. C. PARMELEE



THE SAINTS' CAMPMEETING

Ten Days at Grand Junction by Mrs. Mary McCormick Rumbaugh

A STORMY NIGHT

A the request of our editor we will write about the Saint's campmeeting and how it is conducted. We will try to give you some idea of how they work and what their plans are.

In the first place the Saints take only the bible for their guide, and while God lives we don't need anything else. It alone will lead men from earth to heaven: no man made conference, no class book, not even the scratch of a pen. By the way, you don't have to join any thing to get to heaven.

A company of us attened the Grand campmeeting. It is 28 miles Junction from here. It was a ten days' meeting with the best of order, no disturbances at all.

There is a tabernacle which holds about 600 people. The Saints' buildings on the grounds on which the people are tented are all of lumber. There were only two cloth tents on the grounds, Mr. Palmer's and our own.

The first two nights terrible wind storms came upon us. The roar and rumble of thunder, and flash after flash of lightning made it frightful. The first night was the worst. Every little while it seemed as though our tent would be torn from its fastenings and lifted into mid-air. It was at the lonely midnight hour and the sharp flashes of lightning followed by the inky blackness made the bravest of us shudder. Mr. Rumbaugh leaped out of the bed, grabbed the ridge pole and above the din of the thunder he sang "Whiter than Snow."

But just at that time I was not thinking much about snow, we were having plenty of rain. I was afraid we would surely have to part with our tent for the wind was blowing a gale. I got down to the ropes and pole below and hung onto the tent with all my might.

For an hour we held our frail residence to the ground by main strength until the wind and rain finally subsided. We did have our hands full to keep our tent with us. Mrs. Simmons and others who had buildings to live in came in the next morning to see if we were alive. They said they thought of us and got up and came down stairs, for the wind was so great that it shook the buildings.

Well, the next night the rain and wind came onto us again, but we all escaped without much trouble this time.

There were 23 preachers at the campmeeting and we did not pick out any one of them to take the pulpit or to preach. They all sat in the congregation. The Saints all sang the songs of Zion and then prayed and then sang again, and sometimes one would preach and sometimes another.

When one would start out to deliver his message there was no end to it. Seemed as though it were like the days of old. In those days they had rolls and they'd keep unrolling and it seemed as though there were no place to stop. They read and study the bible, but a Saint never was known to have written sermons. They go far beyond that. They all go to head quarters and get a hearing from their heavenly father. The bible says "Open your mouth wide and I'll fill it." Well, that's the way the Saints all do.

I have seen a poor preacher stand behind his pulpit before a crowded house and a wind storm would come along and, lo and behold, the man's written sermon was scattered all about. Therefore he lost track of the thought he had written down. Sad state of things. It would have been better for him if he had been a man of God.

The meetings began every morning at six o'clock. At nine Young People's meeting was held in the grove nearby, also Children's meeting at the same time in a tent, led by Miss Jessie Osborn of Hamilton, assisted by others. Preaching began at 10:30 and lasted till noon, then after service dinner, and preaching at two and at seven.

Two boy preachers were there, one was twenty-one and the other seventeen. Their father was a wonderful preacher. When he would preach he would hold crowds for hours at a time. He was a poor drunken wreck, soul and body. He tried to be a man but failed many times. He said, "I was a traitor doomed to fire, yet my injured Creator has snatched me from the flames by the costly sacrifice of his own dear son." He finally changed masters and became the child of a King. His name is W. Brown and his home is Hedrick, Iowa.

His two sons did a great deal of preaching. I never did hear such preaching from boys. The words came out of their mouths so fast it was something like Niagara Falls. They held the people's strict attention. There were a number of other preachers who helped to roll the old chariot along.

About forty were baptised; not sprinkled but put under water—by the way there is a lake near camp.

We had a fine boarding house. The

tables were set and all were welcome three times a day. They had three long tables all filled, also a small box called "free will offering" on each table. People were welcome to put something into the box to help set the table, but all were welcome to eat if they had nothing.

After the meeting closed, Mr. and Mrs. Wraight took us to their lovely home in Bloomingdale, nine miles distance, where we spent many pleasant hours. By the way, we did enjoy the shortcake she made. It was fine. He took us to the depot, about two miles from his home, and we got there just in time to catch our train. We stopped at Kalamazoo and were very kindly received at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell. A fine dinner and then we took the three o'clock train for home.

After the campmeeting a few meetings were held here at the Saints' chapel. Mrs. Jane, who was on her way to Virginia and then to the sunny south, her native land, was here. She with some others came from the campmeeting. There were two other Saint preachers here, one from Covert, Mich., by the name of Chapen, the other a black man by name of Ritcherdon. His home is in Reform, Alabama. He has been a slave, and Mrs. Jane's mother was also a slave.

By the way, speaking of this woman's going to Virginia reminds me that my father was raised in that place and born in Kentucky, and at the age of 27, married in Plainwell, Mich., at the home of our mother and came here and settled for life.

They came here when there was no depot and no railroad and only a few shanties on the stage of action. Seven of us children were born here and Decatur is the only place we ever lived. It is near and dear to us. Although we have traveled far and wide, this is the dearest spot to me.

Father was the first stone mason here. He was a cooper, too, and also owned a brick kiln on the Congdon farm, a mile north of the village.

But my husband says, "you are off from your subject, better commence where you left off." Well, where did we leave off? The colored man thinks of buying here. He don't like the south. He says the rest of his people would leave if they had the money. At his home in Reform, Alabama, the white men whipped a white man for teaching the colored children and gave him a certain length of time to leave town.

In a town called Hartsell, Alabama, were a company of white Saints and black Saints, but they held meetings at different chapels. The white people of the world would not let them meet together. One night a colored preacher stepped into the pulpit at the white Saints' meeting and began to preach, and outside white people of that town came those armed with guns and began to fire into the chapel. The Saints all ran and made their escape the best way they could, and all this commotion because the black man wanted to preach to the whites.

Methinks the poor white people of the south won't have much time to devote to killing the black people when this old world is on fire. They will have their hands full attending to their own business.

By the way, when we were down in the sunny south last winter we were afraid to speak to the colored people; we did not know how soon some white man would shoot us down. We had to be careful and watch.

MR. U. R. and MARY MC. RUMBAUGH

THE BATTLE OF LAKE OF THE WOODS

Being an account of a desperate conflict between the tribes of American Indians, and the only known battle ever fought in the county of Van Buren.

Michigan sends out the pleasant word to all the world,— "If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here." And southwestern Michigan adds another line,— "If thou seekest a most beautiful part of this beautiful peninsula, behold it here.

Of all the fair states of the union, none surpasses Michigan, and of all the favored counties of Michigan, none quite equals Van Buren.

Typically rural, its population varies, but little. In 50 years it has neither increased nor decreased perceptably. A century ago venturesome young men from the east began to follow the Indian trails through the forests of the then unorganized townships and to take up land from the government. They cleared it of its native timber, tilled the fertile land and established homes.

Perhaps if they were doing the clearing today they would leave more of the stately timber standing, especially that which surrounded the numerous lakes, for it would have made the land more profitable to the owners for summer homes than as fields for crops.

Lake of the Woods is one of the best known lakes in the county. It is located in the townships of Decatur and Hamilton and when named was surrounded by heavy timber. It was a beautiful body of water, nestling deep in the forest, the favorite haunt of the elk, the deer, the badger, the otter, the mink, the wild turkey and many other animals and birds. The few lonely trees shown in this picture give no indication that the Lake earned its name by being in fact the lake of the woods.

The first white man who settled in Van Buren county built his log cabin in Decatur township, 119 years ago this spring. For centuries before this the place had been a favorite habitation of the Indian.

The lake and all the surrounding country was populated by these original inhabitants, and their arrow heads, stone axes, hammers etc. have been picked up by the bushel. They are still to be found as the soil is

THE CHALLENGE

There is a tradition, handed down from the earliest pioneers, that some 200 years before the white people came here to live,—a terrible battle was fought on and around the Lake of the Woods, between three tribes of Indians and that one of them was utterly exterminated.

The Pottawatamie and Chippewa tribes then occupied this section of the country. They lived together in friendship and peace and were allied to resist any outside aggressor. But one time a strange tribe appeared, coming from somewhere in the west and gave the "Potts" and "Chips" notice that they could either move out and leave the country to them or be compelled to remain as slaves of the invaders. If the two tribes would do neither then they would be compelled to fight and take the consequences, the strange tribe being much the stronger.

The two friendly tribes decided that they might as well fight it out and be killed as to be driven away from their homes, so laid their plans for battle and agreed that if they had to go to the happy hunting grounds they would take as many of the strangers as possible with them.

The Pottawatomies seemed to have good generals as well as good fighters, for before the fight began they detached two parties as strong as they could spare and sent them around the lake to take a position near the little bay where the inlet enters, and remain there carefully concealed until a certain signal was given. Then they were to appear suddenly and attack the enemy in the rear and flank.

They had no big cannon or machine guns, but they accomplished the same purpose with bows and arrows, stone axes, clubs and any other instrument of war that would crack a skull or sink a boat.

THE ATTACK

On the day the battle was fought the home tribes were posted in the woods and in their canoes on the side of the lake nearest the site of the present village of Decatur, while a strong force was on the side near the outlet.

The strangers began their attack early in the morning with the expectation that they would annihilate their enemies quickly and celebrate the victory with a feast at noon.

But the Pottawatomies and Chippewas had other plans. They knew that they must either win or die, and they were not quite ready to die. They fought their best amid flying arrows and war whoops.

By midday the lake was littered with overturned canoes and bodies of Indians. The home tribes fought bravely and for a while held their own, but gradually the superior numbers of the invaders began to prevail. It is said that every Indian on the island was either killed or badly wounded, and the others were being pressed back onto shore and into the woods.

THE VICTORY

Then there in the very thickest of the fight the signal was given and the reserves came dashing out from the little bay on the north shore of the lake. Before the invaders knew what was coming, a fleet of canoes loaded with fresh warriors, thirsting for the fight, struck them from the rear and flanks, while those in front who had been fighting all day, received new courage and attacked the

enemies with renewed ferocity.

The strangers seeing their expected victory turning into defeat, were stricken with panic, their canoes were wrecked and sunk, and all who succeeded in reaching the shore were hunted down and killed without mercy, for no quarters were given on either side.

Before sundown the battle was over, The Potts and the Chips remained in possession of their home territory and for many years afterward lived here in peace, while the invading tribe was utterly exterminated.

It was a great victory but was won at a great cost, for the best warriors of the home tribes gave up their lives in the struggle and it was many years before more warriors could grow up to take their places.

So ended the battle of Lake of the Woods, the greatest battle ever known to be fought within the boundaries of the present county of Van Buren.

The Sunday School Convention

Pursuant to published programme, the 19th annual meeting of the Van Buren County Sunday School Associa- convened at the Presbyterian church in this village last Tuesday at 2:30 p. m.

The representation from such portions of the county as have township organizations was very good but other parts of the county were but meagerly represented. There are nine unorganized townships in the county and some means should be devised to get them interested in county and state work.

The session was opened with devotional exercises conducted by J. H. Hammond, pastor of the Christian church at this place. Rev. W. Prouty, pastor of the Decatur M. E. church, spoke some appropriate words of welcome response to which, in the absence of Rev. Anna Barton, who was on the programme for that duty, was made by President Free, and G. W. Myers of Paw Paw.

"Are there places in the county where new schools ought to be organized and are there weak schools that need help by the convention," led by President Free called forth some very interesting discussion and might have profitably occupied more time than the convention had to spare for the topic.

Dr. Kneeland of Benton Harbor, musical director of the convention, sang a beautiful solo, "Guide Us with Thy Heavenly Light," and sang it in a way that was highly satisfactory to his listeners.

"The graded System in the Sunday School and the Advisability of Written Examinations," by Mrs. E. A. Wilson of Paw Paw, was an excellent paper and very instructive and called forth considerable discussion.

The evening session consisted of a song service led by Dr. Kneeland followed by an interesting platform meeting, during which the Dr. treated the audience to to another pleasing solo, "Glory to Thee, My God this Night.

The morning session opened with a largely increased attendance from abroad. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev Henry Geerlings, pastor of the Decatur Presbyterian church. This was followed by the annual reports of the secretary and treasurer and short reports from the various different Sunday schools that had representatives present.

The remainder of the morning was mainly occupied by answering the large number of questions that were propounded through the "question box." Some of these quetions related to matters of importance to Sunday school work and elicited valuable instruction and information by way of reply. Other questions were of a character out of place and foreign to the occasion and, although of a stereotyped nature and invariably propounded at every opportunity, in season and out of season, are productive of no good and might better have remained unasked.

The afternoon was begun with a song service led by Dr. Kneeland which was followed by an excellent paper on "The Greatest Need in our Sunday Schools," written by Elder I. H. Durfee of Bloomingdale, and, in the absence of the author, read by G. W. Myers. The writer contended that efficient workers was the great need. The paper was followed by quite a vigorous discussion, the prevailing sentiment being that better organization and teachers' meetings were two of the available means by which better laborers might be obtained.

Rev. E. M. Stephenson of South Haven, gave a talk on "Missions," referring particularly to the Central African field as a most promising locality for missionary work. He used a map to illustrate his talk which was very entertaining and instructive.

During the session, Dr. Kneeland sang "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" and "Calvary" greatly to the delight of the audience.

The nominating committee reported officers as follows: President, J. [illegible]; secretary, L. G. Brewart; treasurer, G. W. Myers, together with an executive committee and a vice-president in each township. Report adopted.

The principal features of the evening session were a brief and instructive address by Rev. W. C. McCarthy of Lawton, on "Scripture Reading", and a keen, incisive and wonderfully interesting lecture by Rev. H. M. Ford of Hillsdale, president of the state Sunday school association, on "The Future Man and How to Make Him." Mr. Ford's talk was frequently interrupted by applause and was highly appreciated by all who heard him. He called upon all who favored the present local option law in preference to the former system of regulating the traffic to manifest the same by rising, whereupon the large audience —the church was packed—rose to its feet *en masse*.

A strong resolution was adopted against opening the world's fair on Sunday and the secretary instructed to forward a copy thereof to the managers of that institution. A resolution was also adopted thanking the people of Decatur for their generous hospitality to their numerous visitors. The next annual convention will be held in Paw Paw.

All in all, the convention was a great success from beginning to end. The church was beautifully arranged and decorated for the occasion; the citizens of this place vied with each other in making everything pleasant and agreeable for their guests and their kindness and cordiality will not soon be forgotten.

Items By the Decatur Rhetoric Class.

Claude Young was absent from school last week.

Last Friday Miss Grace Lee finished her schooling for this year.

Miss Fracie Knolls was absent from school last week on account of illness.

Last week Thursday and Friday occurred the regular monthly examination.

Our school has contributed about six dollars to the world's fair educational fund.

The next meeting of the lyceum will be held in its usual place next Friday afternoon.

Miss Hattie Draper gave a party at her home last Friday evening and a fine time was reported.

The members of the physical geography class having finished that subject began the study of botany this week.

An examination was held in the high school last Saturday for those pupils who are aiming to pass into the high room.

JOHN ALDEN'S HOME AND RACE

Old Homestead at Duxbury Still in Possession of Descendents of John and Priscilla, After 270 Years

PRESENT OWNER AND OTHER ALDENS OF TODAY

[Written by Henrietta Freeman]

The fact that the old Alden homestead at Duxbury, where John Alden with his Puritan wife, Priscilla, settled in 1631, has recently passed into the hands of another branch of this family, lends renewed interest to the old landmark. More especially because the present owner announces his intention of rescuing the place from its somewhat dilapidated condition, and converting it into a mecca for all patriotic Americans, filling the ancient house with accumulated art and historical treasures directly associated with the Alden family, some of them reaching back to the time of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins.

Standing on the summit of Captain's Hill—so named because it formed a part of an early grant to Capt. Miles Standish—in the southeast part of Duxbury, one will see spread out the pleasant landscape where, more than 275 years ago, the Pilgrims laid out the colony of Plymouth. Duxbury was the second town incorporated in the colony, being laid out in 1637, but previous to that date several families had settled there. Some years before John Alden had come to Duxbury to live, and there on his grant of 169 acres had built his house near Eagle-tree pond, so called from the oak trees in the region, which were a favorite resort for eagles. To this day some of the old oak trees stand. From that time the old homestead at Duxbury has remained in the Alden family, descending regularly from father to son. During this period of 266 years it is a remarkable fact that but two different houses have been occupied by these descendants of John Alden—the one built by the Pilgrim himself, and the one now standing, which is said to be the oldest habitable house in the United States. It was built in 1653 by Capt. Jonathan Alden, the third son of John Alden, who was born about 1627, and lived on the paternal domain which he inherited by the will of his father, who came to reside with him on the completion of the house now standing there, and for thirty-five years dwelt under its roof. The present occupant of the old house at Duxbury is John W. Alden, a direct descendant of the seventh generation from Capt. Jonathan Alden. He was born at the old homestead, as were his father and grandfather and all his paternal ancestors before him. Up to a few months ago he believed himself to be the head of the Alden family in this country. Owing to reverses of fortune, however, he and his brother, who owned the place jointly, were compelled to part with it, and there was a prospect that the old place, after remaining in the Alden family for more than 250 years, would pass into the hands of strangers to be used for museum purposes. Just as matters had reached this crisis it happened that Mr. Alden received a letter from a cousin in St. Louis, Mo., whom he had never seen—John Tolman Alden—a successful manufacturer, and withal, a student as well, having been educated at Yale for the ministry, but who, not feeling called to this profession, had gone into active business life. He retained, however, his love for books, and has written several himself. He wrote his Duxbury cousin begging leave to dedicate to him a forthcoming volume. Permission was given, and this opened a correspondence. When the wealthy manufacturer learned the condition of affairs, he came to the front and bought the old place, to prevent its passing into stranger hands. Up to the time of purchasing the property at Duxbury, John Tolman Alden had no accurate knowledge of his genealogy, except the mere fact that he was a descendant of John Alden of Puritan fame. Upon acquiring the old homestead his interest was aroused and he set the genealogists to work. After considerable research it was found that he, and not the former owner of the place, is the head of the Alden family in the United States, being of the eighth generation from John Alden, and the only living descendant in a direct line from father to oldest son of Joseph Alden, the second son of the illustrious Puritan, the descendants in a corresponding direct line from John Alden's eldest son having all died out. This discovery was a genuine surprise to Mr. Alden and his Duxbury kinsman, who, when the facts were made known, gracefully relinquished his distinguished place as head of the family, and wrote his St. Louis cousin: "I am more than gratified to receive your genealogy, which is correct in every instance. I congratulate you on being the head of our illustrious family, and trust you may live to enjoy the honor for indefinite years. When I look at all the facts as they exist, and the romantic way in which you came to secure the homestead, and by which your own identity was discovered and proved, then I say I thank heaven that things should have happened so divinely".

The present owner of the Duxbury homestead has installed this cousin, John W. Alden, as tenant for life, and he with his family, continue to reside there. One of the interesting members of this family is little Priscilla Alden, a sprightly miss of nine years, who represents the ninth generation who have lived under the old roof-tree. The construction of the old house is very picturesque. Some of its timbers were in the log cabin that John Alden himself built, and which stood about one-eighth of a mile from the present homestead, where a marble slab bearing the inscription—"John Alden House—1627", marks the spot. In four of the ancient rooms, immense beams run through the center, and the general air of substantiality about the whole structure prove that the habitations of the early descendants of the Pilgrims were like the religion and principles of their forefathers—intended to endure for all time.

Owing to successive sales by different members of the family, who encountered hard times and found it necessary to dispose of the land, less than two acres of the original grant now remain, merely that surrounding the house—but it is the intention of the present owner to round off the property by additional purchases and create there a beauty spot, which will be the pride and glory of all patriotic Americans and a lasting memorial to his dintinguished ancestor——John Alden.

"We have a tradition in our family", says John Tolman Alden, "that when John Alden stepped off the skiff that brought him from the Mayflower to Plymouth rock, he held his Bible in one hand and his cooper's hammer in the other, and that same hammer was preserved for several generations in the family, but all trace of it has now been lost. In that tradition, however, lies the central thought of the Puritan principle."

With reference to the claim that has recently been made by Rev. Mr. Griffis of Ithaca, N. Y., formerly pastor of the South Congregational church in Boston, that John Alden was an Irishman, the present head of the family denies in the following emphatic language: "If there ever were any Irish Aldens they certainly are, and always were buried in that country, for they have never come to light. There are no Irish Aldens in this country, and never were. All the Aldens in the United States are descendants from one original stock. It is no libel upon a family to say they are Irish, for the Irish are a great people, but it is not right to fasten upon an old American family any nationality to which they have no claim. As a matter of fact, the original John Alden of 1620 fame was of Hertfordshire stock in England, and belonged to the same family as John Alden of the Middle Temple, to whom a coat-of-arms was given in 1607. Our John Alden was born in 1599. He was apprenticed to a master cooper in Southampton at about eighteen years of age. He became a member of the Pilgrim colony only after the arrival of the Speedwell and Mayflower at Southampton, in the summer of 1620. John Alden was never in Holland. He was not of the original Pilgrim band, styled Puritans because they sought a purer life, and so named in derision. These Puritans fled from the persecution of England in 1610, and sought refuge in Leyden, Holland. Disappointed, they again sought a new life in a new world. They left Delft Haven July 22, 1620, on the Speedwell and Mayflower. Their first point was Southampton, England, and here it was that John Alden, at the age of

twenty-one, first joined them. In the streets of Southampton he, like the majority of the citizens of that thriving town, noted with curiosity and interest the Pilgrims in their strange garb, and at that time was strangely and suddenly attracted by the charming Priscilla, who, all unknown and unexpected by himself, was, in the following winter, to become his wife. It was this attraction that first drew him to the ships, and brought him to an intimate acquaintance and connection with the Pilgrims. He joined them on the 6th of September, 1620, and put to sea with the Mayflower company. The rest is a thrice-told tale."

Long life seems to be a distinctive trait of the Alden family, and its present head, John Tolman Alden of St. Louis, belongs to that school of modern hygienists, who believe that the natural term of man's life is 120 years. "I expect to live until I reach that age", he says, "in the enjoyment of perfect health, unimpaired mental faculties and that natural vigor which always pertains to a healthy man." He is an accomplished athlete, and devotes two hours a day to exercise, giving the balance of his time to business, books and rest. His personal appearance suggests a remarkably well-preserved man, for one who has passed the 55th milestone of life.

With reference to the length of days characteristic of the Alden family, we read in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society the following:—

"The very advanced age which several persons of one particular family attained, whose descendants now live in Duxborough, is worthy of notice. John Alden, who came to Plymouth in 1620, was one of the signers of the compact established immediately upon the arrival of the first settlers, and who for many years was chosen an assistant in the government of Plymouth, lived to be 88 years old. David Alden, his son, attained the age of 73, and Capt. Samuel Alden, son of David, and grandson of John Alden, lived to the 101st year from the settlement of Plymouth, and died in 1780, aged 93. He had a sister, who attained nearly the same age."

But the patriarch of all the Aldens was John Alden of New Bedford, Mass., who was born about 1720—just a century after the landing of the Pilgrims—and attained the remarkable age of 103 years. His great-grandson—Henry Sherman Alden—resides in Chautaqua county in western New York. John of New Bedford was the father of 19 children, the oldest of whom was the grandfather of Henry Sherman Alden, who says: "I recollect hearing my grandfather tell about his father going on board a gunboat lying in New Bedford Harbor on one occasion and the captain of the navy ordered a salute fired in his honor, because of the fact that he was a centenarian, being at that time over 100 years old". Henry Sherman Alden in his general appearance and manner resembles more nearly than any Alden descendant now living, perhaps, his famous ancestor as described by Longfellow. It may be he inherits some of that traditional timidity himself, for he is a bachelor of 75, and lives all alone in an old, weather-beaten farmhouse, which stands on a slight eminence near the four corners of a country road, not far from Chautauqua lake, the seat of the famous summer university. The place has always been known as Denton's Corners. There is a district schoolhouse near by, and opposite it is a picturesque country church. Recently the government has given the place a legal name, by establishing a post-office and designating it "Denton". It is probably the smallest postoffice in the United States, not more than a dozen families getting their mail there. Mr. Alden has been installed as postmaster. He is an exceedingly well-read man, and a natural student—tall and straight as an arrow, with courtly, dignified manners, and possessing that same "grace of speech and skill in turning of phrases" which Longfellow ascribes to the Pilgrim John Alden. If clad in the garments of those days Henry Sherman Alden would be a veritable replica of the proxy of Miles Standish.

Stored away in this ancient dwelling among the Chautauqua hills, where he has resided for the past half century, Mr. Alden has some curious and valuable mementoes which will doubtless eventually find their way to the Alden museum which the present head of the family intends to establish at Duxbury. Among these souvenirs of Puritan days is an old, decayed snow-shoe, purchased by John Alden of Plymouth from a tribe of Indians round about the Pilgrim settlement. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and the seaweed and buckskin of which the heel and sole are woven are badly motheaten. This stately postmaster at Denton stamps the letters daily on an old fall-leaf table, which once served as a writing table for James Monroe, in the state room of the vessel in which he made his voyage across the ocean to France, whither he was sent as minister by Jefferson. Mr. Alden's grandfather was a famous sea captain, and was part owner of the ship in which Monroe took passage. When the ship's company dissolved, the owners cast lots for the furnishings, and this table fell to Capt. Alden. A large mirror framed in tortoise-shell, which was brought over from Amsterdam in 1803 by some of the Alden family, hangs on the wall. Its original cost of $95 was an extravagant sum to pay in those days for what was then considered a household luxury. Mr. Alden has his grandfather's large family Bible, printed in 1768, "by Mark Baskett, printer to the King's moft excellent majefty; and by the Affignf of Robert Baskett"—so the inscription informs us. In this old Bible, with its worn leather binding and broken clasps, is the family record, reaching back to the date of his grandfather's birth, February 8, 1741, and recording the fact that he married Lois Southworth in 1766 and lived to the age of 77. History shows that the Aldens were a scholarly family. "My father", says Henry Sherman Alden, "was a good student. He went through Providence university, and was a classmate of Adoniram Judson, the missionary to Burmah." In an ancient bookcase Mr. Alden has a library of his father's Greek and Latin text books, one of which—a Latin-English dictionary published in 1797, has inscribed on the fly-leaf "Nathan Alden's Liber". Although a farmer, he never lost his love of study. "I have known him to fasten a Latin book into the plow handle", says his son, "and study while he pushed the plow-share."

Not far from the old homestead at Duxbury is the old original cemetery, where many of the Alden family lie buried. Here, too is the grave of Miles Standish, who died October 3, 1656, aged 72. How long before 1700 this burying ground was used is not known.

THE G.T. ALDEN FAMILY

The Alden family of Decatur were direct descendants of John and Priscilla Alden.

The following is a list of their names:

G.T. Alden (father)	
Ida Alden (mother)	
Ruth Alden Pollock (issue of G.T. and Ida Alden)	
Freeman Alden	do
Glen Alden	do
Herbert Alden	do
Edith Alden Fritz	do
Sarah Alden Micky	do
A.J. Alden	do

BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT

The Peerless Leader Endorsed by the Democratic County Convention

Last week the Democrats held a county convention at Hartford. Fred B. Ockobock of Paw Paw, the chairman of the Democratic committee, called the convention to order and named W. C. Wildey of the same village presiding officer.

Three committees were appointed of which M. S. Carney was on credentials and Emory H. Squier on resolutions. The Republican was unable to obtain a copy of the resoluions but they endorsed William Jennings Bryan for President and instructed the delegates to the state convention to work to secure an instructed delegation for Bryan to the national convention at Denver. They further expressed the opinion that conditions were right for Democratic success and predicted the success of the national ticket in November.

The delegates to the state convention which met in Lansing Wednesday were T. J. Cavanaugh and W. C. Wildey of Paw Paw, M. S. Carney of Decatur, A. C. Cross of Bangor, H. H. Engle of South Haven and Lyman Bridges of Hartford.

There were about fifty delegates to the convention.

The Passing of Nicholsville.

(BY FRANK L. KERN)

Was Nicholsville a joke? That little old famous town as we knew it nearly fifty years ago when Douglas was running for the presidency against honest old Abe Lincoln in 1860. Great old burg, whose smallest dirty kid could lick me before I could find out what it all meant. A town worth gossiping about with two good general stores, postoffice, hotel with spring floor dance hall, apothecary shop, two wagon shops, two shoemakers, tailor, tinner, basket maker, stave and barrel factory, sawmill running day and night, (in those days our best walnut timber was split into fence rails. They are there yet.) a cabinet shop and a good flouring mill with a score or more of good residences. That was Nicholsville with its busy life when at the age of seven I first saw it from the top of a big load of stave bolts drawn by a yoke of unruly steers led by Lute Howe, my brother-in-law. Then came on that cruel "rich man's war but poor man's fight," and the president's call for 75,000 troops to crush the rebellion in a month.

Fire! Fire! A prairie fire? No, the little town was ablaze with patriotic enthusiasm which spread all over Marcellus. A crowd of hearty men had gathered across the street from where, under a big new flag, a band of women were trying to sing "The Union forever, hurrah boys, hurrah." Lieut. C. W. Thorpe stood out, towering above his fellows in body, mind and soul. He tried to suppress that kindly smile that ever adorned his features and his eyes flashed fire as he addressed his townsmen in a stirring speech ending in a hoarse whisper with "This is the supreme test of genuine manhood, gentlemen, and we must answer the question, 'Shall this Union be preserved?' My name is written there, boys, will you now come up and enroll for Berdan's First Regiment of Sharp Shooters?"

God of battles, did those men enlist? In nearly every home in Nicholsville and of the surrounding country, there were mothers, wives and children left to suffer more than widows and orphans. That very first call for troops cleaned out the town of every able bodied man and left all business at a standstill.

Michigan may well boast of her brave volunteers, but no town in the dear old state could beat our Nicholsville for she gave all she had and that was no joke. I saw those devoted women sadly weep at parting from the strong arm of comfort; they wept again in vexatious disappointment because their sex debarred them from fighting beside their husbands; again they cried in sympathy for those little sons, training with wooden guns to the music of tin pans, because those brave little chaps were not old enough to carry a musket in the ranks with their fathers. I saw them bravely bear the sad, hard burdens of life during those four years of awful torture of body and soul, while the heads of homes left jobs paying from three to five dollars a day, to take up the hardships and dangers of the camp, march and firing line under sub-tropic skies, for thirteen dollars a month.

Do not tell us about Sparta and Athens for while memory holds, Nicholsville and Marcellus heroes and heroines will keep first place.

There was never conventionality or pretense in Nicholsville. They called things by plain, hard names, but they were the livliest, jolliest bunch of happy-go-lucky people that ever lived. They could drink more and keep sober, use a bigger variety of profanity without swearing, dance longer without tiring, shoot, swim, skate, fish, fiddle, flirt and fight all the way from Bunker lake to the "Little Bridge" where the boys did their hardest work. But when the old flag went down on Ft. Sumter every man showed himself a hero and a patriot.

I would like to write a big book and fill it with pictures of those good old days when

> "The bedbug had no wings at all
> But got there just the same."

When Holden T. Wing and Ribe Gough kept store, when polite and genial Jonathan Nichols was landlord and ran the mill, when the Goodspeed boys, John Potter, the Nashes, Thorpes, Biteleys, Simmons, Moshers, Emmons, Clelands and others were coming up into manhood and doing things. I would enjoy giving incidents connected with each one to show what great fellows they all were. Sarcastic? Well rather, everybody was guyed, ridiculed and nicknamed: Porky, Skinny, Limpy, Steeple-painter, Old-four-eyes, Bean-pole, Pinchy, etc., ran the scale from flabby John Jakeways to midget Warren Lockwood. But it takes a retrospection over at least a full generation in order to get a proper perspective for measuring up men and show who and what make good. Times have changed and so have we. Some have died and some moved away. Did the hotel go dry when Stormy Davis closed his mock prayer meeting to go off and get a new heart and become a great evangelist?

Did the swimming hole at the Little Bridge get too shallow for the Thorpe boys? Did fire and and drought destroy the huckleberry swamp? Did 'em" to the under dog; smile at the silk purse made from a pigs' ear and applaud the chap who can throw himself over the fence by pulling at his bootstraps. Did you see Montgomery Peters graduate from college with a big degree made of capital letters, later become a bookkeeper and take his orders from Peter Montgomery, president of the thumb-screw trust, who was kicked out of school because he was such a troublesome worthless dunce? Now here's the joke.

"Wee, Wah, Wow!" bellowed a little toddler in tattered jeans. "What do you want?" inquired the poor mother of the suffering little Danny. "Me dot tummy-ache, 'nat's what I want." Then the mother explained apologetically, that "green huckleberry pie is not so good for babies when a body has no sugar to put in it." Maybe years of gaunt poverty with so much more of bitter than sweet, were what nerved those Caswell boys to face the dangers of the Rocky mountain mines where at last they struck pay-dirt and now have plenty of that "sugar" that sweetens up so many of the hard ways of life.

Rocky Woodmansee became a great educator and is now editor and leading citizen at Lambert, Okla. Marshall Nichols is a leading railroad man in Kansas with cultured wife and fine family. Fred Rowe is a wealthy banker in Hill City, Kansas, and he also has a charming wife and lovely children. Charlieboy Thorpe is regimental surgeon in the U. S. Army with rank and pay of major. Elmer Thorpe became a medical expert, married Buffalo Bill's oldest daughter and was on the high road when death claimed him. Rollin L. Thorpe, our re-union president, is a leading physician and surgeon of Denver where the common people are kept busy dodging his motor car and where he entertains his old friends at a fine home presided over by a beautiful and talented wife. For recreation, he frequently runs up to Cripple Creek where he is president of a gold mining and milling company. There is nothing small about Rollin.

Joel Nash is a prosperous merchant and leading citizen of Marcellus. They tell me that Jasper and Henry Rowe, Alpheus and Charlie Nash, the Cleland boys, Eugene Thorpe, Clarence Wright and indeed all the boys who were our schoolmates at the old Prairie school, have made good and are leading sober, prosperous lives. And the girls, bless their hearts, have nearly all lost their identity by taking other names, but often the little bird comes fluttering in telling good things and we want to meet them all next August at the great reunion.

> Toil on my friends until some day
> Success has crowned your patient pluck:
> A few staunch friends will say "Hooray."
> But more will sigh "a fool for luck"

If I had room for a little honorable mention, I would like to speak of William Caswell, the honest, skillful carpenter; Stevie George, the courteous little gentleman; shrewd, clever Vet Thorpe, the mechanic and champion fisherman who never let a big bass get away; George Woodmansee, the genial, talented 'squire; Bill Rowe, the fancy skater; the five Goodspeed boys whom

Vet catch all the bass and pickerel out of the lakes? Where is the joke anyhow? Well we know times have changed since the little lad had to carry a gallon jug full of whiskey two miles to the men who could not do the haying and harvesting without "somethin' coolin'."

Could any good come out of such a town? Let's see. Few of those boys and girls had the advantage of wealthy homes with an environment of culture and refinement. There was no one to send them through college and then give them a financial start in life. Somehow we like to see the miracle of something from nothing and say "sic

everybody loved; harmless Dr. Sackett; substantial Jerome Bitely; good-hearted Al. Shaw, Smith Thompson, Wes. McInterfer, Eli Finch, Dr. George and others, but best of all that peerless soldier, philosopher, gentleman and true friend, Carles W. Thorpe, whose great heart and level head were always on the side of right. But good-bye Nichlsville, rest in peace.

A MEMORABLE REUNION

Boys and Girls of Prairie 25 to 50 Years Ago Meet at Saddlebag Lake

MRS. BUELL DIES AS REUNION CLOSES

Continuation of the Little Prairie Ronde Reunion held August 12 and 13, and the death of Mrs. B. G. Buell.

Never was there a more perfect day than dawned the morning of Thursday, August 13. It seemed that nature had shed all her tears the day before, and was wearing her brightest smile to welcome those who were to attend the meeting on the second day. And it was a day long to be remembered by those present, not only in meeting friends whom they had not met in years, but the sudden illness and death of our long loved friend Mrs. B. G. Buell, at the close of the reception held at the home of Mrs. Benjamin Hathaway.

This cast a gloom over the two days' festivities; and while it made us very sad it touched our hearts and made the bond of friendship between the friends left behind a higher, holier one than we could have thought possible. I would that I could omit all that went before and dwell only on that evening's entertainment and the sorrow that came to us all in the loss of our dear friend.

There was a goodly number in attendance at the reunion and among those who came from a distance were Marshall Franklin of Three Oaks, Mrs. Mary Franklin Monroe of Chicago, F. D. Huff and wife of Centralia, Mo., Mrs. Nestle and son of Flint, A. W. Copley of Detroit, Lincoln, Frank and Mrs. B. G. Buell of Ann Arbor; Mrs. Bertha Shaw Dunnington, Mrs. May Shaw Johnson, Mrs. Salome Sackett Touchatt and sister Mrs. Isch of Dowagiac; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Hice of Council Bluffs, C. E. Buell of Webster City, and F. L. Kern of DesMoines, Iowa; Dr. R. L. Thorpe of Denver, Colo.; C. J. Thorpe and wife of Coldwater; Mrs. May Thomas Ballard of Niles; Mrs. Edie Goodspeed Goodrich of Marcellus; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kidman and Miss Laura Morris of Lawton; Frank Morris and daughter and Mrs. Carrie Rix of Mattawan; Dr. Carl Morris of Pontiac; Dr. Ray Morris of Keeler: Dr. Charles Welch of St. Charles; Mrs. Muirl Aumock of Benton Harbor; Vet Thorp and family, G. W. Kroll and others of Marcellus, with many from Decatur and Little Prairie.

The drum corps consisted of Horace Wheaton, Nelson High, and Fred Pound, and there was music, swinging, dancing, and foot races among the younger members.

After a bountiful dinner spread out on the long table under the trees, a business meeting was called to elect officers for the next meeting. It was first decided to hold the next meeting in three years and the following officers were chosen:—R. L. Thorpe, president; F. L. Kern, first vice president; Mrs. Ella Dolloff, second vice president; L. L. Lawrence, secretary; A. E. Lawrence, Treasurer: Mrs. Adelia White, E. B. Copley and C. E. Rosewarne, executive committee.

Among those who took part in the speaking were Elias Morris, Mrs. B. G. Buell, A. W. Copley, E. B. Copley, Carl Morris, L. L., A. L., and A. E. Lawrence, M. S. Thomas, and Mrs. C. J. Thorpe gave a reading.

Mrs. Buell spoke feelingly of the old Sabbath school and of her work as teacher which she had had to give up on account of ill health. She spoke, too, of the far-reaching influences for good of the Sabbath school still felt in the community. Then she moved that a vote of thanks be given those who had worked so hard to make the meeting a success.

At the close of the speaking the secretary referred to the absent ones, Jennie and Flora Buell, Kittie Rosewarne, Katy Kern, Mrs. Kate Buell Martin, Mrs. Marilla Franklin, Mrs. Edna Spicer Lawrence, who sent greetings and regrets that they could not be present.

Toward the close of the afternoon it was decided to have a picture of those who attended the picnic. About 150 formed the group, some sitting, some standing. Later one was taken consisting of about twenty-five of the old schoolmates of the '60s and '70s. Frank Brown of Marcellus took the pictures.

The second day of the picnic passed all too soon and the party broke up to attend the reception at the home of Mrs. Benjamin Hathaway. After the customary handshaking and chatting in groups here and there, we were invited out on the lawn where a surprise for most of us had been prepared by Lincoln E. Buell, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A. With a stereotican and some slides which he had prepared, some interesting pictures were thrown on a white canvas a few feet distant. Some of them were the boys and girls of the '60s and '70s. There were others in connection with the Y. M. C. A., with the singing of some of the old Sabbath school songs, the repeating of the Lord's prayer, interspersed with interesting talks by Mr. Buell throughout the entertainment, closing with the song "Nearer My God to Thee."

While in the midst of this interesting entertainment Mrs. Buell fell suddenly ill, soon becoming unconscious from which she never recovered. A few moments after midnight she passed away and the next day at 11:15 Lincoln with his mother's remains and in company with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lawrence returned to Ann Arbor. A message from there later told us the funeral was to be held at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

While it is to be regretted that she could not have been with her own loved ones in her last hours it is a comfort to know that she was tenderly cared for by her old friends and that she breathed her last near the old home she had loved so well.

JESSIE THOMAS
Secretary

HATTIE COPLEY BUELL

TO THE REPUBLICAN:

Dear Friend:—I have been asked to pay a little tribute to my old friend, Mrs Barber G. Buell, who passed from earth so quickly, peacefully and happily after those two days with old friends at the reunion.

But everybody knew "Aunt Hattie" and there is really nothing I can say that would add to her sweet and beautiful character.

Months ago her nephew, Chalker, told me he was trying to get her to come back to her old home that he and others might see her again; likely for the last time on earth. So from her home in the great university town she came and through rain and mud she joined us at the lake where everybody rushed to greet her. Oh, how happy she seemed as she mingled again for two long, sweet days with

the loving admiring friends of the old Sunday school. Then during the exercises, I saw the pale face sober and a far away look come into those tired eyes and I knew she was thinking of the sixties and seventies, when with her kind and noble husband they were rearing an ideal family; Lincoln, Frank, Harry, Jennie, Flora, Bertha. And about them neighbors, nearly all of whom have passed on, were then also in the prime of life and "sowing the earth with little men and women" whom she now sees grown to sturdy manhood and womanhood.

Later, on that second memorable day, tired but still happy and cheerful she stood with about 150 of us to be photographed and again I saw that far away look, saying plainly in the strong faith of the preacher-poet, Robert Browning, whom she loved, "The life of immortality is ours today. I feel in myself the future life." Or with Victor Hugo, "The soul is more luminous when the body begins to fall; winter is on my head but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the upper world inviting me." Yes, this is home, sweet home, and these are my dearest earthly friends. As one speaker said, "Home, the dearest, sweetest word to the human heart, the safe shelter when the human bark is tossed upon the sea of adversity and trouble, an arbor of beneficent shade when the sunshine of prosperity gets to dazzling." Dear Aunt Hattie, the faithful christian worker. She remembered that her Christ had said, "I go to prepare a place for you." To her there was no dim star shining through a mist, but sure immortality, the one bright star of humanity's hope fixed, full-orbed and splendid, beaming high upon her pathway, lighting her on to glory and to God. This mortal must soon put on immortality, and she was ready. With faltering steps she had made the last milestone up the long life-hill.

Evening comes. We are gathered under the beautiful arbors at the grand old home of the nature poet and seer, Benjamin Hathaway, adjoining her own dear old home. Oh, the soft, balmy air of that perfect summer night, sweetened with the perfume of juniper, arbor vitae and rare flowers which the great gardener had planted years ago. The hum and whirr and singing of katydids, crickets and other noisy, saucy insects, filled the air just as we heard them forty years ago.

Lincoln, who as state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has consecrated his life and talents to the saving of boys and young men from the filthy and intemperate habits that ever bring ruin and misery, had brought his lecture apparatus and prepared a rare treat for us in the way of pictures of the old boys and girls. But before showing us the pictures of the old scenes and faces, how appropriate to have a little opening service of the old Sabbath school over which his uncle, A. B. Copley had presided so ably many years.

On the big screen was thrown the old songs and with choking voices we tried to sing them while Lincoln's fond mother joined us. We rose and read together the comforting scripture lesson which appeared like magic before us, then bowing we repeated the old prayer. What moment more fit for the Heavenly Father's call? His angel messenger must have been hovering near, awaiting the sweetest moment in which to make the final summons. The stroke came and sadness filled our hearts.

Almost while yet the eloquence, inspiration and persuasion to a better life by that son were ringing in her ears, she passed on to her sure reward.

And so we can say in the words of her favorite author:

"And for thy confidence
In that which was our mother's ground of trust
We thank thee, thou so nobly learned and just,
In judgement, thought and feeling; so intense.
In all that makes a woman, we give thee praise
And thanks, thou trusting soul, midst doubting days."

F. L. K.

MUST HAVE ANOTHER TEACHER

Our Decatur School Will Be Taken from the University List says Inspector

VALUABLE PAPER BY SUPT. TREMPER

Supt. Cyrus Tremper gave an interesting and valuable paper before the Every Tuesday Club a few weeks ago upon the subject of Education. The ladies were greatly pleased with what he said and the last phase of his subject, "the school and community," contained so much of interest to the people in general of Decatur that we are pleased to reproduce it herewith:

"How often we find people who have no children complaining about school taxes. Oftentimes people think the possession of excellent lighting and water plants, village buildings, etc., of greater importance than schools, and if there is to be any indebtedness it should be for these things rather than schools.

"Perhaps it is the part of wisdom to keep out of debt in everything. The majority of people will concede the greater importance of the school, though, I believe. The school system has a powerful influence on the village and surrounding country, and in this day of progress we can afford none but the best.

"I have been proud of the Decatur High School in years gone by. I found by experience that the graduates of this school were prepared to compete, either in college, or in stress of life out of college, with the graduates of the city schools.

"The Decatur school has been one of the best because the people wanted the best. I am sure too as the school grows in numbers and the requirements made upon it become greater, the people will recognize its growth and realize that its progress is but in keeping with the progress of the village in other lines; and will not only permit but demand that it be kept up to the standard of the times.

"I can't close this paper without a few words concerning my hopes for the school while under my supervision. I think these are things the people should think about. Surely the superintendent, of all school officers, should have the support of his people; nor do I think him worthy of this support if, on finding conditions that are not right, he says nothing about them in order that he may be popular with the tax payers. I think he should be unpopular if he says nothing about these things.

"I have been pleased with the organization of the grades. The teachers are not over burdened. With a music teacher I think they would be happy.

"In the high school conditions are not right. You will remember the twofold function of the high school alluded to in the first of this paper. Last year our school was inspected and conditionally placed on the University list. Some of the conditions made have been met, others have not.

"Our high school teachers are overworked, making it very deficient indeed to secure results desired. I am warned by the University inspector, Prof. Davis, that something must be done. We can't expect a teacher to conduct eight forty-minute recitations per day with large classes and secure the best results. It fact, it requires strong nerves to prevent a physical break down. Nor can a superintendent, spending his whole day in actual teaching, have very efficient supervision.

"My plan is to secure a music teacher who will spend half of each day in teaching and the other half with music in the grades. Such a teacher can be secured for $500.

"This would mean an increase of not more than seven cents per thousand in taxation. Not a large amount surely, and yet all conditions of the University could be met, teachers would not be overworked, and our high school greatly improved. Last, and not least, your children would have the benefit of music in the grades.

"I believe that the subject of music in the grades requires no argument. I believe there are many people in Decatur who desire it and are willing to give it their support. Yet in this connection I must sound a note of warning lest people expect too much of music for the first few years. Since the majority of our pupils have never studied singing, the primary courses would have to be given in each grade, and it would be unreasonable to expect much from eighth graders at the end of the first year. The work could not properly be judged until the present kindergarteners have passed through the successive stages of singing as taught in the succeeding eight grades. Then we should expect to find, at the end of the grammar course, that the pupils are able to sing in all keys in both notations; to write on the blackboard the scales with signatures, key notes, and easy exercises by ear; and to sing in two, three, and in some cases in four parts.

"For many years your school has been accredited by the University. Can we afford to let it drop behind in this day of progress."

UNCLE VET REDMOND

One of Decatur's Oldest Residents Died Last Week.

Sylvester Redmond was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 19, 1821. Died at his home in Decatur, Mich., Monday, April 13, 1908.

Sylvester Redmond, familiarly known as "Uncle Vet," came from his native land to Michigan in 1846.

When the discovery of copper in the northern part of the state was made he immediately went to that district where he worked for three years, being one of the first ones employed in that industry.

He came to Decatur and at the commencement of the civil war enlisted as a volunteer and served three years and seven months, during which period he suffered the hardships and privations of Andersonville, Libby and Florence prisons for seven months and seventeen days, not being allowed the privileges of the exemption laws on account of his wonderful physical constitution.

After the war he returned to Michigan accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Ellen McVey, who is the only surviving member of the family.

After returning to Decatur he went west and located a soldier's claim and spent his time between that place and his home here until he had cleared up on his western land.

He passed a year in California, sold his western property and came back to Decatur and purchased the property where he lived until the time of his death.

He was a whole-souled, kind hearted man--a good neighbor and a good friend; thought much of by all who knew him.

He remained a bachelor, and when bantered as to why he had not married always remarked that "the ladies were better off without him than with him."

The funeral was held at the Catholic church in this village Thursday afternoon, Father Clarson of Paw Paw officiating

In an able discourse Father Clarson, among other things, paid especial tribute to the local G. A. R. who attended in a body.

The friends and surviving relatives wish through this medium to express their sincere thanks for the courtesies extended in their bereavement and especially to the ones who furnished flowers and to Mr. Odlum and Miss Agnes Mahoney for the music.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were Miss Francis Cheeseman of Detroit; Mr. Wm. Allard, wife and daughter of Lawton; Mr. John Perkins and wife of Lawton and Katherine Perkins also of Lawton.

LYLE PROPERTY APPRAISED

All they Have Except Exemptions Will Soon be Taken From Them

Chas. H. Kimmerle, trustee of the Dowagiac City Bank, and E. Bishop, Burget L. Dewey, W. January and W. G. Bonine, the appraisers, drove to Decatur in the former's automobile last Friday and after dinner went out to the farms of Oliver and Levi Lyle, the two unfortunate Decatur stockholders, to appraise their property.

They placed a value upon everything except an eighty acre farm belonging to Oliver which was 12 miles distant and this they appraised Monday.

The Lyle brothers made no attempt to conceal anything. They gave all the information desired and gave up all of their property for inventory. They are resigned to the calamity which has befallen them.

Though Messrs. Levi and Oliver Lyle were innocent parties to the transactions which ended in ruin the one hope of the depositors has been in the amount of property these two men could produce. They have been counted on for $15,000 each and it is a great disappointment in Dowagiac that the appraisement will fall short of this figure.

Levi owns the eighty acre farm that Melvin is on jointly with his wife and each one set off forty acres to which he is entitled as his exemption. There are debts against Oliver's property amounting to about $11,000.

OVER A "HOSS" TRADE

Exciting Case in Justice Court Occupied all day Monday

"Rhodus, how'll you swap horses?"

This regulation opener to a "hoss" trade make by Almond Shoudy, the clerk of Fritzburg, to Clifford Rhodus resulted Monday in one of the fiercest lawsuits the local justice court has had in many a day, and according to the doughty clerk, whom his versatile attorney affectionately nicknamed Herman Cohn, the end is not yet in sight.

Both parties to the suit, one of the counsel, half of the jury, two-thirds of the spectators and all of the witnesses were residents of Hamilton. Every business place closed in Fritzburg and the population turned out en masse.

Rhodus and Shoudy swapped horses, a bay mare with a spot on her leg for a colt and $25 to boot.. Shoudy was to pay over the $25 at an auction sale a few days later, but he did not show up. After the sale the traders met about a mile this side of Fritzburg. There were numerous witnesses. Rhodus demanded the money or return of the mare. Shoudy said the mare was not sound as represented, but was wind broken, and refused to pay the $25 or to trade back. The next day Rhodus attempted to trade back with the aid of an officer, but when they arrived at the Shoudy home they learned that the clerk and the mare were on the road to Bainbridge, Berrien county.

The next move was the suit in assumpsit which was tried by a jury in justice court last Monday. Clifford Rhodus' attorneys were Bret H. Cockett, who acquitted himself with credit and should have his shingle displayed more conspicuously, and A. L. Moulton. Almond Shoudy's attorney was the keen, firey, witty Bill Barnard of Paw Paw.

The jury were M. S. Thomas, Orville Pritchard, Clem Ball, Emory Foster, George Nesbitt and Jacob Knolls.

Clifford Rhodus, Bret H. Cockett, Earl Barrett, Lon Phelps and Thomas Rhodus were sworn as witnesses for the plaintiff, and Almond Shoudy, George Conway, Thomas Conway and Mort Bullard were witnesses for the defendant. Then came the arguments which occupied the better part of two hours and held the crowd to the finish.

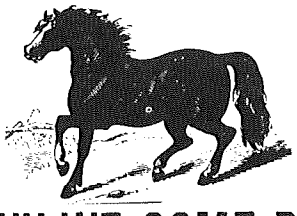
The jury after being out about an hour returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, Clifford Rhodus, of $15 and the costs of suit.

Mr. Shoudy immediately declared his intention of appealing to the circuit court and the same was reiterated by Mr. Barnard, his attorney. The defendant has five days in which to make an appeal.

Later: Messrs. Rhodus and Shoudy met in the Justice's private office Tuesday afternoon and after a consultation of two hours settled their differences and parted as friends.

Best Healer in the World

Rev. F. Starbird of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for several years on my old army wound, and other obstinate sores, and find it the best healer in the world. I use it too with great success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at M. S. Carney's and E. S. Peterson's drug stores.



WHY WE COME BACK

Read by Chalker Buell at the Little Prairie Ronde Reunion, Wednesday, August 12

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You ask me why we come back?

Why does the Moslem travel over thousands of miles of burning sands to reach his Mecca, enduring hardships by day and dangers by night impossible to describe? Why do the

wild fowls reared in the north, at the first chill winds of winter, fly away to their warm southern home? There is planted in the breast of this Mohammedan a religious zeal that no dangers by day or terrors by night can dim or pervert. Though called upon to face instant death he would neither falter nor turn aside. So it is with the little bird, compelled to pass through shot and shell, trap and snare. God has created a something, an intense longing in their little breasts for this shelter and haven of rest, that regardless of danger, nothing else can satisfy. So it is with us, dear friends. We are like the prodigal son who journeyed into a far country. Here at the parental roof everything is hallowed by sacred memory. How dear to all our hearts is the old Beach tree! Everyone here entrusted some secret to its keeping; how faithful unto death were all those secrets kept. The old row boat, too; how many happy hours we passed therein. So it is with every wood-lot, lake shore and stream; all, all, every spot and place became endeared to us by some incident "which fond recollection presents to our view."

While all these blessed spots of nature were taking such a hold upon us, what were the influences one upon another. I will tell you. There was forged a chain with metal so fine and links so true, that all the events of life could not tarnish, let alone break or rend asunder. This little invisible cord reaches out from this beloved center, all over this broad land of ours, fulfilling its mission on every hill and within every dale. We find that little chord drawing with such power that like the weary Turk on his way to worship at the shrine he loves, and the little birds obeying the divine call to their summer home, so we, drawn by this chord of love, forged in infancy, welded in youth, and tempered and annealed by passing years, cannot resist its force. And so far as this little group here assembled is concerned, it will continue to increase its strands, and grow stronger and stronger until we are summoned to appear "against that day."

Ever since our last meeting the air has been filled with sweet melody. I hear the sound of voices on every breeze. Once again there comes floating in accents full of feeling and deep emotion, and I distinctly hear the words "To Our Forbears". A noble tribute full of pathos and affection to a dear good mother. How it made all our hearts beat in sympathy. I see and hear a dear friend with tears in his eyes, and with choking voice, telling us of certain "boys and girls". I also hear a very sweet sister, we all love dearly, who was always equal to the emergency, when unexpectedly called upon, arose and said in a manner befitting a queen, "They were the best boys and girls the sun ever shone upon."

THE BEGINNING AND END OF OLD NICHOLSVILLE

Aged Harnessmaker of Marcellus Moved There in '37, Departed in '70

FRAGMENTS OF EARLY HISTORY

The stories of Nicholsville and the Prairie by Mr. Keen have set many an old resident to fondly recalling the days that are past. And it is with pleasure that the Republican puts them in print for the benefit of the younger generations.

If the letter following is read by the readers of the Republican with as much interest as it was by the publisher, Mr. Scott will certainly be repaid for the trouble of writing it.

Marcellus, Mich., May 13, 1908.

To the Republican:

I will give you some of the recollections of a resident of Cass county since 1837.

I moved with my parents, William and Sarah Scott, to Volinia village which was located on the farm now owned by R. J. Huyck, Ezra Houk and Langdon Daniels.

Houk was my half brother and Daniels married my oldest sister, Jane. Abija Huyck run a cooper shop and there was also a blacksmith shop.

In 1840 a Doctor Chatfield was practicing medicine in Volinia, but he afterwards moved to Charleston which was a lively place with two hotels, two stores, school house and a stage line from Kalamazoo to Niles.

Where Nicholsville is located there was nothing but a saw mill, and two houses and a school house that was burned down the winter of 1844.

In 1853 a man by name of Harry George had built a grist mill and kept a store on the south side of the pond on land now owned by Mrs. William Clealand. The place at that time was called Georgetown, but one day at a shooting match about two years later Nelson Copley wrote over the blacksmith shop with his left hand the name Nicholsville and the village has gone by that name ever since.

In 1844 the Finch, Lockwood and Knapp families settled on the farm now owned and occupied by Joel Riegels and wife.

Nelson Copley was one of the first school teachers in Nicholsville. He taught in the school house that burned in 1844 and afterwards he taught a select school at Volinia village, nicknamed Huycktown.

Miss Evelyn Copley taught school there for several years. She was the late Mrs. Levi Lawrence and a finer lady never lived. I was one of her pupils for some time.

The R. J. Huyck house was at that time a hotel. The road ran along the north side of the house and straight west to the John Shaw farm afterwards known as the Buell farm and now the property of Lineus Lawrence.

My mother died at Huycktown in 1845 and I went to Kalamazoo to live with my sister Mary Ann Church. In 1848 I went to Nowich, New York, and staid five years, learning the harness trade. I returned to Nicholsville in 1853 and run a shop there ten years.

In 1870 I left there because Marcellus had started up and ruined poor old Nicholsville. I have always had a warm place in my heart for it. I lost my first baby tooth on the first bridge that was built across the pond there. Four times since the old bridge has worn out and a new one has been built to replace it. Once I rescued a girl from drowning there. Her name was Veleda Witheral, now Mrs. Pitcher, a sister of Mark Witheral the chicken man at Thompson's corners.

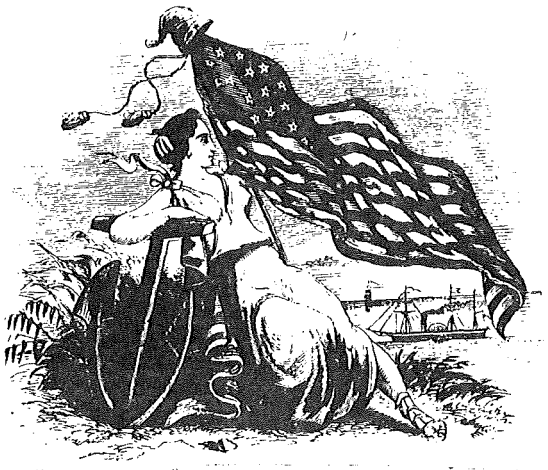
I went to Oshkosh, Wis., where my beloved wife's mother resided, and from there to Oakfield, seven miles south of Fond du Lac, where Olive and I kept a hotel called the Vermont House for one year.

In October, 1880, we came to Marcellus and lived 23 years in the building on Main street opposite the Columbia Hotel, but for four years I have lived alone and continue to make harness and repair them.

Yours, truly, GEORGE SCOTT.

Chas. Rawson,
Robert Lundy, Witnesses.

I. B. Galbreath has bought of L. S. Jones the house that Charlie Hakes built back of his blacksmith shop and had it moved on to his lot and adjoining his residence on St. Mary street for a home for Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis. John Graham moved the house Monday with a traction engine.



LAST DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

Mrs. Sarah F. Huyck Passes Away May 21st in the Ninety-Second Year of Her Life

Died in Decatur May 21st, 1909, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frances E. Anderson, Sarah F. Huyck in ninety-second year of her life. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the home. She was laid at rest at Nicholsville cemetery in the family lot surrounded by old friends and neighbors whom in life she had loved so dearly.

Deem her not dead but as sheltereth one
Her home, after long years of work well done.
Thus in God's hand in benediction lain,
And stilled forever all care and pain.

At the time of her death Mrs Sarah F. Huyck was probably the only real Daughter of the American Revolution in Michigan. She was made an honorary member of the D. A. R. about fifteen years ago and was presented with a solid gold souvenir spoon presented by the society to its real Daughters. Every Christmas the Society remembered her with a handsome gift.

The following sketch of the life of Mrs. Huyck was written two years ago by herself at the request of the secretary of the Lansing chapter of the D. A. R. of which she was a member and read at the State D. A. R. Convention:

After leaving Toledo we had no wagon track to follow and were obliged to follow the Indian trail. We found one house at Coldwater and a very small collection of houses at Monroe. It was here that my father, who had gone to Michigan the year previous to prepare a place for us, met us. So this place will always stand out clear in my memory. It was at Monroe my father purchased thirty bushels of wheat which he left to be ground into flour; later on we had many calls for a little flour to make a wedding cake or something else equally important.

After a hedged in life among the Pennsylvania hills, the western prairies seemed boundless, and I expected to find everything on an equally extended scale. But when we reached the home prepared for us, a little log house with only two rooms, I wondered where we were ever going to stow ourselves. Immediately I made up my mind that I should always have to sleep in the wagon, a thing most heartily despised. Indeed I have wondered all my life how my mother with such an unusually large brood, managed in such pinched quarters leaving as she did a large and convenient house.

As I remember, we never suffered for any of the necessities of life, the soil was fertile, the small fruits grew rapidly and we soon had an orchard started. The second year we raised more grain than we needed and had a quantity to sell. To be sure, going 135 miles on horse back or in lumber wagon for supplies, would now seem almost an impossibility, but it was not so bad, or at least did not seem so bad for we always had horses to spare, and boys too, for that matter.

There was one thing, however, we did miss and that was the clear, sparkling spring water that gushed from the rock or gargled over the stony bed of the creek. We had never before known what hard water meant and when I was stricken with the inevitable chills and fever, I thought if I could only have a drink from the old spring out of the gourd dipper, I would certainly get well.

The first post office in Kalamazoo county was at our home and my father was postmaster. He received his commission from General Jackson. I very well remember the first mail he brought from White Pigeon; there was a bushel and one-half of it; father had to pay 25 cents for every letter given in his charge, but he never lost anything, for everyone was only too glad to hear from the home folks "back in the states", not to be willing to refund the amount paid. If a large amount of money was sent in the mail, for instance, a fifty or one hundred dollar bill, it was cut in two and one piece sent at a time.

I remember very well the great meteoric shower of 1833 which we were called up to witness by our doctor, who was making a professional call in our neighborhood.

HOLLANDERS IN DECATUR

More Families Coming This Year—Means Much to the Future Developement of Our Village

Al. VandenBerg, formerly a resident of Holland, Mich., but for the last few years of Prairie View, Kansas, arrived here last Saturday with his car of household goods. After a two weeks visit with relatives and friends in Holland and Grand Haven, Mr. and Mrs. VandenBerg will take up their residence here. Mr. VandenBerg is one of the number of Hollanders who have recently come to Decatur to make it their permanent home.

Decatur has become quite popular among the Hollanders of Ottowa and Kent counties. It became known to them that there were large tracts of good fruit, peppermint and celery soil around Decatur, many acres of which were as yet practically undeveloped. Some ten families have already moved here and it is expected that many more will have located here before another year has passed.

The Dutch are an economical and industrious class of people and as a rule honest and a desirable and welcome class to help develop the industries in and around Decatur.

They are delighted with the place and seem to feel quite well at home, especially since they succeeded in organizing a Reformed church here. They are enthusiastic over this new organization and a growing interest is being shown in their meetings among both the young and old. The "good old orthodox Reformed church" is dear to them and in general they are very true to their religious principles.

Theological student C. Muller of Holland, Mich., has been stationed here for the summer. Last Friday evening some twenty-five young people gathered at the home of John Borst to greet Mr. Muller as he enters upon his work among them. The evening was delightfully spent in playing games and the singing of gospel hymns interspersed with other music. Tasty refreshments were served and the inevitable hour of parting came all too soon.

Last Friday afternoon the Decatur high school team went to Lawton and brought home a victory to the score of 6 to 4. Chas. Thomas officiated as umpire to the satisfaction of both sides.

Saturday Decatur high school played Lawrence on the home grounds.

Lawrence made ten scores and won the game in the first three innings. After that the home club got down to business and played a fine game. The final score was 12 to 5.

LE GRAND R. ANDERSON

A Brief Sketch of an Eventful Life

LeGrand Redmond Anderson, youngest son of LeGrand and Catherine Shaw Anderson, was born February 27, 1834, on the old homestead five miles south of Decatur where his father began to make a home for his family in 1828, bringing there his wife and children from Ohio in 1832.

The son began his education in the district school near his home and also at Olivet, Kalamazoo and Hillsdale colleges, for of him it can be truly said his instruction ended in the school room but his education only when life closed. After leaving college, with the youthful love of adventure, he spent some years in the west as a member of a surveyor's party which surveyed a considerable portion of the land which later became the state of Kansas.

On February 26, 1860, he was married to Miss Susanne Morris, daughter of Dolphin and Nancy Morris, who were some of the earliest pioneers to make a home in this county. Three children came to gladden this new home, Mrs. M. Grace A. Hammond who resides on the old farm, Mrs. Clara S. A. Rennie of Paw Paw, and LeGraud. The first decade of happy married life had not elapsed when the family circle was broken by the death of his wife and a few years later, the little son was also taken. The two daughters were tenderly reared by their father's sister, Mrs. Mary V. Murdock of Paw Paw, and remained in her home until their marriages.

Previous to the fall of 1900 Mr. Anderson spent his time between his farms which aggregated about fifteen hundred acres of choice land in Van Buren and Cass counties, and the homes of his sister and younger daughter, Mrs. Rennie, in Paw Paw, and the home of his elder daughter, Mrs. Hammond in Decatur. Owing to his poor health and the partial loss of his hearing he then decided to seek a milder climate and has since spent much of his time in Old and New Mexico, Colorado and other western states.

Last June, after having made his Michigan relatives and friends a few months' visit, he returned to Colorado, then on to Ogden, Utah, at which city he passed quietly away on October 14 after an illness of only a few days.

Mrs. Hammond and her son, LeGraud, brought the remains to Decatur and on to the farm home where the obsequies were held on Friday afternoon, Rev. Edward H. Harvey of Paw Paw officiating. A large concourse of old friends and neighbors were in attendance, to many of whom he had been a valued counselor as well as faithful friend. The interment was in the Anderson cemetery beside the wife and son who so many years ago had preceded him to the Beyond.

Mr. Anderson was a man of strong affections, ever thoughtful and considerate of his family's welfare, and was devotedly attached to his three grandchildren, Mary, Clara and LeGrand Hammond. As a citizen he was most highly esteemed and respected. He was ever broad-minded and liberal, taking an especial interest in and doing much for the causes of temperance and equal suffrage.

In the early days of the Grange, he took a prominent part in its establishment in this portion of the State and refused election as Master of the State Grange, his being a nature that did not seek honors.

Mr. Anderson was a man of wide information, a devoted reader of the best of the world's literature, in history, science and poetry. Such was his love for some of Scott's writings that he could repeat from memory nearly all of such poems as The Lady of the Lake, Marmion and Rokeby. It was a rule with him never to read a book unless thereby he gained in knowledge or was made a better man. He was ever ready to extend a helping hand to the deserving, but so quiet was he in his charities that only of late years, in the many unsolicited tributes that have come to his daughters from those he had materially assisted, have even his family had any idea how far-reaching were his benevolences. He was possessed of unusual business acumen and for many years was a director in the First National Bank of Paw Paw and the former National Bank of Decatur. Many years ago he became a member of the Masonic fraternity and always remained loyal to the principles of that order. Politically, Mr. Anderson was a staunch Republican and took an active interest in the affairs of his country. Although he never subscribed to any church creed, he ever gave liberally to Christian work and continually strove for the betterment of mankind. He thought much on matters pertaining to religion and the Life beyond as is shown by the following poem, composed by him during his travels after he had reached the advanced age of seventy-two. It is entitled "Destiny", and was read by Rev. Mr. Harvey at the last service as showing his views in this regard.

Man, a child of since yesterday,
An heir to Eternity,
What shall that Eternity be?
Shall our acts shape it?
Shall we ourselves make it—
Make endless destiny?

The good Father above
Is the type of pure love.
If we a law shall transgress,
Shall we cease suffering sore
From fierce flames evermore,
Too terrible to try to express?

Ocuntless cycles may roll
O'er the immortal soul
Without any abatement of time;
But the soul's weal or woe
We ourselves shall bestow;
Shall make its shadow or shine.

That great terror to all,
The dread fear of Death's call,
Shall not be a terror to me.
Should I dread to depart
At the stroke of Death's dart,
From the ills of Earth to be free?

Should I sorrow and moan
When called to go Home,
A victim to hopeless woe?
I should surely rejoice
At the call of the voice
That bids me homeward go.

When I cross that silent and tideless stream,
May my life flow on like a pleasant dream
To the celestial land above.
I shall hold my father's sustaining hand
Until I reach that beautiful strand
And rest in His enveloping love.

DECATUR CANNING FACTORY

As Seen by Mary McCormick Rumbaugh. A Model Factory

Decatur, November 16, 1909

Mr. Editor and Readers of the Paper:

With your consent I feel strongly impressed to write a few lines in regard to our Decatur canning factory. Surely it is a success. As we chance to look outside we see the apples piled up on all sides. Team after team comes from every direction and unloads, only to come back with a lot more apples. Our eyes never did see such a sight before.

We have worked at South Haven factories and other places but this Decatur factory goes far ahead of them all. Mr. and Mrs. Squires who are the head are kind to us and never look

cross at us. All they have to do is to tell us what our work is and we all stand by our work as one man. We didn't feel like finding fault and do enjoy it very much. No doubt what makes us good is because they are so kind to us.

Mr. Rumbaugh's work principally is to carpenter and any thing else he can find to do. My work is to stand at the paring machine and pare apples nine hours every day. Yesterday we pared eight bushels in one hour by the clock, but we did not stop to look around. We don't have to work so hard. Mr. Squires said I would get my pay whether I run the machine fast or slow.

It seems to me the work and workers are complete. No trouble amongst us. All agreed to pull together. All contented. No bell sheep among us. Come and see us.

By the way I have forgotten the watchman's name but he does the work well. Everything is clean and in its place when we return to our work in the morning. It almost reminds me of a palace car, so clean and ready for business. We get our pay every week. By the way we had our pictures taken, factory and all of us.

Mary McCormick Rumbaugh.

THE OLDEST PIONEER

Was Benj. Hinkley the First White Child Born in the County

PLAYMATES WERE INDIANS

Took First Trip Out of County to be Married

In reviewing the life of the late Elias Morris in a recent issue of the Republican we stated that he was the second white child born in Van Buren county and that the first one was his brother who lived but a few months.

Now comes Benjamin Hinkley, a good old citizen of South Haven, to question the correctness of our statement. Mr. Morris was born the 11th of May, 1833, and the biographer of Mr. Hinkley gives his birthday as March 9 of the same year.

The sketch of Mr. Hinkley printed below was given to the Republican by one of its subscribers and was written by Marshall Mackay, ex-Supervisor of South Haven and one of the best young men of the county:

"Although many old settlers have laid claim to being the first white child born in Van Buren county, the title really belongs to Isaac Coleman Hinkley, a resident of this city. Hinkley was born in Paw Paw March 9, 1833, when there were no towns in the county and only Indians were residents, the younger members of the tribes being his playmates, there being no white children to play with.

His father, Rodney Hinkley, came to Michigan during the latter part of the last Indian war, much against the wishes of his friends who feared the savages would kill him, but, instead, the dusky men were his best friends and many times protected him from other tribes.

After living in Paw Paw twenty years and having had experiences galore with wild animals and treacherous Indians, the family moved to South Haven, where the father died in '59 and the mother two years later.

His Family

Isaac is one of the two children living of a family of seven, Mrs. J. L. Tracy of this city, being the other. On September 15, 1857, the pioneer married Miss Henrietta Campbell of Sycamore, Illinois, the trip being his first outside Van Buren county. The couple had four children, two girls, Mrs. Thomas Kyme and Mrs. Sherrod Tyler, both of this city, being the only ones living.

Neighborhood Provider

Arriving here on foot in the spring of 1852 Mr. Hinkley found this place a forest. Sheltering here during the summer he began to clear what is now the central part of the city, on Phoenix street, and soon erected a small cabin which the father and mother came to the following year. Only six buildings were in the village at the time and Hinkley was the main support of the inhabitants, it being his duty to shoot deer and catch fish for them to live on.

He has seen the small town grow into a small city of 5,000 people and is today as active as many younger men and is able to do much harder work.

The First Train

In speaking of his early boyhood he relates an incident in his life when the family were driven twenty miles to see a train of cars for the first time, and also remembers Kalamazoo when there were only two stores there.

Hinkley has only been out of the county 18 months since his birth.

Marshall Mackay.

Reliable Sporting News

It is a curious and significant fact that men who can be satisfied with distorted and unreliable news in other departments will instantly resent the falsifying of sporting news. Those interested in the sporting events of the world long ago discovered that the Chicago Record-Herald is a reliable authority in this field, printing all the news, day by day, year in and year out, with a steady accuracy and terse completeness unsurpassed anywhere. It has a large staff of editors and reporters, who devote all their time and skill to this department alone. The Sunday Record-Herald has a separate sporting supplement of four full pages—a newspaper in itself—in which the athletic events of the whole country, reported by telegraph to the last moment of going to press, are presented with numerous illustrations. All that is of interest in baseball, football, racing, athletics, hunting, automobiling, yachting, golf, tennis, boxing and other sports can always be found in reliable form in the Record-Herald. Every man on the sporting staff is an expert trained to see straight and write the truth without bias. This is why the Record-Herald is the favorite paper among the true lovers of sport.

IS JUMPING INTO FAME

Decatur Bids Fair to Become Celery Center

BIG CROPS ARE GROWN

Several Thousand Acres of Peppermint Under Cultivation—Also Raise Grapes

The Kalamazoo Evening Press gives Decatur and its growing celery industry the following write-up:

Decatur, the little Van Buren county village down the line, is jumping into fame as a celery center. The draining and clearing of the swamps is having a very stimulating effect on the celery, peppermint and fruit industries.

About ten years ago some of the farmers about Decatur undertook to raise celery. They have since followed the business with varying success and the business has grown. A citizen of the village the other day made a rough estimate of the value of the celery crop there. He placed it at about $85,000 a year.

There is a small colony of Hollanders in the vicinity of Dowagiac and that is tantamount to notice that the celery business is going to be a great success. It is believed that eventually the crop will reach the quarter million mark. Land owners and real estate men say they can readily see $250,000 a year in the muck.

The Dutch have, of course, moved there in families and they are preparing to stay. As is always the case with the Dutch, they are anchoring themselves to the soil and are taking the second step—building a church. Two or three of the Dutch ministers of Kalamazoo have been preaching there at various times and it is expected that a regular congregation will be organized soon. A minister has practically been engaged.

There are several peppermint farms within five miles of Decatur and they

are doing well. Several farmers have made comfortable fortunes in the business. There is a disposition to keep down peppermint growing and rely more generally on celery. It has been found that the land, after it has been worked a few years, yields excellent celery.

The peppermint business is old in that section. It was one of the pioneer sections. There are yet several thousands of acres to be reclaimed and brought into subjection, and with the digging of a few more ditches, the real estate values of that section will be vastly increased.

As a result of these industries the village is taking on new life and a marked growth is expected for the next few years.

Decatur is very much in the grape belt and the highland sections are pretty well covered with vines. The poorer lands have been utilized for grapes and now the rich muck is to be used for other crops, which would indicate that Decatur is going to pile up some wealth.

The village is one of the seven leading shipping stations of the co-operative associations of the grape growers. A few more vineyards go into bearing commission this year.

Peaches are raised to some extent.

THE STORY OF A DUTCHMAN

It May Be His Skull Found by Vroegindeweys Near Pickeral Lake

POOR FAMILY SHOWS STACKS OF GOLD

Since the human skull was found in the swamp near Decatur a few weeks ago, speculation has run rife as to whose it could have been and how it could have gotten to the place where it was found, and since an account of its finding was published in the Republican two weeks ago many people have called to see it. Among them are Quinton Curry and Brook Goble, two of our earliest pioneers, by whom we are told the following story, which may or may not solve the mystery:

A short time previous to the year 1856, a family by the name of R——— (name given by narrators but omitted by publisher) consisting of an elderly man and his wife, two grown up sons, James and John, and a daughter, came from somewhere in the east, presumably Pennsylvania, and located upon rented land in the vicinity of what was then Charlestown. They were considered to be very poor and had but one horse, an old harness and an old single wagon, but they gradually got more until at the time they left here they had three good teams, new harnesses and wagons.

In 1856 a "Dutchman" came to Decatur from the east and, leaving his small trunk here, went across the swamp looking for land. He could not speak the English language but the old man R———, who could understand his talk acted as interpreter and assisted him in looking for land.

The "Dutchman" finally entered into an arrangement to buy a farm then owned by Elijah Goble and the deal was all completed except that the Dutchman had to return to Decatur and get his money which he had left in his trunk. He came for the money accompanied by the R——s, father and sons. Later in the day the R———s returned to their home and reported that upon their arrival in Decatur the "Dutchman" had told them he did not want to buy any land and that he went back east. The Dutchman was never heard of afterwards.

A short time after the "Dutchman" was in the vicinity of Charleston the R———s moved from the home they had occupied to Whitewater, Wis. Old man R—and the women went by train. The two boys, James and John, took the three teams overland, the late Isaac Higgins and Jasper P. Warner going with them. Before they got to Whitewater the R——— boys got out of money with which to pay their expenses and borrowed some of Mr. Warner, telling him that the family had plenty of money with them and they would pay it back when they reached Whitewater which they did. At the time of doing so they took Mr. Warner into the pantry and showed him a large amount of gold money which was in small stacks upon the pantry shelves and which according to Mr. Warner's judgement contained several thousand dollars in gold.

When the R———s came to Michigan they were at least supposed to be very poor. When they reached Wisconsin they were in affluence. The Dutchman was never heard of after the R———s reported that he had returned to the east.

Now the query arises: Is there any connection between the gold that was supposed to have been in the dutchman's trunk in Decatur and the gold that was seen by Mr. Warner on the pantry shelves in Wisconsin,

Is there any connection between the dutchman that was about to buy Goble's farm near Charleston and the human skull that was found in the swamp by the Vroegindewey boys?

Could the R———s, if alive, tell of "ways that were dark" in connection with both the dutchman and his gold?

UNEARTHS AN INDIAN CANOE.

Other Strange Relics Found in Digging Brigham Drain

During the past week another find has been made in the swamp surrounding Pickerel lake. Edwin Kinney who has the contract to dig the Brigham drain which empties into Pickerel lake, last week dug into an Indian canoe.

The canoe was found three feet below the surface of the miry, mucky soil of the swamp through which the drain passes. It is about eight feet long hewn from a solid log of white wood, and very artistically carved with ends turned up in regular Indian style.

In all probability it has been buried here for many years but being deeply covered by the water and dirt, unexposed to the atmosphere, it was preserved from rotting and decaying and is still in a solid condition. The canoe was found upturned. Inside of it was found a wooden instrument of Indian manufacture, a kind of paddle-shaped hand-ax such as was used by the natives for barking trees. It is probable that the owner of the canoe had been using this instrument as a paddle.

The canoe was lying some sixteen rods from the present edge of the lake and about thirty rods from the spot where the skull was found by the Vroegindewey boys last week. About six rod farther up the drain Mr. Kinney also unearthed at about the same depth broken parts of horns of an animal. One of the pieces is some three feet long and four in diameter with three large branches. Another piece seemed to be the tip of the same horn. The horn is most to large to be that of an elk and the elk is the largest animal which was known formerly to roam in this section of the country.

Whether there is any connection between the history of the canoe and the story of the skull is difficult to conjecture. It gives us some light upon the former condition of the land around Decatur. Some of our old pioneers remember well that the small lakes surrounding our village formerly were much larger than at present. It seems that the large tract of present muck land formerly was one large lake and a popular hunting resort for the Indians. But during the age the shallow parts of this lake have been filled in by decaying logs and vegetable matter forming our present fertile tracts of celery muck. It is possible that before long more curios may be found which will attract interest to this vicinity.

DECATUR REPUBLICAN
Thursday, May 27, 1909

ARBA N. MOULTON,
PUBLISHER.

$1.00 per year in Advance in Van Buren and Cass counties.
$1,50 per year in Advance outside of Van Buren and Cass counties.
Extra copies five cents.

JULIA WARD HOWE'S ninetieth birthday, May 27, is to be observed by woman suffragists in significant fashion. The Interurban council of New York City was the originator of the plan to set apart Mrs. Howe's birthday as "Petition Day" and to urge all members and friends to celebrate it by getting ninety signers each to the National petition for woman suffrage.

Drowning of Ray Athey

Ray Athey was drowned in the old old swimming hole, Lake of the Woods, last Friday evening.

He did the delivering for Evans' grocery that day and put the horse out at 6 o'clock. Then he and Floyd Mullinex and Dalton Brown went to the lake.

At the swimming hole the water gets gradually deeper to about 5 feet and then there is a pitch-off to about 10 feet. Ray waded out too far and went over the pitch-off. He could not swim and called frantically for help. Floyd tried to save him but was not strong enough to do so. Walter Brown's boy is still smaller and was powerless to help. The boys ran to town for help and in a little while a large crowd gathered at the lake. It was 11 o'clock before the body was recovered.

Ray was 17 years old, the eldest son of James and Elsie Athey. He was a junior in the high school and popular with his school mates. The bearers at his funeral were Arden Treat, Floyd Odlum, Harold Lawrence, Allan Baker and Myron Hinkley. (Of these six boys only Floyd Odlum, the nationally known financier, and Myron Hinkley of Clovis, California, are now living.)

December 30, 1909.

The David A. Squier home on North School street has been sold to Charles Upfield. Consideration $2500. Mr. Upfield has moved from his farm in Hamilton and is devoting his entire time to his blacksmith shop.

Prof. Merle Barber, the accomplished violinist of Chicago, is spending a few weeks with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Graham.

The Misses Anita Youells and Jeanette Hooper gave a very pleasant Christmas party at the latter's home the evening of December 23. Thirty guests were present.

Jeremiah Bowen was elected commander of Burnside Post No. 27, G. A. R. Geo. T. Pomeroy was elected Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias. Frank P. Hall was elected Worthy Master of the Masonic lodge. Otto Van Hise was elected Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows lodge. Martha Huff was elected Commander of Keeler Hive.

The three Zerbe boys have fallen heir to $300 each by the death of an uncle in Akron, Ohio.

OAK PLANKS WERE CHEAP

FARMERS FIFTY YEARS AGO USED THEM FOR HIGHWAYS IN MICHIGAN

Sixty years ago plank roads were common in this state and toll gates were built and operated to pay the expenses of keeping them in repair. There was one for years running from Smith's Chapel in Milton Township to Niles, and the plank used in its construction, if it were placed on the market today, would pay the Cass County debt.

In fact, there was plank enough used in Michigan in an early day for this purpose to pay the state debt. Timber was plentiful then and the man who had a chance to sell it that way was mightily pleased,

There was one of those roads between Paw Paw and Lawton, but the man who put it down, got into trouble over the settlement of the bill and took up every fourth or fifth plank the entire distance of about a mile. The road remained in that shape for years with a wagon track on each side of the plank.

Because timber was plentiful planks were cheap, and yet the plank road Company, with few exceptions, was not a financial success. To build such roads in modern times, when lumber has become so scarce and valuable, would cost many times more than it did in that early period.

The "Paw Paw" Plank Road Company was chartered with power to lay out a plank road from the village of Paw Paw, to some point on the Michigan Central Railroad, at or near, where the little Prairie Ronde road crosses the tracks.

By the legislative Act of 1849, a charter was given to the "Decatur, Lawrence and Breedsville Plank Road Co.," which was authorized to lay out a plank road from the village of Decatur to the village of Lawrence. Aaron Broughton, Marvin Hannah, Henry Coleman, Jonathon Hinckley and Benjamin Chadwick were appointed commissioners to receive subscriptions to the stock of the Company.

The Decatur and St. Joseph Plank Road Company was created to construct a plank road from the village of Decatur to the village of St. Joseph, Berrien County. Such a road was laid out from Detroit to Niles, October 7, 1849. An excursion train was run from Detroit to Niles in celebration of the opening of the road.

1909

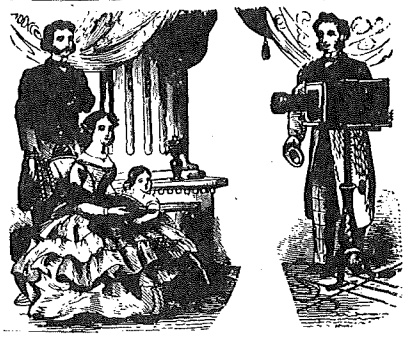
THE PHOTOGRAPHER HOLMES

A QUEER CHARACTER BUT A GENIUS WHO OWNED DECATUR GALLERY FORTY YEARS AGO

In looking over the collection of photographs which he has been a life time accumulating, Charley Pritchard came to a large likeness of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris, whose tragic death over thirty years ago was told in a recent issue of the Republican. The picture was taken by Photographer J.C. Holmes and in presenting it to the publisher, Mr. Pritchard told the following story of this peculiar but in many ways remarkable man.

Of the old-time business men of Decatur, probably one of the most eccentric characters was J.C. Holmes who was engaged in the photograph business here from 1868 until the early '70's. He was an expert in his line of work and few there were who could excel him.

He was always courteous in his manners and when he first lived in Decatur was one of the best dressers that ever came to town. When he appeared in public he was dressed in the height of fashion. He sported fine jewels, a silk tie and a gold headed cane.



But as time rolled by, all of this changed, owing, it is said, to his having been disappointed in love by one of Decatur's fairest daughters. He became negligent in his business, often leaving it for several days at a time to go fishing. Consequently, work he had on hand would be neglected for weeks.

During the time he was in Decatur he had an apprentice — Charley Pritchard, to whom he agreed to teach the art of photography for the sum of twenty-five dollars. He had gotten down to the point where his clothing consisted of two pairs of white linen trousers and a black coat and vest. He wore this combination all winter, wearing both pairs of trousers at the same time so that the holes in one pair would be covered by the good places in the other.

Sometime during the spring, Charley Pritchard payed him the twenty-five dollars and shortly thereafter, Holmes came into the studio with a new, cheap suit of clothes. Throwing the suit on the table, he remarked, "There Holmes, you've got a new suit of clothes!" Unfastening his coat collar, which he always wore pinned up close to his chin, he displayed an old, soiled, white shirt.

Mr. Holmes was an avid reader and was very fond of Shakespeare. One morning he came into his studio, picked up a volume of Shakespeare and began to read aloud, in which manner he continued to read until two o'clock in the afternoon, stopping only long enough to occasionally exclaim in a tragically deep bass voice: "God! Ain't that fine! Ain't that grand?"

About 1909

BOSLER'S AUTOMOBILE

Alex Ramsey Has First Horseless Carriage In New Wyoming Town

The toot of the automobile is already heard in the land. Mr. A. Ramsey has a handsome machine, and when he wants a pound of starch or a cigar, jumps in and makes to town in a few minutes. One of his neighbors said if Ramsey kept his machine going for a couple of months, he would have all the prairie dogs on the plains either run down or scared to death.

DECORATION DAY

From the Scrap Book

of the Late Mrs. Jeremiah Watts

"Tis Decoration Day!" The voice I heard,
And in my heart an old-time wound was stirred.
The dark, sad days of war came trooping back,
Death and destruction following in their track,
The days when insurrection wild did run,
And rebels shot their first menacing gun!
The guns that pierced thy walls, O Sumter and
Fired loyal hearts with wrath throughout the land,
Then from the patriots hearthstone and his door
How many sires went forth — to come no more!
How many sons kissed mothers, sisters, then,
And never pressed their trembling lips again!
Bravely they fought an evil rooted deep,
May holy angels whisper as they sleep.
"Ye fought not vainly, O brave sons and sires!
Ye fought for Freedom's dear loved altar-fires!"
And lo! today the "Old Flag" proud and free,
with stars as bright as Heaven's own canopy,
Its stripes — the dear old colors dyed anew,
All, all are here — the red, the white, the blue!
Long wave, dear Flag! No man may say again
You wave o're reeking whip and chain!
Your gracious folds, your colors pure and warm
Hold for the oppressed of every land a charm
O soldiers dead! Brave soldiers living, too,
How much our country owes to God and you!
Brave comrades of the brave men bivouacked here,
While to the dead we give the flower and tear,
We thank high Heaven, that, scattered through the land
Tired, brave and honored sentinels still stand,
Silent, but watchful, ready evermore
To well defend fair Freedom's open door
Long may you live, O noble Boys in Blue!
Flowers for our dead! — The warm right hand to you!

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so.
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best man with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne

MARY WATTS

AUNT BESSIE

HARVEY S. CHEW
LIVERY STABLES
FOURTH ST. ABOVE SOUTH EAST SIDE. PHILADELPHIA.
HORSES, CARRIAGES & VEHICLES TO HIRE.
HORSES TAKEN AT LIVERY.

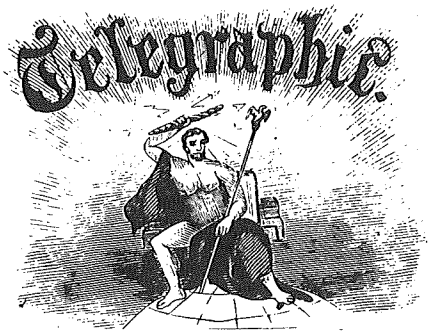
CREAGAN & CARRIS

A. B. Carris Becomes Partner ot Dr. H. T. Creagan in Livery

H. T. Creagan has sold a one half interest in his livery and feed barn to A. B. Carris. The partnership began last Thursday and the firm is known as Creagan and Carris.

The Creagan barn is new and up-to-date. The firm now has ten horses and will add more this winter. In the spring they will add to the business a new automobile.

Mr. Carris has recently sold his farm in Lawrence township and moved into the Bruner house on Wheeler street in this village.



LOSE NIGHT TELEGRAPHER

Michigan Central Makes Shift that Will Inconvenience Decatur People

The night operator was taken off at this station Sunday and Decatur is without this service for the first time within the memory of the present generation. Whether or not the order to abandon Decatur as a night telegraph station will be permanent is a matter of guess work, but undoubtedly unless our people are considerably interested and make a strong protest, it will be.

The order was not made by the the railroad company to save money but operators. Since the Union was organized and operators refused to take students the demand for men has exceeded the supply. The demand is still further increased by the nine hour law which requires the railroads to make three shifts instead of two, and Decatur's night man will be sent to a place where the call for the service is greater.

A night man will be kept at the station to check baggage and sell tickets and travelers will receive the same attention that they have in the past. Allan Baker has been appointed to the position.

WILL LIGHT THE DEPOT

Needed Improvement Promised by Michigan Central At Once

Geo T. Pomeroy, president of the Citizens' State Bank, received last week a letter from the general superintendent of the Michigan Central Railway Company in which he says: "In answer to your letter of April 11th in reference to providing better lighting facilities at our station at Decatur, I have arranged with the chief engineer to have electric lights installed at the station, which I believe will make a vast improvement in the lighting arrangement."

The people of Decatur have long complained of poor lighting at the station. Outside of the station there is not even a light to indicate from Main street the location of the station and one citizen in particular is known to have once spent an hour in looking for it before finding it and missing his train. The waiting rooms are dimly lit by kerosene lamps.

About a month ago sixty two ladies, most of them members of the Every Tuesday Club, and forty-four business and professional men petitioned the Company for better lights.

MEETS DEATH ON FARM

Austin E. Dwight, One of Decatur's Grand Old Men, Overcome by Heat and Falls Into Fire

Austin E. Dwight met death in a field on his farm on the north line of Decatur township about three o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Dwight went to the farm in the morning and was spending the time cleaning up. He set fire to some brush and dead weeds and the fire went beyond his control. He was last seen alive by Daniel and Robert Orr who were drawing hay from the field adjoining. He was beating the fire back but it had not then spread enough to alarm the boys. They went to the barn and unloaded the hay, their father, James Orr, helping. They were not in the barn more than fifteen or twenty minutes but when they returned they saw a pile of wood and the fence burning and Mr. Dwight was not in sight. They concluded that he had gone to the further side of the field to keep the fire from spreading that way and went to work to save the fence. Then they went over to help Clarence Lindsley save his hayfield and on returning discovered Mr. Dwight lying on the ground face downward, dead. The ground around him had been burnt over and the clothing was burned from the body. There was no indication of a struggle and to all appearances he had been overcome by the heat and fallen before the flames reached him.

Mr. Orr and his sons hurried to the McLeese, home the nearest place from which they could telephone; and notified the friends in Decatur.

L. L Hamilton brought the body to his undertaking rooms in the evening where it was prepared for burial.

His children from Kalamazoo arrived on the night train and his daughter, Miss Jennie Dwight, arrived from Washington, D. C, today.

Mr. Dwight was one of the eldest and best citizens of our village and there is universal sorrow expressed over his untimely death.

Funeral services will be held at the Presbyterian church Friday morning at ten o'clock and burial will take place in the family lot in Lakeside cemetery.

AUSTIN E. DWIGHT

AUSTIN E. DWIGHT

One of Decatur's Oldest Pioneers. Esteemed by All Who Knew Him

BORN 1832 DIED 1910

Austin Erksine Dwight, son of Samuel and Darsa Bartlett Dwight, was born February 21, 1832, at Belchertown, Hampshire county, Massachusetts. He was one of a family of twelve, children, seven of whom are now living, to wit: Corydon G. Dwight, of Cun Lake, Maria E. Dwight, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Clara J. Aldrich and Mrs. May V. Snow both of Ware, Mass., Mrs. Sarah E. Munsell of Enfield, Mass., Albert E. Dwight of Northampton, Mass., and Mrs. Emily Hicks of Lowell, Mich.

Mr. Dwight was raised on a typical New England farm, in the vicinity of Mounts Quabbin, Monadnock, Holyoke, and Tom.

In 1853 he attained his majority and left the old home and went to Pembroke., N. Y. A year later he came to Michigan, and located at Kalamazoo, where he lived about a year. In 1855 he came to Decatur where he made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Trowbridge.

On November 23, 1860 he was married to Hester A. Hosselkus, at

Oaryville, N. Y., who died at Decatur, Mich., on December 26, 1876.

Two children were born to this union, Miss Jennie H. Dwight, now a resident of Washington, D. C., and Louis D. Dwight, now residing at San Francisco, Calif.

On November 20, 1880, he married Miss Ellen Devendorf, who survives him.

Five children were born to them, three of whom are now living, Albert O. Dwight and Blanche L. Dwight, both residing at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Samuel Harold Dwight, who lives at the old home.

He died July 5 at Decatur, Mich., aged 78 years, 4 months and 14 days.

Austin E. Dwight was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Decatur. He came here early in manhood, and his home has been in this village for fifty-five years.

He came to Decatur equipped by nature with a sturdy manhood, honesty, earnestness of purpose and the determination to provide a home. He succeeded, and all who know him bear willing testimony to his sterling virtues as a citizen, friend, neighbor, husband and father.

His ancestors were of sturdy New England stock. The first Dwight of whom there is any record in this country, was John Dwight, of Dedham, England, who came to Dedham, Mass., in 1635. Col. Simeon Dwight of Warren, Mass., was a soldier of the War of the Revolution, and the grandfather of Austin E. Dwight. His great grandfather on his mother's side was Robert Brown, who was a soldier of the war of the Revolution.

Born among the rocky hills of Massachusetts, he learned early in life what labor and economy meant. From such ancestry and such surroundings in his early life were inherited the sterling qualities and characteristics which were his distinguishing traits.

As a citizen he was law abiding and just; as a friend loyal; as a neighbor, considerate; as a husband, kind and faithful, and as a father, affectionate. By his death Decatur has lost one of its early settlers, and a most estimable citizen.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our appreciation to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavment. Our thanks are especially due to those who gave flowers and furnished the music.

Mrs. Ellen M. Dwight
Miss Jennie H. Dwight.
Louis D. Dwight and family.
Albert O. Dwight and family.
Miss Blanch Dwight.
S. Harold Dwight.

OUR OLDEST PIONEER

Dolford Tittle Lived Seventy-Five Years in Decatur

Dolford Tittle was a son of George and Nancy Tittle, who were among the very first settlers of Van Buren County, and was born on the farm where he spent almost his entire life.

His father came to Decatur township in 1831 and located his home there on section 35. It was here that Dolford Tittle was born about seventy-five years ago and where he lived until a little over a year ago, when he sold the old farm and bought the William Anson place in Hamilton Township, here he died. His life was quiet and uneventful but he was respected as a citizen and as a good neighbor.

He died at his home in Hamilton May 29th leaving a widow and two children, Mrs. Alice Rogers, and Cameron.

The funeral was held Wednesday, June 1st, at his home, Rev. J. W. Davids officiating. He was buried in Hamilton cemetery.

RAILWAY BONDS ON SALE

Electric Railway to be Completed to Decatur by First of Next May

S. B. Downer of the Chicago, Indiana and Michigan Railways Company, has been in this vicinity the past few days completing the right of way of the road from Kalamazoo to Benton Harbor.

Mr. Downer will be in Decatur Saturday to place before our people a proposition to buy the Company's first mortgage five per cent. gold bearing bonds, interest payable semi-annually. These bonds are contracted for a 90 per cent. of par value and will be used to pay for right of way.

They are of the same series that the financial house accepts for building the road and are not payable until the road is constructed and in operation from Benton Harbor to Decatur.

It is the plan of the promoters to have the road in operation as far as Decatur by the first of May.

LIVED EIGHTY-ONE YEARS IN DECATUR

John Eckenberger, probably the oldest resident of the township — was here long before village was begun and remembers time well. He was born in the township of Volinia near the home of Mrs. Zerelda Van Curen June 17, 1832.

In 1834 Mr. Eckenberger moved with his parents into Decatur Township and Decatur has since been his home. If Decatur has an older living resident, we shall be glad to hear from him or her. The older Eckenberger took of the Government which is now the home of Mrs. L.B. Greenman.

John Eckenberger was a good hunter and trapper as well as a painter. He remembers well the settling of Decatur village and the building of the first stores here.

Building Brooks Store

Brook's store, now being overhauled, was built in 1851 by A.H. Dixon, commonly known as Ham Dixon, who came here from Kalamazoo, bringing carpenters from Kalamazoo to do the work. He stocked the store with drygoods and general merchandise 'til he made it the best trading place in the county, and in a few years he failed.

William Larzelere next conducted the business and was here five or six years. E.P. Hill then bought the building and it is still owned by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Hill added about four feet to the height of the building leaving it as it appears today.

Mr. Dixon dealt in furs and used to send John Eckenberger out to buy for him. Once he was sent into Ottawa County to buy of the Indians and was so successful that Mr. Dixon paid him sixty dollars for a day's work. Mink were common in those days and the hides brought nine dollars each.

Decatur has improved in many ways since this landmark of the town was constructed sixty-four years ago and we predict that it will show a much greater per cent of improvement in the next sixty-four years.

Speaking about Brook's store reminds us also that Ely Hincher is one of the old residents of this town. Dan Johnson, father of Mrs. Arthur Watson, was one of his friends and in their early visits he had told him of building the corner store. Mr. Johnson got out the big timbers and most of them came from within a block of the building, along where the Methodist Church now stands.

1910

UNCLE JOHN COOK

Known and Respected in Decatur and Van Buren County Died at the Age of 84

Good old Uncle John Cook, after 84 years of upright honorable life, has at last passed beyond the River to that land where such as he will receive a bright reward.

John Cook was born August 27th, 1826, and his baptismal register is recorded in the old parish church at Bolingbroke, Lincolnshire, England. He was the second child in a large family born of poor but honorable, industrious and highly respectable parents.

His parents were too poor to send him to school and he has often been heard to say that he never attended school a day in his life, but by close observation and study of the ways of life he became possessed of a broad practical education such as but few would acquire in a lifetime even longer than his.

At the age of seven years he began to support himself, his first labor being as a shepherd boy, tending the flocks of the English land owners.

Then for ten years he was a servant in the house of an English Lord, after which he became a laborer on the public works at Hull and Grimsby, England.

In March, 1851, he took passage at Liverpool for America and arrived in New York April 16th and came at once to Paw Paw, where he engaged himself as hostler at the Dyckman House barn, and many of our older inhabitants well remember of tossing Johnnie Cook a quarter to pay for feeding and caring for their horses and the horse was well fed and cared for too.

He has often been heard to say that when he arrived at Paw Paw all he had in the world was twelve English sovereigns, a good constitution, sober habits and "right willing to work".

In 1873 he left the Dyckman House barn and located 160 acres of land on Secton 24 of Decatur township and went to work to make for himself a home in the then unbroken forests. By hard labor he cleared and improved the land and it became one of the best and most fertile farms in the township. He lived on this farm until a few weeks before his death and owned it when he died.

In politics he was a strict old democrat of the old school and never voted for but one republican in his life and then he voted for Abraham Lincoln the first time he was elected President.

He always attended the county conventions of his party and frequently attended their state coventions. For many years he never failed to attend the elections held at Decatur, but last spring he was not present and many wondered what was the matter with Uncle John. He was always appointed a challenger at the elections for the Democratic side, which gave him a right to sit with the election board, a privilege which he greatly enjoyed and his genial, good natured remarks always made him welcome by all present. He was nominated in 1904 for state senator by the democrats and in the election following ran far ahead of his ticket but was defeated owing to the overwhelming Republican majority in this senatorial district.

As a friend and neighbor he was respected and liked by all who knew him and it is fair to presume that he did not have an enemy in the world.

He was always courteous and jolly and was just one of the kind of men whom people enjoy meeting.

He was married twice, his first wife died many years ago, leaving one daughter who is now Mrs. Mary Johnson of Fulton, N. Y. His second wife died in 1893. By the last marriage there were six children, four of whom survive, one, a daughter, having died less than a year ago and a son, Thomas, having died only about four weeks ago.

Mr. Cook was a familiar figure on the streets of Decatur during all the years he lived in this township and it was only some five or six weeks ago that he paid his last visit here, and then his friends noted that his extreme old age was beginning to tell upon him.

He had no particular disease. He simply lived his alloted time and died. He was like a candle; burned down, serving its purpose and going out.

He died at the home of his son, John Cook, jr. in Porter township on Tuesday morning, November 22, at 3 o'clock at the age of 84 years, 1 month an 25 days.

His funeral was held Friday, November 25, at the Porter church and his remains were laid beside those of his wife in the Porter cemetery.

WILLIAM IRWIN AT NINETY

Celebrated Birthday January Tenth. Decatur's Oldest Citizen

William M. Irwin was ninety years old Monday, January 10. Mr. Irwin lives with his step daughter, Mrs. Helen Lindsley on East St. Mary's street and the Lindsley relatives gave him a birthday surprise party.

Relatives and friends to the number of sixteen came with their dinner baskets and in the language of Mr. Irwin "made quite a spread". He was presented with a fine oak rocker, and a beautiful boquet of carnations.

Mr. Irwin is one of the oldest residents of Van Buren county and probably the oldest citizen of Decatur. He is in good health for one so old. When the walking is good he walks to the business street nearly every day, he enjoys reading, tells a good story and enjoys a good joke, laughing as heartily as the young people.

He was born in the town of Hampton, New Jersey, January 10, 1820. He was the oldest of five children of whom a sister is still living in Rochester, New York.

When he was ten years old the family moved to Mount Morris, New York, where he lived on a farm until he was twenty three. About this time he was attracted by the emmigration westward and decided to cast his lot with the venturesome young Americans who were building homes for themselves in the wilderness. He was married in York, Livingston county, to Miss Lucy Gardnerland came on to Michigan with his bride in the fall of 1846. They located first in Schoolcraft where he worked on a farm for three years.

In the spring of 1849 the great gold fever spread over Kalamazoo county and Mr. Irwin joined a company of forty robust men bound for "California or bust".

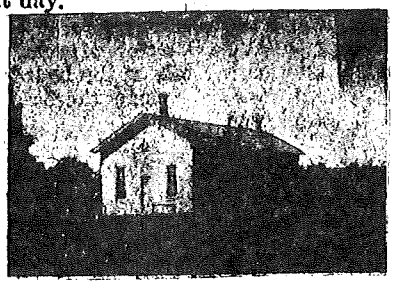
They left Schoolcraft the fifth of March with a dozen teams prairie schooners and a complete camping outfit for the overland trip across the continent. The trip was replete with thrilling experiences and many narrow escapes, but they arrived in San Francisco without the loss of a life on the tenth of July.

Mr. Irwin was taken ill of fever as soon as they arrived and it was afyear and one half before he was able to begin the homeward trip. His illness prevented him from trying his luck at prospecting. As soon as his health would permit he began the homeward trip going by boat to Central America, crossing Lake Nicaragua to Santi Carlos, thence to Havana and New York, arriving in February, 1851. He remained in New York three days, stopping at the old Battery Hotel near Castle Garden, and then returned to Schoolcraft. This same year, 1851, he became a resident of Van Buren county. He first purchased fifty acres of solid forest near the present site of the Plopper school house and built a log house 18x26 feet in size. The neighbors helped him to raise it and the job was completed in three days. When he first came to Decatur the business street consisted of two or three small whiskey shops, a blacksmith shop and a general store. The Michigan Central came no nearer than Kalamazoo.

Mr. Irwin's father and mother followed him to Michigan and located on a farm adjoining him. They are both buried in Prospect Lake cemetery. Mrs. Irwin died in 1887 and Mr. Irwin sold his farm two years later. Since then he has lived with his step daughter, Mrs. Helen Lindsley. He has lived in Decatur village five years.

H. J. Beld and son who live on the Martin Knoll farm north of the village, have been visitors among relatives in Grand Rapids the past few days.

Little Ida Pritchard went to Paw Paw last week to visit her grandfather. She was taken seriously ill of croup and Mrs. Pritchard was called there Thursday afternoon, the stormiest day of the winter. Del Adams made the drive for her with one of Creagan & Carris' best horses and made the trip over in less than two hours. The little girl was better the next day.



HAMILTON FAIR REPORT

Prepared by Sec'y C. F. Cole and Containing Statement

of Finances

The Hamilton Fair, held on the 6th and 7th of October, 1910, has come and gone with better success than for several years. It was an ideal day and a large orderly crowd attended with 152 entries outside of the hall making a good display.

Division F, Foreign Manufacturing, was represented by Rob. Johnson with his potato digger.

After the awarding of premiums the crowd was entertained by an able speech by E. L. Dare of Chicago, whose subject was "Co-operation Among Farmers". It highly pleased those who were thoughtful enough to listen to him. Mr. Dare is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure of entertaining. He talked as long as he had time and be able to meet the train. He said he would like to have stayed longer as he thought that the farmers of this section would be interested if they could have further information on the subject.

The display in the hall under the able management of Mrs. J. O. Cooper was the largest and best that it has been for years. Too much praise can not be given Mrs. Cooper and her lady assistants for the arrangement of the hall. There were upwards of 70 entries that won prizes and numerous others that are not mentioned in their report.

The financial report is about as follows there may be some premiums unpaid.

Amt on hand Oct. 6th	$42.05
Receipts	$51.47
Total	$93.52

DISBURSEMENTS

Paid out for premiums	$55.00
Printing and other supplies	8.50
Other expenses	12.95
	$76.45
Leaving balance on hand	17.07

As anyone can see by the amount left on hand something has got to be done besides wind work if the Fair is continued and as there will be a call to elect officers in the near future it will be up to the people of Hamilton to turn out when that time comes and elect a set of officers that have some hustle about them and not sit around and say it can't be done and let some one else do all the work.

So wishing the future officers and especially the next secretary the best of success, I will close.

O. F. Cole, secretary.

DR. N. D. THOMAS

The Brief Sketch of A Good Man Whose Life's Work Is Finished

1826-1910

Nathaniel D Thomas was born in Logan County, Ohio, March 5, 1826. He was the eldest of eight children born to Abel and Rebecca Thomas.

At a very early age he manifested a love for study and a desire to gain an education. He obtained the rudiments of an education from such common schools as existed at that time, and then began teaching, in order to work his way up that he might enter higher schools of learning. Here began his early struggles for an education. He taught school twelve winter seasons and for two terms attended Ohio Central College, and for two years pursued his studies in Ohio Weslayan University.

It would seem unjust not to note in passing that the struggles of a young man in those days to obtain an education were far greater than those of the present time. In those days the usual compensation for teaching was ten or twelve dollars a month, and one who made his own way by teaching had to do without many of the necessities of life in order to obtain the coveted prize—an education.

Wishing to make the practice of medicine his life-work he began studying in the office of his cousin Dr. N. M. Thomas of Schoolcraft, Mich. After studying three years he attended Starling Medical College of Columbus, Ohio for one year.

On his return to Michigan, he began the practice of his profession in Flowerfield, St. Joseph County, where he remained for three years, and during that time was married on the 24th of Oct., 1850, to Marcia Smith, daughter of James Smith, a prominent merchant of Schoolcraft.

On leaving Flowerfield in 1853 Dr. Thomas removed to Little Prairie Ronde, where he continued the practice of his profession until 1869, when the arduous labors of a country physician began to undermine his health and he took up the occupation of farming. In this he continued up to the time of his death, October 18, 1910.

To Dr. and Mrs. Thomas were born six children, Mark S. of Decatur, Jessie to whom has fallen the care of the father and mother in their old age, Willard S. of Traverse City, Lillian who died in infancy, Isabel who died in 1897, and May who is now Mrs. Harry Ballard of Niles. Mrs. Thomas preceded her husband to the better land May 29, 1906.

By nature Dr. Thomas was a student. He was more of a student than a business man. All through his long life this trait formed a marked feature of his character whether as physician or farmer. It was his greatest delight to solve the most difficult of problems and there are few individuals who possess such persistent determination.

He descended from the early Quakers and was a quiet, unassuming, home-loving man. He had an unusually bright mind, he was a lover of the best literature, well versed in all the current topics of the day, and he was a true patriot.

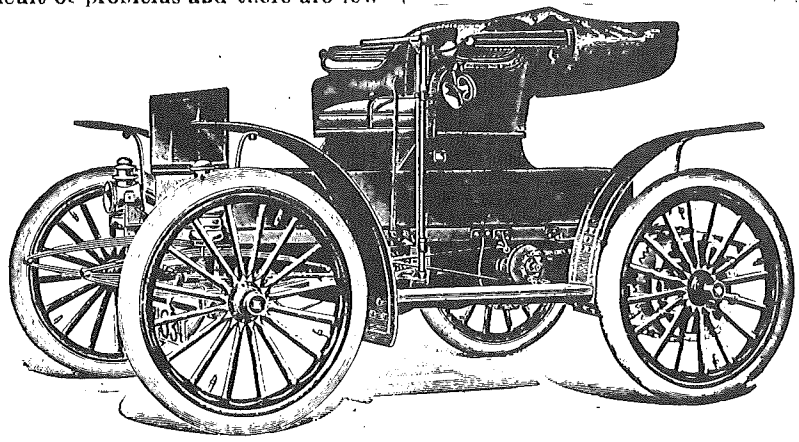
On looking back over the years of a long life we see the successes and failures the struggles and triumphs as the shadows deepen toward the close. We see in memory many faces brighten as he was called to the bedside of suffering and those who knew him best feel that his greatest success was in ministering to his fellow-man.

The funeral sermon was preached by Mrs. Olivia J. C Woodman of Paw Paw, and the interment was at Rose Hill, the Nicholsville cemetery.

Card of Thanks

We desire to thank our neighbors and friends for their help and sympathy in our late bereavement.

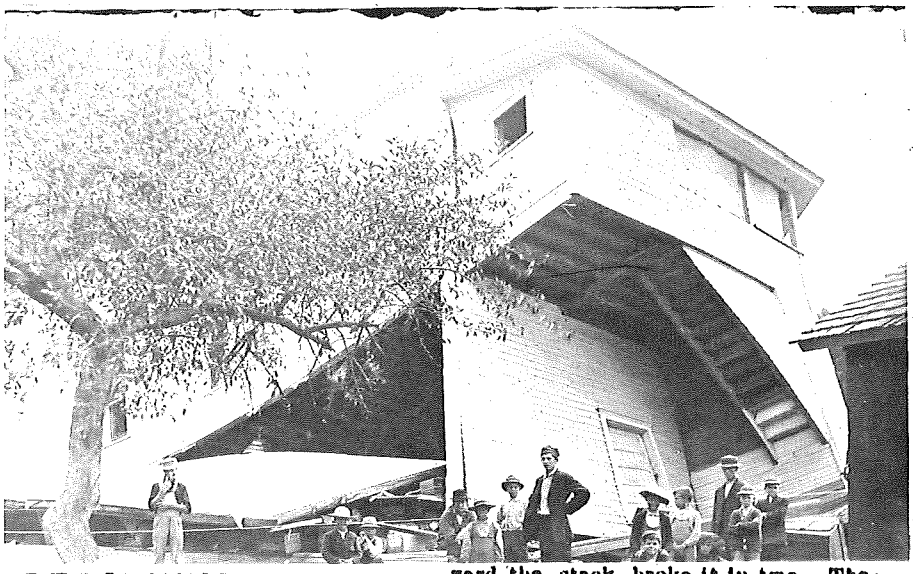
The Children.



BOSLER'S AUTOMOBILE

Alex Ramsey Has First Horseless Carriage In New Wyoming Town

The toot of the automobile is already heard in the land. Mr. A. Ramsey has a handsome machine, and when he wants a pound of starch or a cigar, jumps in and makes to town in a few minutes. One of his neighbors said if Ramsey kept his machine going for a couple of months, he would have all the prairie dogs on the plains either run down or scared to death.



DECATUR'S FIRST CYCLONE

Much Damage Done to Trees Roofs, Chimneys, Etc.

SO. SIDE GROCERY DESTROYED

The most severe wind and rain storm that our people have ever experienced passed over this village about two o'clock last Tuesday morning, wrecking buildings, destroying trees and doing a large amount of damage.

The storm came from the north and passed in a quarterly course over the village, doing the most damage on the south side of the Michigan Central Railroad.

The South Side Grocery Store, a large building erected only a little over a year ago and owned by Al. VanDenberg, is a complete wreck and the stock it contained is badly damaged. The storm struck the building on the north side and leveled the first story with the exception of a small addition attached to the western end of the main building and which was built for a stairway.

The front of the second story of the building was carried about twenty-five feet south and dropped to the ground, the rear remaining in very nearly its original position, being supported by the stairway. Except for its position the second story of the building is but little damaged but the first story is crushed to pieces. The damage to this building and the stock it contained is estimated at about $2500.

The large smoke stack on the Decatur Milling Company's mill was blown down and destroyed. Falling across Stub. Woolfe's dray that stood in the yard the stack broke it in two. The barn at the flouring mill was moved about four feet off its foundation.

Considerable of the roof of the Hinkley Roberts and Co.'s plant was blown off but otherwise the building was not damaged.

Many out buildings and a number of large trees in the south side of the town were blown over and limbs are scattered all over. The people living in the path of the storm were badly frightened but no injury to life or limb was done.

This is the first time Decatur was ever visited by a genuine cyclone and it will be remembered by a number of our people a good many years.

The damage to crops was slight in comparison to the amount of good the rain did. Corn was blown down

SHIPPING POTATOES

Calvin Millard Bringing Two Thousand Bushels to Market This Week

During the last two weeks the potato market at Decatur has opened up quite extensively and scenes about the warehouses where the farmers are loading their crop into cars for shipment are lively.

Calvin Millard of Hamilton Township is now delivering his crop of over two thousand bushels to Sol Schpok, bringing them in with four horses harnessed abreast and drawing as high as one hundred and thirty-five bushels of potatoes at a load.

Sol Schpok has bought and shipped over twelve thousand bushels since April 18th and has three thousand bushels bought which he will ship this week and next.

He estimates that there are still fifteen thousand bushels unsold in this vicinity, a part of which will be delivered to market but the larger part of which will be left in the pit or fed out to stock.

Mr. Schpok has paid from twelve and one-half cents to seventeen cents per bushel for what he has bought.

Roy Bond has shipped twelve carloads of about six hundred bushels each, this spring, paying twelve to fifteen cents per bushel for them. He estimates that there are now remaining in the hands of farmers about twelve thousand bushels, which are tributary to this market, the most of which will be fed out to stock or remain in the pit.

These potatoes were worth thirty-five to forty cents per bushel last fall, but the shippers could not obtain cars then in which to ship them and farmers were not very anxious to sell, hoping for better prices this spring.

Had shippers been able to obtain cars last fall the price of potatoes would probably have been a shade lower then than they were, but if a considerable quantity has been shipped out then it would have had a tendency to make a higher price this spring and very low, if any, would have gone to waste.

VETERAN OF CUSTER'S BRIGADE

Geo. Lusk Attended Unveiling of Monument at Monroe Last Friday

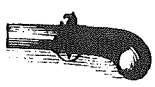
George Lusk went to Monroe last Friday morning and attended the reunion of his regiment and the unveiling of the Custer monument Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Lusk was a member of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. The 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Michigan Cavalries were known as Custer's Brigade and the 5th's first hard battle was the battle of Gettysburg.

The state papers contained extended accounts of the great demonstration in Monroe at the unveiling of the monuments of the city's fallen hero, General George Armstrong Custer. President Taft was the city's guest of honor and so was every veteran that served in Custer's Brigade, some five hundred in number.

Mr. Lusk was well pleased with the entertainment he received. He was not allowed to spend a cent from the time he arrived in Monroe Friday night till he left Saturday afternoon. He was entertained at night at the home of the police justice of the city and everything possible was done for his pleasure and comfort.

Friday evening at the camp-fire he met and enjoyed a pleasant visit with Mrs. Custer whom he had not seen since she visited the camp of his regiment during the days of the Civil War.



C. W. TUCKER

Scraps of ancient history of the village of Decatur

By Abe Norwood

This is the name of a man who was a merchant here fifty years ago. He occupied a wooden building where Woods Hardware now stands and sold general merchandise. This is a rare phrase here but in small towns in the southern states you will often see this sign "GENERAL MERCHANDISE."

Besides dry goods and groceries, Tucker kept hardware, crockery, drug and patent medicines, fruits and vegetables.

He bought everything that came for sale and did some shipping. He did a great deal of credit business and probably this hastened his fall financially.

When things went against him he began to borrow money in small sums. He would strike a man according to his means, from twenty-five dollars up to a hundred and sometimes more. In course of time he went by the board, his store was sold and he went west.

Tucker was an odd, strange, eccentric character. Those who have been in his store much will remember seeing him sprawl out in his chair and yawning, stretch up his arms and say, "Ho hum, hiho." He would often spring to his feet and walk briskly, and exlaiming, "A land of rest."

He was offhand and reckless in his business. A stranger came in his store one evening and showed a piece of yellow money, said he must go to Kalamazoo and wished to pawn this piece for twenty dollars until he came back. He wanted it understood that he was to have his money back. Tucker loaned him the money, but for some reason the stranger never returned.

Late one evening a stranger came into Tucker's store and inquired if he bought furs. Of course he bought furs. The stranger had what appeared to be a mink skin, a large one and nicely fixed for market. Mink skins were dear and Tucker gave a good round price for what in the morning proved to be a cat skin.

His knowledge of mathematics was rather limited and he sometimes got into trouble for such case he always called for help. His son, William Henry, the late lawyer, was his right bower and he often called for him — "Bill Hen, Bill Hen, here quick."

He was always on the alert for customers and when anyone entered his store he would meet him, salute, and then commence, "Well, friend, what can I do for you today?" If the customer asked for an ax handle or anything else he had Tucker would respond, "Yes sir, you don't think we would be here without them, how many will you have?"

He always carried the idea that you wanted a great deal of anything.

In those days folks burned wood, usually buying four-foot wood and cutting it in lengths to suit their stoves. There were fellows in town, called corporation fiddlers, who made a business of bucking wood, but Tucker didn't want to hire then. He had a clerk and in the morning before trade commenced he would have his clerk at the big wood pile in the back yard practicing that part of the art of merchandising. The fellow got so sick of that part of the business that he never got over it.

1910

HAD RELATIVES HERE

Unknown Man Whose Neck Was Broken Proved to be Lewis Wickens

On the second day of May in the little city of Toloua, Ill., a man was driving in an old mail wagon. The horse became frightened and ran away, the man was thrown out and his neck broken. He was a stranger in Toloua and his body was taken to the undertaking rooms and searched. He was roughly dressed and his beard was long and unkempt, but in a leather belt about his body was found $750 in bills and over $20 was found in the pockets of his overalls. In the pocket of his coat, was found a bank book from a Grand Rapids bank in which he had money on deposit.

Written on the bank book was the name of "Lewis Wickens, Grand Rapids, Mich."

The Chief of police of Tolona telegraphed to Grand Rapids and learned that Lewis Wickens left there five or six years ago, whereabouts unknown. The story was given to a Grand Rapids paper and was pulished. A sister living in Coloma saw the story and sent it to Asel Scott in this village.

Lewis Wickens was a brother of Mrs. Asel Scott and lived with the Scott family in this village for several years. He left about 15 years ago and they had not heard of him since. Will Wickens of Hamilton, is a brother and John and Henry Nower of Lawrence are cousins.

The Nower brothers went to Tolona but were unable to positively identify the body. Then the brother went out.

The body had been buried but by giving a description of the dead man's appearance and of a birth mark he was able to convince the officers that he was a brother. Will Wickens returned last Saturday.

Lewis Wickens was about 45 years of age. He was never married so far as known and his only heirs are a brother and sister and the two daughters of the late Mrs. Asel Scott.

THE DECATUR NOVELTY WORKS

Originated by the Late Henry Brown. Revived by Chas. Behnke

If you should wander down to the east end of Delaware street you will see a sign which reads, "Decatur Novelty Works."

Go a little further and you will see the original home of this industry where twenty years or more ago Henry Brown made caskets, chairs, tables, telephones, and in fact almost everything in the line of wood work.

Mr. Brown was an undertaker and had some patronage, he made his own caskets and his hearse, the countless other things and cider all in the same building. He made the business pay and kept at it until the angel of death came and took him away.

After Mr. Brown's death his son Walter kept up the business for a while but finally abandoned it for other work and is now located in Kalamazoo.

About a year ago Charlie Behnke bought the Frank Sink place nearby and made the barn over into another novelty works shop. He has a nicely equipped shop, lathes, drills, saws, etc., with which to make implements of wood and repair machinery. He is busy most of the time and his little factory adds another industry to our village.

EAST DECATUR REMINISCENCSES

In the spring of 1867 a stalwart young man, John Wooster Lewis, went westward, leaving his family in New York State. He became one of the early settlers of Michigan and settled on an eighty-acre farm in East Decatur. He spent the summer there and became convinced that it was a good place for a future home and that fall, returned to New York for his family. The family included his wife, Orpha Jane Lyman Lewis, and their three sons: Millard, Henry and John. Thus it was that in the fall of 1867, the entire family began in earnest to wrest a living from Michigan soil, which, in that location, was mostly sand.

Sometime later, John Wooster Lewis' parents came to Michigan and he sold the south forty, with the buildings on it, to them. He built his own home on the north forty where he lived for over forty years, or until his death in 1910 at the age of eighty-four. His widow remained a number of years on the farm until her health compelled her to live elsewhere.

The oldest son, Millard, became a doctor in Boston. The second son, Henry, went to Connecticut, and the youngest son, John Lewis, spent most of his life on a farm in East Decatur, near the old homestead.

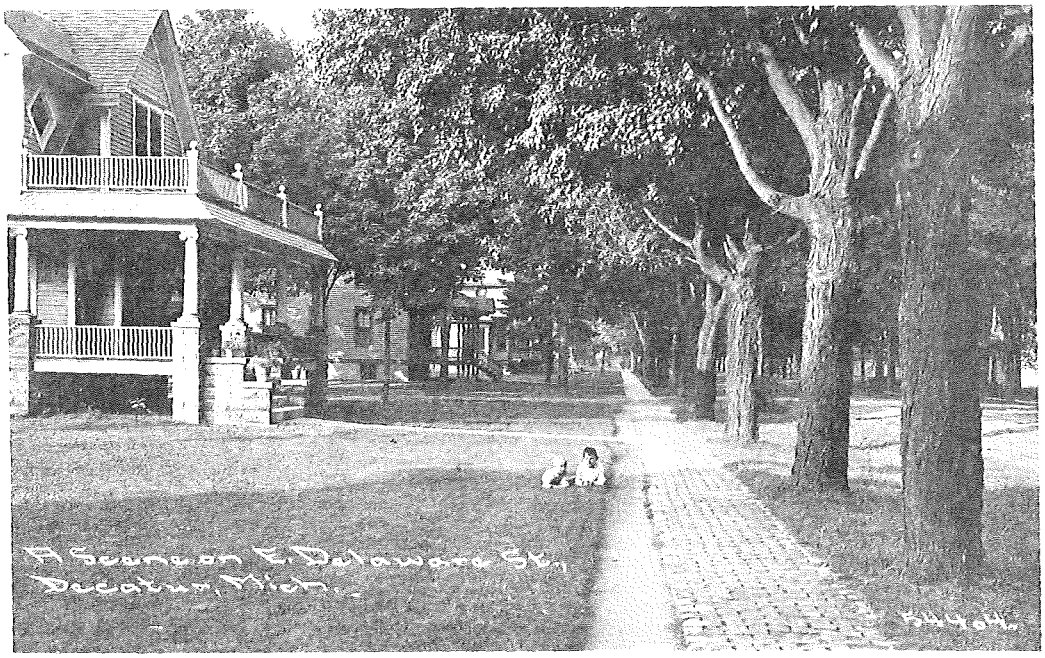
1910

PLAN AUTO HIGHWAY

Decatur to be on Route From Detroit to St. Joe

The Republican is in receipt of information from St. Joseph that a plan is under way to build an auto highway across the state of Michigan from Detroit to St. Joe via Manchester, Homer, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Decatur and Keeler.

This route has an advantage over any other on account of its being straighter and more level. The road would be of great value to Decatur, not only on account of its advantage to automobilists, but for the general highway improvement.



BIG DAY FOR DECATUR

Fourth of July Celebrated in Fine Style. No Accidents or Disturbances

Decatur celebrated the Fourth of July in the old fashioned way and the day was a success.

A few people came to town in the morning, they came fast in the afternoon and the climax was reached with fully 2,000 people on the street in the evening.

The Decatur band acquitted itself nobly. The boys did not shirk their duty at any time and kept the crowd entertained when nothing else was doing. The band opened the celebration with a concert in the forenoon.

At one o'clock the athletic events were pulled off on Main street. The promoters tried in vain to get entries for the dressing contest but the other events were given according to program. The biscuit eating contest made a lot of sport for the spectators and was won by Harry Taylor. Orlo Tinney won the sack race with Fred Welcher a close second. Fred Etter of Marcellus won the potato race with Fred Welcher second, Harvey Goble and Harry Taylor won the three legged race and Etter won the 100 yard dash.

The quoit pitching contest fell through. The pitchers did not get together at eleven o'clock as billed but decided to pitch after the ball game. The game held till late and the contest was finally abandoned.

The ball game between Decatur and Kalamazoo Co. O. was the principal event of the afternoon and Barton Park was packed with spectators.

The receipts were $86 at 15 cents per spectator. It was a ragged game. Decatur started out to be easy winners blanking their opponents and making three scores in the first inning, but they did not keep up the pace and when the battle was over the score was Kalamazoo 11, Decatur

One Kalamazoo player was seriously injured, the accident happening while he was not in the game. Kalamazoo was at bat and this player started to cross behind the catcher. A foul tip struck him squarely in the side of the head knocking him senseless. Physicians were summoned and he recovered sufficiently to be helped to the hotel. The club returned to their homes on the accomodation and the injured player was still so weak that he had to be helped onto the train.

After the ball game Chas. E. Oriffield, the clothier, put on a contest that was not on the program, an extra number, but it made a hit. It was called a tug of war. Six strong young men went onto the band wagon and pulling three on a side tried to rip apart a pair of Sweet-Orr trousers. The prize for winning the contest was to be six pairs of these unequalled tug of war trousers, but after tugging till their strength was exhausted the six young men were compelled to give up.

The baloon ascension advertised did not materialize. The baloonist did not come. A big crowd was present to see the ascension. Some smiled wisely and said there was no intention of having a baloonist, it was advertised to draw a crowd. The wise ones were entirely wrong. The celebration committee had a contract with a responsible baloonist and fully expected to carry out this part of the program until the morning of the fourth when the following special delivery letter was received by O. W. Newell:

Addison, Mich., July 2, 1910.

Dear Sir:

Owing to a disability of my aeronaut I can not send up my baloon for you on July 4th.

Regretfully,

E. A. Cleveland.

The fireworks in the evening made up in part for the disappointment in not seeing the baloon. It was certainly the nicest entertainment of fireworks ever seen in Decatur. They were fired by George Steele, assisted by Frank Stapleton, Oscar Newell and Leon Knights.

The main show of fireworks was made more resplendent by those sent up by the merchants.

The village was literally covered with the stars and stripes. We never before saw such elaborate decorations here. Most of the business houses were decorated inside and outside.

Much to the credit of the village officers and the officers of the day and particularly to the credit of the crowd itself it can be said that there was not an accident of any kind nor drunkenness nor disturbance to mar the pleasure of the day.

WILL CARLETON HERE

Entertained a Large Audience at Town Hall Last Friday Evening

Will Carleton appeared before an audience that filled the big town hall last Thursday evening.

He delivered a lecture replete with humor interspersed with readings of

some of his best poems. The audience was highly entertained and probably no one went away regretting that he had heard Michigan's famous poet.

The lecturer was secured by the Masons and it proved to be a successful venture financially. The gross receipts were about $130 and Mr. Carleton was paid $75. This was not Mr. Carleton's first visit to Decatur, he was here about thirty years ago and some of our old residents remember hearing him then. He is 65 years of age.

RETURNS TO DECATUR

Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger Will Give Instruction in Music

Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger of Grand Rapids will return to Decatur, her former home, next week and will occupy her residence on West Sherwood street.

Mrs. Metzger announces in another column of the Republican that she will accept pupils for vocal and instrumental instruction and the announcement will be gladly received by the people of Decatur and vicinity.

Mrs. Metzger has had eight years of musical instruction in Europe and holds diplomas from Italy and London. She has been a student of music all of her life and has gained notable success in concert work as well as teaching.

The Cast for the Decatur High School Play in 1910

Top Row	Second Row	Front
1- Everett Spellman	1-Lyle Graham	Louis Hall
2-Carl Squier	2-Chester Graham	
3-Harold Hudson	3-Carl Hamilton	
4-Ray Bowers		
5-Ernest Foulke		

SCHOOL COLUMN.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

It is a well known fact that our country schools are but poorly equipped for carrying out a well organized plan of study; globes, outline maps, plenty of black boards and books of reference are generally conspicuous by their absence. Thus it is that the teacher is thrown upon her own resources in order to make up for the deficiencies. A six inch globe showing the rotation of the earth can be purchased for twenty-five cents and every teacher should own one. Large railroad maps can be had for a small sum; indeed, each teacher, by the sacrifice of a small amount of money, can secure quite an outfit, which, by careful use will last a long time. A set of colored crayons, a box of drawing pictures and a box of sectional maps are excellent additions to the collection. For the amusement of very small pupils I paste bright colored pictures and illuminated texts on heavy paste board and slice them; they serve to to keep the little ones busy for many a long hour and can be made a source of instruction as well. Picture scrap books and cards bearing squares, circles or angles, are easily made and are nice in making up a variety.

In a quiet exchange of confidence between several teachers not long ago, one of them said: "I am nearly discouraged in trying to gain any headway. I have only twenty pupils but it seems as if they were all posessed to carry a different set of books and stubbornly refuse to give them up. Thus it is that but five minutes can be spared to a class and nothing can be accomplished. If any one can help me out with advice I shall be very grateful." After a moments silence the youngest teacher present, said: "I had a similar experience and settled it in this way. After explaining the necessity of combining forces, I said in place of the fifth reader we will adopt history. Bring any U. S. history you can borrow or beg; it is not necessary they should be alike; we will make our own charts and read from them all. The first fifteen minutes on Monday afternoon will be devoted to simple forms of book keeping; on Tuesday, to the government of Michigan on Wednesday, to advanced physiology; on Thursday to natural history; and on Friday, compositions by the pupils relative to one of the subjects discussed during the week. This plan satisfied them all but one, a big girl who had decided to study algebra and declared very emphatically that 'Ma said she didn't need to give it up for nobody.' So I went to see 'Ma' about it. I told her kindly that algebra was in advance of her daughter's grade; that I had too many classes now, and as she was alone in the class I thought it best to discontinue it as our aim was for the greatest good to the greatest number. But she

was obdurate, so I called on the officers next, explained my position and gained their consent to carry out my plans. After some little trouble in which I remained firm to my principles, the matter was dropped and from that time on I had plain sailing." A TEACHER.

Teachers Elected

The school board has elected teachers for the coming year as follows:

Supt. E. R. Washburn, $1,200
Principal, Mabel C. Willison, $700
Assistant, Sarah E. Huyck, $550
Eng. and History, Mabel A. Bechtol, $550
8th grade, Mabel Toney, $427.50
7th grade, Ella Eckenberger, $427.50
6th grade, Sarah DuBois, $400
5th grade, Lottie Welch, $427.50
4th grade, Ethel Ray, $400
3rd grade, Alsie Bradfield Hall, $400
2nd grade, Mae McWilliams, $427.50
1st grade, May Gish, $427.50
Kindergarten, Ida Trowbridge, $427.50.

CLARENCE G. COLEMAN

OBITUARY

Died Thursday morning, January 25, at Maywood, Illinois.

He was born at Middletown, Vermont, December, 1860. When three years old he came with his parents to Decatur, where he resided until he was twenty-one. He learned the drug business in the store of the late T. Browning. Afterwards he was engaged in business in Dowagiac. One year he went to Colorado, hoping to benefit his health. For three years his home was in Grand Rapids. Last July he went to Maywood, at which place he had been married to Miss Mattie Jackson, June 12, 1888. His remains were brought here and the funeral was at his mother's home Saturday afternoon. Burial was at Lakeside.

SAD ACCIDENT

An accident occurred last Sunday afternoon resulting in death of Alvin E. Auton of this place, whose untinely end saddened the entire community.

About 3:00 in the afternoon, W.E. Secord and the Misses Nellie Wakeman and Rose Dennis went to the lake for a sail. Mr. Auton was invited to join the party. He accepted and the ride was destined to be his journey from life to death. The boat capsized and the rest were saved by clinging to the boat. Mr. Auton was an excellent swimmer but was unable to cling to the boat. The others did not see him sink and it is thought that he had a cramp or perhaps became entangled in some of the ropes of the boat's rigging. The others of the party were saved by Perry Udell.

Mr. Auton had been in business here only two and one-half years and displayed a pleasing manner and sterling worth. He was twenty-six years old.

Circa 1910

DEVELOPMENT OF MUCK LAND

HOW DECATUR'S BIG SWAMP BECAME VALUABLE PROPERTY

The history of development of Decatur muck land covers a period of nearly a half century and shows years of patient toil and experiment, overcoming obstacles seemingly beyond man's powers and at last realization of many dreams, 600 acres of the best tillable soil in Michigan and perhaps the United States.

Before the sixties little was thought about the big swamp; everyone accepted it as one great bog, full of saugers and other wild animals and an exceedingly handy place in which to get lost.

The valley which comprises it starts within a couple of miles of Paw Paw and extends nearly to Dowagiac, making a kind of circuit around Decatur, and at the time spoken of was covered with a heavy growth of timber and underbrush, being nearly impassable.

Having to draw all the grain and other products of Little Prairie Ronde and the surrounding country to Paw Paw around the swamp, and then on to St. Joseph for market was a long and expensive journey and became especially irksome after the Michigan Central Railroad was put through. The first road across the swamp followed the present Deuel Road to about where the Hinckley and Ellis branches off and then took an angling course across to the high land. A more direct route was made when the old Swamp Road was built several years later. The first road is now completely lost.

The new Swamp Road was built by donation from Decatur citizens about the year 1886 to give the people at the west end of the prairie a more direct route to market. Thus the necessity of making highways across the great swamp eventually led men to attempt its cultivation.

In 1865 Lyman Rawson, then a prominent resident of Decatur, bought several acres of land just at the edge of the swamp on the old Swamp Road and it included a few acres of muck. After a few experiments he became satisfied that it could be made to raise fine crops.

Another prominent citizen, Ransom Nutting, also became interested in the muck and bought eighty acres of it in the heart of the big swamp, just north of the Charles Brigham farm.

He went to work clearing and cultivating and at times would raise good crops, but a heavy rain was sure to drown them out. Both men suffered the ridicule of the townspeople but kept on faithfully experimenting and believing that some time folks would wake up to the great opportunities awaiting them.

In 1871 a dry season was experienced and Mr. Nutting had several acres of corn planted on his land. The swamp was in just the right condition without the rains and people surely did sit up and take notice. It was a better crop of corn than any had seen for many a day.

Meanwhile Mr. Rawson, who had cleared his land, tried some celery he had gotten at Kalamazoo and saw that Decatur muck would grow as good and better celery than the Kalamazoo land.

This was the first celery and the crop on our muckland dates from that time, although it was not raised to any great extent 'til Henry Houseman settled here a few years ago.

William H. Clark tried a clearing in the west of the swamp, but was forced to give up extensive plans on account of too much water.

When Lyscum Brigham came to Decatur in 1900, that was the beginning of peppermint raising and he and Lyman Rawson put out a field together on some of Mr. Rawson's land, as an experiment. It thrived but water backing up in the creek soon drowned them out.

In 1882 through the influence of these pioneers of the swamp, an appropriation of state land was given by the legislature toward draining the swamp and the township was given the right to levy a special tax amounting to about twenty five hundred dollars for the same purpose. The creek leading from Pickeral Lake into the Dowagiac creek at the west end of the swamp was widened and deepened and this brought the water level down so that the land at the east end could be cultivated very nicely; but the west end still suffered from too much water.

Ten years ago a drain was put through the south end of Hamilton Township that took the water off so that now the entire swamp is under cultivation.

A few years ago there was hardly a dwelling to be seen; now the valley is covered with houses along every road and more are needed to house the many families of thrifty Dutch people who wished to follow the example of their friends and relatives who have settled here.

Muckland sold in the early days at the government price of $1.25 per acre; now it sells for $75.00, $100.00 and even higher, according to its state of cultivation. It has been brought from an idle waste to a high state of cultivation and brings thousands of dollars into Decatur every year, and the best part is it is not nearly half developed. We hope some day to see Decatur a city, and know it has been made such by the efforts of its own citizens upon its own land.

1910?

ONE HUNDRED MILES TO RAILROAD

Mary Shaad Hanks Proving Up On Claim in Oregon

News from Mrs. Mary Shaad Hanks we know will be welcomed by her many friends in Decatur and vicinity. That which we print herewith was not written for publication but is the part of a letter written to one of her Decatur friends to whom we are indebted for its reproduction

Mrs. Hanks went to Tacoma to reside a few years ago and this spring has gone with her husband into Oregon to take a claim

Redmond, Ore., April 17, 1910.

Well, if this isn't a peach of a country. Its all new and I suppose all new places are like it. About three years ago we bought 40 acres for $13 an acre and water tax to pay of $24 a year, must have one-eighth of it under cultivation inside of four years and live on it at least three months. Mr Hanks thought he could live on it alone but found out that he had to bring his family in order to prove up.

He came in February and liked the country so well that he bought 80 acres more, and here we are living in style, like our neighbors. We are two miles from town and have one room like the cottages at Eagle Lake, and a tent. We sleep in the tent and it is also the parlor.

We have a rag carpet, a bed with a curtain around it, two chairs, some boxes, a stove and a table. We rented our house in Tacoma and stored the our furniture. All I brought was a trunk and it cost $9 to get it here from Shaniko. Shaniko is the end of the railroad and its over 100 miles from here.

I came part of the way on the stage, it broke down and I walked a mile, then I came three miles in a lumber wagon through the worst country I ever saw, then Mr. Hanks met me with his automobile and we made the rest of the way easy.

The land is covered with sage brush and juniper trees, but we are having it cleared and will put in potatoes, clover, oats, etc. Redmond is new, about 300 people in the town but lots of them in the country. Every one

expects the land to increase in value very fast.

Everything we buy is very high. It costs 3 cents a pound to get things hauled here from the railroad. Lime is $7.50 a barrel, apples 8 cents a pound and potatoes 3 cents.

We bought a team this week and have a third interet in an automobile. The auto costs more than it is worth to keep it in repair and we pay a driver $25 a week to run it, that is, all three of us pay that.

We have the little girl with us and I do not get lonesome at all. Our nearest neighbor was a milliner in Ohio. Mr. Hank's son is across the road from us in a tent, and a man who was in the office with Mr. Hanks is here with his wife proving up on an ighty.

I would not wonder if we stayed here. Mr. Hanks wants to build a house but no one can get any lumber now. I guess he will find it this fall. We have stone enough for a barn.

We can see thirteen mountains from our door, some of them covered with snow. This is an irrigated country, very little rain and if we stay we will have an artesian well. One man bought 160 acres of land here four years ago for $2200 and sold 40 acres of it this spring for $6,000.

Mary Shaad Hank's

DECATUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Open Tuesday, September Sixth

The outlook for a year of successful school is more encouraging than it was last year for several reasons Another teacher has been provided to relieve the congestion in the second primary and first grammar departments. The eighth and seventh grades will be put together in the grammar room. This will give the eighth grade a better opportunity than they had last year. The four high school teachers will be enabled to give their entire time to high school work and as a consequence the work there should be better than it was last year. New and modern readers, spellers and chemistries have been adopted for use beginning this fall. For these reasons we may look forward to a better school than we had last year.

The additional teacher will occupy the Free Methodist church which has been leased and fitted for a school room. The teacher there will have charge of forty pupils, 10 from each the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades This will not entirely relieve the crowded conditions at the main building but it will alleviate them a great deal The school board tried hard to get another room so as to provide for two more teachers but another suitable building could not be found.

The teacher in the new room will necessarily have more classes than those in the main building but none of these classes will be overcrowded so each pupil there will be given more individual help than will be possible in the main building.

The Brooks' Readers, and Mayne's Speller which have been adopted are the books recommended by the county commissioner for the country schools. This will simplify the book problem for those moving from the country to the village and vice versa More than that the texts are both down-to-date and thoroughly usuable. The work in those subjects should be better if not easier. The text in chemistry is one of the best modern works in that new and developing science.

Every senior who does not intend to go to college should elect chemistry for the applications of the science are many in modern life and such students will have no other opportunity for gaining the essentials of this important subject. Those students who go to college will find stronger courses offered there than can be given in a high school and such students can well defer the study till a later time.

Again as last year a foreign language will not be required for graduation. Generally, however, a foreign language should be elected and is required for college entrance though not for entrance to the short courses in normal schools for which no degree is given.

There is a good school spirit in the community and this is a warrant for the success of the schools in the future for eventually what the people want that they get. One of the first questions asked by a prospective resident is regarding the kind of schools and the answer to the question may be the turning point that gives us a new citizen.

The tie vote on the $12,000 bonding proposition shows that the people are awake to the fact that our school population has outgrown its present quarters and the petition for a $3,000 building on the south side is further evidence to the same fact. Where the new building should be located and how much money should be put into it should be thoroughly discussed by every person interested in the schools directly or indirectly and it is safe to predict that the final outcome will be in favor of continued progress.

The success of the schools for 1910-11 as well as for any time depends on the hearty co-operation of three factors: Patrons, pupils and teachers

These three can make or mar the success of any school. Let's make it right this year.

A meeting of the teachers of the schools of the village will be held in the high school room at 4 o'clock Monday p. m , September 5.

Pupils coming from other schools should bring their promotion certificates or cards with them Tuesday, September 6.

The Decatur Postoffice has on sale the two cent stamp issued for the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition. The stamp bears the portrait of William H. Seward, who negotiated the purchase of Alaska, acquisition and growth of which the exposition commemorates

JUDSON HATHAWAY

One of Those Who Settled and Made Beautiful the Prairie Gone to His Reward

BORN 1824. DIED 1910

Adoniram Judson Olney Hathaway was born in Cayuga county, New York state, August fifteenth, 1824; and was the second of eight children born to Abner and Naomi Olney Hathaway.

As a lad he assisted his father in operating a lumber rafting business, from the forests of Northern New York over the Erie Canal, taking turns with his elder brother Benjamin in driving the horses along the route.

Owing to reverses in their business, the family removed in 1837 to Southwestern Michigan, hoping to retrieve in a measure their lost fortune in the wilds of a new and growing country. They settled in Cass county on what is now known as the "Hathaway Farm" which they purchased under a heavy mortgage.

Their first home was a log cabin. In course of time, however, they were able to build the large and commodious farm house which was for years the homestead of the Hathaway family.

In 1843 the death of the father occurred and the business management of the farm was left in the hands of the two sons, Benjamin and Judson, who worked like young trojans to pull the farm out of debt. In those days they braved the hardship of many a long winter drive to St. Joseph in the open sleigh with their grain or other produce in order to ship it to Chicago for marketing.

They not only lifted the mortgage but by co-operating with each other they developed the resources of the farm to a remarkable degree, beautifying it at the same time until it became known throughout Southwestern Michigan as a "Model Farm."

It never changed hands, but was divided between the two brothers in 1859 when Judson was united in marriage with Elizabeth Eckenberger and brought his bride to the home where he died, now occupied by his son Ernest. From this happy union came three children; Abner A. of Melrose, New Mexico; Ernest, and Minnie L. now Mrs. Adelbert Vought. His wife preceded him to the better country in 1899.

He was by nature a home loving man and it was failing health that induced him in middle life to make his sojourn in the west where he fell in with a government surveying company. Oddly enough he was requested by "Colonel" Parker, so called, who led the expedition, to accompany them as chaplain of the party. He camped with them in the open, slept on the ground with only his blanket for covering and "roughed it" gener-

ally, while his skill as a huntsman was almost invaluable to the company, since he was thus able to supply them with wild game which constituted the major portion of their provisions throught the trip.

The rigors of camp life must have agreed with him for he returned to civilization at the end of six weeks a well man. It would seem also that he "made good" in his position as chaplain, for though he never offered a formal prayer nor exhorted the men to experience religion, it was said of him that his silent influence worked wonders in restraining the men from profanity and in keeping them in general true to their best selves.

His taste for adventure and sport took only one turn—that of love for out door life and hunting. It was this that drew him for forty consecutive years to leave his home and follow the trail of the deer in the wildernesses of northern Michigan. On his return from one of these hunting trips in the North he brought with him a little box and planted with his own hands the seedlings which became in time the stately evergreens growing in his yard and bordering the drive to the house. His adventures in camp and on the trail formed the theme of many an exciting narrative which he delighted to relate to the end of his days. His fondness for the chase was not confined, however, to his Northern trips. For years he was a familiar figure to the whole country-side, as, equipped with his cartridge belt, his trusty rifle and his hounds, he roamed the prairies and adjacent forests for game.

Physically he was a giant in strength as compared with ordinary men and there are rumors of his prowess in the early days when the strength of the fist was the measure of the man; though he was never known to injure or intimidate a weaker one.

As a man he stood well in the community and was respected by all who knew him, as a kind neighbor and a good citizen. He never preached but held ideas of his own and on occasion would utter his religious opinions in a simple and direct manner that always struck home. He believed in purity of thought above all things and we who knew him best believe that he lived up to his convictions.

He passed his declining years in the white cottage in the family of his son Ernest, close to the brick house which had been the family home until the death of his wife.

He passed away June ninth, 1910. At two o'clock Sunday afternoon, June 12th, a large company of relatives, friends and neighbors assembled on the green in the shade of the old trees to pay their last respects to the departed. Three vocal selections were admirably rendered by the male quartette of Decatur and Rev. Bailey of Marcellus was the speaker whose excellently chosen remarks on the subject of "Man's Great Change" were most favorably received by all.

H. A. H.

AT GENERAL MORGAN'S

WEDDING

Simeon Huff Saw the Big General

Married and Danced with the Sonthern Girls after the Ceremony

December 19, 1862.

Fifty three years ago last Sunday Simeon Huff of Decatur attended the wedding of the famous Southern raider General John Morgan.

Mr. Huff was a member of Company M, Fourth Michigan Cavalry. With forty members of his regiment he was detailed for picket duty in the Nashville and Murphrysboro fight.

While on this duty the boys were approached by the rebels with a flag of truce and a request to escort a lady through the Union lines to Nashville. It was ten miles to Nashville and the lady and her escort in a bus driven by two horses with a colored driver were held in the line while an officer went to Nashville to report to the commanding officer and receive orders.

While waiting for the officer General Joe Wheeler with the Eighth Alabama cavalry rode in behind the forty Union pickets and captured all of them, the lady in her carriage being a party to the trick

General Joe Wheeler himself went up to Mr. Huff who was then a small youngster of eighteen years, grabbed him by the shoulder and said, "Here, young boy, come with me." Mr. Huff said there didn't seem to be anything else he could do and he went right along. He says he will never forget Fighting Joe Wheeler. He was stern but kind and saw to it that his prisoners had enough to eat and did not suffer.

The forty prisoners were taken to Murphysburro, Tenn., and placed in a big guard house. While there General Morgan was married in the town hall to a beautiful southern bell and ten of the prisoners were selected to attend the wedding under escort to add to the gaiety of the southern entertainment. Mr. Huff was one of the ten and he said the young prisoners enjoyed the event as much as did the Southerners. The boys had on new uniforms and made such a hit with the young ladies of the Confederacy that they were not allowed to stay as long as they would have liked. Dancing followed the wedding and the Union boys were at their best until retired.

Mr. Huff was particularly attracted by one young lady. He gave her his home address, Decatur, Michigan, and told her he would be there after the war if he was alive. He corresponded with her for some time after he came home.

First Baptist Church, Decatur Township

First Baptist Church is located in section 6 of Decatur Township. The following church history was written by Mrs. R. A. Crosby, church clerk.

In 1868 the First Baptist Church of Decatur was established and dedicated by a community of Christian people. During the early life of the church there were about 150 members enrolled. There are two members of the church presently who were children in the early church; Essie Smith and Eve Scott both of Decatur. They are also the only living survivors of one of the first choirs of the First Baptist Church.

The founders were Isaac Moss, Thomas Winburn, Nathan Lennox, Grief Foster, Joseph Mahoney and Dosen Brown.

The early deacons numbered seven. They were: Isaiah Brown, Dosen Brown, David Moss, W. Scott, Joseph Mahoney, Melon Bradley and Robert Lennox. Mr. Lennox served as deacon for fifty years.

Sunday school superintendents were: Grandville Foster, Mort Stafford, Sam Brown, David Moss, Robert Lennox, Henery Manual and Charlie Evans.

The church still retains the old Bible which holds some historical events. It was presented to the church by Dennis Brown who was a member. During the life of the church the Bible has only been taken out once and that was for reconditioning.

The transfer of the land on which the church stands was made October 31, 1868 from Henry and Helen Lindsley to trustees of the First Baptist Church.

JOHN F. CHAVILEER VISITS DECATUR

NEARING EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY — THIS PIONEER AND BRAVE VETERAN VISITS SCENES OF YOUTH AND PRIME

RETURNING HOME FROM GETTYSBURG

John F. Chavileer of Maywood, Nebraska arrived in Decatur Monday morning and has enjoyed a delightful visit among the one-time friends of his younger years.

Mr. Chavileer was born in Butler County, Ohio seventy-nine years ago and came to Decatur with his parents in 1840, when six years old. The father, John Chavileer, traded a team of horses for eighty acres of land on the hill south of Decatur which was named for him. (Mr. Norman Webster, descendant of the Chavileers and doner of the Webster Library, was righteously indignant over the changing of the name from CHAVILEER HILL to FIFIELD HILL.) It was most impossible to get to the place and the family were a day and a half traveling the last two and a half miles. The senior Chavileer prospered for a time and came to own a total of six-hundred forty acres. He lost most of his property by signing a note with a friend.

Both father and son were in the Civil War, the former in the 12th Michigan and the latter in the famous 70th New York Regiment, Sickles' Brigade. The father died in Maywood in 1890.

Away back in the early 50's when money was scarce the taxes on the Chavileer property amounted to the considerable sum of three dollars. The hardy pioneer lacked the money to pay them. He was ambitious, a strong man and a worker, there was not a lazy bone in his body, but he couldn't raise three dollars with which to pay his taxes. He was not an exception. What a wonderful change a half century has wrought. The father of J. Pierpont Morgan was reputed to be worth $10,000,000 when he died. The son was worth $150,000,000 when he died last spring. In comparison with the times the father was a wealthier man than the son.

There was a tannery in Glenwood called Clark's Tannery and Athpens Myers told John that the tannery would pay fifty cents apiece for deer hides and he thought they could get enough hides between there and Glenwood to pay the taxes. Alf. and the two Chavileers and Ike Welcher started out, and sure enough their trusty rifles brought down the required number of deer and the tax problem for that year was settled.

Back From Gettysburg

John F. Chavileer is an old man today. His children are married and gone and he lives alone with his good wife in the little city of Maywood, Nebraska. He is approaching four score years and all winter the band of time had been pointing him toward the unknown shore. He has been ill and weak. But when that Gettysburg reunion first came to his attention it served like a magic tonic. Gettysburg and fifty years ago, those immortal days when "AMERICA FOREVER" was sealed in fire and blood. The 70th New York was there and John Chavileer was in the thickest of the battle.

He began to plan in the winter to attend the reunion and despite the opinion of his wife and friends he was able to go. And now he is on the way back home filled with emotion over the scenes of the past, prouder than ever of the Union he helped to save, satisfied with life and happy. He stopped in Kalamazoo to visit once more his sister, Mrs. N.E. Webster. He stopped in Paw Paw to see the daughter of his old friend Captain Farmer. She is now Mrs. C.C. Chappel and when a little girl she spent many a happy day in the old Chavileer home by the hill. He came on to Decatur, his home for nearly fifty years, and met the Welchers and Morelands, his relatives, his old comrade, Edward Carney, and all of the old friends he could find. He stopped at Dowagiac where fifty-six years ago he went from Decatur with William K. VanHise, Davis Ball, and William DeBolt to join the Odd Fellow's Lodge. And then he went home with a fund of reminiscences that will remain with him the balance of his years.

A Good War Record

Mr. Chavileer has a war record of which any man might be proud. He was in twenty-seven battles and over one hundred skirmishes. In every engagement of his regiment he took part. He was a sharp shooter and a sargeant of his company.

He was in the thickest of the fight in the deadly battle of Gettysburg and stood within three rods of General Dan Sickles when the rebel shell shattered his leg. He rushed to the General's assistance and was one of the six men who carried him to the rear. They had gotten him half way back when a blanket was furnished to lay him on. They placed him on a cot and he called for a cigar which one of the boys promptly procured. Then the officers came one by one to console him, but the General made light of the injury, remarking that "It was nothing but a scratch." The officer next in command came with sympathetic remarks and said, "General, shall I take the command?" The remark made the General angry and he replied, "No, d--- you, when I want you I'll send for you."

At the reunion John told this story to the old General and they had a hearty laugh at it.

Death Of A Comrade

Mr. Chavileer is an interesting talker and has numberless stories of the trials and high lights of a soldier's life. He related the manner of the death and burial of a Decatur comrade, Henry Chamberlin, at the battle of the Wilderness. Chamberlin was shot during this battle and the boys had to carry him over forty rods back to find a suitable place to bury him. In the angle of the intersection of two roads, at the foot of a big tree they dug his grave and laid him away wrapped in his overcoat and blanket. Mr. Chavileer searched his pockets and found about forty dollars which he sent to Chamberlin's wife.

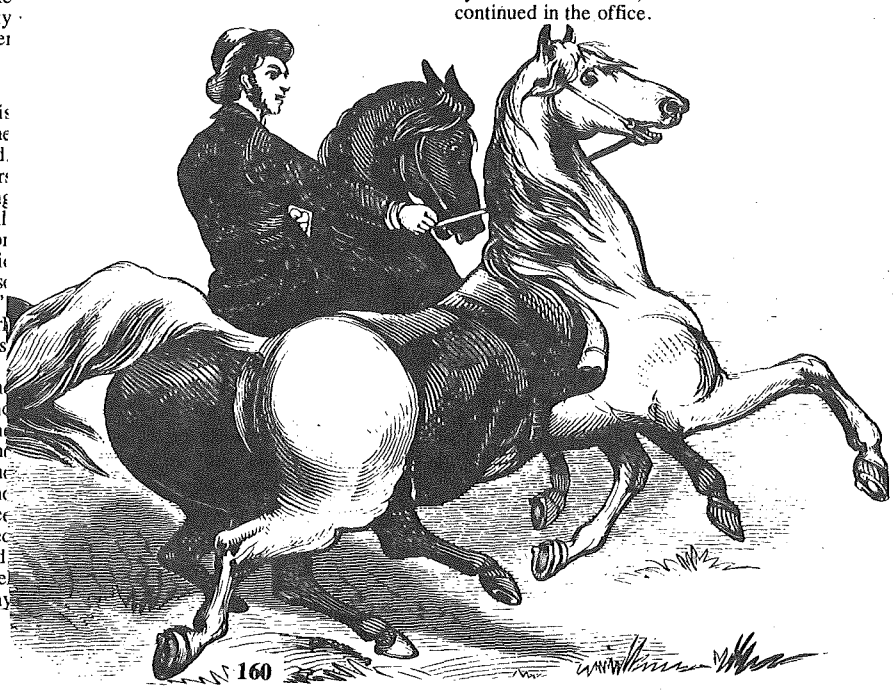
On one occasion Chavileer was sent out to dispose of a sharp shooter who had been causing considerable trouble to the officers of his command. He had a rifle that belonged to the commanding officer and Chavileer had to hunt up the commissary train to find cartridges to fit the gun.

He lay in wait for over an hour in a little valley before he could locate the rebel marksman, but finally had the satisfaction of definitely putting an end to his sniping.

Mr. Chavileer had a sharp shooter's pass, signed by General Grant, to enable him to go wherever necessary to find cartridges to fit this rifle he carried. Mr. Chavileer disposed of both the pass and the rifle, an act which he says he has regretted many times since.

First Township Supervisor

George S. Freeze was the first supervisor of the township, having been chosen to that office at the first town meeting held on the first Monday of April, 1837. The records do not disclose the names of the supervisor for the years, 1838 and 1841. John McKinney was elected supervisor in 1840. With the exception of the two years noted, the following is a complete list of the names of persons who have filled that office: George S. Freeze, John McKinney, Joseph Van Hise, Lyman Sanford, N. Le Fere, William O. Van Hise, Jeremiah Teed, George Bennett, O.T. Welch, E. Parker Hill, C. Holister, Eri Beebe, Ransom Nutting, Marvin Hinkley, William K. Van Hise, David A. Squier and Emory H. Squier, the present incumbent. Of the above named officials Lyman Sanford held the office seven years, possibly longer; E. Parker Hill served seven years; William K. Van Hise, ten years; Ransom Nutting, fifteen years; David A. Squier was elected nine times in succession and died in 1902 while still holding the office. His son, Emory H. Squier, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death, and has ever since been continued in the office.



THIS WEEK

Simeon Huff was a veteran of the Civil War. He was born in Pennsylvania January 1, 1844, and came with his parents to Volinia township soon after. His father was Isaac Huff.

Simeon enlisted in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry at the age of 18. He was captured by the rebels in December, 1863, and confined six months in Libby prison. Then he escaped and came home. He re-enlisted and took part in over 200 engagements.

At the close of the war, with other members of his regiment, he helped to capture Jefferson Davis. He took a scarf worn by Davis from the saddle on his horse and kept it as long as he lived.

For good service he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and received $400 of the $100,000 reward given by the government for the capture of the president of the Confederacy. He spent his declining years in Decatur.

Flour Mill Destroyed By Fire

The flour mill burned down Thursday morning, February 18, right while business was going on. The proprietor, George Adams, was taking orders over the telephone when a trainman rushed in and told him what was happening. The fire burned so fast that he could save nothing but himself, his typewriter and a few records.

The insurance companies adjusted the loss at $5,661, just enough to liquidate the notes held by the bank. The equity in the business which Mr. Adams had worked for years to build up all went up in smoke.

Geo. Adams came here from Eaton county, established a home and made himself a valuable citizen. One misfortune after another practically took him to his grave.

A few years before the fire his oldest son was drowned in Lake of the Woods in attempting to rescue another boy, and a few years after the fire he himself passed away.

LETTER FROM MRS. RICHARD J. HUYCK 1910

My Dear Secretary:

When I received your letter asking me to write you a history of my life, I said, "Why, I have no history," for, while I have lived an unusually long life it has been an unusually uneventful one. However such as it is, since you ask it, I will give to you, trusting there may be some point of interest in it for you of the days so long gone by.

I am the daughter of Col. Abiel Fellows, a revolutionary soldier who enlisted from Canaan, Conn. I was born March 19, 1818, in Luzern county, Pennsylvania, and was one of thirteen children. My father was a farmer and we lived in the Shickshinny mountains, a spur of the Alleganies.

In the year 1829, when I was eleven years old we moved to Kalamazoo county, Michigan. I shall never forget this journey made with two prairie schooners, one drawn by three horses and the other by two. We were twenty days on the road, camping at night at the most convenient places. I remember very distinctly crossing the Cuyhoga river at Cleveland, Ohio, on such a strange looking bridge, which they called a float bridge. I remember, too, of the three long days in the Maumee swamp, where the mud seemed to have no bottom. It was in this swamp I saw my first Indian, which perhaps, helps to enhance the unpleasant memories

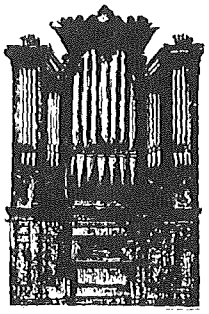
But I think you would rather hear something about my father, than so much about myself, so I will tell you about a little incident that happened in the excitement of the Black Hawk war which proved my father's courage.

In the spring of 1833 the Colonel of the First Michigan Regulars, whose regiment had been ordered to the front, had important papers and money he wished carried to Detroit. It was considered a most perilous journey at that time and I distinctly remember Col Daniels asking my father to carry these papers, saying he had been unable to find a man who dared undertake the trip. My father was at this time seventy years of age, but nevertheless he readily consented to go. He took the valuable papers and put them in his saddle bags and made a successful trip in six days, meeting on the way ten Indians to every one white man. The Indians around us at home were very friendly and often came to us for favors. I once saw the noted old Indian, Shavehead, whose boast was that he had the scalps of ninety-nine white people and was waiting for the one hundredth one. I saw him at Flowerfield a mile and one half from home. I knew it was my scalp he was waiting for, so I tied my sunbonnet strings clear to the ends, thinking I would make him all the trouble I could in getting my scalp and then ran every step of the way home

The first district school in Kalamazoo county was in our neighborhood and I married its third teacher, Richard J. Huyck. We commenced housekeeping in the village of Kalamazoo where my husband was employed as salesman and bookkeeper in the only dry goods store of the place. One year later we removed to Cass county and bought the farm I still own. I am the mother of seven children, five of them and my husband having gone to the other shore. My two remaining children and I are living together in the village of Decatur.

In writing of these past days I can scarcely realize that the little girl who, back in the Pennsylvania hills, rode the work horses to the creek for their noonday drink, and thought it the greatest happiness conceivable, can be the aged woman whom my mirror reflects, and who will be ninety years old next March and is the only living person who came to Kalamazoo county in 1829.

In reply to my grandchildren who say so often "Grandmother, would you like to be young again?", I say "No", yet save the loss of friends, I have had a very peaceful, happy life, but I am getting tired and amid the lengthening shadows I would rather go on to the end in the appointed way than to go back over the long road again. I rest in assurance that what ever the great change brings "I shall be satisfied.



ELDER J.H. HAMMOND

BRIEF REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF A WELL KNOWN VETERAN AND MINISTER.

Elder James Henry Hammond, formerly pastor of the Christian church of Decatur, was born in Greene Co., New York, April 1st, 1847, and died in Grand Rapids, Monday evening, March 28th, 1910, aged sixty-two years, eleven months and twenty seven days.

He was of English descent. His grandfather was Jonathan Hammond and his father bore the name of Nathaniel. His father was born in eastern New York, October 15th, 1815, and married Caroline Sears, also a native of the Empire state. By trade he was a cabinet maker and followed that occupation during the greater part of his life. He died in Olster county, New York, in 1856 and the death of his wife occurred in Dalaware county, New York, in 1883, whither the family had moved after the death of the father.

All of their eight children grew to mature years and one of them, David F. Hammond, is still living at Windon, New York.

When only seventeen years of age, James H. Hammond enlisted for the late Civil war as a member of Company M, 15th N.Y. Heavy Artillery, on the 8th day of February, 1864. The regiment was sent to join Grant in his campaign and participated in all the important engagements until the close of the war. Mr. Hammond was wounded in the capture of the Weldon railroad August 18th, 1864, by a minie ball which passed through his right side. He was sent to the hospital at City Point and afterwards to Lincoln hospital at Washington, where the surgeon said that had the ball gone one-sixteenth of an inch further, it would have caused his death. He never fully recovered from his wound. He was honorably discharged on the 22nd day of August, 1865.

When the country no longer needed his services, Mr. Hammond returned to Delaware county, N.Y., where for a time he worked on a farm and then entered Stamford Seminary to prepare himself for teaching, which profession he afterwards followed for a number of years. On leaving New York he emigrated to Ogle county, Illinois, and afterwards engaged in teaching for two years in Rock Island county in that state. It was there that he united with the Christian church and formed the resolve to devote himself to the ministry. He entered the Bible College connected with the Kentucky University, a school of the Christian church, and after a time engaged in preaching for one year in Dubuque, Iowa. He then returned to school and graduated from Bible College in Lexington on the 14th of June, 1877, and carried off second honors in his class. His first call, subsequent to that time was from the church in Midway, Ky., where he remained a year and then went to Pompey Hill, N.Y., the former home of Horatio Seymour. His next charge was at Grand Rapids, where he remained four years, during which time he did effective work in that place and was largely instrumental in building up the church.

January 1, 1883, Elder Hammond was united in marriage at Paw Paw, Van Buren county, Mich., to Mary Grace, daughter of LeGrand R. Anderson, one of the earliest settlers of this county. Unto them were born three children; Mary Grace, February 27, 1887; Clara Susie, January 21, 1889, and LeGrand A., April 6, 1891.

On leaving Grand Rapids, Mr. Hammond became the pastor of the church at Painesville, Ohio, where he labored a year and then accepted the position of State Evangelist of Michigan. A year later he took charge of his father-in-law's farm which he operated for two years and at the same time filled the pulpit in Bangor for several months and held a number of revival meetings. His next pastorate was at South Bend, Ind., and after about two years he went to Mt. Ayr, Iowa, where he preached one year. In July, 1890, he came to Decatur and for several years was pastor of the church in this place.

At the time he took charge of the church here it was a new organization with about one hundred members, and was largely built up through the labors of Elder Hammond. The first year he devoted part of his time to the church at Kalamazoo, but later gave his entire time to the church here. He was alike esteemed by his own members and those outside the church. Socially he was a member of the Grand Army Post and for many years was a member of the Good Templers Society.

During nearly his entire residence in Michigan he was a member of the State Board of Missions and was for some time president of the Christian Missionary Association of the state.

During the last two years he has spent most of his time at the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids, but frequently during that time he visited Decatur, which he considered his home and where he was always gladly welcomed and nearly every one in this village and vicinity was his friend.

1910

A LONG COLD RIDE

A. E. and H. B. Lawrence Drive New Warren From Detroit to Decatur Sunday

After trying the two extremes of driving an auto from Detroit over hot dusty roads and rough frozen ones, A. E. and H B. Lawrence much prefer the former.

Failing to get a new car as expected in time to drive part way home Saturday they arose at five o'clock Sunday morning, walked many blocks to a garage and started at six, in as sharp an air as one would wish for.

Paved streets were soon left behind and then came frozen roads where due regard for tires and machinery held speed at 10 to 12 miles per hour. Of course the better stretches were traveled at 25 to 35 to maintain the average of about 20 across the state.

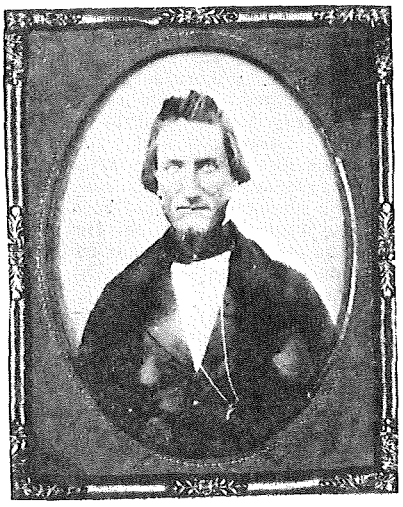
Stops were made only at Ann Arbor (where Leslie Sweetland was induced to take a polar trip home) Jackson and Albion for refreshments, thawing, inspection of machinery, etc., two hours in all..

Another stop of fifteen minutes was necessary when within three miles of home because of a nail which Providence or some other cause had left in the frozen mud just right to puncture one of the big tires, causing a replacement of inner tube just as the blizzard was getting into action. Decatur never looked better to three half frozen individuals than it did when they rolled in at 7:15 p. m. after having traveled about 180 miles (including extras at Ann Abror and Jackson) in nine hours running time

Notable incidents by the way were the carelessness of some people in crossing streets where autos and street cars are running, one lady all but forcing the autoists to run over her despite sounding horn and loud yell, though the latter were strictly within their rights.

Another feature was the lawlessness of horse drivers who would hold to the beaten track when the auto came up behind and signaled for a part of the road, often forcing the autoists to take dangerous chances in getting around them This course is strictly in violation of the law and should be punished with stiff fines as auto owners have to stand for altogether too many impositions from the law makers and should not be obliged to take any more from others.

One short diversion was when Decaturites, after driving at a very proper pace in one of the large towns and saluting the crossing "cops" with great respect, were passed by two autos evidently driven by natives who threw dust in the eyes of our townsmen and made them look as though they came from Philadelphia.



HOBART H. MILLARD

A Short Sketch of the Life and Work of One of Van Buren County's Early Pioneers.

The Republican is pleased to present to its readers a brief account of the life and work of one of this county's prosperous and most esteemed citizens, one who came here before the Indians left the trail and who gave the best years of a sturdy manhood to the work of clearing the wilderness and helping to make it the rich and beautiful county that Van Buren is to-day.

Hobart Millard was born in Lynn, Connecticut, 75 years ago the 29th of last May. His grandfather, Henry Mason, was in the old fort at Grotton, Conn., and he with a few others survived those hardships and massacre. In May, 1837, his father, Calvin D. Millard, and uncle, Ralph Mason, came to Michigan and took up land in Covington, now the townships of Hamilton and Keeler. Three months later the mother and five children came to the frontier home. They came by way of Erie Canal to Toledo, then by the strap iron rail, in coaches that seated but six people, to Adrian. Here the father met them with a team and the balance of their journey was made over the wagon route.

There was not a house between their home and Paw Paw. A family by the name of Lake lived on the McClintock place and Mr Pratt on the corner near Ira Barnum's. James Nesbitt lived at Foster's corners and the next place was Brown's Tavern.

Calvin Millard and Ralph Mason bought the farm now owned by Hobart and the land known as the Hagerman and King place, and built a house on the latter. Of all this family of pioneers but Hobart and his sister Mrs. John Bennett are left to talk of the old times.

The father died in January, 1838, and he was the first white man's funeral in this part of Michigan. He was buried a short distance from his home, but later when Hamilton cemetery was platted he was removed to the family lot.

The first white man to die in this neighborhood was Mr. Nickerbocker who lived on the southwest bank of the lake named for him. He was buried on an island in the lake but a few rods from his house.

It was seldom at that time that a farmer owned a team of horses and several would get together and make up a load of grist to take to the Flowerfield mill. Once the mill was broken and they had to return without any flour. There was a flour famine for several weeks and Hobart's mother ground wheat in the coffee mill to make bread for the children. The flour she made could hardly be termed White Lily, it was more like Tiger Lily—spotted.

Hobart's mother taught the first school at her home, then the school house was built near the old tavern and it is now George Kidman's house. The children went to school there, the road to the schoolhouse being marked out by blazing the trees.

In 1830 Ralph Mason built the old house which still stands on the homestead. In the early forties Hobart's mother married Austin Barney and he took the family to live on the farm later known as the Morehouse farm in Hamilton where Hobart did his first farming, following a yoke of oxen and breaking up the new turf. At the age of 17 he went back to the old place and commenced for himself. The sisters married, the mother and uncle died, and Hobart, the bachelor, was left alone: so in 1875 he was united in marriage to Melissa Fulghum. Four children were born to them and all are living but Ralph who died October 24, 1899. Calvin and Hazel are at home, Amy is married and lives on the McClintock farm.

Mr. Millard helped to build the road from his home to the creek near Levi Lyle's and south to Mr. Genning's. He and his uncle found the dryest ridges over which to build the road to what was then known as Decatur station. They used from 10 to 12 yoke of oxen to break up the land and about 5 yoke of oxen to cross plow. Mr. Millard says he has been to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and climbed the mountains but never saw such wild country as this was in the pioneer days.

AT LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE REUNION

Eloquent Address by C. F. Buell of Webster City, Iowa

The following address delivered at the Little Prairie Rondo Reunion by Chalker E. Buell of Webster City, Iowa is published in the Republican at the request of a number of those who heard it. Those who read this beau-

tiful tribute to the friends and companions of his youth will not wonder that Chalker Buell is a favorite with the pioneers of Little Prairie Rondo.

Mr. President; Mr. Toastmaster; Dear Friends:

One time there was a Knight who was possessed of a fine castle and equipment of the best. In fact he had everything apparently that heart could wish for, yet he was not satisfied. There was a great longing at his heart that would not be stilled. He longed to find the Holy Grail.

So intense became this longing that one day he left his castle and all it contained and went forth on his quest. As he passed out the gate he tosed a coin to a beggar who was standing by. He traveled over mountains and valleys and many weary miles of burning sands, yet that which he sought seemed to evade him. After many years of travel, worn, weary and penniless, he started on his long homeward journey.

At last in dire extremity he reached his castle only to find that it had been usurped by another. But a beggar stood at the gate in a worse plight than himself asking alms. He took his own drinking cup and brought him a cool drink from the spring and then taking a small loaf of bread, the last he had, and breaking it in half he gave it to him. When lo! there rose up before him that which he had so long sought and a voice said, "He who gives himself feeds three, himself, his neighbor and Me."

So dear friends, do we, like the weary traveler wander forth in seeking for things that satisfy. In our journey we hear voices that are still sounding in our ears of the sayings and doings of our last reunion. I hear the voice of our president saying "What heredity and environment has done for us", I hear a voice filled with emotion as he spoke of our "Forbears". Another rises with a husky voice and tells of "Our old School Mates." Still another in a clear ringing voice says "There were the best boys and girls the sun ever shone upon."

And one poor boy, after hearing the encomiums and beautiful tributes paid to the members of the old banner class said, "He was afraid he would never quite reach that high place that all the rest would attain, he was afraid he would never get beyond Fiddler's Green." His remarks make me think of a poem that I cannot give you the rhyme but will give you the substance. Ben Adhem one night as on his bed he lay, saw an angel writing on the wall, "What writest Thou, he asked", the angel replied, "I am writing the names of all those who love the Lord. Ben Adhem said, "Write mine as one who loved his fellowmen" and Lo! next day when he looked to see what had been written, Ben Adhem's name led all.

I saw another form at our last meeting, one that stands erect; with mien befitting a queen, and as I look I see a firm steadfast gaze as one who sees beyond the vale as she tells of her life's work almost finished and that her only regret is of inability, because of failing strength, to accomplish more in her Sabbath School labors. And later, when at the home of the dear friend of a lifetime where all nature seemed to vie with each other, surrounded by beautiful flowers, the Katydids singing to their mates, and the soft rays of the moon shedding silver light on the scene, there like in the burial of Moses, noiseless as the sun crept down the mountain side so the great procession swept, so the dear to us all passed on. It was "not death, only transition."

But, dear friends, how emergency brings out character. When I saw you one and all rise to the occasion in that country home and then and there forget all the conventionalities, forget white dresses and with the only idea to serve and help, then it was that my heart went out to you, one and all as never before. It is only in great crises, such as that that true worth and nobility of soul is made manifest.

And when all through the long vigils of that night I saw the labor so willingly performed and the sympathizing tear, and how you have always served us poor wanderers from the parental roof without money and without price, not only giving of the comforts for the inner man of all the luxuries of the earth, but that finer, that better something that comes from the soul of every true man and true woman that you give to us at the reunions, like the weary knight, we feel in our hearts that we have found in you that which we sought and we hear a voice saying to you, "He who gives himself feeds three, himself, his neighbor and Me.

Charles L. Dine, salesman for the Quaker Oats Company, is now traveling in Northwestern Canada. His headquarters are at Regina, Sask.

FIFTY YEARS IN HAMILTON

List of Those Who Have Been Residents of the Township Half a Century

Compiled by Abe Norwood.

Following herewith is a list of people now living who have been residents of the township of Hamilton fifty years:

Ezra Barnum
Arthur Foster
Roy Foster
Emory Foster
Mrs. Foster Hale
Mr. and Mrs. John Sutfin
Mrs. Horace Smith
Byron Lee
A. U. Bidlac
John Young
A. L. Norwood
Frank Stearns
Zabina Stearns
Mrs. Robert Nesbitt
Miss Minnie Nesbitt
Mrs. Hannah Conway
Mrs. Jacob Knoll
John Conway
Mort Haydon
A. W. Haydon
Lester Osborn
Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Osborn
E. A. Osborn
Roll Harris
Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Osborn
Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Osborn
Charles Hungerford
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Osborn
John Comley
Alex Comley
Fred Comley
Miss Libbie Comley
Uncle John Comley
John Brooks
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byers
Mr. and Mrs Edw. Baxter
Andrew Corwin
Wm. Bartlett

There are several who have lived fifty years in Hamilton and now live elsewhere. Some of them are

Andrew Johnson
Robert Sloan
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nesbitt, now of Decatur.
Mrs. Calista March now of Keeler.

Milo Barton came very near to the mark but left a little too soon.

It is not claimed that this is a complete list. I have written according to the best of my knowledge and information. If there are others please send names to the Republican and they will be published.

It is doubtful if there are many country townships that can make as good a showing of fifty year residents. The list certainly shows that Hamilton township is a healthy place in which to live.

The list of fifty year residents in the township numbers 45.

COMMENCEMENT OF CLASS OF '11

Audience that Packed Town Hall Listened to Program Presented by Graduates

FISCHER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHED MUSIC

Probably no event that has occurred in the town hall has called out as large a crowd as did the annual commencement of the Decatur High School last Thursday evening. Those

who look for reasons for things explained that the unusual attendance was due to an increasing interest in the Decatur public schools and to the fact that each graduate took a part in the program instead of leaving the entertainment to a public speaker as has been the practice for a number of years past, It is always an intellectual treat to hear a good public speaker but on Commencement evening the public seems most interested in noting the quality of individual the public school is making of its pupils and this can be best seen from the individual effort.

The Class of '11 was ably assisted by the celebrated Fischer's orchestra of Kalamazoo and the result was a program that pleased the crowd.

A beautifully worded invocation was given by Rev. A. Bradfield which was followed by the president's address with oration by Harold Rose. His subject was "The Uses and Protection of Phosphorus" The United States is exporting large quantities of this valuable substance and the imports it receives in exchange consist of toys, dolls, etc Not a fair exchange. We should not be depleting our own land at such a rate and the nation should awaken to the importance of the matter and act.

Florence Lindsley gave a declamation, "The Treason of Benedict Arnold," in splendid style. Not only did she have a well written and interesting composition but her delivery was exceptionally good. Every word she spoke could be heard distinctly in the most distant sections of that crowded hall.

Dana Phelps read an essay entitled the "Airship Today and in the future." It was well composed and showed careful study of the subject. Dana Phelps has been a faithful hardworking student and is deserving of much credit for what he has accomplished.

That the Class of '11 has talents besides those employed in the school room was shown by the brilliant performance of a piano duet by Dorothy Oriffield and Dorothy Abbott. Their number was followed by a hearty applause.

The results of observation and thought in the scientific department of the school was shown in Harold Dwight's oration, "A Solution of the Fuel Problem." Electricity is the agent employed in this solution.

Bess E Taylor composed and delivered in convincing style the class poem which proved to be a clever take-off on members of the class and faculty. Its many humorous points kept the audience laughing during most of the delivery.

Anita Youell has pleased Decatur audiences many times in the past with her readings and all were glad to hear her commencement offering, "As the Moon Rose." It was a thrilling story of a younfg man wrongfully accused being saved from the death penalty in the nick of time by his faithful lover. Miss Youell's delivery was excellent.

The class will was a document rich in humor composed and read by Ruth Thomas. Many odd bequests were made, the audience did not fail to see the funny side of any of them. Some of the seniors and juniors also were impressed with the humor of the class will

The same was true of the Class Prophecy given by Frances Creagan and Ralph McGowan. It was supposed to be a talk over old school days by these two graduates in the year 1934. Strange as it may seem no members of the class are married 23 years hence but all are prospering in their various walks of life.

In the valedictory Jeanette Hooper displayed the ability and originality which marks all of her work. It was well delivered and a pleasing close to the graduate's part of the commencement program.

In presenting the diplomas Supt. Washburn gave a strong and convincing address upon the value of an education to the young men and young women.

The benediction by Rev. A. Bradfield closed a delightful commencement evening.

FROM THE DAYS OF THE SICKLE

The Chain of Improvements in Cutting Wheat During the Last Eighty Years

TREASURED MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Speaking about the first threshing apparatus reminds the first settler of the manner of cutting wheat before the inventions of power machinery and of the various improvements in power machinery to the present time.

Away back in the tairties when the first settlements were made in Volinia township the wheat crop was cut with a sickle. The sickle is a curved knife with a short handle. The reaper operated the sickle with his right hand, holding the wheat with the left.. When cut he would lay it in gavels or bunches and when he had cut across the field he sheathed the sickle in his belt and bound his gavels into sheathes back to the starting point. Each reaper did his own binding and a day's work for the best reaper was not to exceed half an acre.

Following the sickle came the old level or turkey wing cradle, which was operated with both hands but the weight of the work fell upon the right arm and it was a hard cradle to handle. With this tool the reaper became a cradler. One man raking and binding followed the cradler and two men would cut, rake and bind from three to four acres a day.

The next improvement in cutting wheat was the Flowerfield cradle, made in Flowerfield, St. Joe county a much easier cradle to handle than the old turkey wing. The first Flowerfield was brought into Volinia by Richard Shaw in about the year 1843. Other cradles used in the forties and fifties were the Telegraph, Grapevine, and Bow cradles, none of which were considered any better than the Flowerfield.

The first reaping machine owned in Volinia was a Huzzy bought some time in the forties by Benj. Hatha way. It had a low cast iron drive wheel and was hitched to the fore wheels of a wagon. This machine had no reel and the horses had to be driven on a trot in order to throw the wheat back onto a platform where it was raked off by a crooked rake. Five men followed it to bind and they had to go on the run to keep the wheat bound and out of the way before the machine could pass again. This machine was a five-foot cut. It required seven men and three horses to operate it and they could not do more than from seven to ten acres a day, a day's work being not ten hours but from sunrise to sunset. It was not much of an improvement in speed over the cradle. A year or two later Hubbell Warner bought a Huzzy that had several improvements over the Hathaway machine. In 1851 or '52 Samuel Morris bought a machine with still more improvements, among them being a reel.

The next machine in Volinia was a McCormick bought by the Warner brothers, Loomis, Harvey and Frank. This machine was a seven foot cut and its capacity was from 15 to 20 acres a day. It required one man to drive, one to rake off, five to bind and two to shock, and four horses to pull the machine. It was bought in 1857.

In 1859 or '60 Jasper Van Curen bought the first self rake machine, a McCormick, the rake being attached to the reel and raking every revolution of the reel or every sixteen feet.

In 1862 the Gard Brothers, Milton, Findley, Newton and Franklin, bought the first machine known to our informant which elevated the grain with a revolving canvas into a hopper, a boy turning it over and dropping it onto the ground ready for the binders. The Gard Brothers conceived the idea that they would build a platform onto this machine so that they could ride and bind. They built a platform 8x12 feet and had to go two or three times around the field before it could be attached. The capacity of this machine was 15 acres day but it could be handled by six men instead of nine. This idea of the Gard boys was copied and patented by the Marsh Harvester Company.

Some time during the Civil War the

combined machines which cut both hay and grain came into the market. These were the Buckeye dropper, the Champion, Kirby, and the Tramp.

In 1869 the first Marsh Harvester was sold in Volinia to John Zimmerman. Two men could do the binding and a large number of these machines were sold in the township.

The first self-binder which bound with wire was sold to the Goodspeed twin brothers, Edwin and Edward, in 1876. This was a Wood machine, a look binder. When it was started on the Goodspeed farm south of Nicholsville over fifty spectators were in the field, many of them coming from long distances to see the work. This machine was drawn by five horses, three on the tongue and two in the lead.

David Goodspeed's thirteen year old daughter, now Mrs. Ezra Gard of Oregon, rode one of the lead horses. The capacity of this machine was from 15 to 20 acres a day and it did good work.

In 1877 Samuel Morris and the Lawrence brothers, each bought a Wood machine and with a twine binder. Mr. Morris had a six-foot cut and paid $300 for it and the other was a 6½ foot cut and cost $320. The demand for these machines was so great that the Walter A. Wood Company could not begin to supply it and the above men were fortunate to get agent's samples One came from the Vrooman Hardware Company of Dowagiac and the other from Mr. Miller, an implement dealer in Decatur.

Other binders have been brought into the township as new improvements have been invented until the present season when Linous Lawrence seems to have reached the highest state of perfection possible with a McCormick self-binder run by a gasoline engine.

SILAS M. RAWSON

Died Last Friday After an Illness of Several Weeks

Silas M. Rawson was born February 15, 1823, at Lockport, N. Y., and died in Decatur, his home, March 24, 1911, aged 88 years, one month and seven days.

He was married September 3, 1845, to Romelia M. Crandall, who died January 11, 1899. Mr. Rawson located at Decatur in 1859, and at the second call of President Lincoln for volunteers he enlisted as a private in Co. C, 4th Michigan Cavalry, and served with the Company continuously, with the exception of 5 weeks in hospital at Columbus, until discharged in July, 1865.

Company C. faced the enemy in about eighty skirmishes and battles from Stamford to Macon. The last engagement taking place April 20, 1865.

At the close of the war Mr. Rawson returned to Decatur where he has made his home ever since.

Mr. Rawson was the last but one to be taken away of a family of ten children, the only survivor being his youngest sister, Mrs. Martha Smith, now living in Paw Paw. He was the father of three sons, one of whom died at Mendon, Mich., in 1872, the other two were with him at the last.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors who have assisted us during the illness of our father, S. M. Rawson.

O. M. Rawson and family
A. E. Rawson and family.

WAYNE TOWNSHIP'S FIRST SCHOOL

Log Schoolhouse Built in the Higgins Woods and First Taught by Geo. Newton

"Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The school master is abroad and trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in the military array."—From speech delivered by Hon Elijah Squicks at the laying of the corner stone of the Higgins schoolhouse in the fall of 1836.

Tradition says that the first school house built in Wayne township was located in the Cornelius Higgins woods in East Wayne on land now owned by Joseph Parks.

Higgins was a pioneer of Wayne and named the township after Gen. Anthony Wayne. He was the township's first supervisor being elected in the spring of 1835.

James Kelsey, whose grandson, Dr. James Kelsey, is the leading physician, of Cassopolis, was one of the first teachers, George Newton of Volinia being the first.

The schoolhouse was set in among the trees, and the pupils would see the squirrels and pigeons from the windows and the call of the wild possessed them as strongly as the call of the primer.

Higgins built a sawmill on this tract and later built what in time came to be known as Woodland mill, at one time owned by Joel M. Smith. Mr. Smith sold the property to Sam Woodland's father and old settlers say that in the transfer he forgot to include the farm that went with it

Another old timer was Richard V. B. Crane. He lived in the northeast corner of the township, and was the first clerk of the township, holding the office twelve years. Whiskey was but three cents a dipperful in those days, and Crane sometimes invested in a dipperful after which he would announce that he believed in free trade and sailor's rights from which it is presumed he was a democrat.

Abram Weaver was another early settler, and he always found time to attend the shooting matches which were common at that time. He was poor, and once asked a neighbor for the flaps to a discarded saddle which he used for soles for his children's shoes. One of these children was James Weaver, who later became a general in the Civil War, still later was a congressman from Iowa and later yet ran for the presidency on the green back ticket.—Dowagiac Herald.

RALLY DAY A SUCCESS

Supt. Washburn and Decatur School Deserve Great Credit For this Fine Educational Uplift

The educational rally held at the Decatur Town Hall Friday, March 24, was a decided success. Between three and four hundred people were present at both the afternoon and evening session. School Commissioner Hungerford was present during the afternoon meeting. Teachers pupils and patrons were present from several of the adjoining districts. The program as printed in the Republican two weeks ago was carried out with changes in time order only. The numbers given by the high school students did credit to themselves and reflected honor on the public schools. The hearty spirit with which the students entered into their parts promises good things for the school in the future and is to be commended

By his genial humor and ready wit Prof. Henderson won his audience before he had given a dozen sentences. In his first talk he likened life to a game of checkers in which one must ever move in a single direction till he has been in the king row, after which he is free to move in whatsoever direction he desires. Till one has gained control of himself mentally, morally, physically and financially his actions are largely controlled by the will of others, but after gaining these things he has greater freedom and is in the way to greater success in every way—in fact in the king row.

By apt illustrations he proved conclusively that while education is not the only thing it is one of the largest factors in success today and must be more so in the future.

Prof. French made a strong plea for vocational studies in our public schools, especially for agricultural subjects. He would not make our high schools agricultural colleges nor have them usurp the place of those

insttutions but he would have enough of the science taught to enable a student to discover if his abilities lie along that line. He believes in general that it is the function of the high school to discover the pupil to himself, in other words to find his abilities and capabilities and that it is the province of other institution, higher and technical, to give him training along special lines.

He told how the day had passed in which the person who could be successful at nothing else could be a successful farmer. Farming should be as much one's profession as is law, teaching, preaching or business. He gave illustrations and specific examples to show that science in farming makes it a vastly more profitable business as well as more pleasurable and congenial one.

Prof. Henderson's evening lecture was one of the very best that Decatur people have had an opportunity to listen to for years. It was brimful of wit and humor and every story had a point to it and a good one. He pictured the years of "The Golden Age of Tomorrow" as his imagination and reason gave them to him and his pictures were uplifting, instructive and full of inspiration.

Taken all together the rally day was one of the best things that has taken place in Decatur for some time. Many people have spoken approvingly of it and, it could well become an annual affair.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Substantial Growth Shown Under Leadership of Rev. J. J. Terry

Many people in Decatur and vicinity will undoubtedly be pleased to learn of the improved conditions that have arisen in the Church of Christ the past year.

For several years prior to the coming of the present minister the church had not maintained preaching services except for short periods. At the beginning of 1910 the present minister was engaged for half time and began his duties January 16 of that year. From September 1, 1910, he has been serving the church full time.

The improved conditions are in no way due to flashy and sensational methods. Every move made has been with the idea of permanency and enlargement. It required the exercise of great faith for the little company that remained of a congregation once numerically strong to undertake what they did a year ago. They were weak numerically and financially, but rich in faith and Christian graces.

Contrasting conditions of a year ago with those of the present, it becomes apparent that a change for the better has taken place. The first quarter of 1910 the attendance at the services ranged from 15 to 30, and two dollars paid for the necessary supplies for the Bible School. Now the attendance runs from 40 to 60 and it requires eight dollars to furnish supplies for the Bible school. The membership of the church has been increased by 13 and some of those long absent and discouraged are returning. A new chapel organ as been purchased and 75 dollars expended on improvement of the property.

The ladies' Aid Society and Missionary Society have both taken on new life and are actively engaged in their respective lines of work. The weekly prayer meetings are also well attended. Present conidtions are valid grounds for the hope that better and great things are to be realized in the near future.

The Church of Christ exists in Decatur, as elsewhere, for the uplift of man. It stands for purity in the individual, peace in the home and the betterment of society. Its great aims are to answer the prayer of Jesus for Christian unity (John 17:20-23).; proclaim the gospel of Christ in its simplicity, fullness and power; restore to the earth again the Church of Christ as established in apostolic days. For these reasons it should merit the sympathy and good will of the community and receive at its hands encouragement and help. On making these statements we are not unmindful of the many favors shown the church in the past for which it is very grateful.

To all who are at liberty to do so a cordial invitation is at all times extended to attend the services at this church. You will be welcome.

J. J. Terry,
Minister of Church of Christ.

HONORS FOR DECATURITE

Dr. Wm. P. Harlow of U. of C. Elected President of American Medical Colleges

The notice published herewith is copied from the Daily Camera of Boulder, Colo. Dr. Harlow lived in Decatur during all of his boyhood years, obtained his common school education in Decatur public school and entered the University of Michigan from here:

"The University of Colorado was signally honored when Dr. William P. Harlow, dean of the faculty of its medical college, was elected president of the Association of American Medical Colleges at its annual meeting at Chicago Tuesday.

"No western man ever before held this distinguished office and his elevation to it is due to his unselfish and persistent efforts to standardize medical education in the United States and to build at Boulder and Denver, under the University of Colorado, the greatest medical college in the west.

"Dr. Harlow is a University of Michigan man and not an active practitioner because of his devotion to business and success in copper mining. Because he is not engrossed in practice he gives the best that is in him to make his calling more honorable, more thorough and more respected among men. Weeding out the inefficient colleges, deadly hostility to quackery, highest devotion to scientific research, are the pole stars which actuate his every motive and recognition of this by his college associates is a high compliment to a citizen of Boulder and to the University to whose upbuilding he has devoted most of his time and the high mental faculties with which he is endowed.

NEW KANDY KITCHEN

Building Completed and Opened for Business Last Saturday

The new Kandy Kitchen was opened for business last Saturday and it is one of the prettiest business places in Decatur Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Rawson, the proprietors, were kept busy all day welcoming the crowds of people who came in to congratulate them and to make purchases on opening day.

The new building adjoins the Republican office on the north and makes the line of store buildings unbroken from the post office to Stern's dry goods store on the corner. The building has a full sized basement with cement floor, complete work room and commodious sales room, well furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawson are outfitted to serve lunches and ice cream and have a large and well selected stock of confectionery, cigars, tobacco, etc.

WHERE NICHOLSVILLE GOT ITS NAME

Man by the Name of Nichols Owned Half of the Town at One Time. Town Was Named for Him

George Scott, a Marcellus harness maker 77 years old and still making tugs, tells the Marcellus News that in 1846 Jonathan Nichols ran a saw mill in Kalamazoo, near where East Main street crosses the river.

Later he lived at Leonidas, and moved to what was then called Georgetown in the early 50's, where he bought all the land west of

the main street and operated a grist mill for 10 years.

He built the Thompson school house in 1861 and was also a cabinet maker and undertaker.

In 1853, at one of the old fashioned shooting matches, someone in the crowd suggested that the name of the town be changed to Nicholsville in his honor and the idea took so well that it was ever after called by that name.

Nichols was a jovial, companionable man, a friend to the poor and deserved all his popularity.

The town once contained 25 houses, two hotels, two stores, and at one time seven shoemakers and three harness makers worked there.

Marcellus killed the town, with its railroad and consequent better markets, but as late as 1878 John Potter was still conducting the old hotel, and Charles Thorpe was operating a grocery, the latter burning down one night.

The town is now being made into a summer resort, and it is a pleasant and attractive spot.—Dowagiac Herald.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS A SLAVE

A Remarkable Story of Chas. Grayson, A White Man Held in Bondage in South

NOW A CITIZEN OF DECATUR

Among Decatur's respected citizens is one whose life history contains more of romance and tragedy than perhaps any other in the town and brings to mind very forcibly the old slavery days in the south.

Charles Grayson, who has been a resident of this village for the last several years, was born at Natchez, Mississippi, of a slave mother in 1841.

His grandmother, Ara McLaughlan, was the daughter of poor but honest Irish parents, who resided near a small town in South Carolina.

Near them lived a wealthy planter who had a young daughter, about the age of Ara and the two children played together and spent their childhood mostly in each other's society.

When the two girls had nearly reached young womanhood, the parents of Ara moved to a distant county in the "Old South State", leaving their daughter in the care of the planter's family, with the expectation of sending for her as soon as they should become located and settled, but very soon afterward both sickened with typhoid fever and died and their young children became scattered, Ara remaining in the planter's family a companion to her childhood friend and playmate.

In the course of time the planter's daughter married and went to the distant city of Natchez, Miss., to live, giving out after reaching there that the beautiful white girl was her slave and from then treating her former friend as such.

Ara protested that she was not a slave; that she was born of free Irish parents and that there was not a drop of negro blood in her veins, but having no means or friends and being in a slave land, her protestations were of no avail and she was forced to submit and spent the most of her life in slavery, being released from bondage only by the war of the rebellion after she had become a very old woman.

Being a slave she could not legally marry a white man and absolutely refused to marry a negro, but in time she became the mother of a female child whose father was a white planter. This child afterwards became the mother of Mr. Grayson.

His grandmother, Ara, had several brothers and sisters left back in South Carolina, who after they had grown to manhood and womanhood, made efforts to find their lost sister, but owing to the fact that she had been taken a long way from them they were unsuccessful. The young mistress, her former friend, being advised that such efforts were being made, sold the white girl and her child to a planter by the name of Dunbar, who resided near Coffeeville, Miss., who continued to own her until she was liberated by the war, and she died soon after.

Her child, Helen, though not having a drop of negro blood in her veins, was raised by Dunbar as a slave and like her mother refused to marry a negro, and could not marry a white man, but in time became the mother of Mr. Grayson, the father being a white man and a high official of the county where they lived. He had promised to purchase her freedom but failed to do so.

Dunbar then sold Helen and her child to a man by the name of Hamlet who resided near Paris, Miss. and he continued to own them until Mr. Grayson was seven years old when, knowing that there was no negro blood in their veins, he became uneasy regarding his rightful title to them and sold them to a man by the name of Steen, who resided in the neighborhood and by whom they were owned during the remainder of their slavery days.

In 1848 a law was passed by the Mississippi legislature providing that where a person had been held in slavery for a period of two years the question of whether or not such person was really a slave was barred.

This law of course fixed the status of Ara and Helen and Helen's child—from then on they were legally slaves according to the Mississippi law and there was no help for them—and they all remained slaves until liberated by northern soldiers.

When young Grayson reached the age of seventeen years he resolved to make his escape from bonage if possible and laid his plans accordingly. He managed to save a little money and late one stormy night, after receiving his mother's blessing and bidding her good bye, he slipped away in the darkness and made his way to a railroad. At that time young Grayson knew nothing of the telegraph and this lack of knowledge proved his undoing. After reaching the railroad he caught a train going north, paid his fare and took a seat in the white man's car, no one believing that in the eyes of the Mississippi law he was the same as a negro and was in fact a runaway slave. At Grand Junction, near the Tennessee line the conductor of his train received a telegram from Grayson's master, giving his description and asking that he be arrested and detained, which was accordingly done.

He was taken to Holly Springs, Miss., and thrown into jail. The jail authorities, not believing him to be a slave, put him among the white prisoners, but another telegram, stating that he was an escaped slave, caused them to hustle him into that part of the jail occupied by negro prisoners. At the time of his arrest he had been taken for a criminal, trying to make his escape. Only a few years after this attempted escape, Mr. Grayson had the pleasure of helping to burn this state jail when the union army was passing through this little city of Holly Springs.

His master came and took him back to his home near Paris, where Grayson was stripped, his hands tied above his head and he was whipped until he became unconscious and it was thought he was dead. He bears the scars of that whipping upon his body to this day. After recovering consciousness his master was about to brand him on his face with a hot iron, but this punishment and mark of bondage he escaped by threatening that if he was branded he would surely kill himself.

On the seventeenth day of December, 1862, the Union army came to Paris and with it was the 3d. Michigan Cavalry. An officer of that regiment met young Grayson and accused him of being a "damned rebel" and when told that he was a slave the officer refused to believe it. Upon being convinced, however, he told Grayson that he could go with the army and would be free. At first he refused to go, fearing that he might be recaptured and suffer another whipping but was finally persuaded to go.

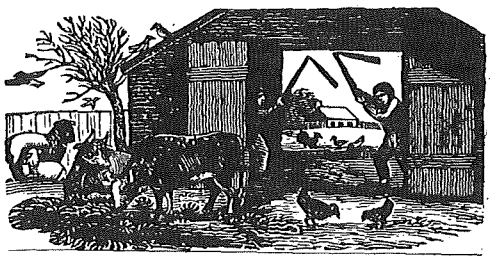
He remained with the army as a "contraband" a short time, acting as hostler and cook, when he was taken sick and sent north. After recovering from his sickness he hired out to H. B. Wells of Dowagiac. He remained with Mr. Wells until in 1861, when he enlisted in the 3rd Michigan the same regiment that led him out of slavery, and served until the end of the war, returning to Michigan with the regiment.

Mr. Grayson had several sisters, all by different fathers. On his return from the war he stopped at Paris, Miss., and visited his mother and sisters and again visited them in 1884, when he went to the Cotton Exposition at New Orleans.

After returning from the army he

attended school for a short time, where he learned to read and write and since then he has been a constant reader until he has become a man of fair education.

One seeing Mr. Grayson passing along our streets, straight and stalwart in form, would not think it could be possible that he has suffered the pains and tortures of twenty one years of southern slavery.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BARN

I'm only a barn about fifty years old and good for fifty years more if I had my say. I came in to being at the instance of Bige Huyck in the middle sixties at the close of the Civil War and my companion (house) was built at the same time.

Bige made considerable extra money, as farmers go, selling $3.00 wheat and $12.00 pork. Mr. Van Sickle was the boss carpenter assisted by Jerry Fortaine, Wm. Pritchard, John H. Hamlin and others whose names do not occur to me. We soon became finished artistic realities for that period of Decatur.

Bige never lived here and sold us when brand new to Dr. Baker in 1867 or '68. Dr. Baker and I have been pals since then until a few days ago the doctor sold me to Wm. Popendick and I am to lose my identity in spite of all my protests and still more than all, they have begun to mutilate me and rack and torture by prying me up on wheels, moving me from my old home and distinguished surroundings and old time neighbors over on Sherwood street to put me on that plebeian site where the old stave factory cooper shop stood so many years I have been a little lonesome for some years since the doctor ceased practice. I may be egotistical, being nearly fifty years old, but I was a classy barn for many years and you don't need to take my word for it for all the neighbors said the same to Dr. Baker and others, and among themselves many a time in my hearing. Now that I'm "Oslerized" the new smart barns with their four sided roofs and cement floors think I'm only fit for the scrap pile. In those old days I had lots of admirers; Squire Hollister who lived on the corner where Geo. McOmber now lives, in the house Rev. Bradfield occupies, and Horace Clapp, my neighbor where Chas. Brigham is located, Wm. E. Trowbridge on the corner where Mrs. Gates resides, A. E. Dwight close by, Jack Tuttle where Mrs. Rogers lives.

Squire Hollister seemed always to have a lawsuit on hand. I don't know why. Maybe people were more contentious or because of so many lawyers. There certainly were enough lawyers. John Upton, Newton Foster, Lawyer Cole, and Wm. H. Tucker had begun his meteoric flights of forensic eloquence and one or two fledglings just jumping out of the nest. One of them married Flora Nash. He was a joke as a lawyer but he was invaluable in driving book agents out of town simply by writing his autograph at the head of the list in ornate signboard size. He always readily promised everything and never paid anything, but all that is another story.

I felt and looked grand when the veteran painter John Eckenberger put on my first two coats and he has newly dressed me twice since and though now too old for the house and barn tailoring business he visits me occasionally and talks over old times. The boys for many years played ball on the Hayden tract. I was their back stop and I've got some dents on the east side where they threw stones at a mark. I remember when the addition was built to the school house on the west side in the early 70's and also the old red school house, later used as a livery barn by Geo. Wilkinson on the corner where the Lincoln Ellis home is situated.

One of the greatest days was the laying of the corner stone of the present Presbyterian church in '68 or '69. Everyone and their families were there, all the school with the teachers marched proudly by me to form in the procession and take part in the exercises which were very impressive. Rev. Toof, the father of S. G. Toof, was the pastor and Hon E. P. Hill was a conspicuous and leading figure that day and Robt. Nesbitt was there and donated $100 to the building fund telling Mr. Hill the church probably would not give him a seat if he came to meeting. Mr. Hill replied that the opportunity to offer him a seat would probably not occur. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Nesbitt was of different religious belief he not only contributed the $100 toward building the church but later gave $10 toward buying the bell. They sealed up some things in the corner stone laying.

I don't remember what year after this the stand-pipe was built and Mr. Crane, who lived across the way used to sit up windy nights for fear it might blow down. Mr. Crane said it was dangerous.

The church, school house, the tall massive chimney that marks the site of the fire-destroyed big flouring mill built by Mr. A. A. Abbott, in the late '60s, along with many other buildings I might mention are silent substantial monuments of the energies and activities of the past. But where are the promoters, sponsors and builders of these precious monuments? They are gone, at rest, we rarely think of them except when we see their names chiselled on the cold stone, but their work live on.

Peruna.

W. D. BRODHEAD

MANY AUTOS PASS THROUGH DECATUR

The Chicago Evening American's endurance run for truck automobiles passed through here yesterday. There were about thirty-five trucks and about every kind, carrying from one to five tons. They were all loaded according to their carrying capacity, the smallest having 1500 pounds of sand and the largest five tons.

Many people were on the streets to see them pass through the village.

THE PANTHER SCARE

Hamilton Township Scene of Great Excitement Over Joke Thirty Years Ago

By Abe Norwood.

About thirty years ago there was gotten up a great scare over a strange noise, supposed to be made by some wild animal and the common idea was that it was a panther That I may be the better understood allow me to begin at the beginning of the story.

Two young men, Will Shurter and Zado Rosebrook, hailing from Cassopolis came to Hamilton and took a job of grubbing for A. S. Wise. They lived in the Col. Manley house which stood on what is now a part of Mr. Poor's farm.

These men were brothers-in-law, Zado having married Shurter's sister. They seemed to be like other folks and worked quietly away.

They got the idea into their heads to have a little fun and went at it in this way. They took a one quart tin can and punched a small hole in the center of the bottom. Then they took a linen shoe string and tied a knot in one end and pulled the string through the hole leaving the knot in the can. The string was then well resined.

Now to operate it, the can was held near the bottom with one hand and the other pulled the string Some practice was necessary to produce the best results. It certainly made a horrid noise, a coarse heavy growl that was thought to be the voice of some very savage animal.

When all was ready the boys began business. One of them went across lots to the house of James Hall and told the family he had heard an awful queer noise while coming over there and he believed it was some wild ani-

mal. They went out of doors and listened and sure enough they heard it, but it was hard to locate; one minute it seemed near and the next minute far away.

Next day all the neighbors knew about the exciting news and in the evening a good many boys and some men went to the vicinity of Hall's place.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and so every one took some old gun or pistol to defend himself against an imaginary something. That night they heard it in different fields but no one got very near it. No one got to see it.

Night after night the thing went on. It got to be excruciating. Although this creature with the big growl was so timid that no one could get near enough to see it, yet some were so afraid of it that they would carry weapons even in a buggy if they had to pass through this panic stricken, terror haunted neighborhood.

I remember one night a wagon load of armed men drove up to a squad of hunters who were listening to the growler. They did not get out of the wagon. They could hear just as well in it. Besides if it, the growler, should make a charge, those in the wagon would be in a safer position. They could fight just as well and in case of a speedy retreat they would be already in the wagon so there would be less danger of being left for the animal to tear in pieces or eat.

Rosebrook's wife had a chum near by, the wife of a neighbor. She told her chum the secret of the animal. Of course she told her husband. He in turn told another and each made a growler and went to the field to help the boys carry on the fun.

After several weeks the secret exploded and there were a mad set of fellows. A friend of Rosebrook went to his house early in the evening and advised him to stay at home that night. Later, not hearing the animal, a lot of fellows went to his house and called him out. He came out in his nocturnal habliments. Then they made him exhibit the "panther." Then they wanted to see Shurter. But Shurter objected to being on exhibition. They were going into the house to get him but one of the number objected and told them not to do that as they were likely to get into trouble. Rosebrook was then allowed to go back into the house nearly frozen for his thin apparel was little protection on a chilly evening.

Some of the parties were so mad that they were going to prosecute the originators of the farce and went to see the prosecuting attorney about it. After hearing the story he laughed and told them to go home and let the boys alone, for they had not hurt anything or anybody and it was a pretty good joke.

LOST

On the street a black parasol and a package of calico that was left on the cigar case of Fletcher's store. Finders leave at Republican office and greatly oblige.

Mrs. Clarence Christie.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE REUNION

Third Tri-ennial Meet Proves Greatest of Them All

The third triennial meet of the pupils of the Prairie Ronde school and Sunday school from 1850 to 1885 occurred on August ninth at the beautiful private summer resort of the Lawrence boys, called Lakeview, on the west shore of Finch lake. The weather was perfect and about 125 met early to spend the day with hearty greetings, warm hand clasps and sacred reminiscences of the hallowed days of the past.

Some people deem it best for our peace of mind, contentment, health and happiness, if all the past be buried and forgotten, including our nearest and dearest who have forever passed away, and never dwelt upon, reviewed or mourned, but that we strive to live wholly in the present and up to our full capacities for good with no thought of tomorrow.

But to spend a day once in three years amid the scenes of our childhood, meeting the loved ones we knew in the old days, the truest and best friends we have, is a sweet and soul satisfying experience, even though the lip may quiver and the hot tears fall when reference is made to some fond heart that is missed and perhaps gone from us forever.

Neath the shade of the beautiful oaks the usual banquet was served on four long tables, consisting of every wholesome and delicious delicacy conceivable with hot and cold drinks. This was indulged for a delightful hour followed by nearly two hours of toasts and lively speeches.

President Thorp opened with one of his good talks and then asked Frank Kern to act as toastmaster. LeGrand A. Copley responded to the call with one of his characteristic jolly addresses full of fun and wisdom showing the same clever fellow we knew forty years ago, when with music and eloquence, he added so much to the life of the old Sabbath school. Chalker E. Buell of Webster City, Iowa, always a prime favorite with all of us, gave a good talk right from his big warm heart and fertile brain, closing with a beautiful and touching reference to his beloved aunt Hattie Buell who went off to her heavenly reunion at the close of the last meet.

Ella Huyck Dolloff, always respected and loved by all, was a leading speaker among the fair sex who claim they can always outtalk the boys—and they can. Ella knows how to say things that are rich in meaning, ripe with sense and satisfying to the soul and will always be a prime favorite with the old set. Lineus Lawrence, the faithful secretary who is ever ready with advice, money, work and a smiling face, gave us a fine talk straight from his heart.

Sorry there is not space in which to tell all the fine things said so feelingly by the many who spoke. It was a veritable close-communion love feast. Among others who gave good talks were Mark and Jessie Thomas, Amanda Thorp, Kittie Hathaway, Jessie Kern Savage, Julia Richmond Watson, Emily Warner Green, Della Wright Goodenough, George Scott and others.

A business meeting followed the post prandial exercises when the old officers were reelected: Dr Rollin L. Thorp, Pres.; Frank L. Kern, 1st Vice Pres.; Edwin B. Copley, 2nd Vice Pres.; Lineus L. Lawrence, Secretary; Austin E. Lawrence, Treasurer. The executive committee is composed of Adelia Howe White, Archie Lawrence, George Kern, Eva Morris Southworth and Charlie Rosewarne. This committee will appoint all sub committees, order time and place of next session and have general supervision of all arrangements. The feeling seemed to be unanimous that these reunions should be held every third year. Letters were read from several non-residents who regretted their inability to come.

Among those present from a distance were Hon. LeGrand A. Copley of Kansas City, Dr. Rollin L. Thorpe, Denver; Chalker E. Buell, Webster City, Iowa; Frank L. Kern, Los Angeles, California; Julia Richmond Watson, Massillon, Ohio; Mollie George, Minn.; George and Mert Nichols, Denver; Charlie Nash, Chicago; Mattie Kern Kidman and two daughters, Grand Blanc, Mich.; Katie Kern of Ypsilanti and Belle Copley of Yorkville.

Two naptha launches and several rowboats were kept busy carrying jolly loads about the lakes while autos were buzzing here and there so all found recreation to their liking. Many preferred to just sit and talk over the old days, old friends and well remembered experiences.

Before parting ice cream and cake was served to all and more lemonade than we could drink. Thirty or forty dollars was chipped into the treasury again and the parting hour came all too soon.

Bless the dear old boys, our chums; bless the darling girls, our sweethearts, and may we all live to enjoy many happy, joyous reunions.

AN AFTERMATH.

Following precedent, some of the old boys met the day after at George Kern's resort and spent the day in honor of Pres. Thorp. Progressive games were indulged resulting in a prize of a rubber doll awarded to Lester Goodspeed, The booby prize, a box of bunyon plasters, was won by Abner Hathaway.

After a hearty luncheon the boys had a fishing contest which was won by Abner Hathaway and Archie Lawrence. The fun concluded with a hot fish supper and a moonlight launch ride on the lakes.

F. L. K.

Ten Nights in a Barroom was played on the Pickle Factory grounds in

a tent last week Thursday night. The play was presented in a fine manner and followed by a concert that was way above the average for a tent show.

LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Frank H. Leonard C. S. B.

Gives Third Lecture for Local Society

Frank H. Leonard, C. S B of Chicago, delivered a strong lecture on Christian Science in the town hall last Friday evening. The lecture brought out an audience composed not only of people of Decatur and vicinity, but of visitors from Paw Paw' Hartford, Bangor, Dowagiac, Kalamazoo and Jackson. The introduction was nicely made by R. W. Scudder.

A few excerpts from the Lecture follow:

The chief and overpowering, all and only purpose of Christian Science is to glorify God, and to do it by destroying sin in the world! It has no other purpose. The things that are accomplished under the ministration of Christian Science are accomplished only in proportion as man turns away from the contemplation of evil and lust and discord and in harmony and disease, turns away from darkness and lifts his gaze unto the everlasting Light, which is a better understanding of God, and learns to know that only as the worship of God is made practical, does man become Christian.

Christian Science gives men just one standard whereby all things are measured, and that standard is God, and when anything presents itself to a Christian Scientist, it is immediately measured by the standard of the perfection of God, and if in any particular it fails to measure up to that standard, it is of necessity cast to one side as ungodly, and if it is ungodly, it is not eternal and if it is not eternal it is not real. Therefore when a Christian Scientist says sin, disease and death are not real, he is saying in other words that they are ungodly, unholy and unrighteous, that they constitute the things from which we are to be saved. To enlarge upon this thought a little take the statement that we live, move and have our being in God. Then add to that the statement, there is no place where God is not, in other words, that God is omnipresent, as the Bible teaches us. God is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, and with it all, is as it teaches us in another place, the One altogether lovely. We can see from that standpoint that nothing really exists save that which exists in God, that the real standpoint from which the Christian Scientists determine as to what is real and what is unreal is viz: That that which is real, is that which can and does live and exist in God, and that that which is unreal is that which can not and does not live nor exist in God, and therefore has no real existance.

It has been said that we Christian Scientists worship Mrs. Eddy, and that statement has gone hand in hand with the belief that we have placed her on a plane with Christ. I want to tell you there is not a Christian Scientist who worships Mrs. Eddy, or any other person for the instant that personal worship enters into consciousness, that selfsame instant one ceases to be a Christian Scientist.

Do we put the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," which Mrs. Eddy has written, on a plane with the Bible? No, we do not, and we never have. There is just one Bible and that Bible is the Holy Bible that is used, loved and revered by Christians all over the globe.

The Christian Science text book is exactly what it is called, a text book. Now a text book to be a text book must be a text book about something and the Christian Science text book is a text book about the only thing that is worth knowing, and that is knowledge of God the Truth which our Bible teaches us makes man free.

Now Christian Scientists know the more that one knows and has of religion the happier, the more joyous, the freer he is. Religion is not something to make a long face about, it is something to make a man sing praise.

It is not something to bring distress and unhappiness, it is something to bring deep peace in everyway and Christ Jesus has set the standard of Christianity for every one of us and when He set that standard he pointed out to us the freedom and joy that might and should be ours if we were only obedient. He established the standard of Christianity when he made this statement: "He that believeth in me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do because I go unto my Father." When He made that statement, He was healing the sick from all manner of diseases and yet He said I of myself am nothing. He said, It is the Father that works through me who accomplished all these things. Christian Scientists will say that they of themselves have never done one single redemptive thing on earth.

OLD POTTER

One of the Characters in Hamilton Township over a Half-Century Ago

Everyone called him "Old Potter" so I used the name without meaning any disrespect whatever.

He lived just west of the cemetery in Hamilton on the place that Will Young now owns. He occupied a log cabin 12x14 feet in size that stood on the south bank of the marsh that runs across the place.

Soon after I came here in 1857 I went gunning with a young man over to School Lot Lake, a pond west of Grange Hall, and when returning we went across Potter's place. The old man was in his potato patch, he dug some and picked them up into his old wool hat and asked us into his cabin.

He had a fire built in one end and an old iron kettle hung over it. He walked up to it remarking that he was going to get dinner and dumped the contents of his hat into the kettle.

Old Potter had made a lot of marsh hay on the marsh in front of his cabin and sold it to Brown, the tavern man. Brown sent me with the other fellow with a yoke of oxen to get a load of it. We drove onto the marsh and commenced loading. The old man heard us and came out with a pitch fork on his shoulder and started down the hill. Somehow he stumbled and threw the fork ahead of him away down onto the marsh and he came tumbling after.

The marsh was soft and we concluded to head for shore before we got on too much of a load. The oxen began to mire and soon one of them sank in the soft muck. We unyoked the cattle and got them out of the soft mud and then hitched chains to the end of the tongue, unloaded some of the hay and the cattle pulled the wagon out.

Potter had a very sore eye. He went over to John Linderman, north of the cemetery where W. O. Campbell now lives, and asked him if Chamberlain's Relief would be good for it. "I don't know", said John. "You can try it if you want to." John gave him the bottle and he held his head back and poured some of the fiery contents into his eye. Long afterward John would tell the story and laugh until he shook.

July 1, 1911.

Abe Norwood.

SOUTH SIDE GROCERY

Reopened by Theo. Borst Tuesday. For General Merchandise

Theo. Borst has bought the stock and fixtures of the South Side Grocery has rented the building and reopened for business Tuesday. Mr. Borst's announcement appears in another column of this paper. He will outfit with a complete line of groceries and general merchandise.

The stock will be new and first class and the people who deal there are assured a square deal.

Mr. Borst has clerked in the Warner Grocery the past year and has proven himself to be an obliging and competent business man.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

Dr. J. O. Maxwell and Game Warden "Fatty" Leach met their Waterloo while touring the country during one of the recent storms They drove into a washout north of the river in Waverly township, and the horses broke loose and ran away. The Doctor and Charley described an arc and landed on their heads. After an examination which showed that there were no broken bones, the doctor remarked "that it might have been worse."—True Northerner.

GOOD ROADS

As Viewed by a Farmer

Lawton, Mich., Aug. 21, '11.

The up-to-date Republican has been wanting criticisms on the good roads question.

The leaders of the time and fashion want one good road for spinning to and from the large towns and some to go fishing Sundays, so they are in favor of making a piece on the Paw Paw road of many thousand dollars expense and let other taxpaying farmers who live over the reef of the township sink or swim in winter or through the extreme heat of 90 in the shade draw heavy loads of grapes or produce over hills which June rains washed out, so they are most impassable.

The road Commissioner and town board are notified and the answer comes repeatedly, "Well, when we get the auto road made we will fix the road if there is any money left.". Perhaps there won't be any.

So the patient farmers pay their taxes and see their money wasted and their rights trampled on, their horses misused and work handicapped by worse road than used to be when farmers did their own roadwork.

Oh, yes, farmers should be broad-minded and always patronize their home town, just keep still and keep on grinding as they always have done before. But the up to-date farmers say equal roads and equal rights to all and no special privileges to a few who can boast of an automobile.

Some of the village people are wise but a majority look with more pride on a chauffeur who stops and buys 10 cents worth of gasoline than on the farmer who buys the material and hires men to erect a new house or barn or buys the many things which keep the village alive.

The thoughts of many are scorn for the farmer who feeds them all. Some farmers run autos; most of them were raised by the man behind the plow.

I read from the Kalamazoo Telegraph-Press that farmers of Big Prairie Ronde considered it a complete failure, this new road system. They have expended over $100,000 and yet have roads in a deplorable condition beyond any repair. Autoists and farmers shun them, they are so rough. The taxpayers of the village and county should read what it says on the first page of August ninth.

An Old Subscriber.

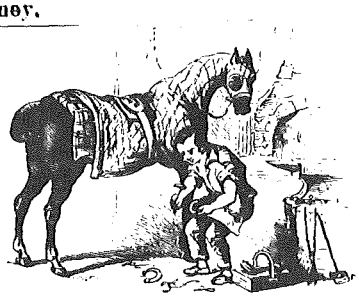
DECATUR WINS ANOTHER GAME

Defeats Lawrence on Their Grounds by Score of 3 to 0.

Last Friday afternoon our ball team journeyed to Lawrence and played a winning game, defeating that nine by a score of 3 to 0.

The game was fast from the start, and "Red" Woolfe, our star pitcher, shoved them over so hot that the Lawrence boys could smell the smoke Only one hit is recorded against him and he has twelve strike-outs to his credit. But then they all played good, every mother's son of them was on the job with a vengeance.

Lawrence plays the return game this afternoon at Barton Park and base ball fans will probably see a game well worth their time and money.



THE MORRIS HORSES

Dr. R. C. Morris Comes to Decatur With the Finest String Owned by Single Owner in Southwestern Michigan

Dr. R. C. Morris has brought his string of horses to Decatur, adding materially to the good horses of this vicinity.

He has for two years enjoyed the honor of winning more races than any amateur driver in Michigan. He has started in 23 races and has only once failed to land inside the money, when his horse pulled a shoe.

He gave Exum Mead, 2:14½, his record and started him seven times last year winning 5 first and 2 second monies. At Wauseon, Ohio, he started from 12th position and finished second in 2:11½ his horse going a mile in 2:09.

Elesa Etheridge, 2:27¼, has a trial of 2:16 and promises to trot 2:10 this year and with Camille, 2:11,½, he has the fastest pair of trotters ever owned in Southwestern Michigan by one man. Camille has won several $1000., races and is one of the fastest horses in the world from a standing start as she has been a half in 59:¼ seconds.

In Elsie Etheridge trial 2:19, Dr. Morris owns a handsome mare of nice size. He owns two Allertons, 2:09¼, a son and daughter, and he is the champion sped sire of the world having 216 horses in the 2:30 list.

In Mose Allerton he has a nice youngster who looks like Redlack, 2:07¼, that sold a year ago for $10,000.

Allerton's stud fee at one time was $1,000 Mose Alerton's dam is by Reward J., 2:16¼ with 36 in the 2:30 list. His dam is one of the great breed mares of the world, 11 in the 2:30 list.

Dr Etherioge 2:23¼ is at Hastings and is fast becoming a speed sire as well as a sire of high going horses.

Cornelius Crawford is a four year old that is a thoroughbred trotter, one who has five standard crosses. He goes high and can step a 20 shot like a veteran.

Mark Hanna, the Royal Belgian, the baby, weighs 2200 lbs and is one of the most successful sires in the state. Dr. Morris was offered $3000, for him a year ago. He is of horse show calibre and one should see him to appreciate how grand a stallion he is.

Imperial weighs 1760, a registered Percheron, is a nice clean boned horse one that anyone would be proud to own.

Dr. Morris also has a few reigstered mares of the above breed.

His horses will put Decatur on the map as a good horse town, as few stables in the state have as many high grade horses as he owns. He is a charter member of the Michigan Trotting Horse Association that give futurity races each year, thereby encouraging breeders to raise fine horses.

50th WEDDING AN.

VAN BUREN COUNTY FAIR

LOCAL TALENT

Irish Molly Kelly was one of those fun making persons, with her "dustin and swapin" poor Molly had a terrible time. Her dear Billy O'Lee was "just out o' the horsepistol" and she was nearly crazy with the answering of the telephone and doorbell. Mrs. F.C. Stapleton was poor Irish Molly and she was always a source of fun for the crowd. Billy O'Lee the stammering chore boy and Molly's beau was Ernest Foulke. Mr. Foulke's song specialties made the part an attractive one. Dutch Hans, Leon Knight, with his wooden shoes and box of Japanese Lanterns

appeared in time to help Molly with her trouble and left only when she had turned him down for Billy.

The curtain rose in the first act on the Teddy Bear chorus. Little Isabel Hinkley singing the Bear song accompanied by a chorus of twenty little folks. The Cow Boy Song by Miss Marietta McDole came between the first and second acts and the chorus was enacted with enthusiasm by a group of little Cowboys and Cowgirls equipped with revolvers and whips.

Mac Young entertained the Gibsons with a Song, "I'm looking for a Girl Like You" and encore. Mac attracts attention wherever he appears.

Mrs. Adams opened the second act with "I'm In Love with One of the Stars" accompanied by chorus. Then the country folks, or as Mrs. Gibson said, "Job's poor relation," began to arrive and a genuine good time was had until the arrival of Colonel Gibson, Frank Brigham, and his son William. William was dressed in the costume of a Zouave and proved to be Carl Hamilton. He was invited to "do some of his stunts" and he gave an exhibition of the Zouave drill which he had learned as a member of the Kalamazoo company. It made people open their eyes to see one of our town boys handle a heavy rifle in the manner he did.

The Drummer Song was sung by Chester Graham, six girls forming a chorus. This was followed by the Fluffy Ruffle chorus, consisting of Miss Cleo Flagg, soloist, and twelve young people.

A real live baseball game held the attention of the Gibson Family for a time. The game was introduced by Warren Mosier in a song and a drill by the team. Then they got busy and it was surely a spicy game. "The College Boy" was sung by Ernest Foulke with a lively crowd of twelve young people for a chorus. College togs and penants produced a very neat effect.

The last Chorus was "If all Moons Were Honeymoons" sung by Mrs. Bope while seated in a large moon suspended at the back of the stage while a chorus of twelve occupied the stage. The finale, "Good Night Dear," brought on the entire company making a chorus of nearly fifty.

Decatur has presented many home talent plays but for results none can surpass the Gibson Family Reunion. In the contest on selling tickets to the Reunion Mary Moulton sold 37 and was awarded first prize. Lillie True sold 32 and received second prize.

The prizes were nice boxes of confectionery.

1911

The Hat Girls

ELIZABETH G. CURRY

1841-1911

Miss Elizabeth G. Curry was born March 27, 1841, on Little Prairie Ronde, Decatur township, and died at her home near Marcellus May 17, 1911 Aged seventy years, one month and twenty days.

She died of tuberculosis of the bone and blood. The brother and sister were untiring in their efforts for the welfare and comfort of their sister who manifested a most cheerful and patient disposition during her three years illness. About four weeks ago she suffered a third stroke of paralysis since which she had been helpless.

She was the sixth child of a family of nine children. Her parents, David and Elizabeth Gard Curry, were among the early pioneers of Michigan coming to the state when it was a wilderness, from Ohio, in the year 1830.

Her father built a log cabin without windows, doors, or floor. After a time a floor was laid with lumber from Whitmansville. It was in this log cabin that the nine children were born. There was only one house between his place and Paw Paw.

Mr. Curry and his family experienced the usual hardships and privation of pioneer life, but succeeded in developing a good farm upon which he made his home until his death which occurred March 20, 1846, leaving the widow with eight children, the eldest scarcely thirteen years of age.

In December, 1846, the youngest daughter was claimed by death. In January, 1865, Brookfield passed beyond.

The mother with the remaining children continued together, with the exception of Mary Jane, who had become the wife of Jacob High, until June 20, 1878, when the mother passed away, followed by Juliet 2 years later.

Three brothers and one sister remained on the old homestead until about 15 years ago when they moved to their present home. Since then death has claimed three more, only two remaining of the once large family

The funeral of Elizabeth was held Sunday May 21st at 2 o'clock at the Baptist church in Marcellus and was attended by a large concourse of people showing the high esteem in which she was held by her friends.

Sister you, have gone and left us,
And your place we can never fill,
But He who has bereft us,
Has caused your aches and pains be still.

How still the empty room her presence blessed,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed,
My lonely heart has nowhere for its rest.
Since she went home.

JOHN A. SHAW DEAD

One of Michigan's Oldest Pioneers Dead. Passed Away in Kalamazoo March 23

88 YEARS OF AGE

John A. Shaw, one of the oldest and best known residents of southwestern Michigan, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bowen, in Kalamazoo last Thursday afternoon at the age of eighty-eight years, death being due to old age. Six children survive him as follows: Mrs. Stella Mumaugh, Decatur; Mrs. F. E. Bowen, Kalamazoo, Miss Angeline Shaw, Benton Harbor, A. L. Shaw, Kalamazoo, and William H. Shaw and Charles J. Shaw of Nebraska.

Mr. Shaw was born in Salt Creek township, Fairfield county, Ohio.

July, 1828, in the same year in which President Monroe delivered the famous Monroe doctrine. In November of his ninth year he came to Michigan with his parents, the children—nine in all, a team and two cows.

They first settled in Cass county on Little Prairie Ronde outhe Jacob Charles farm, afterward owned by Austin Charles. Here the father, Samuel Shaw, built a log house in the woods. Clapboards were laid for roof. No nails were used. Michigan was then a territory and the Black Hawk war was causing considerable excitement.

John A., helped drive to Michigan not only his father's cows but also the cows and sheep of another family.

At the age of eleven in a log school house for a period of six weeks he attended a school supported by subscription. The bible useil as a reading book and Webster's spelling books were the only text books used. Later he attended a winter school in a log cabin near where Anderson grave yard now is and later school at Nicholsville, paying his own tuition. Again at Hayeektown he attended school and studied grammar, arithmetic and philosophy. In 1848 he moved to Barry county and here married Miss Rhoda Ann Hollister.

Ten children were born to them. In 1853 Mr. Shaw bought eighty acres in Decatur township, Van Buren county. The patent for this farm was written on sheepskin and signed by Martin Van Buren, president of the United States of America.

Mr. Shaw was director of the school in his district for many years. In those times, the district library was kept at the director's home and he read by the light of the tallow candle and the blazing fire place most of the books in the library. He was school inspector and justice of the peace and many cases were tried before him and many marriages performed by him. Among the latter was the marriage of the late John Cook to his first wife.

He was an honest, industrious and well read citizen and respected by those who knew him.

During his citizenship in Kalamazoo county he enjoyed reading a great deal and kept abreast the progressive movements of the day. Only a few weeks ago he attended the Kalamazoo County Farmers' institute round up at Comstock and enjoyed the program of the day and evening except the coughing which was occasioned by red pepper and snuff thrown on the stove by some boys. The results of that evening's cough staid by him until his final sickness

A. L. Shaw and his most estimable wife Abbie made a pleasant home for him during his later years until her death last September. Since then father and son have enjoyed sharing the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bowen.

Mr Shaw's robust health was largely due to his temperate habits. He had never used tobacco or liquor.

He was a member of the Park street Christian church and Bible school. Funeral services were held at the home, 400 Prospect Place, on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Rev O. E. Tomes.

Brief services were also held in the Christian Church at Decatur on Monday at 10:30 a. m.

Interment took place in the Anderson cemetery south east of Decatur.

DEDICATION OF REFORMED CHURCH

Services Held Monday Evening in New Building. Rev. Van Arendonk Performs Ceremony

The dedication of the Dutch Reformed church in this village was held last Monday. Sunday before the Rev. A. VanArendonk, Classical Missionary preached before the congregation in the morning service, served the communion table and gave a sermon in the English language in the evening. The afternoon service was conducted by the local pastor of the church, Mr. Patterson.

Monday afternoon the congregation and friends, able to understand the Holland language were again gathered in the nice little church building where about 160 persons can find place.

Rev. VanArendonk presided over the meeting and gave an address in which he congratulated the congregation with the success of their efforts to establish a house of the Lord for their meeting place.

He gave a report of the state of things and might announce that many proofs of sympathy had been received from like minded friends.

The organ, pulpit, Holland and English bibles, carpet, etc., were gifts, and also a great deal of the expense was received from persons who were heartily thanked for their kindness. The building has cost till now a little over a thousand dollars. The labor is not included because the members have done the work themselves. Painting inside and outside must still be done and also a furnace put in before next winter.

After reading of the dedicatory formula and prayer by Rev. Van Arendonk, the Dedicatory sermon was preached by M. H. W. Patterson. Theological student of the Senior class at the Western Theological Seminary of Holland, Mich. His introduction was taken from II. Sam. 7-10. "I will appoint a place for my people and will plant them, that they may dwell in their own place and be moved no more." Then he pointed to the words of Matt. 15:13. "Every plant which my heavenly Father planted not, shall be rooted out," which brought him to his text, Ps. 2:13, "Who are planted in the house of Jehovah shall flourish in the courts of our God." It was a forceful gospel sermon, which inspired the audience.

At 7:30 in the evening the house was again filled with many friends and members. The local churches were represented by their ministers and many members.

Rev. VanArendonk opened and presided over the meeting. Rev. Dr. Skinner from the Presbyterian church of Lafayette, led the prayer. Mr. Patterson read the scripture, Ps. 84, and after and between singing of some gospel hymns, the Rev. Van Arendonk, Rev. Terry of the Church of Christ, Rev. Nickel of the Methodist church and Rev. Munneke of the Presbyterian church addressed the congregation and brought their congratulations. All expressed their feelings in spiritual words. All said they were glad to see the Holland people becoming a part of Decatur's population, for all nations are bound to honor the heroic history of the people whose cradle stood on a small spot on the map but whose influence very mightily has gone forth in every sphere of society and especially in religious sphere.

They are the very backbone of religious freedom everywhere and are known as industrious and faithful and orthodox the world over.

Certainly those who have been present at those meetings went home with the assurance that also this new church is adopted as a sister church of the local churches and Rev. Nickel expressed it so well, although there is a slight difference in the minor points of conception of the worship of God and a difference in language to express the thoughts, because they are of different folds, "The Great Shepherd says in John 10:16, they shall hear my voice and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.".

CARVED HOME FROM FOREST

Christiana Popendick Was One of Van Buren County's Earliest Pioneers.

INTERESTING LIFE HISTORY

Christiana Buechner was born November 3, 1829, at Salzungen, Saxe deiming, Germany. She died at her home December 21, 1910, at the ripe ge of eighty-one years, one month, ighteen days.

In 1847 she, with her parents, came o America, the voyage across the ocean occupying forty-two days Landing at New York they proceeded directly to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he remained till her marriage to

Christopher Popendick who came from Germany about the same time the Buechners came.

Mr. Popendick went from New York to Kingston, Canada, and from there to Detroit. The Michigan Central Railroad was in process of construction then and upon that road young Popendick found employment at Niles. There he became acquainted with the Buechners who were also working on the railroad. Being German like himself a friendship sprang up between them and the Buechners invited him to their home where he met and won Christiana for his wife.

Mr. Popendick was a stone mason and worked on the first abutment of the Michigan Central bridge over the St. Joe river at Niles. When his work there was completed he and Miss Christiana were married at White Oak, Van Buren County, April 5, 1848, and immediately settled in what is now called the Lyle neighborhood due north of Decatur about five miles.

They found on the shore of the little lake on their farm a small shanty someone had built and abandoned. Into this they moved and began the struggle of creating a home for themselves out of the primeval forest. The roads of those days were blazed trails through the forest. St. Joseph was their market then for wheat when they had raised enough to sell some. 5 bags of wheat constituted a good load for the oxcart and it required two days and one night to make the round-trip to St. Joseph.

Five or six years after establishing their home in the wilderness they built a frame house near where the present house now stands, this building is now in use on the farm The present home was erected in 1871. Here both have lived till death called them away. Mr. Popendick departing this life May 18, 1889. Sixteen years ago Mrs. Popendick was stroken wth paralysis and the last four years she was speechless and helpless.

Mr. and Mrs. Popendick were parents of five children, William, John, Matilda, Amanda and Mary. They all remained at home till past twenty-one years of age and helped what they could in developing the farm. Two of them, Matilda and Amanda, preceded their mother in death. William and John are farmers, the former living southeast of Decatur and the later in Colorado. Mary abides on the old homestead

Besides her children Mrs. Popendick leaves one sister and many other relatives and friends to mourn her departure.

Thus closes a long and useful life. Those who knew her best loved her most and speak her praise. From her early childhood she was a Christian and throughout her long life was an honest Bible student. She was a true wife, an affectionate mother, a faithful friend and true lover of nature. After long years of patient suffering mother is at rest.

Funeral services were conducted at the home, Dec., 28, by J. J Terry. Interment in Cuddeback cemetery.

CAPT. BEEBE DEAD

Former Postmaster of Decatur Passed Away in Portland Oregon

Capt. Eri Beebe, once a well known resident of Decatur, died at the home of his son in Portland, Oregon, about a month ago. News of the death has reached Decatur through the National Tribune, official paper of the Civil War veterans which records the deaths of all of the old soldiers reported to it.

Eri Beebe was captain of one of the companies of the Twenty-fifth Michigan Infantry. He returned to Decatur after the war and resided here eight or ten years. In the days following the war this village contained many active and prominent politicians. When Grant was inaugurated in '69 such men as Capt. Beebe, Capt. Ed. Farmer, Lieut. Don Rogers, Chas. Duncombe, S. T. Conway and others went to Washington to attend the ceremonies. Several of them were rewarded later with federal positions Capt. Farmer was appointed internal revenue collector and S. T. Conway, assessor, and Capt. Beebe postmaster. In those days a revenue was collected for nearly every kind of buisness. The owner of a saw mill was assessed ten dollars a year and a blacksmith the same.

Capt. Beebe succeeded Mrs. Phelps as postmaster in 1869, held the office four years and was succeeded by John Rogers. A few years later he went west. He died at the age of 88 years.

BEE KING AT GLENWOOD

Works Sixteen Hours a Day A Thousand Queen Bees Have Already Been Shipped Out

The Dowagiac Herald gives the following account of the buisness being carried on by Glenwood veteran in Bee culture:

"Elmer Mott, Glenwood's bee king and Cass county's for that matter-is working sixteen hours a day just now, attending to his apiary of 20 colonies of bees, propogating queen bees, and boxing and shipping them.

"His orders for queen bees have already exceeded the whole of last year's business and the season is not near over.

"These queens are shipped as per order. Some orders are just the queen, which is placed alone in a little wire cage, three or four inches long and an inch or two in diameter, with a little honey fastened in it, fixed so she cannot get in contact with it expect for eating.

"Some order a queen and a few bees, and some want still more bees. Hence his prices run from a dollar to two or three. He also sends out small colonies and he is constantly engaged dividing his larger colonies into these nuclei.

"It has kept him busy raising queens fast enough, and he has bought 250 to supply the demand he could not fill.

"He says his bees are not storing a surplus of honey this year, owing to the dry weather, but they are making enough for winter, and may store more out of the fall flowers.

"He has a business in which competition is limited, as very few men care for the society of a honey bee which is noted for a habit of resenting familiarity.

BALL CLUB ORGANIZED

Plans are Begun for Some Good Games this Season

It looks as though Decatur would come to the front as a baseball town this season. There are good players here and they are enthusiastic to play.

Monday evening at a meeting held in the D. A. C. hall an organization was perfected by the election of the following officers:

C. W. McGibeny, Pres.
F. C. Stapletonn, Manager.
Theo. Borst., Secy.,
Dr. R. J. Hoyck, treas.

Arba N. Moulton, Dr. W. P. Bope, M. S. Carney, C. E. Crifield, A. E Lawrence, P. M. Young, L. A. Lyle, C W. Newell, L. S. Jones, W. A. Wood and C. W. Warner, directors.

About $100 is needed to put the grounds in repair and purchase uniforms and an effort will be made to raise this amount by popular subscription.

MANY FRIENDS ATTEND MASS

Father John Hackett First Dowagiac Young Man to Become a Priest

At ten o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July at Holy Maternity church in Dowagiac Father Hackett

sang his first solemn high mass. His first mass was read the Sunday before in Detroit when he was ordained.

He was assisted at Dowagiac by Father O'Leary, Father Welch, Father Wall and Father Joos. Father Joos of Monroe in his remarks congratulated the congregation upon having the opportunity of seeing the first Dowagiac young man become a priest and the honor of having him there to sing his first solemn mass His parents were also congratulated as well as the pastor through whom Father Hackett received his first inspiration Immediately following the Gloria during the services the young men of the parish marched to the front of the church, where in behalf of the congregation Arthur Richey presented Father Hackett with a solid gold chalice in appreciation of the occasion. At one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hackett, served a four course Priest Breakfast at their home, about sixty relatives and friends being present. Among the guests were Mrs. Hannah Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Conway, Norbert Neville and W. A. Huntington of Hamilton.

Father Hackett is a grandson of Mrs. Hannah Conway of Hamilton and one of an exceptionally bright family of five children. Thomas is a graduate from the medical department of the University of Michigan this year, Mabel is a graduate of the Normal College at Ypsilanti, Verna is completing her fourth year in the convent of Monroe, and Dan, the youngest, is one of the brightest pupils in the Dowagiac high school.

KEELER POST OFFICE ABANDONED

One of the Oldest Offices in County.

An order has been received by Postmaster Bert Duncombe of Keeler to turn over the supplies of that office to Postmaster Olds of Hartford and discontinue the office at Keeler.

The little village of Keeler has had an office for three-quarters of a century. It was first established at what is now the Chas Rosevelt farm and Judge Keeler was the first postmaster Judge Keeler also kept a hotel in the large frame building just west of the present brick residence.

The fact that most of the residents of the little village now take advantage of the R. F. D. has caused the business of the postoffice to fall to such an etxent that the government does not deem it profitable to maintain an office there longer.

THRESHING IN PIONEER DAYS

Reminiscences of How It Was Done Sixty to Seventy-five Years Ago on the Prairie

One of Little Prairie Ronde's oldest settlers wandered into the yard of John Graham's blacksmith shop the other day and saw the mammoth new Advance Separator that Fred Graham has started into the wheat fields of this vicinity this week This separator is a self feeder, self stacker, self measurer and self weigher and will thresh 15,000 bushels a day if that much could be brought to it.

This great piece of modern machinery set the pioneer to thinking of the manner of threshing in his boyhood days and the reporter for the Republican heard from him the following interesting reminiscences:

Probably the first threshing machine in Volinia was an open cylinder made out of a log with large spikes fashioned by a Volinia blacksmith driven into it. It was set up in Hubbel Warner's barn on the south side of Copley's grove. The wheat, straw and chaff all fell through into the basement of the barn where it was later separated with forks, the straw stacked out of doors and the wheat run through a sort of fanning mill to separate it from the chaff. This was along in the early forties.

The next style of thresher to the best memory of our informant was known as a runaround machine. It was driven by four horses around the field while a man pitched to it from one to two bundles from each shock. The threshing power of the machine was guaged by the speed of the horses. One man cut the bands and did the feeding and it kept him running The capacity of this machine was about 100 bushels a day. The wheat was dropped into a box under the machine which held eight bushels. As fast as the box became full the driver would drive over a canvas spread on the ground, pull out a slide in the bottom of the box and lett the wheat onto the canvas. This machine saved the work of stacking. Probably the first one of these machines was run on what is now the Benj Hathaway farm in the latter part of the forties.

The next threshing machine was drawn on a wagon from farm to farm, it was unloaded in the barn or field and run by horse power, eight horses hitched to four sweeps Its capacity was from 200 to 250 bushels a day. The first one of these machines on the Prairie was owned by the Morton brothers near Twin Lakes in 1852.

From this time on improvements were seen every few years in the machines that came onto the prairie.

The first steam thresher was brought onto the prairie in 1863 by Daniel and Nelson Gant and the boys had a Three Rivers separator. From the earliest days of its settlement Volinia has been a big wheat country and much of the wealth accumulated by the first settlers came from raising of this important cereal. Forty bushels to the acre in the early days was not an unusual yield, and oftimes the best farmers would boast of a yield of fifty bushels.

READY FOR THRESHING

Fred Graham Buys New Separator. Wheat Crop Light

Fred Graham received last week a new Advance threshing machine separator. It is a regular western separator with 44 inch cylinder, self feeder, stacker and weigher. It weighs about four tons and is the largest separator in this section. It cost $1,000.

Fred also has a twenty-five horse power engine which he bought last year. This puts him in shape to take care of all the threshing he can get.

The threshing season begins a week early this year, some wheat being cut the first of last week.

The crop as a whole is short, the Hessian fly has done more damage than it has before in years.

DECATUR'S OLDEST MERCHANT

Death Comes to John Shaad after Business Career of 46 Years in This Village

1831-1911

John Shaad was a native of Switzerland, born in Ober Hallau, Canton of Shaffhausen, February 21st, 1831, where he received his early education and learned the trade of shoemaker, serving the customary apprenticeship of five years

In 1850 he entered the Italian Army and was stationed at Naples. At the expiration of four years he returned to his boyhood home and in 1855 he came to America. He worked at his trade in Cincinnati, Ohio, and after living in New Albany, Ind, Memphis, Tenn., Three Rivers, Mich., and Independence, Ia , he located in Decatur July 1st, 1865, where he established a shoe business which still bears his name.

In 1902 he had a paralytic stroke from which he so far recovered as to be able to be at his place of business until August of last year, since which time he has been confined to his home suffering from heart trouble.

Tuesday afternoon, April 18th, 1911, he laid down the burden of life at the age of eighty years, one month and twenty-seven days. He is survived by two daughters, Anna and Mary, and one son John T., his wife having died in 1906.

Funeral services were held at the home at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. Rev. A. Bradefield officiated. Burial was in the family lot in Lakeside cemetery.

His daughter, Mrs. Mary Hanks of Oregon, arrived at four o'clock Sunday morning and was present at the funeral. Other relatives from a distance who were present are Mr and Mrs. C. W. Cox and Mrs. C. C. Bateman of Three Rivers.

OLIVER LYLE

1847-1911

As recorded in last week's Republican Oliver Lyle died the 14th of February, 1911. His age was 63 years, 3 months and 9 days and all of his life was spent in Paw Paw and Decatur townships.

He was a son of the late John Lyle and was born on the Lyle homestead in Paw Paw November 5 1847. November 4th, 1869, he was married to Anne McWilliams and five children were born to them, one dying in infancy. Four children, Mrs. E. J. Rawson, Edwin A. Lyle, Mrs. C. E. Slocum and Arthur G. Lyle, the widow and one brother, Levi Lyle, survive him. His twin sister, Mrs. Olive Carr, died in April, 1893.

For seven years after marriage Mr. Lyle lived on the old homestead and then he bought and moved onto the farm where thirty-five years later he died.

Oliver Lyle was one of Decatur's best citizens as well as one of the county's oldest pioneers. He had a high sense of honor, his word was as good as a bond, he was a good neighbor and friend. He had been in poor health for nearly a year and last October was obliged to give up his active duties. At the holiday time his life was despaired of but he grew better apparently and his family and friends thought when spring came he would be out again. He was as usual the night before he died and at eight o'clock of the morning he died drank a cup of hot milk. He sank away rapidly afterwards and passed away at 10:15.

Funeral services were held at the home Thursday afternoon, Rev. Munneke pastor of the Presbyterian church of which he was a member, officiated, and Mrs. W. P. Pope sang "Abide With Me" and "Hold Thou My Hand." His daughter Mrs Slocum of Denver, Colo., failed to arrive until the early morning train Friday and burial was deferred until Friday afternoon when the remains were laid at rest in Lyle cemetery. The pall bearers were Mr. Lyle's six nephews Melvin, Arley and Jay Lyle, Frank Harry and Alex McWilliams. Many beautiful flowers were sent by sympathizing friends.

EPISODE AT THE LEE SCHOOL HOUSE IN 1859

A Riddle by Abe Norwood

It was a cold windy day in autumn of that year. A small congregation had gathered to hear preaching by a Decatur minister. Among the rest were an elderly lady and a young woman, her daughter. The old lady had a very kindly expression in her face, yet there was a lofty way with her, as of one who felt her superior blood.

The services over, the young lady arose to go, but her mother wanted her to stay to the Sunday School which would immediately follow the meeting. The daughter heeded not the desire of her mother to remain.

She went to the door, her mother following her. A young man with a horse and buggy a short distance off called to the young lady to hurry. She did hurry. So did the old lady. But youth is spryer than age and the young woman bounded into the buggy. The young man was just ready to spring in after her, the old lady seized him by the coat, and so good was her hold and her strength that she tore off one of his buttons. But he got in the buggy and started.

The mother's last effort was to grasp the buggy wheel which was now in motion and sent her reeling.

The poor old lady gave a despairing shriek and gave up the chase. It was sad.

Alas, that such things should happen. Children know more than their parents and without remorse they break the hearts of those whose love has been their shield and who would die to save them from a wretched life which they so often wildly run after.

But in this case it was better. The young couple were married and lived pleasantly together for many years, most of the time in Decatur.

A few years ago she passed away and he remained in his old home, a healthy, hearty, happy old man until last spring, when he went to another Michigan town to live with his daughter and her husband.

LITTLE MAXINE CARNEY SHOT

Bullet From Unseen Source Struck Her in the Head and Plowed Into the Brain

GRANT MABRY IS ARRESTED ON SUSPICION

Maxine Carney, the little six year old daughter of Mrs. Maggie Carney, was shot in the head, presumably by a bullet from a revolver, the evening of the Fourth, and lies at the point of death.

No one saw who fired the shot but the members of the family heard the report of a weapon. The family were enjoying the fireworks and were all on the lawn in front of the house on West St. Mary's street. Mrs. Maggie Carney was sitting in a chair and little Maxine was standing on the right beside her. The shot struck the little girl on the side of the head and the bullet is lodged there yet.

Doctors were quickly summoned and by midnight Sheriff Sowle and assistants arrived in Decatur and arrested Squire C. Mabry on sus-

picion.

Wednesday morning Sheriff Sowle and Prosecuting Attorney Glenn Warner came to Decatur and spent the day upon the case but uncovered nothing in the line of direct evidence of the shooting. There seems to be plenty of evidence, however, that Mabry has dictated certain anonymous letters to different members of the Carney family for which he will have to answer if the charge of shooting is not substantiated.

The officers are making a thorough investigation and will spare no efforts to learn all of the facts in the case.

The fearful tragedy has brought much sadness to the village and sympathy unbounded goes out to the stricken family. Little Maxine has not regained consciousness since she was shot and the physicians hold out no hope that she can recover. She was a bright little girl of six and the youngest daughter of Mrs. Maggie Carney. Since the death of her father about three years she with the other children of his family have resided with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carney.

Thursday morning:—Little Maxine is brighter and she seems to have an even chance to recover.

PENN LOOSES TO DECATUR

Red Woolfe Holds Down Penn Sluggers in Game of 6 to 4 the Fourth

The ball team of Penn suffered defeat at Barton Park last Tuesday after a hard fought battle with Decatur. Score 6 to 4.

Owing to the extremely hot day the fore part of the game was a bit ragged, it seemed hard to get the spirit started. But after a half hour of play the boys on both sides woke up and it was a fight to finish ending with Decatur on top.

Red Woolfe pitched in excellent form for the home team, holding the hitting to a scattering few, with several strike-outs to his credit.

A large crowd was present and the ice cream cone and lemonade stands did an immense business

LUCKY AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Bine Stearns Runs Into Ditch

Bine Stern, with his hired man by his side, came down the road in his handsome Maxwell runabout at a 25 mile clip last Sunday. He was coming over the hills from Hartford to Keeler and the wild speed of the gallant Maxwell never slackened. On one particularly long hill that Bine will never forget the little machine attained a speed that fairly raised it from the ground At the foot of this hill driving leisurely along unconscious of danger came a man in a wagon The sensation that shot through his nerves when Bine saw this obstacle in his path was too heartrending to depict in human language. But Bine Stearns was not the man to hoist the white flag or roll onto the ground in a faint. He squacked the honk till the squacker busted but when the time came he pulled out and went round the man in the wagon.

Now comes the most awful moment of all. Just beyond the man in the wagon was a bridge with a fair sized rivulet flowing some ten feet below it. Mr. Stearns made a Herculean effort to regain the road before coming upon the bridge but it was impossible. Two wheels failed to catch the plank, the machine plowed into the side rail of the bridge, and plunged straight downward into the waters below.

By rare good fortune neither Mr. Stearns nor his companion was killed. The hired man thought his leg was broken but Bine told him he had better get out of the water or he would be drowned. Just then a piece of the rail fell off and struck Mr. Stearns on the head. This was the most severe injury recorded, but the automobile is the picture of ruin.

Mr. Stearns went to South Bend Tuesday to see if he could change it for one with a speed limit attachment that will make the breaking of the village ordinance impossible.

Excerpt From "Queen of the Woods"

Entered by Donald Moline and Marvin Peterson under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science, as a continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest.

When "Wa-bi-gon-i-gis-sis" (Moon of flowers and bloom) came, and mating birds were moving north in song, and wild flowers were blooming, and the trees were putting on their robes of green, I took the hand of my dear, young, loved Loniday, and she became my bride. No wedding cards were passed around, no gifts were made, no bells were rung, no feast was given, no priest declared us one. We only pledged our sincere faith before her mother and the King of Heaven. Our hopes, our joys were one.

Hand in hand, along an ancient trail we took our course until we reached a land of game. Here we paused, and like two mated birds that search and find a place to build "widj was-i-swan-og" (their nests of mud and straw) so we, beside "sa-gai-gan" (an inland lake), where towering woods embrowed its shore and flags, rushes, and "man-o-min" (wild rice) in plenty could be found, built our wigwam home of bark and poles. There, oft at morning dawn and evening tide, we fished from out our birch canoe; and that she might have more success than I, ofttimes I would bait well her hook and let my own go bare, then wonder why she caught more fish than I. And oft returning from the chase, weary and tired of carrying game, I'd follow down the trail upon a narrow neck of land that ran into the lake toward our home.

As I would emerge from out the woods upon the open shore, I never failed to see Lonidaw's erect and slender form on hasty run, to get the boat to bring me home. No "wob-isi" (swan) ever faster swam or more elegantly appeared than she, when bending to the oars, pushing "widg-wig-was-tchi-man" (her birch canoe) across the swelling bosom of the lake. As she would approach me while waiting on the shore, I always hailed her "Hoe" (Hallo), o-gi-maw-kwe-mit-i-gwa-ki" (queen of the woods).

No "as-a-wa-jonia" (gold) could buy the joy of admiration born in my soul, as I would catch the scornful glances of her eyes, almost concealed amid approving smiles. On our return across the lake she would cling to the oars and have me steer. I always felt her image in my heart, and loved to see it in the lake; and oft would ask if her feelings were akin to mine. Her only answer was an approving glance and downcast smile. Thus, happy in each other's love, we floated down life's stream, all unprepared for cataracts and rocks along the shore.

DECATUR PEOPLE'S POCKETS PICKED

Big Crowd at Circus Proves Disasterous to Some

As usual Decatur contributed its share of attendance at the Great Forepaugh and Sells Bros circus at Dowagiac last Thursday, more than four

hundred going from this station. Nearly all had a good time but a few came home sadder and wiser.

As the immense crowd was trying to board the three little cars on the accomodation train in the evening it was attacked by pick pockets. Elliott Wooster was relieved of $55 in endorsed checks and some change, Gilbert Mead lost about $30, Jud. Southworth $17 and A. C Bidlack $15. A good many others were touched but the above are all we have heard of in this vicinity.

DECATUR'S POPULATION 1487

Recount Last Week Shows Official Enumerator Missed 201 People. County Shows Gain

So much dissatisfaction was expressed with the official figures given out from the census department recently of the population of the village of Decatur that some of the business men raised a purse and employed Lester Hooper to make a recount, which was completed Tuesday.

Mr. Hooper made a careful count and obtained the name of every resident. The count has been examined by persons well acquainted with the people of the village and it is known to be correct.

By this recount Decatur village has a population of 1487 instead of 1286 as reported by the boy from Lawton whom the Supervisor of the census sent here last spring as official enumerator.

The correct census of Decatur, while not official shows that during the last ten years there has been a gain in population of 131 and also that the imported enumerator missed just 201 people.

This careless work of the enumerator does not only an injury to the village of Decatur but to the county of Van Buren. Had Decatur been counted correctly Van Buren county would have been counted with the counties that showed gains instead of those that showed losses.

The official count gives this county in 1900, 33,274, in 1910, 33,185, a loss of 89. The correct count of Decatur would have given the county in 1910, 33,316, a gain of 42.

The official census of the township of Decatur for 1910 is 820, to this number add 100 Hollanders who have located in the township outside of the village this spring, and 1487, the correct census of the village and the result is 2407 which is the correct population of the township of Decatur today.

The names of every resident of the village as shown in the recount is inscribed in a book on file in the Republican office and can be examined by any one desiring proof of the accuracy of the count.

THE GIBSON FAMILY REUNION

Great Success in Every Way.

Home Players Show Talent on Stage

The Gibson Family Reunion is over. The distinguished visitors from over the sea and the rustic relatives of the family have all departed to their [illegible] and Decatur settles down to peace and quiet once more. For more than a week eighty of Decatur's talented people, large and small, have been in training for the great event and Friday and Saturday nights of last week presented it at the Town Hall.

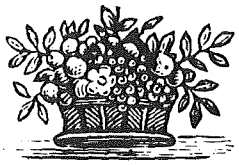
The play was a success both financialy and in the rendering. The hall was filed both nights. The success was due in a large measure to the efforts of Miss Clara Andrews, the trainer sent here by the Bock entertainment Company, to conduct the show and the committee representing the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian church in whose interests the entertainment was given. Miss Andrews' work under reverse conditions showed a skill well worth the mention. Several times during the ten days allowed for training she was compelled to completely change her plans, but she was always ready with another and the result was seen last Friday and Saturday.

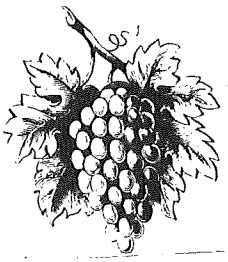
Mrs. Gibson, or as Decatur knows her better, Mrs. R. W. Evans, presented the type of woman that men like to see but hate to have around. Her brain was of great capacity, her assertive manner was felt everywhere and her ready right arm made Job Gibson tremble. Mrs. Evans carried the part with much credit.

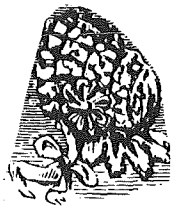
Job, the henpecked husband, who obeyed his wife, but away from her surveillance was ever ready for a song and dance, was our Racket Man, P. E. Pritchard. He might not be accused of actor's talents, but he cleverly kept the audience in an uproar and played with skill.

Phyllis, the gay daughter, and Caroline, Phyllis' sedate sister were represented by Misses Daisy Brodbed and Frances Squier. Their opposing natures, as were those of their parents, caused many complications in the plot. Ted Loraine, a jolly cousin,

was Ross Hudson. He played well a difficult part and that "quare spakin chaco oied monster", Duke of Waterbury, was Ivan Geroux. Mrs. F. O. Goer appeared as Catherine Reynolds, a friend of the family.







B. K. Durkee

A corset to be correct must fit at every point of the figure---bust, hip, waist, length and weight must all be right. Our line of

Royal Worcester Corsets

includes a variety of models and every woman who wears one is sure of all the desirable things in appearance, fit, comfort and wear. Among the many makes of Corsets none covers the field of style and fit as does the

Royal Worcester

Prices range from $1.00 to $3.00

AGED RESIDENT OF DECATUR DIES — 1911

MRS. E.P. HILL PASSED AWAY MONDAY EVENING AT THE AGE OF NINETY-ONE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS

In the death of Mrs. E.P. Hill on Monday evening Decatur has lost one of its oldest and most prominent residents. She has lived here continuously since 1858 and attained the extraordinary age of ninety-one years and six months.

Harriet Esther Hatch was born at Springfield, Mass., on March 19, 1820. Her grandfather was a soldier of the Revolutionary war, whose ancestors came over with Gov. Winthrop from England in 1680. Her early life was spent in New England.

On Oct. 18, 1843, she was married to Ezra P. Hill of Waterville, New York, and for sixty-two years they walked together in faithful love until his death in 1905.

They came west in 1856 to Davenport, Iowa, and in December, 1858 settled in the then new town of Decatur, which for more than half a century has been her home.

Mrs. Hill was a woman of strong intelligence, high Christian ideals, forceful character and great energy, and was diligently devoted to the duties of a long and useful life in the community. She lived not only for her own family but did much also for the common good.

In the Presbyterian Church, Mr. and Mrs. Hill were active and influential all their days, and her loyalty and devotion to her Lord were constant and unwavering to the end.

In 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Hill celebrated their Golden Wedding and in 1903 the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

She retained all her faculties of mind with sight and hearing to the last. Although afflicted for several years with an ailment which hindered her from taking proper nourishment, she was spared from great suffering and was confined to bed for only three weeks.

She returned from her winter residence with her daughter at Van Wert, Ohio, where she had many friends also. She gradually grew weaker through the summer. Surrounded by her children and loved ones, she passed peacefully to her rest at sunset on Monday evening, with many expressions of her gratitude to her Heavenly Father for all His abundant goodness through all her years.

She confidently and trustfully repeated her blessed assurance of the life to come and all the previous promises of God's word.

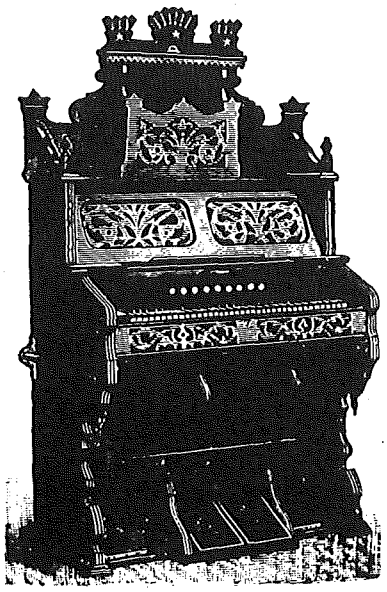
The funeral service was held at the home on Wednesday, P.M., Sept. 13, where friends and neighbors gathered with their tributes of affection for one so long a familiar presence to be seen on earth no more.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams sang, "It is not Death to Die" and "I shall see Him Face to Face." Rev. F.A. Mueneke, her pastor, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Dr. J.A. Gordon, her son-in-law, read the obituary and added a few words at her special request. The interment was at Lakeside by the side of her departed husband.

Mrs. Hill is survived by her son, L. Dana Hill of Decatur, a daughter, Mrs. J.A. Gordon of Van Wert, Ohio, a grandson and great grandson, Delos L. Hill, and Delos L. Hill, Jr. of Atlanta, Georgia, a granddaughter, Mrs. O.E. Hunt of Detroit, a niece, Miss Thurga D. Hunt of Libertyville, Illinois, and other relatives.

Appropriate to her death seem the lines of Fannie Crosby, the blind hymn writer, who at ninety-one still writes and sings:

"Some day when fades the golden sun,
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say 'Well done'
And I shall meet him face to face,
And tell the story 'Saved by Grace'"



LYSCOM BRIGHAM DIES SUDDENLY

Born In Massachusetts In 1827 Came To Michigan In 1834

Lyscom Brigham was born in Shutesbury, Franklin County, Massachusetts January 31, 1827, being the fifth child of Curtis and Lydia Brigham. His father was a cobbler and a licensed preacher of the Baptist church.

In 1834 the family made the overland trip to Michigan coming with a covered three-horse wagon. The route went through Canada and was beset with many dangers. While enroute, Lyscom, then seven years old, was stolen by kidnappers who started southward pursued by the brothers on the horses taken from the wagon. When overtaken, the kidnappers were endeavoring to dispose of one horse, which had become lame and were forced to give up the boy.

On arrival in Michigan the family settled in Gunn Plains (now Plainwell), Allgan County. In that vicinity Mr. Brigham's boyhood days were spent. He followed his district school education with a course of study in Olivet College and then settled down to industrious farming. He was married January 29, 1852, to Mary E. Norton of Cooper, Kalamazoo County, and to them were born three sons and a daughter, Curtis L., Lydia M., Dexter E. and Charley W. The wife and mother died November 6, 1869, and was buried at Plainwell.

He was again married January 26, 1870, to Calista E. Cressy of Prairieville, Barry County, and to them were born five sons, Arthur E., John F., Frank M., Alfred C., and Leslie A.

He was always a very active man and in addition to his general farming in Barry County and later developing several different tracts of swampland, he readily turned his mind to inventions and received six U.S. patents and yet he found time to serve several terms as supervisor of Orangeville Township.

At the age of sixteen years he became a Christian and at different times held memebership in the Baptist churches of Otsego, Plainwell and Orangeville and later in the Presbyterian Church of Decatur.

In the past two years he had suffered several illnesses but very recently his health had so improved that he rejoiced in the marked improvement. Although death came very suddenly he was found to be well prepared for the better life beyond.

He is survived by the wife and all of his children.

Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon, Reverend F.A. Menneke offiiciating. Burial was in Lakeside Cemetery.

LOCAL TALENT

Irish Molly Kelly was one of these fun making persons, with her "shillelah and swaggin" poor Molly [illegible] Her dear Billy O'Leo [illegible] she was nearly crazy with [illegible] answering of the telephone and [illegible] both. Mrs. P. C. Stapleton was [illegible] Irish Molly and she was always a source of fun for the crowd. Billy O'Leo the stammering shore boy and Molly's [illegible] Foulke's song specialties made the part an attractive one. Dutch Hans, Leon Knight, with his wooden shoes and box of Japanese Lanterns appeared in time to help Molly with her trouble and left only when she had carried him down for Billy.

The curtain rose in the first act on the Teddy Bear chorus. Little Lucy Hinkley singing the Bear song accompanied by a chorus of twenty little tots. The Cow Boy Song by Miss Marietta McDole came between the first and second acts and the chorus was enacted with enthusiasm by a group of little Cowboys and Cowgirls equipped with revolvers and whips.

Mae Young entertained the Grangers with a Song, "I'm looking for a Girl Like You," and encore. Mae attracts attention wherever he appears.

Mrs. Adams opened the second act with "I'm In Love with One of the Stars" accompanied by chorus. Then the country folks, or as Mrs. Gibson said, "Job's poor relation," began to arrive and a genuine good time was had until the arrival of Colonel Gibson, Frank Brigham, and his son William. William was dressed in the costume of a Zoave and proved to be Carl Hamilton. He was invited to "do some of his stunts" and he gave an exhibition of the Zouave drill which he had learned as a member of the Kalamazoo company. It made people open their eyes to see one of our town boys handle a heavy rifle in the manner he did.

The Drummer Song was sung by Chester Graham, six girls forming a chorus. This was followed by the Fluffy Ruffle chorus, consisting of Miss Cleo Flagg, soloist, and twelve young people.

A real live baseball game held the attention of the Gibson Family for a time. The game was introduced by Warren Mosier in a song and a drill by the team. Then they got busy and it was surely a spicy game. "The College Boy" was sung by Ernest Foulke with a lively crowd of twelve young people for a chorus. College togs and penants produced a very neat effect.

The last Chorus was "If all Moons Were Honeymoons" sung by Mrs. Bopa while seated in a large [illegible] suspended at the back of the stage while a chorus of twelve [illegible] the stage. The finale, "Good Night Dear," brought on the entire company making a chorus of nearly forty.

Decatur has presented many home talent plays but for results never can surpass the Gibson Family Reunion. In the contest on selling tickets to the Reunion Mary Mosier [illegible], and was awarded [illegible] Trio sold 32 and received second prize.

The prizes were nice boxes of confectionery.

George Lindsley had the first amplifier, or P. A. system in Decatur

1912

SCHPOK BUYS BIG MUCK FARM

SPELLMAN FARM TRANSFERRED TO DECATUR MAN BY MICHIGAN TRUST CO. THIS WEEK

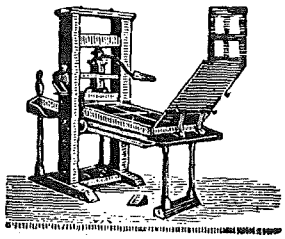
The big 800-acre muck farm owned by the Michigan Trust Company of Grand Rapids, commonly known as the Spellman farm, has been sold to Sol Schpok of this village. The transfer of title has been completed, but Mr. Schpok will not take possession of the place until the first of March.

This is one of the largest and best farms in the swamp area. It has complete equipment of farm buildings, including several dwellings and a large boarding house. Under the direction of the former manager, T.F. Spellman, now of Chicago, the place was cleared and laid out for extensive tilling. A.E. Stiles, Manager for the Trust Co., made still further improvements.

During the past year, since disposing of his elevator operation, Mr. Schpok has devoted much of his time to the management of the two or three small muck tracts he had acquired. This coming season he expects to devote his time almost exclusively to the development and improvement of the big farm.

At the present time he is negotiating with the Michigan Central R.R. for a side track to the place, which adjoins the R.R. property, about midway between Decatur and Glenwood.

1912



Decatur's First Newspapers

Along in 1859 or 1860 Rufus Nash published the first Decatur paper. He had it printed in Paw Paw and brought over here and circulated it. The paper did not pay and Rufus abandoned it after 2 or 3 issues. Probably Mr. Van Flossen, who published the Paw Paw Free Press at that time printed it for him. We are unable to learn even the name of the publication.

O.P. Sweet started the Decatur Tribune about the year 1860 and ran it till the summer of 1864 when it died a natural death.

Then Decatur was without a paper till the summer of 1865 when Moses Hull came here from Kalamazoo and started the Decatur Clarion. After publishing the Clarion for about six months, he sold out to G.W. Briggs who ran it about six months longer and gave up the job. Decatur was then without a newspaper for about a year.

In June 1867, E.A. Blackman came here from Paw Paw where his father, S.H. Blackman was a prominent attorney, and established the Decatur Republican, which will celebrate its 45th birthday the coming summer, 1912.

HOWARD HALL

Mr. Howard Hall, whose home is in Hamilton Township, is rapidly attaining an enviable reputation on the stage. He is a member of Robert Mantell's Company and during the absence of the star, on account of the sickness of his wife, a short time ago, Mr. Hall was called upon to play the leading role at Boston and Montreal.

The newspaper criticisms in those cities were very complimentary to him, a Montreal paper going so far as to say that the play would not be improved by Mantell's presence. Mr. Hall's many friends in this vicinity extend congratulations.

1912

HOWARD HALL IN NEW YORK

Mr. Hall is playing the part of the Doctor in the well known and popular play "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates. The company rehearsed for this play eight weeks and it opened in New York the latter part of January. It is meeting with such great success that it will remain in New York 'til spring and possibly 'til June.

The play is in the Hudson theatre, the theatre that was owned by Henry B. Harris who lost his life when the Titanic went down. The author, Eleanor Gates, was born in a sod house in South Dakota and never saw a piano or went to school 'til she was twenty years old. Her ambition took her through college and she has since developed into one of the leading writers of the day.

1912

Decatur to be on Route From Detroit to St. Joe

The Republican is in receipt of information from St. Joseph that a plan is under way to build an auto highway across the state of Michigan from Detroit to St. Joe via Manchester, Homer, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Decatur and Keeler.

This route has an advantage over any other on account of its being straighter and more level. The road would be of great value to Decatur, not only on account of its advantage to automobilists, but for the general highway improvement.

Life of an Honored Citizen Who Lived Three-Quarters of a Century in Hamilton Township

Henry Hobart Millard was born in Lyme, Conn., May 23, 1829, and died at his home in Hamilton township January 13, 1912.

When a little child and while Michigan was yet a territory he became one of its residents, his parents settling on the farm now owned by William King, Ed. Youells and Al Harlan.

The family was nineteen days on the road from New London, Conn. To Adrian was as far as they could come by railroad. The rails then were strap iron fastened to a two by four and the coaches held but nine people.

When Mr. Millard first came here there was no livery nearer than Paw Paw and the territorial road was the only thoroughfare, the only settler was Mr. Lake who was clearing land on the McClintock place.

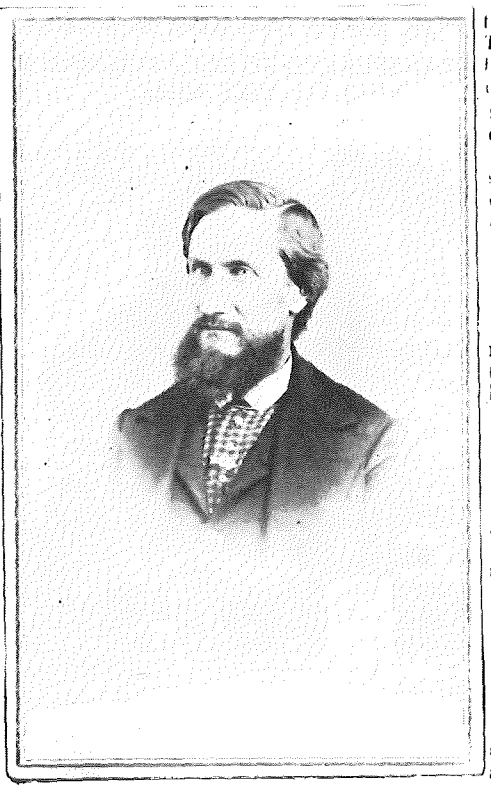
His father, Calvin Millard, had built a log house on the land now owned by Mr. King. He also owned the south part of the old place. Uncle Philip Dixson owned the part where the old house stands. The old house was built in 1839.

Calvin Millard died May 25, 1838. His was the first white man's funeral held in this part of Michigan. Elder Wooster officiated and his text was, "Man dieth and wasteth away and where is he?"

In 1840 Ralph Mason built the old house which still stands on the homestead. In the early forties Hobart's mother married Austin Barney and he took the family to live on the farm later known as the Morehouse farm in Hamilton where Hobart did his first farming, following a yoke of oxen and breaking up the new turf. At the age of 17 he went back to the old place and commenced for himself. The sisters married, the mother and uncle died, and Hobart, the bachelor, was left alone; so in 1875 he was united in marriage to Mellisa Fulghum. Four children were born to them and all are living but Ralph who died October 21, 1899. Calvin and Hazel are at home, Amy is married and lives on the McClintock farm.

Mr. Millard helped to build the road from his home to the creek near Levi Lyle's and south to Mr. Gennng's. He and his uncle found the dryest ridges over which to build the road to what was then known as Decatur station. They used from 10 to 12 yoke of oxen to break up the land and about 5 yoke of oxen to cross plow. Mr. Millard says he has been to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and climbed the mountains but never saw such wild country as this was in the pioneer days.

It was seldom a man owned a team of horses so they would hitch up a team of grit and spunk and start to Flowerfield [illegible] and



H. HOBART MILLARD

there came near to being a panic. There was no flour [illegible] neighborhood and [illegible] in the entire settlement. It is said that the bread from it was the sweetest he ever ate.

Hobart's mother taught the first school in the neighborhood in her own house. The first school house built is now the front part of George Kidman's house.

John Conley is the only citizen of Hamilton township who was here when the Millard family came.

The above interesting facts of pioneer history were told by Mr. Millard to his wife but a few weeks before his death.

Hobart lived at the home of his step father, Aaron Barney, six years. This farm is now known as the Morehouse farm or Broadview, and is the home of James Osborn. He left here at the age of seventeen to make a home for his mother and three younger sisters.

A man who has not passed through it little realizes the hardships and trials and privations of life in the wild, wild woods.

As Hobart Millard was one of Hamilton township's oldest citizens he was also one of its best. He stood always for the right and to enumerate his many virtues would be impossible. He was a true friend to his friends and their number was legion.

MATCHED OX TEAM OWNED BY H. HOBART MILLARD - CIRCA 1880'S

STORIES OF DECATUR CHURCHES

BY: W.H. Tuttle

Reading over Danny's recollections of the Presbyterian church, recently burned, put me in mind that I had some small interest in the building of this edifice, and that I possess yet a few relics that were deposited, not in the corner stone, but in what might be called peak box.

At the time the church was built, I was working as a clerk, in the hardware store of S.M. Thomas, my most particular friend, Marshall Cary, was the tinner for the same establishment, and he was called upon to make a tall tin steeple that was put above the belfry when the church was first erected.

This steeple was, I should think, about fifteen feet long, made of very heavy tin, with a large iron rod running up through the whole length of it. When it was finished and just before he closed the last joint, he made a small tin box, and we filled this box with a number of things — our names written on paper, the date, some coins and a few other things out of our private collection. Then Marsh. soldered the box and fastened it to the very peak of the steeple, and it remained there up in the air some twenty-five years.

In the course of time the heavy winds from the west bent the rod within the steeple so that it leaned to the East and some twenty odd years ago it was taken down, and the wooden belfry put in its place.

When the bent over tin steeple was to be removed I asked John Hughes to get this box for me and he did so, and I have the contents of it yet. It seemed almost like a breath from the grave as I read over those old papers and looked over the other things. Marshall had been dead more than twenty years, and I was the only one left who had helped to play that boyish prank.

The writing on the papers was partly illegible, but the names and dates were readable; the coins were discolored some, and the other things partly destroyed; water having evidently seeped into the box and wet them. After being up there in the air far above the church and the world for something like twenty-five years, they have for another twenty-five years been resting quietly in my mess of curiosities and relics. When I am gone no one else will care a snap about any of them, unless there happens to be something that can be turned into money, the whole lot of such stuff will be thrown out or burned up, and that will be the end of it.

The few things that we hold as sacred, will appear to the next generation to be only trash, and will be disposed of accordingly. I suppose it is best that it is so, for if it wasn't the whole world would be finally cluttered up with stuff; for myself I can never bear to destroy inanimate objects with which I have associated for a long time. It always seems to me that they can feel the same as we do. That of course, is childish, but I can never get over the feeling, and the consequence was that our house, after living in it for nearly thirty-five years, was just loaded down with worthless junk. I had to get rid of most of it, but it was a hard job for me. The few things I was able to keep, will very soon be disposed of on the dump heap as soon as I take up my permanent residence in Lakeside Cemetery.

THE OLD BELL

It is to be hoped that the old bell belonging to the burned church is not ruined. How well I remember the time when the bell was first hung in the original building. It must have been about the year of 1857 or '58. I know that I was going to school here in the old red school house and living with Miss Lizzie Thomas in her millinery shop, in the building now used as the milk factory.

The bell was bought by conscription and every one who contributed to its purchase was to have the privilege of ringing it so many minutes in proportion to the amount given by them; and when they got the bell hung in the old church they went at it with hammer and tongs, and kept it going almost constantly for several days.

I remember that two other boys, Jehiel Rogers and Jene Woodmancy, and myself went over to the church and asked some man to let us ring it awhile on their time, and they were pleased enough to do it. The three of us would get hold of the rope together and in that way we could swing the bell and we kept at it until we gave out and had to quit. We thought it was great fun. There are very few left in Decatur who heard that old bell ring for the first time sixty years ago. Mr. Van Sickle afterward was sexton for the church a long time, and after the Methodist church obtained their bell some years later, he always tried to ring his bell just a little bit ahead of the Methodist bell, and some small strife was worked up between the two sextions. They could not begin the ringing until a certain time, but if one could get even a fraction of a second ahead of the other it was a great consolation to him and kept him feeling good for all the rest of the day.

When the new church was built in 1868 the bell was lowered from the old belfry and raised again to the new, where it has remained for forty-nine years, until it went down with a crash and a great scattering of sparks during the fire. It would be a great pity if the fire had spoiled it.

There was a big time when the cornerstone of the new building was laid. I was not present at the church grounds on that occasion, because I had to stay in the store, but I saw the crowd and heard all about it. The cornerstone was laid with much ceremony, and quite a number of articles were deposited within it — papers, coins, etc. But I understand they were mostly spoiled when taken out. They did not keep as well as our peak box.

CATHOLICS BEGIN CHURCH

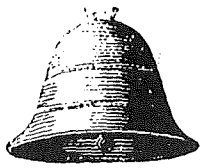
Another cornerstone for a church was laid with great ceremony in Decatur about this time — I think it must have been a few months before — and that was when the Catholics started to build themselves a church.

Up to that time the Catholics had never had any church edifice of their own in our town. Their services had always been held in private houses. I think that it was late in the fall of 1867 that they started to erect their own church.

They laid the wall for the foundation on a lot at the west end of Delaware Street. It must have been near where Frank White's house now stands. I was present at this ceremony. I do not think they had any corner stone, but there were many foreign dignitaries of the church there, and they blessed the beginning of the building. It is so long ago that I am not quite sure as to what was done, but I do know that there was a great deal of ceremony connected with it, and a large crowd was there, both Catholics and others but for some reason that I never understood, the building went no further and never got beyond the wall. It was finally abandoned entirely and after some years the Catholics bought their present building, the old Presbyterian and Universalist Church.

The original Presbyterian Church — now the Catholic — was completed and dedicated Sept. 18, 1856, on a lot that had been bought by the Reverend Marcus Harrison and presented to the society and Mr. Harrison was the first minister.

Decatur is certainly well supplied with churches for a small town; I can think of nine — Methodist, Disciple, Presbyterian, Advent, Saints, Free Methodists, Catholic, Universalist and Dutch Reformed. That must be about one church to every one hundred sixty or one hundred seventy five people — men, women and children. Besides these the Christian Scientists have an organization that holds services in the Universalist building, so really we have ten churches. Amen.



THE SAGA OF PEG LEG ANNIE

Folklore stories have been the favorite of young and old for many years. Today you can read books and stories of folklore, but in my great grandfather's day they were still making some of the legends that we read about today. There aren't too many legendary people here in Southwestern Michigan, at least that's what I thought. The story I am about to tell, I didn't read from a book, although it was made into a book after a while, but my grandfather told it, as his father had told it to him. It seems that about 70 or 75 years ago in the vicinity of Rush Lake, about four and one half miles northwest of the little village of Hartford, was a settlement of Potawattomi and Cherokee Indians. The settlement consisted of about 200 log cabins, but small farms were worked by others.

It was through this village that a stranger passed one day, and after seeing how quiet and secluded it was, decided to stay. This stranger however, was no ordinary stranger. It was a woman. Now this may not seem so unusual to you but this particular woman had a peg leg, and so got the name of "Peg Leg Annie." Now as I said, Annie liked this settlement so she bought a forty acre farm from an old Indian named Ike Seaton, whom they say lived to be around 112 years of age. Annie went right to work setting up a little business for herself. This business consisted of a cider mill, where she did custom grinding for the farmers. Well now it seemed as though some of these farmers became a little suspicious of Annie. They said that she was built a little too masculine for a woman. When she would load a wagon with kegs, each keg weighing fifty pounds, all by herself, well what do you think? This rumor was added to by a farmer who said that he thought he saw her leg tied up, and that the peg leg was attached to her knee, which simply meant that she really didn't need the peg at all. Another odd thing about Peg Leg Annie, was that she had a very light showing of chin whiskers, but the hairs were blond to match her long hair that hung to her waist, but which she wore up and under her cap when she did her work around the farm.

Years came and went and Annie went right on doing the grinding for the farmers, some of whom still had their doubts about her. Most of the farmers liked Annie, because she was friendly and sociable, but she still liked to keep to herself a lot. Well Annie wasn't getting any younger, and finally she got to the point where she had to have some help running her farm. She hired a man and his wife to keep up the farm for her.

As Annie grew older, she somehow suffered an illness which affected her mind, and sometimes made her irrational. It was during this illness that she tried to kill the hired hand's wife with a butcher knife. After this attack they called a young doctor to treat her. Had it not been for this incident there wouldn't have been any point of my telling this story, for it just so happened that this doctor found out the truth about Peg Leg Annie, as she told it to him on her death bed. The story went something like this: It seems that back in New York State there lived a man and his wife and their child. Everything seemed to be going along just fine until one night the man came home and found his wife with another man. He was so infuriated and hurt that he killed his wife and child and threw them down an empty water well. After this, disguised as a woman, he started west looking for a place to

hide. He found this place just four and one-half miles northwest of a village called Hartford and settled down on a forty-acre farm under the name given to him by the people of the settlement — "Peg Leg Annie."

1912

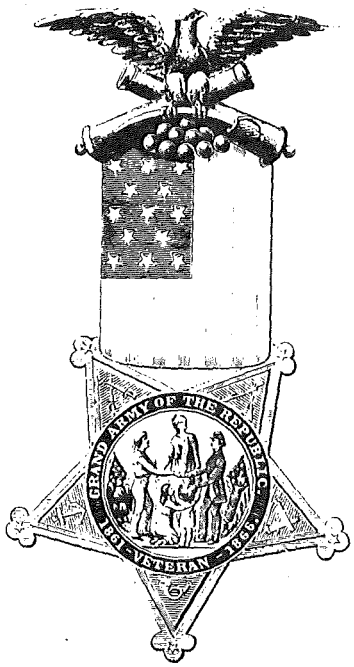
WILL CARLETON'S POWER

A striking example of Will Carleton's power occurred upon the first of his several appearances at Music Hall, Boston. "What kind of music would you prefer with which to have your recitations alternated?" asked the manager. "Any you like or none" replied Mr. Carleton. "But the lecturers and readers we have had here could not hold our large and critical Boston Audiences, without music to "spell" them", insisted the manager. "Give me the entire evening, and if I cannot hold the audience, don't pay me", laughed Carleton; and although many in that vast auditorium had to stand during the entire evening, none of them left until the speaker said "Good Night".

At the town hall Friday evening, June 10th. Admission 35 cents, Reserved seats at Carney's.

List of the Civil War, buried in Decatur Cemeteries, compiled by Legrant Fisher and published in the Decatur Republican, on May 23, 1912.

A.S. Austin
Charles Boyle
F.A. Butler
Peter Bullard
Benj. F. Bayles
Nelson Brown
O.W. Chamberlain
M.L. Crittenden
Oscar Caldwell
W.E. Carey
John Cole
W.M. Chambers
Levi Caldwell
Peter J. Cole
John L. Commar
W.H. Debolt
George Dixon
George Delong
Jacob Eckinberger
Issac Edick
E.R. Farmer
Newton Foster
S.R. Fuller
Jeremiah Fate
Silas Ferguson
John Graham
Clark H. Green
John Grotsinger
John Going
Levi Garwood
Enoch Howe
T.M. Harris
S.A. Harris
Orange Hayes
W.M. Horton
John Hart
Jerome Head
James H. Hammond
J.E. Kelly
Nathan L. Keyes
B.F. Kimball
John Knoll
A.J. Jourdan
S. Lyon
D.H. Lee
Allison Lusk
Edward Lee
Robert McCann
Alfred Meyers
Henry B. Myers
Charles Welcher
John Wiles
Ed Lee
Allison Lusk
Edward Lee
Robert McCann
Alfred Meyers
Henry B. Myers
Charles Welcher
John Wiles
Edgar Watson
Jephmiah Wells
Edward R. Campbell
J.F. Cole
John Noble
S. White
Marshall Hardy
Smith, Soldier War of 1812
Lucius Nutting
C.J. Northrup.
George Otis
O.W. Pritchard
Johnson Parsons
George Percival
Stephen Palmeter
L.A. Roberts
Mortimer Redmond
Sylvester Redmond
S.M. Rawson
R.J. Rawson
George W. Riley
H.D. Rowley
John Redmond
Don C. Rodgers
Charles Steel
Aaron Sweet
D.H. Stewart
Monroe Southern
Ambrose Steele
A.D. Scott
Abraham Blue
Jerry Bowen
Reuben Calbetzer
D. Curry
Lewis Carpenter
Edward Coon
W.H. Clark
Joshua Cotton
Edward Carney
Charles Dennis
Legrant Fisher
John Fry
Simeon Francis
Peter Goodrich
Charles Grayson
Charles Gear
G F. Halleck
George W. Hubbard
John M. Haynes
Henry High
Eli G. Hincher
D.B. Knights, buried in Grand Rapids
A.F. Keables
George W. Lusk
Newton McIntire
Joseph Nichols
Abram Vorwood
Jerry S. Vaught
Wm. Powers
Lafayette Rafter
John F. Shaw
Stum
Daniel G. Shaw
Francis F. Smith
Elias J. Tietsort
Wm. K. Van Hise
W.H. Van Camp
Montgomery Varce
Jared Van Hise
W.H. White
C.P. Williams
Carl W. Willison



1912

A PIONEER OF CASS COUNTY PASSES AWAY

John Squier, Who Came to Cass County in 1831, With His Parents and Who Lived in Vollnia Over Sixty Years.

John Squier died at the home of his brother David in Decatur Monday morning, January 9, after a long illness from which there was no hope of recovery at any time. The funeral was held at the Universalist church Wednesday afternoon, and the remains were laid to rest in the Crane cemetery by the side of his wife and five children.

The deceased was the eldest son of Daniel Squier, and was born in Butler county, Ohio, December 8, 1828. With his parents he came to Michigan in 1831, the family locating in La Grange township where the present village of Cassopolis now stands.

During the following winter the father helped lay out the village of Cassopolis, and the next spring he located near the village of Charleston, in Volinia township, which was then a trackless wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and Indians, their nearest neighbors being Indians located about twenty rods away.

At this time Van Buren county was called Lafayette township and was attached to this county for judicial purposes.

In youth John Squier learned the carpenter's trade, and worked on buildings in Cassopolis, LaGrange, Dowagiac, Decatur and the surrounding country.

On the fourth of February, 1853, he was married to Sarah Morlan, who preceded him to the other side August 23, 1903.

After Mr. Squier's marriage he purchased eighty acres of land half a mile south of Charleston where they lived until 1894, when failing health caused him to move to Decatur. Mr. Squire was a Mason in good standing, and a citizen without an enemy, which is better yet, and both Masons and citizens attended his funeral, doing honor to one whom honor was due.

John Squier was a connecting link between the past and present of Cass county. When he came here with his parents the present Wayne township was still a part of LaGrange, and the north half of the present township of Jefferson was also a part of it. Cassopolis had not been born yet, and the nearest place where flour and kindred supplies could be obtained was at the Cary Mission, near the present village of Niles.

The deceased saw the hardships of pioneer life, saw all the lack of the many comforts we now enjoy, and, finally, saw those most dear to him pass away one by one until only the brother with whom he spent his last days remained.

It is a long stretch, that of being in at the birth of a county and seeing it arrive to mature strength and wealth, seeing it grow from day to day for seventy years and taking part in the gradual change.

During his childhood his father assisted in putting down the Sauk war and those were days of trial and suspense to the housewife who was loyally doing her share to build a home for the declining years that came.

It is said of the deceased that his habits were temperate, his morals above reproach, and his word as good as any man's bond.

It was with such men Cass county was peopled in the days when it took self-denial, constant labor and strength to make a home.

REPUBLICAN OFFICE INSTALLS INTERTYPE

TYPE FOR DECATUR PAPER TO BE CAST EACH WEEK BY GREATEST MACHINE KNOWN TO MODERN PRINTING

The Republican has this week installed an INTERTYPE, a typesetting and type making machine, the product of the International Typesetting Machine Company of Brooklyn, New York. This machine is the fastest, neatest and most perfect ever constructed for the setting up of the type of a newspaper as well as all classes of type matter for advertisements and job work.

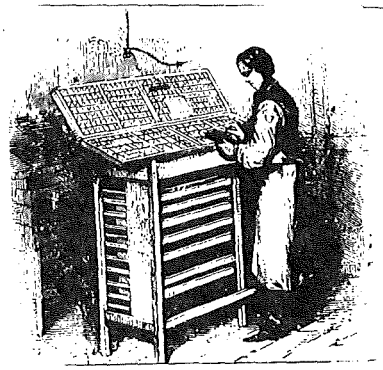
This wonderful machine casts the type new every week, making a perfect print and it places the Republican in this respect on an equal with the largest metropolitan daily papers of the world.

While the Republican believes that in taking this long step it is equipped somewhat ahead of the town, yet it shows our willingness to give this city the best service that money can produce and shows the unbounded faith we have in the betterment of the town in general.

The machine was shipped from the factory at Brooklyn, New York, and arrived here last Thursday. It was billed at 3,150 pounds and was somewhat of a load to haul, but DRAYMAN BENJAMIN handled it faultlessly and placed it in the work room Thursday afternoon.

Once the publisher of a country newspaper learns the grand progress possible with an Intertype he will waste no time getting one.

1913



WHEN THE FOREST WAS CLEARED FOR DECATUR

BY CHARLES H. PHELPS A DECATUR BOY IN THE FIFTIES & NOW A WELL REMEMBERED PIONEER

I am asked to contribute some little of my recollections of earlier Decatur which I would be glad to do, but I am entirely out of data as to dates with the exception of a vivid recollection of Decatur as a boy.

I can only see Decatur as it was in the early fifties. Beers and Sherwood subdivided a claim of forest land surveyed for a town site, and commenced building a town in the usual way. Roads were made by the earliest settlers who took up their land and cut the great forest trees, grubbed out their holdings and like true pioneers were possessed with the spirit of progress, encouraged by their noble women, and thus commenced the foundation of beautiful Decatur.

To make this lovely place was no easy task. The founders were men of no easy mind but made of stem stuff. They realized there was a great problem before them to be solved and solved it should be.

As they began to stir up the soil and let the sun in — this drew the malaria to the surface. Every family was visited, and it seemed to be a death struggle who would be master, but brave men and noble women conquered and by degrees they became masters of the situation. But the fight left its footmarks and the record can be easily found in every cemetery in the country.

To give up and move to the open prairies of the west would seem the most logical, but they were not made of that kind of stuff. Slowly but gradually the forests were subdued and the farms would take the place of the great logs that were piled up. Magnificent trees of maple, birch, walnut, butternut, oak, cherry and many other kinds of valuable timber were placed on the altar and with fire consumed that we might live.

Crops proved plentiful and of great variety, but the prices for the same were questioned not at all encouraging to the hardy settler. For instance — a farmer had to take his wheat to the market at St. Joseph taking on a fair average, as to distance, a haul of forty to sixty miles. On poor roads slow time only could be made best, and the result, a week consumed in getting to market. He was paid in "wild cat" money, then the principal currency of the country — three shillings a bushel for his crop, surely not overly encouraging.

Our forefathers were of that spirit, that, as they had not sufficient "wild cat" to pay their hotel bills, if there were any hotel bills, they had

their frying pans and coffee pots and their hardy constitutions, made by hard labor, would let them rest in comfort during the nights, fitting them for the following day.

Scarcity of any kind of money was a great hardship, but fortunately the woods were full of wild game which stood them well in hand. It provided meat for our openers up of this country.

Deer, bear, wild turkeys, squirrels, quail, partridge, pigeons, apparently no end of them. Our beautiful lake full of the choicest fish, the swamps full of berries, so that, after all we have a good larder at our hand. Then the ingenious part of our people had to meet the necessity of subduing the game, and the "Hawkins" rifle got in its work, and the entire community soon became proficient in its use and it was a great rivalry among our growing younger population as to who was the most skilled.

In those early days every Saturday, in place of foot racing for potatoes and applie pie eating contest, it was customary to have turkey shoots and shooting for the fore quarters of a steer and the one-quarter for the hide and tallow — in fact most things were settled in this manner.

The most expert spearman also had his rivals. Who could spear the most fish in a night, what blacksmith could make the best spears, these things were all of local interest. It was quite a trick to boot up pitch pine knots. I remember another thing. Some men would have quite a local reputation as a hunter. He would have a rival. They would set a day and choose sides, ten or more on a side, and set a day for the hunt in which every class of game had its value in numbers. Then after the hunt the numbers would be taken, and the side who got the greatest number would be declared winner. The losers paid the price of a game dinner and whoever cooked the dinner had the game to draw from.

My recollection takes me back to one of those old-fashioned game dinners. To think of it now makes me want to live back long enough to enjoy venison ribs, hot pies and the squirrels served in different ways, broiled quail and pigeons — and what's the use, I quit enumerating, for if I don't I am afraid I will not enjoy game dinners any more.

Just as they were getting well under way in the mastery of the forest and sickness was about overcome they had to have the war, with the history these same men helped to make. They left their pleasant home at their country's call, and their names are known and their part in history so well recorded that it is of little use for me to retell the noble deeds they did. The world applaudes and always will, their actions and achievements. Many a southern family, I reckon, wishes the sharp-shooter and his old squirrel gun had never been discovered.

What do I see now? Long avenues of maple trees, their top touching; houses well back from the sidewalk, wide lawns, concrete sidewalks, shrubbery and ornamental yard trees, good schools, vast vineyards, delightful orchards, and a number of banks and business houses. Even the kids are driving autos. The homelike conditions are very attractive. It is just large enough to be a delightful home, where you have a neighborly feeling for every one you meet, and you know them, sympathize with them in their troubles and rejoice with them in their good luck.

It is a delightful place to raise children, schools are good and the evil influence does not prevail. The fishing is still here, but all early sports — well, I can only compare them to the first crop of settlers. They have gone, but live with me in memory.

One thing more — about twenty-eight years ago, this town took it into its head to go dry, and it has never regretted the step. It is like the founders — laid away never to be taken up again. This is a sane, beautiful community. The morals are as clean as the town. In every door there is comfort.

1913

HISTORIC HOME IN KEELER

OLD ROSEVELT HOMESTEAD FIRST FRAME HOUSE BUILT ON TERRITORIAL ROAD

By Judge Keeler

The Charles Rosevelt homestead on the old Territorial Road in Keeler is a picturesque and handsome property, and is a historical place besides. It was here that Judge Henry Keeler located in the thirties, the town being named for him. Here he built his home and his was the first frame dwelling built on that famous thoroughfare between Paw Paw and St. Joseph.

The constantly increasing travel over that road made it necessary for the owner of the property to convert his home into a hotel or country inn, and many noted people have stopped there, there being on one of the windows for many years Stephen A. Douglass' name, scratched with the diamond ring he wore and done while that wonderful orator was on one of his speaking tours.

The old hotel, built so long ago, was in the time of John Rosevelt, moved back and used for a storehouse, and a handsome and imposing brick mansion erected in its place among the oaks that graced the lawn. The present owner, Charles Rosevelt, has converted it into a tenant house within the past few years and it is still serviceable.

In the days of Governor John J. Bagley, thirty chestnut trees were planted near the house by Mr. Rosevelt and his son. Governor Bagley believed in planting trees and his speeches were full of this advice. He spoke one year at the Van Buren County Fair and he said so much about the matter that the following spring, which is thought to have been Centennial year, the father and son drove to the Al. Olds nursery, then located near Nesbitt's mill in Hamilton township, and bought the young chestnut trees and planted them near the house. Tobias Byers, Jacob Rosevelt and others in the neighborhood did the same thing.

These trees are stately monarchs, some of their being nearly one hundred feet tall and two feet through, but Mr. Rosevelt says that with the red squirrels, the turkeys and the blue jays, the latter birds pecking holes in the shells and getting at the meat, the kids seldom get more than a bushel or two from them.

John Rosevelt and wife went to the Centennial in 1876, getting away after the wheat sowing, and going on to Mt. Vernon before returning. Mrs. Rosevelt picked up a walnut, and bringing it home planted it the following spring in the dooryard, and today this tree is 18 inches in diameter. It is a patriotic reminder to the present owners of the burial place of Washington, and has been given good care.

There are 400 acres in the Rosevelt estate, all well tilled and showing the hand of a skilled farmer and a liberal one. It has under his care grown more valuable as the years went by, and himself and wife have made it attractive to the son and two daughters who have come to bless them. Since the days of Henry Keeler's coming countless people have passed to and fro around this old home site; scenes of love and passion, romance and hate have come and gone; the forests have been leveled and the community altogether different in its ways have succeeded the first who came. But none have been more prosperous or hospitable than its present owners.

Cass County Weekly
1913

RELICS OF THE PAST

Copies of First Papers Printed in Decatur Presented to the Republican.

THE FIRST EDITORS

A newspaper relic highly prized by the publisher of the Republican is the first copy of the Clarion printed in Decatur in 1865.

It is the gift of Mrs. J. H. Haynes and the title reads:

DECATUR CLARION

Independent in All Things. Neutral in Nothing

Vol. I. Decatur, Michigan, Wednesday, July 5, 1865. Number I.

Moses Hull, Publisher.

Terms—Two dollars per year if paid in advance, $2.50 per year if paid at the end of six months.

The Editor's Introductory leads one to believe that Decatur always has been a good town.

"Until within five weeks," he writes, "we had supposed the enterprising village of Decatur sustained a paper. When we heard that it did not we decided that a paper well conducted there would be richly sustained.

We knew that almost everything else was going on here. There is not a village the size of Decatur on the Michigan Central that does the amount of business done here.

After deciding to come here the question arose what kind of a paper shall we publish? We cannot publish a Jeff Davis sheet. We never had any sympathy with the party whose Journals and speakers stimulated such men as Booth to assassination of our honored President. A neutral paper we cannot publish, we must have the privilege of speaking our views on all subjects.

Politically the Clarion will advocate principles and not men. We are Websterian in our definition of the term politics. In the course of human events Decatur shall have a good newspaper.

ITEMS FROM DECATUR'S FIRST NEWSPAPER

To Correspondents: The real name of

the author must accompany every communication. We now have a poem which we will publish when "Ethel" sends her real name.

A full report of the Fourth of July celebration will appear next week.

We see a few whortleberries in market but as yet the price is beyond the reach of an editor. They are only worth 15 cents per quart.

RELIEVED—George Gordon while in a state of intoxication at Dan Rice's show in Decatur June 26 had his pockets relieved of $400 in greenbacks and $700 in notes. Rather a dear spree, yet if it reforms him it will prove cheap enough. We are astonished that the good people of Decatur tolerate so many nuisances in the shape of whiskey shops.

Several lots of wool came into Decatur last week from which the owners got from 45 to 50 cents.

ADVERTISERS

Among the advertisers in Decatur's first paper are:

Geo. Colt and Co., general store.
Hawks and Thomas, hardware.
Geo. McKay, blacksmith.
Hinkley and Gerow, drugs, groceries and notions.
T. E. Phelps, postmaster.
Haskins and Seymour, stage, daily to Lawrence.
Rev. J. J. Ward, Presbyterian pastor
Rev. A. L. Crittenden, Methodist pastor.
Rev. J. Straub, Universalist pastor.
Abbott and Manley, drygoods.
L. Maxham, meat market.
B. Maltby, dentist.
S. Kurtz, painter.
Cole and Parkhurst, Attorneys.
Duncombe House, John Smith, prop.
Decatur House, C. T. Tittle, prop.
Chas. N. Poor, hardware.

The Clarion did not last long. The Editor was undoubtedly ahead of the times and did not receive the support necessary to buy food even. He abandoned the paper and left the village.

The Clarion was followed by the Republican which was started in 1867.

Mrs. Haynes also sent to the office a copy of Hull's New Monthly Clarion, a Journal devoted to the Cause of Reforms, Science and Literature, Published in Decatur, Volume 1, No. 1, in October, 1865.

Rev. Moses Hull is named as Editor and the Journal indicates that Mr. Hull was a spiritualist lecturer and minister. We doubt if the Monthly Clarion had a long existence.

We have since discovered in this pile of papers a copy of Decatur's first paper, The Van Buren County Tribune, Chas. P. Sweet, Publisher. The copy is No. 8 of Volume 2, and was printed Thursday, November 13, 1862. This would indicate that the first Decatur paper was printed September 18, 1861. Among this paper's advertisers are:

Hiram Cole, lawyer.
Charles Shier Jr., lawyer.
Orrin T. Welch, Justice of the Peace
T. E. Phelps, postmaster.
C. T. Baker, M. D.
T. H. Ryan, mason.
Ira Nash, drygoods.
W. E. Trowbridge, drugs.
Richard Green, tailor.
Frank Wright, carpenter
George McKay, blacksmith.
T. P. Bashfgord, blacksmith.
H. A. Rogers, groceries.
Thomas O'Leary, dray.

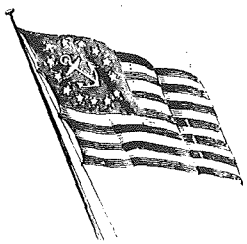
January 23, 1913.

An effort is being made to obtain an agricultural expert for Van Buren county.

J. H. Haynes passed away last Friday, January 17. Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church and Geo. B. Rogers of Kalamazoo officiated at the service and the Knights of Pythias lodge of which Mr. Haynes was a charter member, attended in a body. Mr. Haynes was the express agent of Decatur for many years and one of the county's best citizens.

Aaron Burnett, 94, died in the county home Monday, January 20. He was born in North Carolina in 1818. He was free born and when a young man moved into Indiana. He learned the barber's trade when a boy and followed it till he became too old to work.

John Young, pioneer of Hamilton township, died January 16 at the age of 82 years. He was a native of England. Wherever he was known he was "Uncle John." He located in Hamilton in 1855.



HONOR THE BOYS IN BLUE

JUNE 5, 1913

It was the grandest Decoration Day ever held in Decatur. This opinion was expressed many times on the street by those who were present.

The spirit of American patriotism, of love and reverance for the grand old boys in blue, whose ranks have thinned so fast during the past few years, was evident everywhere.

Sunshine and clouds chased each other all day across the sky. But it did not rain and the temperature was perfect for an out-of-door day.

Flags and buntings decorated every store and here again the superlative is justifiable. Decatur never before was so grandly decorated. The veterans hung the Grand Army flag across the street instead of on the flag pole and many merchants purchased the big flag for their store decorations. The little flags were too numerous to count.

Every train that stopped at this station left crowds of visitors, most of them former residents from whose families one or more members are sleeping in beautiful Lake Side cemetery.

The veterans and Womens' Relief Corps assembled at Post Hall at one o'clock, and soon a long procession of automobiles under the direction of C.E. Criffield called for them. As the autos were filled they drove around the block east on St. Mary's street and lined up on east Sherwood Street to await the coming of the speaker, Honorable N.H. Stewart, of Kalamazoo, on the 2:00 o'clock train. Twenty automobiles were in line and they carried an average of five each.

A long line of boys and girls from the Decatur Public School, selected to decorate the graves of the soldiers in the cemetery, formed an open line from the train to the speaker's auto and the Decatur Band at the head of the waiting procession assisted in the welcome of our honored guest. The long rows of prettily dressed children through which the speaker was escorted, the line of autos stretching back for a block and filled with old soldiers, the Relief Corps and citizens, the band, the Marshall of the day and his assistants, and the great crowd of people offering silent and solemn greeting, was a spectacle that will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

There was a brief service at Lakeside Cemetery following the decorating of the soldiers' graves and then the day's program was continued at the Town Hall. The male quartet composed of George E. Adams, Harry Pritchard, A.C. and Leslie Brigham, opened the service, Ref. F.W. Nickel offered prayer, Edward Himmelwright delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg address, Mrs. W.H. White gave an excellent reading, and Commander L.G. Rafter introduced Mr. Stewart who gave a strong Memorial address. Mr. Stewart comes from a generation of men now approaching the golden sunset of life. THE GREAT CONFLICT came on as he was entering his second decade, and although he lacks the growth and years to permit him to go to the front, he did not lack the desire or the great enthusiasm that inspired every loyal citizen of the North with the cause of the Union. During the half century which has lapsed he has lost none of that enthusiasm and his address on this occasion was one a broad-minded, liberty-loving American only could deliver.

The service closed with a song by the quartet and the benediction. A band concert in the evening closed a memorable day.

R.R. Crossing Guard Station
and Decatur Roller Mills
1913

OCTOBER 9, 1848

Sixty-five Years Ago To-day the First Michigan Central Train Stopped at Decatur.

The Michigan Central was built through Decatur in 1848 and the first train making the run from Detroit to Niles stopped at this station sixty-five years ago today.

This reliable information comes from a statement made by J. S. Tuttle to a Niles paper several years ago. When one stops to consider the net work of railroads that covers our great state today, the luxuriant trains and the remarkable service given by the greatest of all roads, our own Michigan Central, it is not easy to realize that within the life times of many of our citizens this road was carved through vast forests unknown save by the trail of the Indian.

Mr. Tutle says:

"In September, 1848, I came from Detroit to Lawton over the Michigan Central, the passenger trains then running only as far west as Lawton.

"From there the four horse stage line took passengers westward.

"Early in October the road was completed to Niles, and on or about October 9, 1848, an excursion train went from Niles to Detroit.

"The Detroit railway officials furnished free tickets to a goodly number of the citizens of Niles.

"This was sixty-five years ago this present week.

"The following year was when the great rush for California occurred by overland. The pioneer Californians have since been called the 'forty-niners.'

"As to the 'strap rails' being laid on the then west end of the road—I think this is a mistake of the writer.

"The State of Michigan commenced railroad building and completed a road from Monroe to Detroit and from Detroit on west, probably to Marshall, using the flat rail spiked to a piece of square timber laid on the ties.

"The state sold their railroad to a New York Company and then continued, extending the road west, reaching Niles in October, 1848, as stated."

See that robin tug and pull
At that worm down in the grass?
You might think he'd go and find
One more handy,—let that pass.

No! that worm he's bound to have—
That one worm; he'll get it, too!
If he has to tug an hour
He'll not make another do.

CHALKER
By Frank L. Kern

"May you live a thousand years,
I, too, less one day;
For I do not wish to stay
When you have passed away."

Quoth the chum of my farm-boy days, as we quaffed our soft drinks the last time we met. I replied, "The survivor must write the other's obituary in the Republican." Maybe Chalker passed on ahead because in truth I can say vastly better things of him than he could have written of me.

But Chalker E. Buell was no man's chum, for he was everybody's good friend and those who knew him best loved him most. With all his rich mentality, wit and wisdom, his heart was bigger than his head and always warm, loving and true.

He was a rare combination of egotism, altruism and estheticism, with an ardent spiritual nature, spontaneous and inspirational. A nervous, billious temperament capable of rising to the heights of supreme ecstasy, of reading down into the dark depths of deepest gloom and despondency. We were associated in business several years and while he possessed a wonderful hypnotic power that dominates men to his will and wishes and always makes good in a deal, I observed that he invariably stood for a square deal and would not knowingly wrong anyone. And so his home paper could truthfully say, "A great man and good man has passed on, one in whom the people trusted."

Applying one of Chalker's famous quotations to himself: "He lived indeed, not years; in thoughts, not in figures on the dial. He counted time by heart throbs, for he lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Life is but a means to an end, that end the beginning, mean and end of all things God."

Chalker knew himself, trusted and expressed himself to a full realization, and one who could do that, does not live in the ordinary manner, but lives as God intended he should.

I would gladly write column after column to give full expression of my love and yours in the just praise of this thrifty, generous, Passionate and forceful man, who for over forty-five years has been my confidential friend and chum, one of the dearest and truest; but after all, the finest and best emotions of the sould can be expressed in feelings only and not in words.

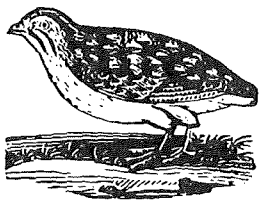
And thus we see that the "second generation" is getting ripe for the grim old reaper who will mow us down one by one, as he did our forbears.

This is right that each should be prepared to answer to the call in his own allotted time, going in the sublime faith of Chalker's recently published beautiful poem "WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE."

The joys of the next prairie reunion, will also have their sorrows for with our bright and beautiful water lilies, we must mingle the somber immortelles.

Yours in loving remembrance of our mutual friend,

F.L.K.
1913



Decatur Man, Now 86, Pioneered In Onion And Celery Production

DECATUR, Dec. 31—Henry Houseman, Sr., pioneer muck crop farmer who contributed to the growth of the celery and onion production around Decatur, celebrated his 86th birthday on Dec. 16.

Born in the Netherlands in 1865, he recalls early days when land hereabout was covered with woods and water, with heavy rains causing so much trouble that ditches had to be dug to take care of the excess water.

He brought his wife to Kalamazoo in 1887 from the Netherlands, with their four daughters and spent four years raising celery in that section. On moving to Decatur he rented a small farm from William Clark for seven years, then bought 23 acres of land on what was at that time the Lyman Rawson farm. Another daughter and four sons were born, all nine living today.

When Mrs. Houseman died in 1925, Houseman moved into Decatur, purchasing a home on Prairie Ronde street, but still helps his son Harry, who lives on the old homestead.

For 33 years Houseman raised and shipped celery to the W. B. Daniel Co. in Keokuk, Ia. At first he sent 33 dozen a week, then in later years, 100 dozen per day.

This year, his son has raised 1,900 bushels of onions on one acre; he has six acres in celery, five in spearmint an the rest in corn and potatoes.

Henry Houseman, Sr., is regarding Decatur's contribution to its fame in celery production, secures his own long years well spent.

Far seeing men of Decatur recognized the possibilities of development that lay within this swamp, which is now cleared and drained and about six thousand acres of it is under cultivation. It has made Decatur one of the greatest shipping stations for celery and peppermint oil in the world.

Hollanders, the best of muckland workers, have begun to settle here, about two hundred coming within the last year.

Decatur is near the center of the Michigan fruit belt and shipped about one hundred fifty carloads of grapes last year.

Decatur has several small factories, a flower mill, strong banks, enterprising merchants and a weekly paper. It is located in a local option county and is free from saloons.

Decatur has a fine public school system, municipal light and water plant, good roads and cement walks. Numerous small lakes are within easy driving distance and the surrounding country is very attractive.

1913

COMPANIA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINT FARM

PURCHASED BY MR. TODD IN 1892

In his youth long years before he thought of going to Congress, The Honorable A.M. Todd conceived the idea of owning and operating a mint farm. He tried out his plan first in Nottingham and it continued to look good to him. Then he acquired possession of one hundred twenty acres of the rich Decatur muck, and could he have purchased sufficient land to satisfy his desires, Decatur would have been the home of a Todd industry. A large acreage was not obtainable here at prices within the range of the mint man's limit and so he disposed of the land he did own and looked elsewhere.

Compania Farm was purchased by Mr. Todd in 1892 at an average cost of not to exceed ten dollars per acre, but it cost him much more per acre to clear it and make it ready for the rich crops it now yields. The land is a good quality of muck which responds well to scientific farming and seldom fails to yield a satisfactory profit to the owner.

For thirteen years D.W. Brodhead of Decatur was the manager of Mr. Todd's mint farm. He cleared and erected the original building on both places, and after his accustomed manner of doing things thoroughly and well, he claimed these vast fields of the forest and made them ready for the planter.

Compania and Mentha are twenty-five miles apart and Mr. Brodhead made his headquarters during those thirteen years at both places. But he was the most of the time at Compania. There are many old timers who worked under him still tending the mint at each farm and a touch of pathos was evident in their friendly meetings. It was plain to see that the old-time manager was popular with his men and that the pioneer days of Compania are treasured in the memories of the pioneers.

The original tract of Compania consisted of 1,700 acres, its present size is 1,400 acres. It is practically all improved, the buildings are first class and a sufficient number of men and teams are employed to keep the land under a high state of cultivation. Four and one-half miles of poplar trees set out by Mr. Brodhead, border the farm and add to the beauty of the landscape.

One hundred men and sixteen teams do the work. Paul Todd, a son of the owner, has supervision of the farm, and Frank Crane, who has grown on the muck from childhood, is the capable manager. the workmen receive $1.75 and $2.00 per day. The majority of them are Americans, but there is one gang of fifteen Bohemians and another of seventeen Italians.

The bulk of the plowing is done by a forty horse power gang traction plow and the ditching is done by a powered ditcher that will dig a half mile of ditch in a day.

On Compania farm there are eight hundred acres of spearmint of luxuriant growth, 350 acres of peppermint that has not done so well, and 100 acres of sugar beets. These are the market crops.

Sugar beets were an experiment last year, 65 acres were raised and yielded 800 tons that tested 14% saccharine. They were sold to the Holland Beet Sugar Factory at a profit and the acreage was increased this year.

On his two farms Mr. Todd has 1,300 acres of spearmint and to all appearances it will yield an immense crop of oil. One would think that this crop alone would flood the market, but when we stop to consider that the well known Mr. Wrigley is circling the globe with spearmint gum the prospects for fair price look better.

Certain it is that a visit to these monarchs of muck land farm is well worth while.

1913

DECATUR, MICHIGAN IS KNOWN AS CELERY SHIPPING STATION

Clean, enterprising and happy Decatur is located on the main line of the Michigan Central Railroad but three hours ride from Chicago and has a population of 1500, which is increasing steadily.

Village is on the north border of a rich tract of muck land. Twenty-five years ago this land was a vast swamp through which was supposed to run the Dowagiac creek, but most of the creek spread out over the land forming small lakes in the open places. A forest of pine, basswood, elm and other timber made the great swamp for the most part impassable as it was the home of every wild animal known to Michigan forests.

EARLY LAWRENCE HISTORY

The village of Lawrence was born in the summer of 1835, while Michigan was yet a territory and a year and a half before she became a state. John Allen, at that time a resident of Ann Arbor, entered a forty-acre tract on Section ten in the Township of Lawrence and platted a village which he named Mason, in honor of Stevens T. Mason, acting governor of the territory and subsequently the first governor of the new state and known in history "as the boy governor."

At that time Mr. Allen had no intention of becoming a resident of his new paper village, the plat of which has never placed in the records of the county. One Ephriam Palmer was employed by him to look after the interests of the location. Palmer put up a log cabin but did not remain long, he and his wife going further west. After Palmer's departure the cabin was occupied by John Reynolds whose name is perpetuated in the name of Reynold's Lake, southeast of the village.

Allen built a sawmill on Brush Creek in 1836, but the town increased so slowly that in 1843 there were but ten families: John Allen, Watson Poole, Alexander Newton, Norman Bierce, afterward familiarly known as Uncle Norman, John R. Haynes, Joseph Hayes, Israel Branch, Alex H. Phelps, John P. Fisk, Benjamin Dunning, and Rodolphus Howe.

Up to that time the village was generally called Brush Creek and the name Mason passed into oblivion. Indeed there are many of the present inhabitants who are not aware that it ever bore that name, but all, except newcomers and some of the younger generation, remember Brush Creek.

Excerpt 1913

OLD LANDMARK DESTROYED

Sunday morning Chet Graham discovered that Clem Ball's slaughter house down by Mud Lake was on fire.

He hurried his little brother over to inform Mr. Ball and then went to the fire. He succeeded in saving three choice hogs for a pleasanter fate but the building, together with tools and other possessions were destroyed.

The building was formerly the property of the late Edward Arnold. It was not insured and the loss was about two hundred dollars. Mr. Ball will rebuild.

1913

WHY WILD PIGEON HAS BECOME EXTINCT

HUNTERS IN SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN FOLLOWED THEM TO NESTING PLACES AND KILLED MILLIONS

A writer in the Lawton Leader says that along about 1872 the passenger pigeon had a nesting place near Hartford, and during forty days of their stay there hunters shipped from that station three carloads per day of birds, each car containing 150 barrels and each barrel 35 dozens. This made a daily slaughter of 180,000 birds.

From Petoskey, Emmet County, two years later, the shipments were five carloads a day, with 8,250 dozen to the carload. Old Simon Pokagon wrote for the CHAUTAUQUA in 1895 that between the years 1840 and 1880 he visited in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, many brooding places of the passenger pigeon, some of which were ten to thirty miles long and four miles wide, every tree on its limbs being spotted with nests. "A pigeon nesting was always a great source of revenue to our people," says the old chief. "Whole tribes would wig wam around their nesting places. They seldom killed the old birds, but made great preparations to secure the young, out of which the squaws made a squab buttered and smoked and dried them for future use."

The greatest nesting remembered was at Petoskey in 1876. It extended for 28 miles and was 4 miles wide. Five thousand people took part in the slaughter of these birds there. Birds were shipped to New York by the carload for fifteen weeks, and this was the beginning of the end. No flocks were ever seen after that, and although in the early eighties there were still a few to be seen, they gradually dwindled away in numbers until now there is not a passenger pigeon left.

1913

A LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By: Virgil O. Strickler, C.S.

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF LECTURESHIP OF THE MOTHER CHURCH, THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

However much people may differ in their attitude towards Christian Science everyone will admit that it has done many good things. Entirely apart from the question of physical healing it is generally conceded that it produces a happy and contented mentality, that it destroys fear, and makes people loving and kind. When we add to this the fact that it has healed many sick people who had previously been unable to find relief under other systems, that it has cured many of the drug habit, and of the liquor habit, has restored harmony in many homes that were discordant, and has given hope and courage to people who were discouraged. It is easy to understand why Christian Science has spread from one end of the earth to the other with such wonderful rapidity.

Why should anyone not wish to believe that God heals the sick? Is it not a thing to be desired? And is it not something for which humanity has been praying through centuries? Now that it is here why should anyone not wish to accept it? Let each one ask himself that question.

The demand for practical things also demands a religion that is practical. People are no longer satisfied with theories about what is to happen in another world. What is desired is a demonstrable religion that saves from present troubles — from sickness and sin, and failure, and unhappiness, and the countless ills of every day human experience — and if there is a religion that will do that, it can be safely trusted for the future.

Christian Science is essentially a practical religion. It has been called applied Christianity. There is the same difference between Christian Science and other systems that there is between mathematics and engineering. Mathematics does much good in many ways, but it is not until the rules of mathematics are applied to human affairs that we see brought out great bridges, railroads, subways, lofty buildings, and other things that are of public utility, and which contribute to the well-being of mankind.

EXCERPT 1913

HOWARD HALL IN "THE DOCTOR"

HAS LEADING ROLL IN PLAY THAT IS ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

Among the plays that are attracting greatest attention in the leading cities this fall is that of "DAMAGED GOODS" by Brieux, member of the French Academy.

The play opened in Chicago a couple of weeks ago and received elaborate notices, mostly friendly, from the newspapers. It is characterized as "A Powerful Sermon," and "Out of the ordinary," and one paper said it is a protest against the tendency to cry, "Get thee behind me Satan."

In one of the strongest companies playing "Damaged Goods" the leading part, that of the "doctor," is taken by Howard Hall of Decatur. The play opened in New York City and then took up engagements in the other leading eastern cities. Everywhere Mr. Hall has been given praise for the excellent quality of his acting. One paper said his "work as the doctor is especially deserving of mention," and other papers said "he handled the role of the doctor most capably." Every good word given to Howard Hall brings pleasure to his many friends back home.

Mr. Hall's company is headed this way and will appear in Kalamazoo some evening in November, the exact date will be published in the Republican as soon as it is learned.

1913

ISAAC KAKKAK TELLS OF EARLY DAYS

WAS HERE WHEN LAWTON HAD ONLY ONE STORE

"Indians camped there," said Isaac Kakkak as he stood on the north side of the M.C.R.R. depot the other day and pointed to the location of the Fruit Belt depot and Lambert & Co's Lumber Yard. "Indians picked huckleberries and brought them here. Only one store then and that was where the hotel stands," he continued. He further explained that at that time there were a number of oak trees there and the Indians would come and camp there for the night. Sometimes they would have a tent and sometimes they would lie out under the trees. Mr. Kakkak is sixty nine years old and was born in Paw Paw township. He is a grandson of Grey Wolf and one of the Pottawatamie Indians who claimed title to the Chicago lake front. In speaking of early days he said the Indians had wigwams in the west part of the village of Paw Paw, located on the ground now occupied by some of the blacksmith shops. Indians to the number of three hundred at one time occupied the land southwest of Paw Paw but they all moved away except his father's family. Mr. Kakkak is still a resident of Paw Paw but has frequently worked in Lawton. He had just returned from a visit to his son in Detroit.

1913

THE COLD NEW YEARS

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE FIRST OF JANUARY WAS THE COLDEST DAY IN MICHIGAN EXPERIENCED BY MEN NOW LIVING

Last Thursday, January 1st, 1914, was the semi-centennial of the cold New Years which has gone down in history as the coldest day this country has experienced since the winter that Washington camped at Valley Forge, and it is not at all certain that those brave Continentals of the Revolutionary War passed through a day as cold and stormy as the first day of January, 1864.

There are few people past the age of sixty years to whom the bitter day does not stand out in their memories as one never to be forgotten. We hope the privation and suffering experienced by our fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers during that terrible winter will never be repeated.

William H. Tuttle had learned telegraphy under Mrs. Mary Wright in the old Michigan Central Passenger depot and was considered competent to take charge of a station. Although he was but fifteen years old he was assigned to the station of Parma, this side of Jackson, and he was there on the cold New Years day.

Mr. Tuttle thus describes the day as he remembers it: December 31, 1863, was very warm for winter weather, there was no snow on the ground and it rained all day. At about midnight the rain turned to snow and the warm air turned to bitter cold. By five o'clock on the first of January the thermometer had dropped to thirty five degrees below zero, a fall of nearly seventy degrees in five hours. The storm raged and it remained bitter cold for a week.

Soldiers in camp froze in their tents.

Fire broke out in a building in Dowagiac and half of the business block was destroyed. There were no hose nor engines in those times and volunteer firemen attempted to fight the fire with buckets of water but the water turned into ice before it reached the fire and they were compelled to let it burn itself out.

A train load of hogs were being shipped to the eastern market and the trainmen reported that 400 of them were frozen and the live hogs were eating the dead ones.

J.S. True called at the office to renew his subscription while we were talking about the cold New Years. Mr. True passed the day in a pup tent in Chattanooga and while it was not quite so fierce as Michigan reported, it was so cold that the memory of his efforts to keep comfortable are fresh in his mind today. The mud was knee deep in Chattanooga the last day of December and the next morning it was frozen hard enough to hold up a team.

Le Grant Fisher was at a recruiting station at Lexington north of Port Huron, on the cold New Years. The last day of December was warm there and after midnight the terrible change took place. The young soldier in his room in the hotel became so cold that he could not sleep and dressed and walked the floor to keep from freezing. The thermometer there went down nearly sixty degrees in a few hours.

1914

REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE COMES TO DECATUR BOY

RALPH L. PETERSON WHO GRADUATES FROM ALBION COLLEGE THIS MONTH, WILL BE ASSISTANT PASTOR OF THE LARGEST M.E. CHURCH

Mr. Peterson, who made a name for himself while at Albion for his prominence in oratory and debating, having represented the college in several state and inter-collegiate contests, has already completed his college work and will get his degree in June without further studies.

He is in the East at present, and will attend Drew Theological Seminary next year, in conjunction with his pastoral work in New York. In fact it was while on a trip to Drew that Mr. Peterson so impressed President Tripple that he at once recommended him to Dr. W.H. Morgan, pastor of the New York church, as assistant, the recommendation coming after a single conference between Mr. Tripple and Mr. Peterson.

The position will be given over entirely to Mr. Peterson during the summer months while Dr. Morgan goes on a trip to Europe. Mr. Peterson is only twenty-six years old. He will return in June to receive his degree and graduate with his class.

The above despatch from Albion was published in the state papers last week. Decatur people have watched with just pride the progress of Ralph Peterson. He has been a faithful and persistent toiler. He has developed rare talent in oratory and his fine character and pleasing manner supply the necessary requirements to recognition.

That he will be successful in the large field to which he has been called is beyond the question of doubt to those who know the preparation he has made.

1914

DECATUR FLOUR MILL DESTROYED

MUST BE REBUILT

The Republican press was turning out the paper last Thursday morning when the alarm of fire was heard. Two hundred papers had already been run but business was stopped instantly and the force rushed to the fire. It was eleven o'clock.

The Decatur Flour Mill was a busy place Thursday morning. The machinery was grinding. George E. Adams, the proprietor, went over it carefully and everything was working nicely. He was taking orders over the phone in his office when a train man rushed in and told him the building was on fire.

Fire had caught in some unknown manner in the east corner and in a remarkably short time the building was a mass of flames.

Mr. Adams saved his typewriter and ledger and a part of the records of the Decatur schools and a few sacks of flour and grain were also saved, but aside from the power plant which was located in the small brick addition, the big flour mill, which has for years been one of Decatur's most valued industries, is entirely destroyed.

The mill was insured in the Michigan Mutual Millers' Insurance Company of Lansing. One Thousand dollars was carried on the building, twenty-three hundred on machinery, two hundred on power plant and three thousand on merchandise, making a total of sixty-five hundred. Mr. Adams received five thousand six hundred twenty-four dollars and sixty-five cents and his total loss was ten thousand six hundred ninety-three dollars. Practically all of the insurance money will go to pay claims held by the two Decatur banks and the five-thousand dollar interest in the property which Mr. Adams has accumulated, after years of labor has gone up in smoke. He will be fifty years old this year and the thought of beginning all over again is somewhat discouraging, but his friends know that he will arise to the occasion and the way will be shown him.

Mr. Adams was prostrated by the smoke and his loss. He is still far from well and has been unable to plan for the future, but Decatur needs a flour mill and we hope to see him rebuild it.

1914

DECATUR'S OLDEST LIVING RESIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Stone and great grand daughter, Pauline Stone of Flint have been guests at the home of Mrs. Stone's sister, Mrs. Andrew Simpson, the past week.

Mrs. Stone is the oldest living resident of Decatur. She came here with her parents in 1848 when she was six years old and her sister Mrs. Viola Smith was a few years younger. She was the oldest daughter of William M. Pardee, a native of Ohio.

Mrs. Stone remembers well the day the family arrived in Decatur. They came from Battle Creek and this was the end of the railroad. Workmen were laying the track on through and building the depot.

There were four buildings here: Two log houses located on the site of Hinckley's livery barn, a store kept by Charles Tucker on the corner of Main and Sherwood street where the Duncombe House burned, and a house where the freight house now stands in which the Pardee family moved.

William Pardee came here in the employ of Beers & Sherwood who owned all of the land now included in the village of Decatur. He surveyed and platted the village. He was the second post master, Mr. Phelps being the first. William Street was named for him.

Poor House For Decatur

It is not generally known that the first poor house in Van Buren County was located in Decatur. William Pardee was appointed Overseer of the Poor in 1859. He lived then on land he had purchased near Harrison cemetery and Pickeral lake. There was no place provided for the county's delinquents and he turned his house into a county house. The number of inmates averaged from four to five in the summer to a dozen in the winter. Among the number Mrs. Stone remembers Edmund Hayes of Paw Paw, Aunt Betsey, the blind woman, High LaRoo and Ellen Raun. The last named was insane and caused much trouble. She would run away and wade out into Pickeral lake as far as she could and stand there and Mr. Pardee would have to wade out and drag her in.

Mr. Pardee died in 1860, a year after he became commissioner of the poor, and his widow continued the work until 1861 when another commissioner was appointed and the poor house was moved to Paw Paw.

Mr. Pardee raised the first celery in Decatur on the sand, planting it in a trench and filling in as it grew. The only road across the swamp in his day was a plank road crossing east of Harrison cemetery.

William F. Stone was a resident of East Decatur when he was united in marriage with Mr. Pardee's oldest daughter, Amian.

1914

FROM NETHERLANDS TO DECATUR

They went to the station of the little city of Utrecht in the Netherlands and bought tickets for Decatur, Michigan, U.S.A.

Monday morning they arrived safe and sound, so Dutch that they could not speak a word and could hardly eat in English and without a friend or relative on this side of the Atlantic ocean.

Such is the fame abroad of the rare and beautiful village of Decatur.

Their names are Johan Spekenyer and Mevrouw Spekenyer. They are farmers and good in the dairy line. He milked on an average of twenty-five cows for thirty years. They were referred to Decatur on account of its Holland settlement here and will stay here and work at what they can get to do.

They were directed to Harm Smith's home where they are finding shelter until they get located.

1914

DECATUR POST OFFICE

It is sometimes said that the Post Office is an index or rather a sort of barometer to the business conditions of a community.

We give it here as an insight from a different angle as to the business conditions of Decatur and adjacent regions.

There has been a gradual increase in the business of the Decatur Post Office for several years and the receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914 exceeded $5,937.86.

Few towns the size of Decatur have better equipped or a more convenient Post Office situated as it is in a large, well-lighted room next to the First State Bank.

Mr. M.S. Carney, the post master, is courteous to all, most obliging and is giving the patrons of his post office efficient service and we believe his efforts are appreciated. He is very ably assisted by Miss Gladys Lincoln as assistant post master and Miss Amanda DeBolt, clerk.

Miss Lincoln has been in this office nearly thirteen years and Miss DeBolt more than ten years. Their courtesy, capability and loyalty have contributed much toward the efficiency of the service.

There are five rural routes being handled by efficient carriers. The personnel of the rural force is Route 1, Frank M. Brigham; Route 2, Guy Calbetzor; Route 3, Stephen Calbetzor; Route 4, Fred G. Rafter; Route 5, Harry C. Jones.

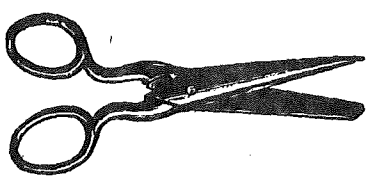
1914

HOWARD HALL'S LATEST PLAY

"THE NATURAL LAW" — a drama written by Howard Hall was given its first presentation at the Shubert Theatre, Minneapolis, several weeks ago. It broke all records for big business at that theatre and received the unqualified endorsement of the dramatic cirtics of Minneapolis. Mr. Hall has received letters of congratulations and endorsement of his play from the Hon. A.O. Eberhart, Governor of Minnesota; Rev. G.L. Morrel, Dr. J. Warren Little, M.D.F.A.C.S. and Richard Burton, College of Science, Literature & Arts, University of Minnesota.

Mr. Hall has been spending his time during the holidays with his family and returns to New York City on the tenth to resume his position in the celebrated sociological drama (Damaged Goods) in which he assumes the leading role of the Doctor, and will continue with it until the end of the theatrical season.

1914



FIRST STATE BANK REORGANIZED

L. EARL VAN ANTWERP ELECTED CASHIER TO SUCCEED L. D. HILL, RESIGNED — NEW DIRECTORS ON BOARD

An adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the First State Bank was held last Thursday at which there was a re-organization of the Board of Directors and officers.

A.W. Copley sold his interest in the bank and retired from the Board, H.D. Wickett purchasing his stock. A.W. Haydon also retired from the Board and L. Earl Van Antwerp was selected to succeed him.

The Board of Directors is now composed of E.B. and H.E. Copley, Mrs. Belle Baker, H.D. Wickett and L.E. Van Antwerp. E.B. Copley remains president and E.E. Copley, Vice President. L.D. Hill tendered his resignation as cashier and was succeeded by L.E. Van Antwerp.

The bank enjoyed a successful year in 1914 and the usual semi-annual dividend was declared the first of January.

L.E. Van Antwerp, the new cashier, has been connected with the bank the past nine years and for several years past has held the position of assistant cashier. He is known to be conservative in business and has also won a reputation for courtesy and strict integrity. He is in every way fitted to fill the responsible position held so many years by Mr. Hill.

1914

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

PROFESSOR BURKHEAD AS PRINCIPAL

Professor Burkhead was not only a good disciplinarian but an up-to-date, thorough and conscientious teacher. He believed in the finer part of education as well as the practical, the part that made you appear educated, such as good writing, spelling, reading, and good language, in contrast to Professor Upton, whose hobby was Latin and mathematics.

He did a great many things not required because he believed in them. The first half hour after devotionals was given to music, and we were marked the same as for any other studies. I remember that was the only thing in which James Jordan did not stand nearly perfect. He used to be marked as low as three in music.

Then for five minutes every forenoon and afternoon every window was raised and we went through exercises in physical culture.

In the botany class we were required to draw pictures on the black board which served to bring out a talent in many not known to exist.

The last ten minutes before school closed he gave us good talks on things we ought to know which I still quote as those around me can testify. For an hour after school he drilled the Seniors in Normal work, the notes of which I kept until left behind in the old home.

He regraded the school and put it on the University list; we had all the sciences, higher mathematics and others not in the list now.

We had a good School Board too, the names of Newton Foster, L.T. Rawson, J.L. Harrison, A.B. Copley, and W.E. Trowbridge being on my diploma, and I think we were pretty well equipped for those days.

Many Mottoes

There was a motto on each side of the clock "Knowledge is Power" and "God Bless our School" and the pictures of George Washington and Daniel Webster on each side of the entrances and such mottoes as "He that would have the first fruit must climb the tree," and others printed at the top of the black boards all around the room. It was in a day of mottoes.

I remember a fine collection of specimens in a large case in the office for geology and natural history and also plenty of books, (his own private collection, I think, which he took away with him) and we had things required for experiment in physics and chemistry in the east recitation room.

If we had a talent it was discovered, and we were required to use it. I only regret that too strenuous practice injured my voice in preparing for entertainments given every two weeks to pay for an organ, which is now in one of the lower rooms.

We had a large school then, one hundred ten in the High School room, of which a great many were foreign pupils. Some of the finest scholars were turned out occupying the highest positions.

Professor Burkhead is now an old man, broken in health, as a letter received from him last Christmas would indicate, living in California with his wife and married daughter, his only son having died in 1911. He had no grandchildren to cheer his declining years, which is a sorrow to him, but his memory and good works will be carried down to coming generations.

/S/ One of the Class of 1877
Republican 1914

THE POORE BLOCK

Repairing Of The Three-Story Brick Building Recalls Stories Of The Days Of Their Building

The three-story brick buildings known as the Poore Block are undergoing extensive repairing in front. Time has left its mark upon the brick and they have gradually crumbled until the buildings had become in a measure unsafe on account of falling pieces. The old brick were taken out for a space of three feet from the top and new layers substituted and the entire front was reinforced where needed.

The block consists of two three-story buildings, one is owned by M.S. Carney and the main floor and part of the second story are occupied by his drug store. The other building is owned by Mrs. E.fi. Vincent of Rockford, Illinois who was the widow of the late E.B. Copley.

The block was built by the late Charley Poore and was completed in the summer of 1864. Ira Nash and Lon Keables were the first tenants of the room now occupied by Knights' and the printing office conducted by the Late Prof. Bellows and later by A.E. Blackman occupied the second floor. William E. and Philander Trowbridge were the first tenants of the room now occupied by Carney's Drug store. Theodore Trowbridge clerked for his father and uncle the year they opened the business and he is there now helping Mr. Carney. He was the owner of the building and conducted the drug store there for many years.

The building adjoining these two stores on the north and now occupied by the Rackett, is also a three-story building and was built by Mr. Poore in 1852. Mr. Poore conducted a hardware store on the north side of this building and John and Fred Chadwick conducted a dry-goods store on the south side. George Boughton had a photograph gallery on the top floor. This building was constructed of brick made on the bank of Lake of the Woods.

Mr. Poore built and resided in the house adjoining his store, now the home of Mrs. Josephine Potts.

L.S. JONES

Dealers in necessity like lumber and builders' materials can hope for large and permanent success only when they are equipped to do business on a large scale. This is one explanation of the success in this line, which has been won by L.S. Jones, the lumber dealer, in Decatur.

This splendidly equipped plant maintains at all times, large quantities of rough and finished lumber, and is thus enabled to make prompt deliveries, which in itself is an important feature in this line of business.

Besides lumber of all kinds, Mr. Jones is stocked with lime, cement, brick, sash, doors, slate and composition roofing and shingles of all sorts.

The yard is conveniently located on George Street next to the Michigan Central tracks and near Hinckley's Measure and Planing mill, so that those desiring special lengths and sizes of timber, or dressed lumber can get them at this yard without delay. They also maintain a cement block manufacturing device which is a great convenience to the trade. They not only furnish the material for building but will design and contract to build complete anything desired.

1914

INDIAN

The Hartford Correspondent of the Detroit Journal recently sent in a one-half column write up of Peter Wapsey, an old Indian, who is supposed to be one hundred ten (110) years of age, and the oldest person in Michigan. He was born near Pokagon in July, 1783 and is one of the almost extinct Pottawatomie tribe, the remnant of which can be found in a settlement five and one-half miles north east of Hartford. Wapsey has been twice married and had thirteen children. He has been known, in the vicinity where he now lives, for sixty years. Wapsey says he was the greatest bear hunter in south western Michigan and formerly killed hundreds of bear and deer in Berrien, Cass and Van Buren Counties.

1914

SELA N. THOMAS

Sela N. Thomas passed away at his home on north Phelps Street March 15, 1915 after a short illness. His age was seventy-eight years. He had been identified with the business and social interests of Decatur since the days before the Civil War and had established a name here almost as well known as the village itself.

Mr. Thomas was a native of Chautauqua County, New York, and was born in 1836. He was married in 1857, to Drucilla V. Bentley at Cherry Creek, New York, and three years later saw them established in this village. Decatur at that time was just beginning to take form as an enterprising settlement among the grubbs and timbers, and Mr. Thomas as much as any man helped to develop it into the beautiful village we enjoy today.

Mr. Thomas, in partnership with Nathaniel Hawks, who is past eighty years of age and resides in Galesburg, opened the first hardware store in a small frame building where the office of Dr. Bope now stands and his simple home was located on the present site of Frank Baker's blacksmith shop. After a time Mr. Hawks retired from the firm and was succeeded by a Mr. Quinn. The brick building on the corner of Phelps and Delaware street was erected in 1872 and Thomas & Quinn moved into new and better quarters. The firm continued until 1878 when Mr. Thomas bought out his partner and he became sole owner. In 1885 he gave his son, Frank, a half interest in the business and the firm became known as S.N. Thomas & Son. In 1902 Mr. Thomas retired and the business was conducted by his son until 1907.

From the small beginning Mr. Thomas built up one of the largest hardware businesses in this part of Michigan. His big double store contained everything in the hardware line commonly used and many things rarely used and many a time citizens of other towns came here to purchase from his stock. As a merchant he enjoyed a reputation of more than ordinary excellence. He was industrious and enterprising. He never misrepresented and his word was as good as gold. Such a reputation coupled with good judgment must inevitably bring success and Mr. Thomas was successful.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were parents of two sons, Arthur and Frank, the latter residing in Decatur. The wife and mother passed away in 1886 and since then Mr. Thomas has resided with his sister.

Dowagiac was telephoned for assistance and FIRE CHIEF U.P. LEADER and three assistants with 500 feet of hose came down on the 1:40 train. They made sure the control of the fire and their work was greatly appreciated.

The total damage is not far from fifteen thousand dollars.

1914

Knights of Pythias Lodge

This organization was inspired by the story of Damon and Pythias as presented by the young Irish author, dramatist and poet, John Banim. The legend dates back to the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, born in the year 430 B.C.

"And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Dionysius had doomed Damon to death, and he was ordered chained in his dungeon 'til the hour of execution. All the world has seemingly forsaken him, but one friend, Pythias, remained steadfast.

Damon's one request was that he might see his wife and child before he died and Pythias pleaded for this brief respite for his friend, pledging his life that he would return for the execution. The request was granted, Damon hurried to his home far away and Pythias was chained in his place.

The hour for the execution arrived and Damon did not return. Pythias was brought to the scaffold to die in his stead while the crowd jeered and taunted him with the apparent falseness of his friend. Phthias doubted not the honor of Damon and with face radiant with smiles exclaimed, " 'tis sweet to die for those we love."

As the hour that would proclaim the death knell of Pythias was about to strike, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance and a horseman in desperate speed rode to the scaffold, and Damon, in time to save his friend, fell exhausted from his steed.

This friendship is the foundation of the order Knights of Pythias and with it goes charity and benevolence. Its ceremonies are beautiful and impressive; it teaches the broadest lesson of nobility and inspires its members to grander and better things. No one can be a member of this order and abide by its teachings without being a better, broader, kinder and more charitable man.

That is why it is growing and spreading its influence over all the world and why its power for good is felt in every community in which it is established. As long as friendship is considered a virtue, so long will the Order Knights of Pythias endure.

1914

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSINESS MAN

The following story was written by Charles Schuster for many years a leading merchant of Decatur who established the dried goods and clothing stores now conducted by Fred L. Mosier and Charles E. Criffield, and made the name of "Schuster" a household word in two counties. He is now manager of the Milwaukee Twelfth street store of Ed Schuster & Co. and editor in chief of the store magazine, "Keeping In Touch."

The story refers to one of the writer's Decatur experience and to the late Dr. G.L. Rose, to whose memory it is a deserving tribute. Mr. Schuster very kindly gave the publisher permission to publish in the Republican.

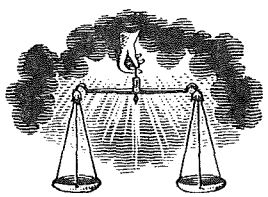
Ed.

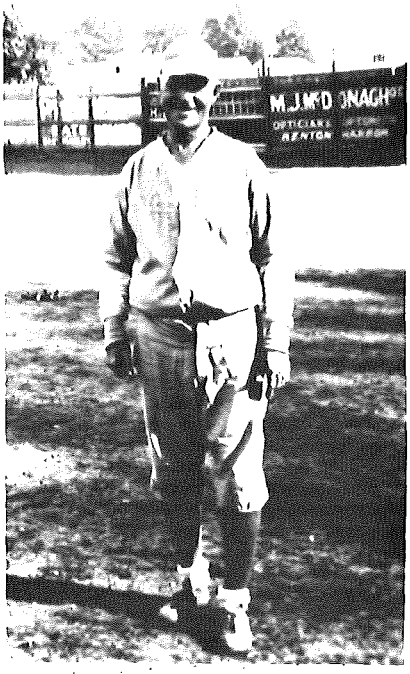
When the writer was conducting a country store, he was informed one cold winter morning, after a heavy snow fall, that a day laborer he had employed to shovel snow from the roof of his residence, had fallen off and evidently was badly injured. Hurrying home he found the man lying on the snow, moaning pitifully with a number of men helpless around him, because every movement the poor man was subjected to caused him intense pain. The writer immediately dispatched men to the several doctors' offices in the town to hurry help to the sufferer. But one was found and he sent word that if Mr. — (the merchant) would guarantee the bill, he would come at once. The messenger had just been told to rush back and state that the bill would be so guaranteed when someone said, "Here comes Dr. Rose." He was just then returning from a distant call in the country and having heard of the accident on the street, hurried to the patient and upon examination, established a fracture of the upper leg. By his personal aid and direction the patient was gently placed in his cutter and by the doctor himself taken to the man's home. A compound fracture was established and the patient made as comfortable as the meagre conditions permitted. An hour later, to the merchant's surprise, the doctor came to the store reporting the patient's serious condition and that he found the home — a simple, bleak, log cabin at the outskirts of the town — insufficiently protected from the cold and the family destitute of both food and necessary bed covering. "We must make this man comfortable at once," he said, "And if you will send down some bed covering, I will buy them some groceries. I will be back in a few minutes and take the things along myself." Needless to say that the covering was furnished and all ready when the doctor returned with a large basket of groceries and provisions, all of which he immediately took to the poor man's home. All this, too, before he returned to his own home, after a long drive in the country. He treated the man conscientiously and with the same care and patience that he would bestow on one of his wealthy patrons. When at last the patient was walking on crutches, the merchant asked the doctor for the bill, when he said, "You don't owe me a cent." Upon the merchant's reply that the man would probably be unable ever to pay him and that he (the merchant) was ready to pay the bill, the doctor stated if the county wants to pay me anything for the poor fund, well and good, but I will take nothing from you. It is not your affair, for you are in no way responsible for the accident.

Dr. Rose was not a religious man, as the world is apt to consider religion. In fact he was apt to be quite gruff and plain spoken, but he carried the right kind of heart under his coat and was ever ready with word and deed for the suffering whether rich or poor, as the case here recited simply proves.

Is it a wonder, that when Dr. Rose died some years ago, there was not a hall nor church large enough in town to hold the crowd who gathered from near and far to tender their silent testimonial to the worth of one whom they had loved and admired, to silently express their grief at the loss of not only an excellent physician, but a noble, large-hearted man.

1914





ELMER WOOLFE SIGNS WITH KALAMAZOO

Elmer Woolfe, one of Decatur's star ball players, has signed with the Kalamazoo Club of the Southern Michigan League to try out as an outfielder.

Elmer is known in this section of the state as an all-around player of ability. He is a good fielder, a good baseman, a good pitcher and a strong batter.

He goes to Kalamazoo to begin with the club the twentieth of April and his Decatur friends are sure that he will make good.

WILLIAM K. VAN HISE

VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR AND ONE OF DECATUR'S OLDEST AND BEST CITIZENS PASSED AWAY SEPTEMBER 20.

Wm. K. Van Hise was born at Trenton, Butler county, Ohio, July 10th, 1835, and departed this life at his home in East Valley, Decatur, Mich., on the 20th of September, 1914, aged 79 years, 2 months and 10 days.

He came to this state with his parents when a babe ,and nearly his entire life has been spent here.

On the 10th day of July, 1858, he was united in marriage to Miss Amelia Armitage, and to this union were born four children, one son, Eugene E., who died in infancy, and three daughters, Mrs. Inez Maguire of Paw Paw township and Misses Susa and Carrie Van Hise, who reside on the old homestead.

The widow of the deceased, three daughters and one grandson are left to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and a loving father, besides a host of friends and relatives ,he being the last of a family of eight children.

Mr, Van Hise was a veteran of the Civil war having enlisted at Kalamazoo in Company H. Twelfth Mich. Infantry, under Captain Claflin, and served until the close of the war, being mustered out on the 15th of February, 1866.

He was a lifelong member of the Masonic fraternity and the last Charter member of the Decatur lodge.

He was converted and baptised in the Christian church in 1876 and was a conscientious Christian until his death.

He was noble and upright in all his dealing in public and private life, a good citizen, a kind and helpful neighbor, who will be greatly missed.

The family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. Van Hise has held every office in Decatur township but that of constable and was supervisor of the township for thirteen years. Everyone liked "Uncle Billy" as he was affectionately called and he was almost sure to be elected when he was on the ticket. He was a life long Republican and when the outlook for the local G. O. P. was not the brightest he was more than once urged to run to help "pull the ticket through"

He will be remembered as one of the grand good citizens of his day.

Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock Rev. A. Bradfield officiating. Members of his regibent were pall bearers and veterans of the Decatur Post were present at Lakeside cemetery where the remains were buried.

FIRST DECATUR BLACKSMITH

POSTMASTER OF MORA, MINN., WRITES LETTER THAT WILL INTEREST THE PIONEERS.

C. E. Williams, postmaster of Mora, Minn., President of the Mora State Bank, Secretary of the Rudd Lumber Co., etc, writes the following letter to Postmaster Carney:

My Dear Postmaster:

I am enclosing you clipping from our local paper, as I formerly lived some twelve miles south of Decatur, but left Michigan, 32 years ago. When I learned that uncle Ben formerly lived in Michigan, I looked him up and had may talks with him. He told me he had a blacksmith shop in Decatur before the Michigan Central was built through the town. Speaking of old men, I met an old gentleman by the name of John Dobney, who lives near here and he mentioned that he used to work on Little Prairie Ronde. I said, "you must have known Ben Hathaway and B. G Beuel." No, he said he did not know them. I said that is strange, when were you there. "Oh, about seventy-five years ago." There was nothing more for me to say. Mr. Dobney informed me he was ninety-four years old. He was in Little Prairie Ronde in 1837.

If the publisher of your local paper or papers see fit to publish the obituary of Uncle Ben Randall, kindly send me a copy or copies. The editor of our local paper is speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives and is a candidate for State Auditor.

Respectfully,

C. E. Williams.

FLAGG AND THOMAS TO SELL OVERLAND

Flagg and Thomas have just closed a contract with the Willys-Overland Company of Toledo, Ohio, and are now sales agents for this territory of the handsome new Overland, one of the prettiest and best cars in the thousand dollar class made. They will not give up their Mitchell agency, which car experience has told them has no equal in its class, but the new agency will enable them to please all desires for a standard automobile.

July 16, 1914.

John F. Chevlleer died at the home of his daughter in Chico, California, the first of July. He was 80 years old and a veteran of the Civil war. He was a brother of Mrs. N. E. Webster and one of Decatur's first residents.

The first teacher of District No. 8, Hamilton township, was Mary C. Duffin. Her contract was made with Director Erastus Osborn for "the term commencing December 6, 1869, and the said Mary C. Duffin agrees to faithfully keep the list and record required by law and to observe the rules and regulations established by the Board." She was to teach 14 weeks and her salary was $106.

EIGHTEEN YEARS WITH THE REPUBLICAN

RE-ESTABLISHED THE FIRST THURSDAY IN JANUARY, 1897, IN ROOMS OVER L.G. STEWART'S GROCERY — MOVED INTO REPUBLICAN BUILDING IN FALL OF 1901 — ENTIRE EQUIPMENT CHANGED.

Eighteen years ago this Thursday a first issue of the Decatur Republican by the present publisher was printed. Eighteen years may be a long time to look ahead but it's not far to look back, and it does not seem long ago that, without experiencing in printing or publishing, we tackle the job.

The office was then located in the front half of the second story of L.G. Stewart's building where Dr. Easton is now located.

In 1893 or '94 M.O. Rowland moved the Republican over to Paw Paw leaving the village without a paper. W.E. Secord was foreman of the office under Mr. Rowland and in partnership with Fred H. Dewey, now editor of the Marion Despatch, he established the Decatur Independent. The Independent expired the last Thursday in December, 1896, and the Decatur Republican was re-established the first Thursday in January, 1897.

The paper at that time was a five-column sheet, four pages printed at home and four in Chicago. It has been enlarged from time to time until at present from six to eight pages of seven columns each are printed and all at home.

In 1891 the Republican moved from the second story of the Stewart building into the brick block built for it, its present home.

The Republican subscription list originally contained three hundred names, it now has twelve hundred. A number of these subscribers have taken the paper the entire eighteen years and a few have been subscribers to the paper continually since it was established in 1867.

The Republican has undergone a complete change in equipment since it was re-established eighteen years ago. Not a machine nor a tool or a font of type that made the Republican in 1897 is still in use. Only the type cases and racks and publisher are the same, and these are none the worse for wear.

A year ago the work of the office was revolutionized by the installing of the greatest of all inventions for printing, — the Intertype.

Producing the Republican each week is not an easy task but it is a pleasant one. The effort to bring out in each paper comething commendable sometimes taxes the mental and mechanical resources of the force, but the effort is worth while and every word of commendation or assistance produces new energy.

In looking back over the past eighteen years we see much for which to be thankful and not the least is the good will of the public we have labored faithfully to serve. We are content to face the future in the assurance that only good can come of honest endeavor.

Arba N. Moulton,
Publisher

© MARY CODE MAHONEY ©

HORSE AND BUGGY STOLEN

Last Saturday morning an elderly man went to Hinckley's livery barn and asked to hire a horse and buggy for the day to visit the marshes about Decatur and buy huckleberries. Mr. Hinckley harnessed the bay mare he bought of Robb Johnson two years ago, one of the best horses in his barn and the stranger paid him in advance.

Saturday night he failed to return and Sunday morning Mr. Hinckley began to investigate. He called the sheriff to help and every effort has been made to recover the rig but so far without success.

It has been learned that the man's name is Riley, and that he has a wife and daughter in Buchanan. It is thought he drove to Indiana and disposed of the property and skipped. A similar theft was reported at Goblesville last week.

A.M. Lyle identified Riley as a man who worked on the Ring farm a couple of years ago. Mr. Hinckley has not yet given up the search for his property although the prospects of finding it do not look good to him today.

"OLD GLORY"

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM

Captain Stephen Driver was without doubt the first man to christen our flag "Old Glory." He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, March 17, 1803. When about to sail from that port in command of the brig "Charles Doggett", in the year 1831, he was presented with a large American flag. As it was sent aloft, and broke out to the air, Captain Driver christened the beautiful emblem "Old Glory", and that was the name he evermore used for it. His flag shared with the Captain the perils and adventures of the deep, and on his retirement from the sea it was taken by him to Nashville, Tennessee, where he made his home, and where he died in 1886.

The captain was a most pronounced "Union Man", and his outspoken fondness for the flag made him widely known as "Old Glory Driver." When the Civil War broke out every Confederate in the town felt a special call to get hold of that particular flag. The Captain's home and grounds were repeatedly searched in vain. They knew it was there but they could not find it. The old captain told them they should see it when it again floated over the city. In order to keep it safe until that longed-for time, the Captain with his own hands quilted Old Glory into a comforter, and made it his bed-fellow. On February 25, 1862, the Federal Troops took possession of Nashville, and, true to his promise, Captain Driver took the flag to the Capitol and it was soon waving over the city. As he saw it once more in the air, the old man exclaimed, "Now that Old Glory is up there Gentlemen I am ready to die". In his happiness the Captain gave another flag, which he had secreted in the same way, to the Sixth Ohio regiment, with the hope that they would raise it over every cotton state capitol. In 1882 the Captain gave his beloved flag to his niece, Mrs. Cooke, with directions for her to do with it as she thought best after his death. She afterward presented it to its present care-takers, the Essex Institute, of Salem Massachusetts. So after all its voyages and vicissitudes, the Original "Old Glory" is to-day safe in the very port from which it first sailed away eighty-two years ago.

On June 14, 1777, in old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Congress adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, that the Flag of the Thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation. The stars to be arranged in a circle." Enter here the Star Spangled Banner, with thirty-seven years to wait the song that was immortalize the name.

* * *

The Stars and Stripes was first used in actual military service at Fort Stanwix, re-named Fort Schuyler, now Rome, N. Y., on August 6, 1777, and first carried in battle at a skirmish at Cooch's Bridge, near Wilmington, Delaware, September 3, 1777.

* * *

On February 14, 1778, Captain John Paul Jones had the great satisfaction of seeing the Stars and Stripes "recognized for the first time and in the fullest manner by the flag of France by salutes first to the "Ranger" and then to the "Independence" of Jones' fleet. This was probably the first recognition by any foreign power of the colors of the United States of America.

* * *

John Paul Jones was also the first to see a regular British Man-of-War strike her flag to that of the United States. Jones received his appointment to the command of the "Ranger" on the very day that our national flag was adopted by Congress. He said "That flag and I are twins. We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we can float, we shall float together; if we must sink we shall go down as one."

* * *

The flag was not changed until 1795, when two stripes and two stars were added for Vermont and Kentucky. By 1816 four more states, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana and Indiana were in the family and a committee was appointed to give them a place on the flag. Realizing that there must be a limit to the stripes, the committee made a recommendation which was adopted April 4th, 1818, that the flag be permanently thirteen stripes, representing the original thirteen states and that a new star be added for each state as admitted.

* * *

The plan of arranging the stars to form one large star was abandoned at that time and the method of placing them in rows was adopted. Since then a star has been added to the flag on the Fourth of July following the admission of a state to the Union.

* * *

The flag of the United States at the time of the Revolution had thirteen stars; in the War of 1812, fifteen; in the Mexican War twenty-nine; in the Civil War, thirty-five and in the Spanish-American War, forty-five—the number to-day is forty-eight, arranged on the blue field in six rows of eight stars each.

* * *

The flag making plant of the navy is at the Brooklyn Navy yard. The bunting comes from Massachusetts. Every case costs the Government $560 or $11.25 a roll. Every piece must weigh five pounds to forty yards and stand a test of seventy pounds to two square inches. The bunting is steeped in salt water for six hours and then exposed to the sun for another six. If it passes these tests it is pronounced fit for our country's service.

* * *

"Morning and Evening Colors" are observed on board all our naval vessels and at naval stations. The ceremony attending the raising and lowering of the flag is very impressive. "The Star-Spangled Banner" has long been played at the raising, but in 1904 Secretary Moody ordered that it be played at the evening ceremony also, instead of "Hail Columbia," which had previously been used when the colors were lowered.

* * *

In many schools in this country, and also in the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico, there are frequent salutes to the flag. When it is brought forward every pupil rises and gives a military salute, then all together they slowly and distinctly repeat:

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

PADDOCK HOTEL IN DECATUR

Does Decatur's hotel put Decatur behind the times, is it below the average of hotels in towns of equal size, can Decatur support a better hotel? These are some of the questions noted by the publisher in a conversation with a valued subscriber.

Decatur's hotel, the Paddock House, is a frame structure built by the late Henry Shelters to take the place of the original Shelters House which was destroyed by fire some twenty-five years ago. George B. McComber bought the building shortly after the death of Henry Shelters and has since owned it.

Mr. McComber has been successful in securing good renters and the present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Mead, serve excellent meals and take good care of their guests.

It was shown to the writer that a new modern hotel building would cost eight to ten thousand dollars and that it could not be made to pay, in a town the size of Decatur. Mr. McComber has given the subject much thought and has several times considered seriously a plan of building a hotel and store building on his lots on Main street, but he was never able to see how the investment could be made to pay anywhere near satisfactory return. It was cited that the leading hotel of Kalamazoo loses about $500.00 a month and that the Oliver Hotel of South Bend does not pay expenses.

Michigan Central trains are scheduled to stop so frequently that traveling men get into and out of town even between meals, and bars, which in olden times were the principal source of the hotel's dividend, are barred by law.

A handsome modern brick hotel with tile floor, elevators, rooms with bath, bell boys and a banquet hall, is a pleasant dream for Decatur, but the man with the money to build it, is not making himself known.

1914

Contributed by George McComber

Hamilton Grange Marks 95th Year

ONCE LARGEST Grange in Michigan, the Hamilton Grange will be 95 years old on March 24th. While the National Grange observed its 100th anniversary last year, the following article is now being reprinted from the Republican files by request of some of the older Grange members.

The following story was taken from the Apr. 9, 1914 issue of the Decatur Republican. It was prepared and read by Miss Beulah Hemenway at a meeting which celebrated the 40th anniversary of the Grange.

On the 24th day of March, 1874, a meeting was called at the Red School house in what is now known

as the Barber district for the purpose of organizing a grange, and that day under the direction of J. J. Woodman, who later became master of the National Grange, Hamilton Grange was launched on its career with the following officers: Master, A. W. Haydon; Overseer, John Bennett; Lecturer, J. B. Hendryx; Steward, J. B. Morehouse; Assistant Steward, A. A. Olds; Chaplain, S. L. Cooper; Treasurer, G. B. Yeckley; Secretary, A. S. Wise; Gatekeeper, A. J. Johnson; Ceres, Mrs. Mary Haydon; Pomona, Miss Mamie Morehouse; Flora, Mrs. Lucy Bennett; Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Jennie Perry. Six of these officers are still llving and two are still valued members of Hamilton Grange.

The second and third meetings were held at the home of G. A. Osborn, pending arrangements for the renting of rooms in Brown's Tavern.

Jarvin R. Bacon was the first candidate to receive a degree, but Mr. and Mrs. James Osborn were the first to receive all four degrees.

The first record of death in their ranks occurred in the spring of 1875 when G. B. Yeckley was called to the higher life. One of the charter members, he was the first to enjoy the distinction of representing his district in the legislature.

Early in the year of 1875, there began to be talk of building a grange home. March seems to be a lucky month for Hamilton Grange for it was in March, 1875, that the talk culminated in the appointment of a committee consisting of Robert L. Nesbitt, J. B. Morehouse and S. B. Hagar to make arrangements in regard to building a hall.

Troubles with the landlady in the following month caused them to leave the spacious ball room in the old tavern, and to seek quarters in the Haydon school house. Undoubtedly this made them all the more anxious for a hall. A committee was appointed to get the cost of the material.

It seems strange at this time that there should ever have been the hesitancy about the best location for the hall. But there were spirited discussions in regard to the site. Some were anxious to have it located on Fairbanks corners (Fritzburg), while others inclined to Gano's corners (opposite cemetery), but it was finally decided to locate it at the center of the township, A. W. Haydon donating the land for the site.

After the report of the committee on materials, the final building committee consisting of A. S. Wise, A. W. Haydon and J. M. Weeks were appointed, and the struggle for a hall began in earnest. Struggle it must have been for those sixty people to set about building a hall with comparatively little means. But they were young and stout hearted, all worked with a will. Those who were financially able advaned their dues for a term of years to furnish money for the enterprise. Others gave freely of time and labor. So well did they work that December, 1875, found them in the new hall.

It was still far from complete. Improvements and additions were made from time to time as finances warranted. The furniture, consisting of the three desks and the altar, were not added until 1877. These were the work of John Peck, an early member of the order.

The Grange has received some gifts in the form of pictures and dishes, but the most of the evidences of comfort it has added in the years have been the result of hustle and honest merit.

The second organ which is still in possession of the Grange was earned by getting subscriptions to the Michigan Farmer. The piano was paid for largely through the efforts of Frank Ring and W. F. Woolcox. The sheds were built in 1886.

In 1893, there began to be felt the need of more room in the hall, particularly for a stage, but it was not until 1896 that this idea took form in the addition to the hall known as the basement and the stage built in conjunction by the Grange and the Hamilton Fair Association. The scenery and drop curtain for the new stage were secured through the efforts of Howard Hall and wife in return for which service they were made honorary members of Hamilton Grange.

Life is full of ups and downs and Hamilton Grange is no exception to the rule. There was a time for three or four years in the late 80's when interest lagged somewhat, and the attendance was small, notwithstanding the fact that the treasurary was so full that a cash dividend of 50 cents per member was given each one attending a meeting.

In 1892, under the leadership of Thomas Mars a' that time master of the state grange, a big revival was held and the grange entered upon its greatest era of prosperity. The twenty members who had kept the faith and remained true, were increased by many more, and under capable administration of Mrs. M. E. Haydon, Hamilton Grange attained a state-wide reputation. At one time it was the largest grange in the state, boasting a membership of over 300.

That "Hamilton plan" which was to have an hour for business, an hour for social enjoyment and an hour for the program, was held up as a model for other granges throughout the state to follow.

During Mrs. Haydon's eight years of mastership she initiated 245 candidates. It was during this period that the famous games of "Bingo," "Pigs in the Parlor," "Solemn Occasion," etc., were introduced, and young people from near and far joined the grange. Scores of happy matches had their beginnings at grange meetings.

Hamilton Grange has ever allied itself on the side of progress and reform. As early as May, 1874, it put itself on record as being in sympathy with the temperance question. In July, 1874, an open meeting was held for the discussion of woman suffrage. Good schools have ever been a source of interest to it, and the minutes of the last forty years plainly show that it has ever been interested in the great questions of the day.

Of the fifty and more who helped in the first organization, only 18 are still numbered with the living and of these only six are still members of the order — Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Haydon, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Osborn, Mrs. E. F. Baxter and J. M. Weeks.

Among those who have served as master are A. W. Haydon, J. M. Weeks, G. W. Wait, Mrs. M. E. Haydon, C. W. Byers, Waldo Phillips and Grace Osborn.

No organization can be built up without thought, labor and personal sacrifice on the part of its members. Especial honor is due those who for forty years have never lost courage but have maintained their way in spite of obstacles.

No one can measure the good it has accomplished in its long career; there have been little unremembered acts of kindness and of love; many lonely hearts have been cheered; many pleasant friendships formed, and a broader, happier social life made possible by a common meeting place.

Hamilton Grange still enjoys a good working membership, and it hopes to be of still greater service to the community in times to come.

The charter members of Hamilton Grange were: Eli E. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Milo J. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cady, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Cooper.

C. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Hagar, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Haydon, J. B. Hendryx, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Levi A. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lee, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morehouse, Miss

Mamie Morehouse.

A. A. Olds, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Judson Phelps, J. C. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Prince, F. E. Shoudy, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, B. F. Sterritt, Jarvis Skinner, C. VanDuzer, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. B. Yeckley.

FIRST AUTO RIDE

By the courtesy of Mr. Fred Payne of Hamilton, a friend and former neighbor, Grandma Rice, had her first automobile ride last Saturday evening.

Owing to a sprained ankle she had to be carried to and from the car and at first she thought she could not ride far, but she enjoyed the ride so much that she said nothing about stopping and she was taken for a ten-mile ride.

She also had a short visit with Mrs. Payne and her three daughters, and with her grandchildren Mr. and Mrs. John Rice. The evening was a very happy one and many thanks are due to Mr. Payne for his kindness.

Lawrence Times
1914

VOLINIA SCHOOL HAS HISTORY

SESSIONS FIRST HELD IN HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH WARREN IN THAT TOWNSHIP.

Among the Volinia pioneers of the thirties were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Warner, parents of Asa Warner, says the Dowagiac News, who bought 80 acres on section nine and passed their days there. In the days before a school house was provided, school was kept in their home a short time, a three or four months school in winter being all that was held in those days. In 1845 plans were laid for the first school, and Richard Huyck was clerk of the Board which sent out the notices that the school inspectors of the township had formed a school district of sections nine and 16 and that the first meeting would be held at the home of J. B. Gard, September 30, 1848 Mr. Huyck spelled Volinia somewhat differently than it is spelled now, spelling it "Volena", while in some of the papers relating to the organization it is spelled "Volina."

Among some of the old time settlers who helped organize this district were Hubbel Warner, Joseph Warner, Jasper Van Curen, R. J. Huyck, Oscar F. Hall, the latter moving to Marcellus township and at one time being a preacher; J. H. Rich and others, all prominent in their day. They finally voted to erect a school house on the south west corner of what is now the Van Curen farm, across the road from Mr. Warner's and to build the school house by subscription instead of tax At a meeting held September 2, 1852, it was voted that "School District No. 6 unite with the adjoining district providing that District No. 2 agree to locate a school site at the westwood west of Charleston."

This historic school is being taught this winter by Miss Lisle Casterline of Penn. The surroundings are different from what they were back where these pioneers were trying to find a place to school their children, and the methods of teaching and the books are different.

VOLINIA IN THE FORTIES

GEORGE SCOTT OF MARCELLUS TELLS ABOUT THE CASS COUNTY SETTLEMENT WHEN HE WAS A BOY OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

George Scott of Marcellus, says The News, has now reached his four score years. He came with his parents from New York state when he was but three years of age and has spent 77 years in this vicinity, so reminiscences from him are not only interesting, but authentic.

Mr. Scott's boyhood home was in the old village of Volinia, which was located about a mile north of the present village of Nicholsville. The ground on which the east side of the village stood is now a part of the M. B. Lawrence farm and the west side of the village is a part of the F. G. Pollock farm. In the northwest part of the village lived Ezra Houk, a half brother to Mr. Scott, then came R. J. Huyck, who was village postmaster and kept a hotel. Mr. Huyck also owned property in the village. South of him was property owned by Wm. Scott, the father of our friend George. He also had property in the northeast part of town.

Here George Scott went when he was three years of age and spent the days of his boyhood and young manhood. Next east of Wm. Scott lived his son-in-law, Landon Daniels. The main street of the town was the north and south road, which is still the main road in that locality, but at that time there was also an almost east and west road which is now closed.

Although the village was very small it supported two schools, a common school on the north side of the cross street and a high school on the south side taught by T. N. Copley, whose daughter, Mrs. Eckenberger, now lives in Decatur. At these schools Mr. Scott commenced his education with the three "R's" in the year 1840. There is but one other person living who attended school there at that early date. That is Mrs. Nancy Gard, mother of Ed. Gard, she being now 86 years of age.

The school Mr. Scott attended was burned in 1842 and with it his books also went up in smoke. After that for some time the reading and spelling lessons were given from the Bible.

Volinia then had a public square, a public well, two stores, a cooper shop and a blacksmith shop and had promise of being a thriving village.

MARVIN HINKLEY

Marvin Hinkley was born in Monroe county, state of New York, on the 21st day of February, 1845, and died at his home in the village of Decatur May 15th, 1914, at the age of sixty-nine years, two months and twenty-one days.

His father, Henry Hinkley, and mother, Cecelia Wellman Hinkley, being farmer folk, the first eleven years of his life were spent on a farm four miles from the village of Spencerport, one of the numerous small towns that line the banks of Erie Canal.

In 1856, an emigration movement to Michigan, Illinois, and other frontier states was popular and the Hinkley family, with relatives made the journey to Kalamazoo, Michigan, via the New York Central and newly constructed Michigan Central railroads. A year was spent in that city, during which the father and an older brother, Myron, were employed at hewing ties for construction of the railroad west of Kalamazoo and little Marvin "helped to keep the wolf from the door" as

ne often expressed it by carrying wood into second and third story office buildings.

The winter of '57 brought the tie hewers to Decatur, where the father thought best to locate. One cold night in February the family made the trip to this village, through a severe snow storm, being nine hours on the road. And here Marvin Hinkley has since lived, grown to manhood, established for himself a home, and created a life business, making an everlasting reputation for honesty and uprightness.

As a young man, he was industrious, ambitious and a good mechanic. In 1861, during the first of the Civil War he went south as a Commissary's Aide, served six months and saw much of real warfare. For a number of years he held various positions in the stave and heading mills of Decatur, later becoming owner of numerous heading mills located at Hartford, Galien, Breedsville, Berlamont, and other towns in southern Michigan, as well as in this village.

December 27, 1870, he was united in marriage with Miss Mattie J. Lumbard of Decatur. To this union were born seven children, Edith, J. Henry, Morris, Agnes, Cecelia, LeRoy and Myron A. Of these five are still living, Edith having died in infancy and Morris passing away in 1895 at the age of eighteen.

During the year 1871 he was made a Master Mason by Decatur lodge F. and Accepted Masons and was a faithful and highly respected member of that fraternity the remainder of his life. He was active in the lodge as long as health permitted, after which he took much interest in reports of its welfare.

As a public man he was very active. Probably no one has given more time and thought for the welfare of this community than Marvin Hinkley. He served on the School Board of School District No. 4, for twenty-one years, was several times elected Supervisor and Treasurer of Decatur township, and has served a number of years on the Common Council of the village, both as President and Trustee. When the Water Works of the village was established, he was President of the Council, and was one of the most influencial workers for it. As a fellow-member on one of these boards said, "his clear brain and straightforwardness solved many problems for us."

He was not a member of any church organization, but contributed liberally to the support of the churches. When a boy he served several years as usher in the Presbyterian church of this village.

In 1870 Mr. Hinkley became a partner in the Decatur Stave Company, holding an interest in the institution as long as it was in operation. In 1890, with L. D. Roberts as partner the Hinkley & Roberts Measure Factory was started. A few years later the plant was enlarged with the addition of Theodore Trowbridge as third partner, and until 1911, it operated under the name of Hinkley, Roberts & Co. That year he bought the interests of his partners and became sole owner, a dream of his declining years.

But dreams are not always to be fully realized. Within a month after the purchase, he was stricken by a sickness from which he never entirely recovered. The few months of life were continual suffering, made as light as possible by the care of a wife who never left his side except when relieved by loving children.

His friends will miss him, but in the family his place can never be filled. He loved home and spent his time there when not at work. He was away from home but one Sunday during forty-three years of married life.

He is survived by a wife, five children, eight grand children and two sisters, both of the latter being ill and unable to attend the funeral which was held Tuesday, May 19, at one o'clock in the Presbyterian church. Services were in charge of the Decatur Lodge F & A. M., Rev. Tench preaching the funeral sermon and the Masonic burial service was given at the cemetery.

Those from away who attended the funeral were Mrs. Mary Hinkley, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hinkley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore and Mrs. Emma Cole of Benton Harbor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hinkley of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pierce and family of Kalamazoo and Mrs. J. H. Hinkley and daughters of Bloomingdale.

ANDREW CORWIN, PIONEER OF HAMILTON

Well Known Citizen For Many Years Passed Away In His First Illness At Age of Seventy-Seven Years.

EVENTS OF HIS LIFE

Andrew Jackson Corwin was born in Allegheny county, New York, February 16, 1837, and died in Hamilton township, Van Buren county, Michigan, March 1, 1914, at the age of seventy-seven years.

When he was eighteen years old he came with his parents and brothers and sisters to Michigan, making the journey overland with team and wagon The family located in the township of Keeler and later Andrew returned to New York, where he married Maria J. Hardy, January 23, 1862.

He brought his bride to the farm he had acquired in Hamilton and there was born their eldest son William. They afterwards returned to New York where they remained four years and there their eldest daughter, Ella was born. Thoy again returned to the old home in Hamilton where Mr. Corwin resided until his death.

The children are William of Houlton, Oregon, Ella, who married Edw. Corwin and died in May, 1900, Lenna, wife of Robt. L. Johnson of Lawrence, Fred of Wayne township, Lizzie, who married Daniel Weist and resides in Dowagiac and Orson of Brooklyn, Indiana.

The parents of Andrew Corwin were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Corwin, they died in Keeler township and each lived to nearly ninety-one years of age. Of their children there are left, Lewis and David in New York, Hiram of Keeler, Mrs. Lydia Baxter of Dowagiac, and Mrs. Frank Baker of Decatur.

With Mr. Corwin's hereditary right to long life, his powerful physique and his excellent health, it was thought by his relatives that he would live many years longer. He passed away of typhoid pneumonia and it was his first illness.

Mr. Corwin was married a second time to Lydia Ann Geer May 13, 1907, who survives him in the lonely home.

Mr. Corwin was a man of temperate habits, upright moral character, strict business integrity, kind in h's family and an accomodating neighbor to those whom he regarded as his friends He was generous almost to a fault.

While not one of the earliest settlers he came to this county when the cleared farm was the exception, when large tracts of forest sheltered game in abundance and lured the sportsmen to their shadowy retreats. He passed many days of pleasure and profit in the woods.

In the earlier times when the social life was that of a new country many an evening's visit was enlivened by Mr. Corwin's hunting stories delightfully told in his characteristic way.

A few more years, a few more occasions when we shall be called as today to assist in the rites of a friend and neighbor and the race of pioneers will have passed away.

Years of our Childhood merry with play,
Years of our youthtide, happy and gay,
Years of our manhood covered with care,
Years when they cometh, silvery hairs.
Swiftly and silently, onward they roll,
Each one is bringing us nearer our goal,
Courage thou Christian, mourn not their flight,
Bravely press onward, home is in sight
Safe through those portals toil shall be done,
Sin shall be vanquished, Christ shall be won.
Let the bright prospect, then gladden the soul,
As the years bring us still nearer the goal.

Funeral services were held at the home Wednesday, March 4, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Elder J. J. Terry of Buchanan officiated and burial was in Hamilton cemetery.

WILD PIGEONS

By Franklin S. Dewey.

The American wild pigeon (ectopistes migratorious) was the most beautiful and graceful bird that ever inhabited North America. Its back was a variable blue, its neck richly glossed with metallic golden violet and below a purplish or brownish red blending finally into violet and white. Its supern stately grace was in perfect harmony with its surpassing beauty and tint and coloring.

At the time of the early settlement of the Lake Region up to fifty years ago these couriers of the air swarmed in immense numbers and while all the various other birds were far more numerous than now, yet the endless swarms of pigeons must have far outnumbered all the other birds combined. They were caught in trap-nets by the thousands and shipped to eastern markets, and whole shiploads were sold in New York as low as a cent apiece. As with the buffalo, many more fell to the appetite to kill than to the appetite to consume. They were essentially a gregarious bird, living and moving in flocks of many millions, and as they swept in vast clouds low above the earth, they fairly darkened the sky. By taking a partially concealed position on some bare round top elevation one could easily strike down hundreds with no other weapons than clubs or long poles.

As they were too heavy to light on the top of growing grain without going down out of sight, they were rarely destructive, but after the grain was harvested I have seen them literally cover great stubble fields and in two or three minutes every kernel in the field would be consumed. Whereupon at a given signal they would simultaneously mount the air and with their hundreds of wings striking each other the rushing noise was like that of a teriffic gale or hurricane. They were in a sense migratory birds, and yet not as other birds are, for they went in any direction that their wants impelled them, or the storms or snows might drive them.

A hundred miles west of Detroit was one of their nesting places or breeding grounds, where year after year they congregated by millions. They built their nests mainly in oak trees. These were completely loaded with nests and many were broken down by their weight. So far as I know this was the only nesting place in Michigan except two or three very much smaller ones near Petoskey, but there were ohters both in the United States and Canada. The tract which these birds occupied as their home was about twenty-eight miles long and four miles wide, or more than seventy thousand acres, thickly wooded with more than five hundred nests to the acre or at least forty million nests, with fully seventy-five million eggs all hatching at the same time.

Men and boys traveled long distances with teams and great lumber wagons and armed with long poles, carried on their ruthless slaughter until their wagons were filed with dead birds and their thirst for slaughter was satisfied.

The celebrated naturalist, Audubon, describes a similar nesting place in Kentucky which was forty miles long and three miles wide and contained as many nests as the trees could hold without breaking. Indeed, many were broken down by the great weight of nests and birds.

These beautiful aristocrats of the wild moved with almost

incredibility swiftness, and the flock that was here today might be five hundred miles away tomorrow and still five hundred miles farther the next day. Distance seemed nothing to them.

The flocks were all perfectly generaled. The leader selected the place for alighting and for feeding, and posted many sentinels on tall trees whenever the flock was feeding.

A single sharp prolonged scream of warning would instantly lift that mighty swarm of tens or hundreds of thousands and in a minute they would be a mile away.

I was never able to make an estimate of the numbers in those vast living clouds. Professor Audubon describes many flocks, one of which he estimated to contain one billion one hundred million pigeons. The figures are bewildering, and if understood they would be all but unbelievable, and they are still more incredibility when we consider this vast number from another viewpoint. A full grown wild or passenger pigeon from the tip of bill to end of tail is about eighteen nches long. Suppose, therefore, this flock of more than a billion birds were flying in single file nose by tail, they would extend one billion six hundred million feet or three hundred thousand miles or twelve times around the world, or the line would reach from earth to moon and sixty thousand miles beyond.

The celebrated naturalist, Wilson, also describes one of many flocks observed by him. It was 240 miles long, requiring more than four hours to pass, and according to his reckoning, contained two billion and seventy two thousand birds. This flock would furnish a pigeon and a half apiece for every man, woman and child on earth. In a single file, they would reach 633,523 miles, or twenty-five times around the world. To feed this single flock of birds for one day he estimated would require 17,424,000 bushels of grain. But while they were fond of grain, it was not their natural food. They subsisted mostly on acorns, beechnuts, berries and even insects which were found in vast quantities apparently almost for them alone, and as their digestion did not always destroy the seed germ, their food plants were perfectly disseminated over the entire area of their habitat.

While describing further this most interesting creature of memory and history, we may be pardoned for trenching still more on credulity by analyzing the amount of its required daily consumption. Seventeen million, four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels would be about a billion pounds, or 26,000 carloads of 40,000 pounds each. In close trains ,these cars would reach 200 miles .This would mean that in fifteen days that single flock of pigeons could unload a solid train reaching across the continent of North Amerca.

And there were other flocks with gripes in their tripes and hunger to be assuaged. And, too, there were billions of other birds and animals all daily and hourly digging and pecking at the breast of Mother Earth, while she mas making her utmost exertions to keep pace with their demands.

Where have all these myriads of beautiful birds gone?

The ruination of their feeding grounds, the destruction of their vast forest homes by the onward march of civilization, their easy slaughter, the terrible blizzard over their entire range on the first day of 1864, and the severe winters and long cold springs between 1860 and 1870—all these have swept them from the earth. The last remnant of their race that I ever saw in the wild was more than thirty years ago. It was persued by a "bullet hawk" or "pigeon hawk", and was fleeing at the rate of a mile and a half a minute. A lucky shot brought down the hawk, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that I saved the life of the last wild pigeon my eyes ever looked on.

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

THE DECATUR SCHOOL AS IT WAS WHEN I ATTENDED WITH MR. BURKHEAD AS PRINCIPAL.

Professor Burkhed was not only a good disciplinarian, but an up-to-date, thorough and consciencious teacher. He believed in the finer part of education as well as the practical, the part that made you appear educated, such as good writing, spelling, reading, and good language, in cantrast to Professor Upton, whose hobby was Latin and mathematics.

He did a great many things not required because he believed in them. The first half hour after devotionals was given to music, and we were marked the same as for any study I remember that was the only thing in which James Jordan did not stand nearly perfect. He used to be marked as low as three in music.

Then for five minutes every forenoon and afternoon every window was raised and we went through exercises in physical culture.

In the botany class we were required to draw pictures on the blackboard, which served to bring out a talent in many not known to exist.

The last ten minutes before school closed he gave us good talks on things we ought to know which I still quote as those around me can testify. For an hour after school he drilled the Seniors in Normal work, the notes of which I kept until left behind in the old home.

He regraded the school and put it on the University list; we had all the sciences, higher mathematics and others not in the list now.

We had a good school board, too. The names of Newton Foster, L. T. Rawson, J. L. Harrison, A. B. Copley, and W. E. Trowbridge being on my diploma, and I think we were pretty well equipped for those days.

MANY MOTTOES

There was a motto on each side of the clock 'Knowledge is Power" and "God Bless Our School" and the pictures of George Washington and Daniel Webster on each side of the entrances and such mottoes as "He that would have the first fruit must climb the tree," and others printed at the

top of the blackboards all around the room. It was in a day of mottoes.

I remember a fine collection of specimens in a large case in the office for geology and natural history and also plenty of books, (his own private collection, I think, which he took away w' h him) and we had things required for experiments in philosophy and chemistry in the east recitation room.

If we had a talent it was discovered, and we were required to use it. I only regret the too strenuous practice which injured my voice in preparing for entertainments given every two weeks to pay for an organ, which is now in one of the lower rooms.

We had a large school then, one hundred ten in the high school room, of which a great many were foreign pupils. Some of the finest scholars were turned out occupying the highest positions.

Prof. Burkhead is now an old man, broken in health, as a letter received from him last Christmas would indicate, living in California with his wife and married daughter ,his only son having died in 1911. He has no grandchildren to cheer his declining years, which is a sorrow to him, but his memory and good works will be carried down to coming generations.

—One of the Class of '77.

WELL KNOWN LAND MARK DESTROYED

Photograph showing the ruins of the Robert Nesbitt grist mill, on Nesbitt Road, in Section 4, Hamilton Township
(Photo taken in 1919 by Arue Payne Kemp)

WASSMAN'S GRIST MILL IN HAMILTON, BUILT BY ROBERT NESBITT IN 1857 STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND BURNED SATURDAY NIGHT.

The grist mill built by Robert Nesbitt in 1857 and one of the oldest land marks in Hamilton township was destroyed by fire last Saturday night.

Mr. Nesbitt sold the mill to Charles Wassman and eleven years ago it was purchased by his son John Wassman who has gradually improved by installing new machinery until it became one of the best of its kind in the state. Only last spring its flour won second prize in a national competition.

The cause of the fire is not definitely known but the building was undoubtedly struck by lightning. Mr. and Mrs. Wassman, whose home was near by were awakened by the bright light caused by the flames, at 3:30 Sunday morning. The building was then enveloped in flames and nothing could be saved.

The building and its contents are insured in the Miller's Mutual of Lansing for $2,500. The machinery alone invoiced $2,600 and there was also a loss of 800 bushels of grain. A representative of the Insurance Company adjusted the loss Tuesday. About 150 bushels of grain belonging to farmers was also lost. This was insured in the Cass County Mutual and Edson Woodman adjusted their claims Wednesday.

The total loss to Mr. Wassman is $6,000. Neighbors and customers from that vicinity in large numbers have offered their services to help in rebuilding the mill and construction of a new mill will begin immediately.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

BY CHARLES A. BELLIS.

San Bernardino, California.
Editor Decatur Republican:

While looking over my daily mail I took a pleasing glance over the newsy columns of the dear old Republican, which through its many years of faithful service as a news messenger has become a part of every home that it enters, no matter if it be in Decatur or surrounding country, or in the home of former residents of Van Buren county, who have chosen other parts of the world to seek fame or fortune. Each number of the Republican brings some message from the old home that takes one back over the mountains of time, and as we turn each page we find ourselves wandering again in the Valley of Yesterday when we were boys and girls in the Wolverine state.

Among the most interesting articles in the Republican that have come to my notice recently was the news letter by Mr. Frank Flagg, giving an account of the homecoming Picnic at the Lee school May 29th.

It is with deep regret that I was not a member of that happy group of former students of that district, that gathered once more under the majestic old oak trees on the school ground, and reviewed old stories of other days. For I, myself, have spent many happy days as a boy among the famous old Oaks, that have stood guard over the school grounds for over half a century. I lived there several years in the immediate neighborhood of the Lee school and worked as a farm hand on the old Lee homestead, and recall the many happy evenings that I have spent at the Debating contest or old-fashioned Lyceums in the old Yellow school house in the winters of 1890, '91, and '92.

The method of entertainment, though somewhat crude compared to the present day functions, was then enjoyed by all, both old and young, for they would bundle up in fur coats and big robes and go in sleigh loads for many miles to the Lyceums, which were looked forward to with as much interest as

the young people of today would to a banquet.

I will endeavor to give the program of the evening as I remember it over 20 years ago:

AT THE LYCEUM

With the round oak stove filled to the top with glowing embers to thaw out the frost bitten toes and fingers, everyone gathered around for a short visiting intermission, then meeting is called to order by President Jim Henry. Minutes of the last meeting read by secretary Kit Lee. Speaking--recitation by Winnie Crawford nee Marks; Banjo Solo by Henry Utter; Song Duet by Will and Essa Lennox; Oration by Owen Marks; Duet by Mrs. Jennie Steele and daughter, Halo; Mouth Organ Solo by Chas. Bellis; More recitations by the Conklin children; dialogue Speaking by Lee District Young People.

Recess, followed by debating on question "Is there such a thing as luck." Sides taken by Owen Marks, negative, Will Lee affirmative, after a red hot debate for 2 hours, question won by Owen Marks. Good night song sung by Will Lennox, meeting adjourned for one week by Mr. President.

Question Chosen for next meeting and another school district challenged for a joint debate.

I am sure that many of the readers of the Republican will recall these happy events with pleasure, and will say for Mr. Frank Flagg, whom I recall as a little barefoot boy of the Braybrooks District, that he deserves a great deal of credit for once more calling together the old friends and neighbors who are left in the nearby country.

If Life's wheel of fortune ever turns to the right place for me I shall some day attend one of those home coming events, for to me there is nothing that brings us all nearer together in this life than for old friends to meet once a year and swap stories of bygone days. I know that many readers of the Republican will remember me as a Hamilton farm hand when a boy, and I trust some of the other boys who have left Decatur for other fields, will write a news letter, for I surely do enjoy reading these letters, and hav many of them preserved as future reference.

—Chas. A. Bellis,
San Bernardino, Cal.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

August 13, 1914.

Mrs. Carrie Quest Thomas, wife of M. S. Thomas, was born in New York in 1856, came to Decatur in 1872 and graduated from the Decatur High school in the class of 1875. She passed away August 8.

Eckenberger and Hunt own 70 acres of muck land a half mile out of Decatur on the New Swamp road. They have just rebuilt their distillery and it is one of the best on the muck.

Miss Elizabeth Dewey has been teaching in Thief River Falls, Minn. She has also filed on a government claim of 160 acres.

Pete Smith and Garret Neinhuis have received telegrams from the government of Holland which read,--"I call thee immediately to arms." Neither heeded the call. Both are native Hollanders who came to America about 2 years ago. A large number of Hollanders in Kalamazoo received the call and about 60 responded. Holland has not yet made declaration of war but is making all arrangements for a dangerous conflict.

The Class of 1914

cordially invites you to

attend the exercises

of

Commencement Week

T T T

Baccalaureate Sermon,
Town Hall, June 7, 8 p. m.

Commencement,
Town Hall, June 11, 8 p. m.

CLASS OFFICERS

Chester E. Graham, President
Ella M. Clark, Vice President
Marie Kelley, Secretary
Louis Hall, Treasurer

HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

E. R. Washburn, Superintendent
Mabel C. Willison, Principal
Mabel A. Bechtol, First Assistant.
Edith M. Hewitt, Second Assistant.
Madeline McCrodan, Music and History

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Mabel C. Jones, President.
George E. Adams, Secretary.
Lena S. Pritchard, Treasurer.
Isaac S. Dewey
Arba N. Moulton

CLASS MOTTO

"We have crossed the bay; the ocean lies before us."

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Black

CLASS FLOWER

Red Rose

CLASS ROLL

MABEL FRANCES BULLARD

EMMA C. McGOWAN

FRANK BARBER

FLORENCE HELEN CREAGAN

EDWARD A. HIMMELWRIGHT

AILEEN KATHERINE CARNEY

MARGARET MARIE KELLEY

HELEN MARGUERITE PETERSON

RONALD RICHARD SHELTERS

EDNA M. PHELPS

LILLIAN HAZZARD

ELLA MELVILLE CLARK

CHESTER EDWARD GRAHAM

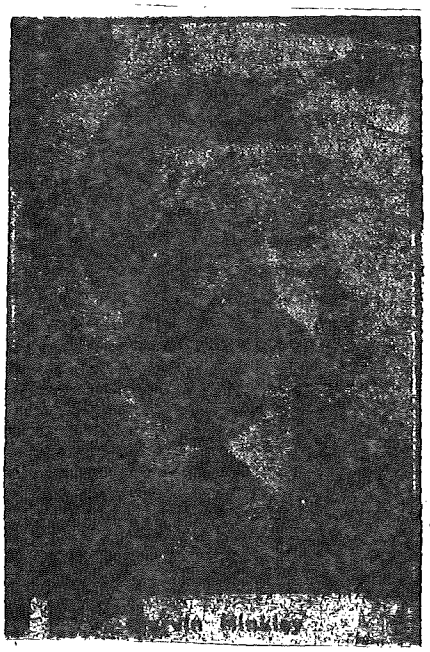
LOUIS G. HALL

1914

PROGRAM

March - - Orchestra
Overture - - Orchestra
Invocation - Rev. A. Bradfield
President's Address—The Test of an Education Chester Graham
Declamation—America as a World Power Mabel Bullard
Class History - Helen Peterson
Experiment—Pascal's Principle Edward Himmelwright
Music - - Orchestra
Essay—"The Step Forward." Edna Phelps
Declamation—Carrying a Message to Garcia Ronald Shelters
Class Poem - Lillian Hazzard
Experiment—Oxidation Frank Barber
Music - Orchestra
Reading—The Man in the Shadow Aileen Carney
Prophecy - Marie Kelley
Florence Creagan
Presentation of Class Gift Louis Hall
Valedictory - Ella Clark
Music - - Orchestra
Presentation of Class E. R. Washburn
Presentation of Diplomas Mrs. L. S. Jones
Benediction Rev. A. Bradfield
Alumni Response Emma McGowan

Music by Fischer's Orchestra



THE HINCKLEY MEASURE MFG. COMPANY
DECATUR'S LARGEST MFG. ENTERPRISE

By far the largest manufacturing enterprise in Decatur in respect to size and equipment of plant, number of men employed and volume and extent of business is the Hinckley Measure Factory located on George Street near the M.C.R.R.

This enterprise was established here twenty-four years ago by Marvin Hinckley and L.D. Roberts. Later it was owned and managed exclusively by Mr. Marvin Hinckley. Since his death recently, Mr. L.R. Hinckley has taken charge and is now the efficient superintendent and manager.

They employ more than twenty expert workmen who are kept busy the year through. They make wooden measures in various sizes from quarts to half bushels, also potato crates, celery and asparagus crates and peppermint and celery boxes.

The latter find a ready sale in our local trade area, and in nearly every state in the union. Large candy manufacturing corcerns use their products, also tobacco growers and manufacturers throughout the south.

The importance of this firm and its products in extending the name of Decatur as a manufacturing point can hardly be over emphasized.

Mr. L.R. Hinckley, the manager and superintendent is a thorough business man and much credit is due him for his hearty support of movements for the growth and improvement of Decatur and this region.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF THE PAST

Written By One Of The Earliest Pupils in the Lee District School Who Attended the Reunion in May

Having been a pupil in the Lee School from the age of five to fifteen years, and later a teacher, I was entitled to the privilege of attending the reunion or home coming which was celebrated this year for the first time on May 29, 1914.

A few weeks previous to the occasion it was announced by their teacher, Frank Flagg, urging all who were interested to come and meet with old teachers and school mates and make it a glad and happy day, one long to be remembered.

Thinking as one naturally would, after the passing of so many years, that there would be few, if any, familiar faces there to greet me, I was loth to go, and had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Hanilton, an old-time pupil, who offered to take all his auto would accommodate, I should have missed a rare treat.

It was as I had anticipated, however, not one of my old teachers was there; only four school mates and but two of my pupils.

Visions of the Past

Upon entering the old school house for the first time, perhaps, in forty years, I caught as it were, visions of the many dear forms that had passed in and out of those same doors and on into this great beyond where the last great reunion will be held. While all around me was joy and gladness, a feeling of sadness stole over me which was hard to overcome.

Many who were present gave incidents and experiences of their old school days in a pleasing and happy manner with an occasional response by Mr. Flagg which added much to the interest of the meeting. The music was inspiring, especially the opening song, "Sweet Home," which touched a tender chord, owing to the change which time and sorrow had wrought in many of the older ones present.

A request was made by Kitty Lee Warner for the old song, "Silver Threads Among The Gold." She had heard it sung by Eda Youells in days gone by and would love to hear her again. The request was granted, Mrs. Youells singing it very sweetly, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Guerney Alden on the organ.

Lydia Kinsbury

As memory brings before me the many teachers of my early school days there was one in particular, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, who was a graduate of Hillsdale College. Not only was she beautiful and lovely, but she was an artist and writer. The walls of the school room were covered with her paintings, and many of her writings were published in the Dollar Newspaper, a weekly paper then published in Detroit. She also wrote for other periodicals of note.

All the scholars loved Lydia Kinsbury and she had warm friends among the older members of the district. She had known much of trouble and sorrow for one of her years, which may account for the vein of sadness which runs through many of her poems, one of which is published below.

She it was who gave to the school the name of "Oak Grove." May the name be revived as no other fits it so well.

FAREWELL TO OAK GROVE
By: "Lilly Lea" (Lydia Kinsbury)

I have left thee, "Oak Grove" and forever,
Each vine covered walk and each bower,
Soon, soon, I shall wander, but never,
Will time blot from memory this hour.

Oft' here have I counted their muses
As at twilight alone I have strayed,
Something holy around thee infuses,
Inspiration within thy loved shade.

The broad silver moon has shown nightly
Above me like sentinel grand.
Each star glistens softly and brightly,
Spirit like from you June "better land."

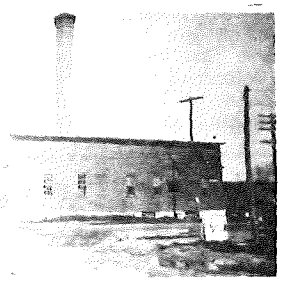
There are flowers of unrivaled perfection,
Blooming wildly, all sparkling with dew,
I have gathered a favorite collection
To preserve which my love will renew.

I go far away and forever –
With reluctance I leave "Lilly Lake,"
But the bright dream of poetry forever ever,
Shall with thee in fancy partake.

Farewell dear "Oak Grove" with thy flowers,
And birds with the soft downy wing;
My heart shall still cherish thy bowers
When I'm lonely of thee I will sing.

/S/"Lily Lake," July, 1855

1914



MEASURE FACTORY

It Was Reported That The Measure Factory Produced One Third Of All The Measures In The United States.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

The Fourth of July, 1863, the Day the News of the Battle of Gettysburg Reached Decatur.

Of all the days of my life—good, bad and indifferent—there is one that stands out in my memory as the one day, preeminently, from which I extracted the most pleasure, and that was the 4th of July, 1863.

For weeks before this eventful day, my cousin Jim and I had been planning and plotting to have a big time at home. My people lived on a farm and my cousin in Dowagiac. The day before the Fourth I came to town with father, we met Jim at the train, and he was "loaded for bear", with fire crackers, pin wheels, Roman candles, rockets and other explosives ,and with all the rest he had an imitation cannon about a foot long, mounted on a carriage and wheels, regular artillery style. Of course, I had a similar supply of fire crackers. Cannon crackers and many other things of that sort that are common nowadays, were unknown then, but we did the best we could and had everything that would make a noise.

My mother gave us permission to invite all the neighborhood children and said she would get dinner and supper for the crowd. I cannot remember all of the children's names that were there that day, but there must have been twelve or fifteen of them, and of all that I know anything about now, I can only recall five or six, besides myself, who are still alive.

Well, as soon as there was the faintest streak of daylight on the morning of the Fourth, Jim and I were up and that toy cannon was booming away. It could make some noise, too, when it was half filled with powder and packed with wadding and stones till they stuck out of the muzzle. Why it didn't burst in the course of the day has always been a mystery to me.

We made as much noise as we could until breakfast time. After that was over the neighbor children began to flock in. They came early and stayed late. There was no town celebration that year to attract any of them to Decatur.

Jim was master of ceremonies, he always led and I followed him and in the invited company there were Emory and Inez, Tommy and Addie, Jack and Louisa, Emily and Ida, Kitty and Ella, Georgia and Russell and some others that I cannot remember now. We had a large flag that was displayed on a pole all day.

At noon mother called us to dinner at tables set out under the trees. Mother was never so happy as when feeding a lot of kids and she fairly outdid herself that day and the kids did to.

After the dinner was over father hitched up the team and the grownups went off to Decatur and left us to "go it alone". Why some of us children didn't go to heaven that day by the gunpowder route, beats me, for we certainly took chances enough. But they say that Providence protects children and fools, and it must be so, or some of us would have been killed.

I owned a model of a ship, about two feet long, rigged with masts and sails, and we called her the "Alabama"—after the famous Confederate privateer of that name, and we sent her on a voyage on the pond. Then we would load Jim's cannon to the muzzle, with stones and bombard the Alabama by the hour until we finally shot her all to pieces and she went to the bottom.

About supper time the folks came back from town, and father told us that Vicksburg had surrendered and there had been a terrible battle fought in Pennsylvania (at Gettysburg it proved to be.) and that it was reported that the Union army had won a big victory over the rebels. This news touched off our patriotism anew, and after mother had given us all a good supper, we went at it again, hammer and tongs.

Father had brought back from town, on the strength of the good news, more fire crackers, powder and fireworks and we made things ring until dark.

Then came the big thing of the whole day, the fireworks. They would undoubtedly be called very common place nowadays and most of the present day children would stick up their noses at our display and call it a bum show, but to us it was simply great. We all enjoyed it beyond measure and it was talked about by the children for weeks afterward.

I wonder if any of these children, who are still alive, remember that day as I do. They are all old people now. But everything has to have an end, and about 10 o'clock we used up the last of the fireworks, the children went home and we went to bed, satisfied that we had done our best to help our country in those perilous times.

The Fourth came on Saturday that year, so the next day was Sunday and Jim and I were contented to sleep nearly all day, for we were thoroughly tired out. The next day, Monday, Jim went home and I was left alone, to think it all over, and pick up the pieces, but that was my very best day.

(The children referred to in Mr. Tuttle's story are now grown grey with the passing of over half a century, those who are still among the living. Their full names are James Heddon, his cousin, Emory H. Place, Mrs. Inez Place Osborn, Tommie Griffin, Mrs. Addie Griffin Kent, Jack Johnson, Mrs. Louise Johnson Watson, Mrs. Emily Coleman Mitchell, Mrs. Ida Coleman Snow, Kittie Bradt, Mrs. Ella Davenport French, George and Russell Roberts.—Ed.)

—W. H. T.

A FINE BAND CONCERT

A LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS WELL-RENDERED LOCAL PROGRAM IN TOWN HALL

One of the best concerts ever given by the Decatur band was that of last Thursday evening, December second. So many encores were demanded that the program lasted fully two hours. The band was well pleased with the attendance and reception from the home people and their pleasure was well expressed by Charles Upfield in the curtain announcement. About fifty-five dollars was cleared a part of which was used to pay for suits and the rest will be used in keeping up room rent and requirements for practice the coming winter.

Those who took part in the program were: Carleton Lindsley, violin and leader; Angus Cary, flute; William Schuchert, of Dowagiac, solo clarinet; Myron Hinckley, second clarinet; Charles Upfield, cornet; Warren Moshier, trombone; Hal Crane, drums and traps; Mrs. Eva Lawrence, pianist.

Miss Lucille Owen, instructor in the Decatur High School, violinist, Mrs. George E. Adams, contralto, Miss Anita Youells, in piano logue and a male quartet composed of Henry Hinckley, George E. Adams, Frank Flagg and Charles Upfield gave excellent in this part. THE OLD DUTCH BAND was the closing number and it brought down the house.

Everybody should be a booster for the band.

HELPED BUILD MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Andrew Jackson Timmons of Iowa came to Decatur Monday morning. He is visiting his brother at Sisters Lake.

Mr. Timmons has tramped over the ground of Decatur before there was a settlement here. He

was born in Ohio 88 years ago but his pioneer parents made a clearing 3 miles west of Keeler away back in the 30's and Andrew, lived there until he was 21. When he became a prospector for gold in California, he finally came back as far as Iowa, where he still resides.

When the Michigan Central railraod was in course of construction, Mr. Timmons was one of the workers. Sand was drawn by the carload to fill in the road-bed across the big swamp. Each car was drawn by a single horse and he was one of the drivers.

BEGINNING OF MUCK LAND INDUSTRY

Effort put forth on part of a few far-sighted citizens 27 years ago to have the big swamp drained.

THEIR PREDICTIONS REALIZED

Milwaukee, Wis.
Dec. 18, 1915

Editor of the Republican
Decatur, Michigan

My dear Sir:

The item in last week's Republican, "300 cars by express," stating that $50,000.00 express charges had been paid there in one year, recalled to my mind the time when some twenty-seven years ago the late L.T. Rawson and A.B. Copley, together with a few others, including myself worked tooth and nail to have the township vote an appropriation of one-half the amount necessary to drain the swamp which is now bringing the wonderful golden harvest to the town in which I always have taken and still do take particular pride. Under a special act of the legislature the state has voted to defray one-half of such expense, if the town voted the other. If I remember correctly, the proposition was carried by twenty-eight votes.

Some of the older inhabitants may recall the lively propoganda carried on in the "Republican" then edited by "Andy Johnson." I was the author of those articles, signed "S." In one of these I pictured the "Decatur of the future," a progressive town with pretty homes, good streets, uniform cement walks, water works and electric lights. Of course I felt that I was over-drawing the picture but believed that my zeal for the cause justified even that optimism. You may imagine my surprise when a visit to Decatur not many years thereafter proved that all my predictions and more, had come true and the dismal swamp had, as though by the magician's wand been transformed into the most fruitful land, into a well-tilled immense garden as far as the eye could reach which was then already bringing annually many thousands to be spent in the town. Decatur up to that period, at least in one direction, had to rely on poor farm land for support and development.

I have often regretted that the files of your paper containing the article herein referred to were destroyed in the fire of the Republican office some years ago.

Having thus taken an active part in bringing this wonderful improvement to the old home town these many years ago, I trust that I may be pardoned for my egotism in recalling the facts as above related, hoping that Decatur will continue to grow and develop until it may be enrolled among the prosperous cities of your great state, I am

Very truly yours,
/S/ Charles Schuster

DIGS UP FOUR BODIES

Attorney Otis Huff of Marcellus, who is quite a collector of relics, and who already has a large collection of ITNDIAN ARROW HEADS, BATTLE AXES, STONES FOR GRINDING CORN, ETC. HAS RECENTLY DUG UP FOUR BODIES IN AN OLD GRAVE IN Volinia and unearthed four skeletons of some prehistoric race which must have been giants in their day.

Mr. Huff said that along the chain of lakes from Big Fish Lake to Bunker Lake, there are many of these graves, although most of them have already been opened. In the vicinity of Swifts Lake, in Porter Township, Van Buren County, are alsoa number of these burial places.

Swift's Lake was once quite a large body of water, but the draining of lands in its vicinity has reduced its size. This same cause has lowered Gravel Lake, near by. This body of lakes, of which there are eight or ten within a radius of three or four miles, was undoubtedly the home of some race long ago extinct, for there are no traces of such a large race now, except in these long-forgotten graves.

Mr. Huff has located several of these graves, and as time permits, will make further explorations. He finds the bones in a good state of preservation, but seldom finds any implement of war, or peace, buried with them, although there have been some bodies dug up in the vicinity of Finch Lake which reveals quite a number of artifacts.

These were the bodies of a race which came after the race of giants. Needless to say, his findings created a great deal of curiosity.

LINCOLN CHAUTAUQUA COMING TO DECATUR

The Decatur Chautauqua course was organized Tuesday evening by the election of I.E. Roots, President, A.N. Moulton, Vice President; W.A. Wood, Secretary-Treasurer; De. J.M. Easton, chairman advertising and Oscar Newell, chairman ticket committee.

Two advance men of the Lincoln Chautauqua System were here and assisted in advertising the village and surrounding country and opening the sale of season tickets.

As the high standing of the Lincoln Chautauqua is becoming better known, interest in the week of entertainment in Decatur is increasing fast. The people are beginning to realize that something really good is coming and that it means not only pleasure to the people but it is the best evidence of the enterprise and thrift of our citizens.

It will be a duty and pleasure to all to help boost the Chautauqua and make it the success it deserves.

Application has been made to the Michigan Central Railroad Co. for use of the railroad's grounds opposite the hotel.

STATE PROHIBITION IN MICHIGAN DOUBTED BY EARLY SETTLERS

Discussion of Statement in Republican Last Week Brings Out Interesting Facts Concerning Decatur's Early History.

GEORGE NESBITT RODE HORSEBACK OVER THE SITE OF THE VILLAGE IN 1846

The statement in last week's Republican that Michigan was under state prohibition from 1853 to 1875 was read with a smile of incredulity by the oldest inhabitants whose memory of early days, including the saloons in Decatur is even more clear than it is of the affairs of more recent date.

"I don't believe a word of it", said George Nesbitt. "To tell the truth and shun the devil there were no less than fourteen saloons in Deatur during war times and business men and farmers in those days thought no more of stepping into a saloon and taking a drink of whiskey than they do now of buying a cigar. But the whiskey of fifty to sixty years ago was a far different grade of refreshment than we have now. It did not leave those raging headaches and tired feelings the next day. The boys would go on about their work as though nothing had happened.

"I remember the first saloon that was opened in Decatur. It was run by a man by the name of Dobbs in the days before the war. The story was started one cold winter's day that Dobb's whiskey had frozen up over night. It was a joke but it stuck to Dobbs as long as he stayed in Decatur. Dobbs' saloon was located where Hinckley's livery barn stands. Jim Dean opened the second saloon in Decatur about on the site of Dr. Maxwell's office and Bob Willis opened the third where Hamilton's furniture store is located. During the sixties and seventies, when the Saloon Dealers' Association says Michigan was under state Prohibition, there were more saloons in Decatur that at any other period in its history."

HAMILTON'S FIRST SETTLERS

In the visit with Mr. Nesbitt the writer gained a number of interesting facts concerning the early history of Decatur and Hamilton. His father, Robert Nesbitt, was one of the very first settlers of Hamilton township. Zabina Sterns, grandfather of our well known citizen, Bine Sterns, and a man by the name of Knickerbocker were probably the only men who came here before him. Knickerbocker lake was named for Knickerbocker and he was buried on the island in this lake about 1840. The island has since become a part of the mainland and it would not

be inappropriate for the township or some interested person to mark the grave of this first settler.

Robert Nesbitt, that prince of pioneers, whose name will last in history as long as that of the township in which he settled, was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1810. At the age of fourteen he came to America bringing $1,000 in cash with the responsible mission of delivering it to his older brother in Detroit. He first worked three years in a bakery in Detroit and then went onto a farm thirty miles distant. He next settled in Kalamazoo county for a short time and in 1830 located in north Hamilton where the beautiful Nesbitt home stands a pleasant reminder of his boundless power and energy.

FIRST VISIT TO DECATUR

George Nesbitt was born on this farm July 18, 1841, which makes him now past seventy-four years of age, but we doubt if a stranger would place him at over sixty. He made his first trip to Decatur in 1846, when he was five years old. There was no village of Decatur then, only the unbroken township. The few settlers had not been able to clear sufficient land to furnish hay for their stock and supplied their needs from the pieces of marsh hay on the nearby low lands. Robert Nesbitt and five year-old George drove to a patch of marsh hay where the Brownbridge barns now stand, but before cutting the father decided to look at the hay on a clearing commonly known as 'Ireland' and the two rode over there on the ponies. "Ireland" has since been known as the Rawson farm south of the village.

In the fall of 1848 the Michigan Central was built to Decatur and the following winter was so open that ploing and grading for the road was continued all through it. There was no depot here the first winter and goods shipped to Mr. Nesbitt from Detroit were delivered from the car.

George Nesbitt says the Widow Dixon and her three sons, Ham, Ed. and George, kept the first store in a small shack which burned down in Decatur's first fire about the year 1850. They then built the building which is now being remodeled by Brooks and Sons on the same site.

Col. Phelps first kept postoffice in a building back of Brigham's store on west Sherwood street. He later moved the office into his house which was located on the site of the Chadwick store. The Phelps house was moved onto the farm owned by Mrs. Henry McWilliams and was known for many years as the George Wesley Smith place. When George Wesley moved away the slot where letters were pushed through the door was still there. The Chadwick store now owned by L. G. Stewart was built in 1866.

DRAFTING MEN FOR SERVICE

Mr. Nesbitt tells an interesting story of drafting soldiers during the Civil War. The first draft was in the winter of '62 and '63. Able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 were subject to draft. Hamilton township was called upon to furnish two men and there were about two hundred from which to choose. The names of the two hundred were written on separate slips of paper and shaken together in a hat. The first two names out were compelle dto go to war or furnish substitutes. The drawing was on Main street in Decatur one forenoon. Nearly every one in Hamilton township and Decatur and other nearby places was present. The street was packed with people and excitement ran high. Tom Parmater, step-father of Milo Barton, was selected to draw the names out of the hat, and the first name out was that of George Nesbitt. Mr. Nesbitt was boosted onto the shoulders of a dozen or more young men and amid shouts and cheering headed a procession down Main street.

For the drawing of the second name the situation was equally as intense. About two hundred young men were there, all excited and wondering who would receive the other draft. Jo Steele, recklessly tempting the fates, shouted at the top of his voice, "Pull mine out next, pull mine out next." And sure enough the next name drawn was that of John Steele.

George Nesbitt hired a man from Paw Paw for $100 to go in his place. About three months later he sat down to dinner in the hotel at Paw Paw and the man sitting across from him was the man he had paid to take his place at the front. The substitute had passed the physical examination here but the army physicians had sent him back. The fellow had learned that the army physicians would not accept him and was making a business of selling himself as a substitute.

A drafted man who furnished a substitute was exempt for nine months. Later Mr. Nesbitt paid $300 under conscript which exempted him for three years and also put up $200 toward a fund to engage Canadians to enter the service.

The day of the drafting Decatur's fourteen saloons actually went dry but it was not on account of the Prohibition law. That night Robert Nesbitt, who was supervisor of Hamilton township went to Detroit and officially delivered the two men who responded to the draft. John Steele also furnished a substitute.

Michigan's Oldest Citizen

"Old Darky Banks" Still Living In Arlington Township At The Age Of 123. Was In The Battle Of New Orleans and Never Sold For Less Than $1,000 When A Slave.

(From a copy of the Republican of 1915).

Henry Banks, formerly known here as "Old Darky Banks," is still living with his daughter, Mrs. Nettie Chase in Arlington township, and is without doubt the oldest person in Michigan. As near as can be found his age is 123 years.

He still retains a good memory and relates with pride his assistance at the battle of New Orleans in 1814. He says he was a big boy then, 18 or 19, and there "wan't no feller as could put him on his back." He tells how he drove his master's team, 4 hoss and a mule from Paris to New Orleans, drew 40 soldiers on a big rack to help fight the British, and helped make fortifications of bales of cotton on the wharf to stop the cannon balls from the British gunboats under command of Sir Edward Peckingham.

He tells with great pleasure of how much he was sold for from trader to trader, never going for less than $1,000 and relates with gratitude his escape by the underground railroad to Detroit and Windsor and then to Van Buren county, 40 years ago, where he has since made his home.

He is crippled with rheumatism and gets around with great difficulty and wishes the good Lord would take him home; he says he doesn't want to live as long as Methusalah. His oldest daughter, aged 83, is living at Xenia, O., Jim is doing the clog with a show, and Oliver is a coachman in Cincinnati.

Decatur's First Newspaper

In 1859 or 1860 Rufus Nash published the first Decatur newspaper. He had it printed in Paw Paw and brought it over here and circulated it.

The paper did not pay and Ruf. abandoned it after two or three issues. Probably Mr. Van Flossen, who published the Paw Paw Free Press at that time printed it for him. We are unable to learn even the name of the publication.

C. P. Sweet started the Decatur Tribune about the year 1860 and ran it till the summer of '64 when it died a natural death.

Then Decatur was without a newspaper till the summer of 1865 when Moses Hull came here from Kalamazoo and started the Decatur Clarion. Six months later he sold it to A. W. Briggs who ran it six months longer and gave up the job.

Decatur was then without a newspaper for about a year.

In June, 1867, E. A. Blackman came here from Paw Paw where his father was a prominent lawyer and established the Decatur Republican.

MICHIGAN PROHIBITION IN NAME ONLY

O. W. ROWLAND OF PAW PAW GIVES FACTS CONCERNING EARLY STATE PROHIBITION LAW AND DECLARES THAT WHEN IT AGAIN GOES ONTO THE STATUTE BOOKS IT WILL BE ENFORCED TO THE LETTER.

Editor the Republican:

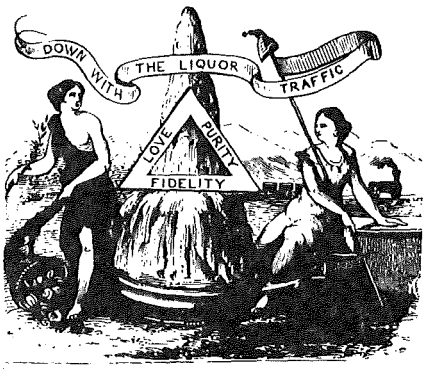
The discussion of the matter of prohibition in Michigan serves to illustrate the fallacy of relying upon memory touching events of half a century or more ago. A reference to the statutes of the state is all that is necessary to settle the controversy.

The constitution of the state adopted in 1850 contained the following provision: "The legislature shall not pass any act authorizing the sale of ardent spirits or other intoxicating liquors." This remained a part of the organic law of the state until the November election of 1876, at which time an amendment repealing this section was submitted to and adopted by a vote of the electors. It was only by the vote of the City of Detroit that a majority was obtained to strike this article out of the constitution, the state, outside of Wayne county, voting against the repeal of the section.

It is true that this clause of the constitution did not prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, but only forbade the licensing of the traffic, however, the legislature of 1853 passed an act prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spiritous and intoxicating liquors. This act was repealed by the legislature of 1855 and a new prohibitory law enacted in its stead. This latter law remained on the statute books, unrepealed, until 1875 or 1877. (I have not the statutes of those years handy and am uncertain which year it was, but I think it was 1875.)

Justices of the Peace were given jurisdiction to hear, try and determine all cases arising under its provisions. Druggists were required to give bonds, to be approved by competent authority, in the sum of from $500 to $1,000 before they could legally sell any such liquors.

The prohibitory clause of this statute was in the following words, "No person shall be allowed to manufacture or sell at any time, by himself, his clerks, servant or agent, directly or indirectly any spiritous or intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, a part of which is intoxicating."



The act did not forbid the manufacture and sale of wine or cider made from fruit grown or gathered by the manufacturer nor to beer made in Michigan, but it was made unlawful to sell beer in less than five gallon lots or to sell wine or cider in less quantity than one gallon.

So it appears that from 1853 to 1875, Michigan had a prohibitory law upon her statute books. That liquor was freely sold during those years in many localities in the state is true, as only spasmodic efforts were made to enforce the law, and when any attempt was made in that direction the moving parties were in danger of injury to person or property at the hands of those who were in favor of the unrestricted traffic.

Parties in the little village of Paw Paw and in other localities had their trees girdled and suffered other acts of indignity and vandalism because of their attempts to uphold the law. At best the statute was weak as compared with the provisions of the law that has been operative in Van Buren county for the past twenty-five years but public sentiment has undergone such a radical change since those old days before and since the civil war, that it has become a task of no greater difficulty to enforce a prohibitory law than it is to enforce any other criminal statute, and unless indications fail, the day is not far distant when state prohibition will again become the policy of Michigan, the traffic being already outlawed in more than half of its area

Past experience under the provisions of the local option law is an assurance that if state wide prohibition be again adopted it will surely be enforced.

O. W. Rowland.

CARRY PHONE IN POCKET

An entirely new device, invented by a Dutch scientist, is likely to do away with the cumbersome receiver and transmitter now in use. It is possible that the telephone connection of the future will be merely a tiny hole in the wall, not larger than the point of a pencil. The receiver and transmitter will be carried in one's pocket for in the new invention they are no larger than a watch.

The thermaphone as the inventor has named it, is much more sensative than the usual telephone receiver, so that messages can be heard much more clearly. A cross continent message with perfect relays, can be heard as perfect with a thermaphone as though the speaker were in the next room. There is no buzzing that occasionally makes telephoning annoying. Moreover, it is much more silent. No one can hear the message except the one receiving it.

The transmitter is also so sensitive that there is no need to speak loudly. The lower the voice the more clearly it can be heard. This would enable several telephones to be in use at the same time in a business office without creating a babel of sounds.

The principle of the thermaphone is simple. The magnet and diaphraghm of the present phone are replaced by a loop of exceedingly fine platinum wire within a small aluminum cover pierced with minute holes. Currents passing through the wire cause changes in temperature, alternating from heat to cold with great rapidity.

There is little to get out of order and the cost of manufacture is less than

STEPHEN BULLARD
Pioneer citizen of Hamilton who at 70 is hale and hearty, and sets good example of industry

One of Hamilton's grand old men is Stephen Bullard, farmer and sheep shearer, and The Harald has yet to hear his name spoken as that of one whose example was not good to follow.

Mr. Bullard has been a resident of Hamilton something like 50 years, and has been married 51. He is now on the shady of seventy, and since boyhood he has each season followed the occupation of a sheep shearer.

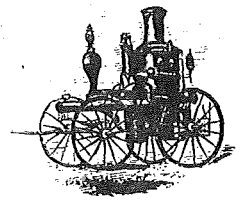
It would be hard to tell just how many sheep this wonderfully energetic man has shorn, but this year, when past seventy, he sheared over 1,000

and it didnt appear to hurt him, either, his best day's work being 40.

NEVER ON THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Bridegroom's Second Visit Would Be One Day Afterward.

Rev. Dr. William H. Fisburn, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, most sunshiny men in the world and likes nothing better than a good, wholesome joke, even if it is turned against himself. He was visited in his home on last St. Patrick's day by a prosperous looking couple who desired his kindly office in making them one. The man was an ironmaster from Pittsburg and the bride-elect was a Jersey woman. The business was quickly dispatched and the happy bridegroom came to the question so many in like fix ask the clergyman: "Just suit yourself as to that," said Dr. Fisburn as his eyes rested upon a thick roll of bills the ironmaster had dug out of his trousers' pocket. "Well," said the newly-made husband, "as this is the seventeenth of March I'll make it $17, and good luck to you." "My friend," said the dominie, "I wish you the greatest happiness in the world, but if ever you happen to want me again just call around on the thirty-first of the month." "No, sir," replied the bridegroom as he walked away, "I'll come on the first."



DISASTROUS FIRE LAST NIGHT

The Warner grocery and Potts building and Robert's meatmarket gone—others damaged.

Last night's fire destroyed the handsome brick store building built by Frank Potts, the Warner grocery, O.A. Robert's Meat Market and building and did serious damage in the office of Dr. Bope, the millinery store of Mrs. R.A. Secord and the restaurant of C.C. Brown & Co.

The cause is unknown. At ten o'clock Carl W. Warner was summoned by the night watch to lock the back door of his store. At a few minutes before twelve the stock in the dry-goods department was in flames. The big plate glass window crashed out and flames were rushing to the second story when the alarm was sounded. The stock and building were a total loss. Mr. Warner places his loss at sixty-five hundred to seven thousand with insurance for five thousand. Mrs. Anna Graham, the Home Phone central heard the falling glass and seeing the blaze turned an alarm into the power house.

O.A. Robert's Meat Market could not be saved. A part of the stock and tools were removed. Mr. Roberts carried no insurance.

The grocery and market building were built by the late Frank Potts and owned by his daughter, Mrs. Camilla Potts Keener of Chicago. They were insured.

Mrs. Secord's millinery store and C.C. Brown's restaurant were damaged by fire and water. This double building is owned by the A.E. Dwight estate and was insured. Mrs. Secord saved most of her stock. The restaurant stock was damaged.

On the south were the beautiful office buildings built by doctors Rose and Hooper. The Rose building was badly damaged. Dr. Bope occupied this part and his office equipment was saved as was that of Dr. Maxwell who occupied the south office. Both met with losses from moving.

Early in the progress of the fire it looked as though the whole block might go. But the gallant work of Decatur volunteer fire fighters and the fact that there was practically no breeze saved greater loss.

GARD REUNION RECALLS DAYS OF WILDERNESS

Mrs. M. B. Welcher Reviews History of Volinia at Gathering

KETCHAM IS A SPEAKER

Tales of First White Man in Stake Out Township Told to Ninety Descendants of Johnathan Gard

Descendants of Jonathan Gard, pioneer of Volinia township, gathered at the farm of the late Newton Gard there Sunday for the annual reunion. The widow of Newton Gard, 92 years old, was the hostess.

Her daughter, Mrs. Orlie Fulton Everett and her family, who occupy the old homestead, received nearly a hundred relatives and friends who came from many points.

The descendants of the late Josephus Gard and their families attended. Attorney Clyde Ketcham of Kalamazoo, great great grandson of Josephus Gard, gave the principal address.

Mrs. M. B. Welcher, a granddaughter of the pioneer, gave a history of the Gard prairie, which follows in part:

"My father, Jonathan Gard, Elijah Gohle, Samuel Ilich and George Tony were the first white men to set foot on the fertile soil of Volinia township. They came in the summer of 1828, but in the fall all returned to their homes in Indiana, my father at that time living in Butler county.

"The family consisted of father, mother and four sons, Milton, Finly, Newton and Franklin. Franklin being a babe a few months old. Being so well pleased with the country, they made preparations for locating permanently in Michigan, and the next spring they all came back, with the exception of George Tony. Tony's wife said she had enough living in a wilderness, and positively refused to come. Tony then gave father the 200 acres of prairie which he had staked off for himself, and it has ever since been known as Gard's Prairie.

The 30th of March, 1832, and lived there until his passing out in 1854. They made the journey to this new country with an ox team, cutting their roads as they came and requiring six weeks to make the journey. Their neighbors were mostly Indians and wolves, and the latter kept them company by howling nights.

First Volinia Weddings

"My father added to his 200 acres until at the time he passed away he owned 600 acres, which was divided into four farms, upon which my brothers lived until they passed away, with one exception. Finly Gard traded his Gard farm to Eli Green for one in Hamilton township, but later on Newton Gard bought that farm, and it still remains in the Gard family, so that a greater portion of Gard Prairie still remains in the hands of the Gard relatives, and we are celebrating today in the pleasant home of Nancy Gard, my brother's widow, who has been confined to her wheel chair for many years, but who is cheerful, contented and uncomplaining for she has learned the art of growing old gracefully, and is now in her 93rd year. We sincerely hope she may be with us many years to come.

"The first wedding in Volinia township were David Curry and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth Gard, daughters of Josephus Gard. Both couples were married by the same ceremony in the spring of '32. The first white child born in the township was John Rich, October 21, 1829. At the time our people came to Volinia, there was a band of Pottowatoma Indians camped on the Dowagiac Creek, just below the George Newton home. They were very friendly, bringing in wild honey and smoked venison, but expected something in return, such as wheat bread, and the like. It being such an effort to get flour I think mother preferred not to exchange food, and would rather prepare it herself.

"Such were pioneer days, where most of us would be considered tenderfeet when it came to roughing it."

Commencement Program

Town Hall, June 17. 8:00 p. m.

March - - - - - Miss Dorothy Criffield

Invocation - - - - - Rev. A. Bradfield

Vocal Solo, Avant de quitter ces lieux Cavatina, Faust

Harry S. Pritchard

President's Address - - - - Sterling Wood

Instrumental Solo, Second Mazurka - Godard

Dorothy Jones

Address, Education and Life - Prof. W. H. French

Vocal Solo, The Irish Love Song - - Lang

Harry S. Pritchard

Presentation of Class - - E. R. Washburn

Valedictory - - - - - Marie Parker

Presentation of Diplomas - - Mrs. Mabel B. Jones

Annual Announcement

and

Courses of Study

of the

Decatur Public Schools

1914-1915

Published by the School Board

Board of Education

	Term Exp.
Mrs. Mabel Jones, President	1916
George Adams, Secretary -	1915
Mrs. Lena V. Pritchard, treasurer	1917
Isaac S. Dewey, Trustee -	1916
Dexter Brigham, Trustee -	1917

High School Faculty

E. R. Washburn -	Superintendent
Mabel C. Willison B. A.	Principal
Edith M. Hewitt -	Instructor
Madeline McCrodan -	Instructor
Ruth Snow -	Instructor

Grade Teachers

Helen Mills	Grade Eight
Mrs. Ella Eckenberger	Grade Seven
Ethel Ray	Grade Six
Myrtle Knoll	Grade Five
Bessie Hamilton	Grade Four
Mrs. Ailsie B. Hall	Grade Three
Mrs. Mae Wiley	Grade Two
May Gish	Grade One
Ida Trowbridge	Beginners

Geo. McDole — Janitor

Foreword

For many years the Decatur Schools have held an important position in the community and have been a power for great and lasting good. Three hundred ninety-four have completed the prescribed course of study and have received diplomas of graduation. These people have gone forth into life's work with no mean advantage because of their high school training. Hundreds of others have gone out without diplomas of graduation yet greatly strengthened for life's activities by their training in the public school.

Today is a time of educated workers in all the better paying kinds of work. More than ever before are the trades, commerce and manufactories demanding educated brains and trained hands. Farming has become a science and unscientific agriculture is unprofitable. Forestry is a mighty problem of today and our boys—the men of tomorrow—must meet it successfully. Chemistry now in its begining, has multiplied man's powers a hundred fold. In the coming years it will disclose facts and processes beyond our wildest dreams. Only the most menial drudgery looks for uneducated and unskilled labor.

We of this community have a duty to perform second to no other in giving

the youth preparation to successfully meet the struggle of life. Let us not shirk this duty. Let us do all in our power to hold the youth in school and to help them to get the most out of school. If the conditions are made right the boys and girls will do their part. Let's give them the chance.

Calendar

1914

School Opens - - -	Sept. 8
Thanksgiving Recess	Nov. 26-27
Holiday Vacation (2 weeks)	Dec. 21

1915

First Semester Closes -	Jan. 29
Second Semester Begins -	Feb. 1
Mid-Semester Vacation (1 week)	Apr. 5
Baccalaureate Sermon -	June 13
Commencement - -	June 17
School Year Ends with Alumni Reunion and Banquet	June 18

Announcement

The Decatur Public Schools are intended first of all to meet the wants of Decatur and vicinity and also to act as a preparatory school for advanced work. The courses of study give the pupil a good practical education. Our standards meet the requirements of the University of Michigan and the various colleges of the state. Graduates of our school are admitted to these institutions without examination. These standards have been reached only by great efforts on the part of the teachers, pupils and patrons, and no pains will be spared in maintaining them.

The work in the primary grades is based on reading and then broadens to include English, mathematics, science and history as the more advanced grades are reached. Pupils are promoted when the work is satisfactorily completed or put back into the preceding grade when the work proves beyond the capabilities of the pupil.

In the high school certain subjects are required (see pages 10 and 11) while others are elective. Two years of a language other than English are required for college entrance and pupils should bear this in mind when making a choice of electives. In general it is well to choose Latin. The courses arithmetic, bookkeeping, agriculture and physiology do not give college entrance credit. One unit of credit on satisfactory outside work as sewing, agriculture, etc., may be earned toward graduation.

No student will be recommended for entrance to higher institutions the major part of whose work in the high school has not been good and who has not acquired such habits of study as will warrant such recommendation.

In cases of irregular classification resulting from deficient preparation in antecedent studies, or from failure to pass studies, the student's work for the semester should include as far as the program permits the back studies in preference to advanced subjects. Special permission must be obtained from the superintendent to take a subject out of its regular order. Likewise only by special permission may a student take a fifth subject. Occasionally out of consideration for health or good scholarship it may be desirable for a pupil to pursue only three subjects.

Admission

Pupils entering the school for the first time will be assigned to such grades as their attainments seem to warrant. Pupils from other schools should bring their promotion cards or certificates from their teachers describing their work. Pupils holding eighth grade diplomas from the rural schools will be admitted to the ninth grade. Full credit will be given to pupils coming from schools of equal rank.

Attendance

It is very desirable that pupils enter at the beginning of the year. The importance of regular and punctual attendance cannot be overestimated. Irregular attendance and tardiness not only puts the pupil back in his work, but injures the school as a whole. A written statement of the cause will be required of pupils for every case of absence or tardiness and this statement must be signed by the pupil's parent or guardian. Teachers will not grant excuses for trivial causes of absence or tardiness but the marks must stand unexcused against the pupils.

High School Courses of Study

NINTH GRADE

FIRST SEMESTER

Required	Elective
English IX.	Latin IX.
Algebra IX.	Ancient History
	Botany

SECOND SEMESTER

English IX.	Latin IX.
Angebra IX.	Ancient History
	Botany

TENTH GRADE

FIRST SEMESTER

English X.	Latin X.
Algebra X.	M. and M. History
	Physiology
	Commercial Arith.

SECOND SEMESTER

English X.	Latin X.
Pl. Geometry	M. and M. History
	Physical Geography
	Book Keeping

ELEVENTH GRADE

FIRST SEMESTER

Required	Elective
Plane Geometry	Latin XI.
	German XI.
	English XI.
	Agriculture
	Physics

SECOND SEMESTER

Latin XI.
German XI.
English XI.
Reviews
Solid Geometry
Physics

TWELFTH GRADE

FIRST SEMESTER

English XII.	Latin XII.
U. S. History	German XII.
	Chemistry
	Trigonometry
	Reviews

SECOND SEMESTER

English XII.	Latin XII.
Civics	German XII.
	Chemistry
	Reviews

THE VILLAGE OF DECATUR

Being a Brief History Entertainingly Told by a Worthy Pioneer

The first settlement in Van Buren county was made in what is now the township of Decatur, in 1829, but the village of Decatur did not spring into existence until 1848, when the Michigan Central railroad came through.

Previous to this, however, Chas. Tucker, in 1847, had settled on the present site of the village and built a house. In 1848 L. R. Barker built a hotel on he now vacant lots at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. The following year Colonel Phelps, who was postmaster for a long time and for whom our main street was named, opened a store on the corner of Phelps and St. Marys streets, now occupied by Mr. Upfield and for a year it was the only store in town.

The first school house in the village was built in 1848 on the lot where W. W. Greenman has his dwelling, and in 1869 it was used as a Baptist church. A school was opened with about twenty pupils and was taught by Miss Sarah Cook.

The sight of the village was originally obtained of the United States government by Messrs. Beers and Sherwood of New York City in a grant to them of 5,000 acres. These gentlemen were never residents of the place, but in 1850 built a steam saw mill in the low swampy place at the west end of Delaware street just out of the village. This mill was afterwards converted into a distillery which happily disappeared years ago.

In 1854 the present business center of the village was occupied as follows: Ira Nash on corner now occupied by Mr. Darkee; Trowbridge and Harris' general store, on Mr. Brook's corner; W. O. Tucker, general store, on corner occupied by Mr. Wood, and Henry Canoll, a drug store where Mr. Mosier now has a dry goods store.

Village Incorporated in 1859

The village was first incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in October, 1859, and afterwards rechartered by the Legislature March 16th, 1861. A curious provision existing in the act was, that the President and Trustees should receive no compensation but might once a year have a free dinner at the expense of the village.

The first President of the Corporation was Hon. E. P. Hill, the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch.

In 1869 Decatur claimed a population of 2500 and was considered one of the most prosperous towns on the line of the Michigan Central railroad.

At that time the village contained four churches: Presbyterian, Methodist, Unniversalist and also Baptist, seven dry goods stores, two drug stores, six grocery and provision stores, four hotels, three harness shops, two hardware stores, three clothing stores, three shoe stores, one banking house, two meat markets, one livery stable, one photographer, three milliuery shops, four dressmakers, two barbers, one bakery, one flouring mill, two planing mills, a stave factory, a steam saw and grist mill, a tannery, a cabinet shop, and carriage manufactory and—ten saloons.

The present school building was built in 1863-4 at a cost of $12,000. The Methodist church was built in 1860-61 and cost $4,000. The Presbyterian church was organized in 1852, the present church cost $6,500 and was built in 1868. There was a Baptist church organized in 1869 with twenty-six members. The first Universalist church was organized in May, 1868, and occupied what is now the Catholic church and was originally the first Presbyterian church. The present church was built in 1881 and cost $3,000.

In 1870 a town hall was built at a cost of $11,000. The First National Bank was established October 15th, 1870. A. B. Copley, President, and E. P. Hill, cashier. Mr. Copley was a member of the State Legislature in 1865, '71, and '75. S. N. Thomas was in business here longer than any other man on Main street, having been in the hardware business more than thirty years, but retired from active life several years ago.

ORGANIZATION OF BOY SCOUTS IN DECATUR

A Boy Scouts movement has been started in Decatur, most of the boys belonging to a class in the M.E. Sunday school class, though it is not confined to Methodist Sunday school boys, but is open for any good boys twelve years old and upwards who will take the obligation and live up to it. And such boys will never try to persuade any of the number who may be members of any other school to change over. That would be dishonest and therefore a violation of their oath. Otis Newell is the Scout Master and the pastor is his assistant.

This is not a military movement, although some of the best principles of army life are inculcated; such as honor, loyalty, obedience, and patriotism. These with other principles such as thankfulness, purity, chivalry, courtesy and kindness both to people and to animals are required of Boy Scouts. The boys are also taught to take proper care of their bodies that they may ever be in pink condition; to give first aid in emergencies, to rescue those in danger.

Many useful things are taught, some of which they get in the public school. How, when and by whom New England was settled? Who were the founders of New York, Philadelphia and other important cities. What is a Republic? What is required of American citizens? The duties of our public servants are taught. In short it seeks to make the boys as they grow up wise, intelligent, useful and honorable American citizens.

We expect to have the boys in condition by spring and have them march in the program on Memorial Day, doing honor to our country's veterans. They will hike in the summer time. The boys have asked the pastor if he will go with them. Sure thing! Come on, boys, out walk us if you can and you will go some. The following is the Boy Scout obligation. "On my honor I will do my best —

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

J.E. MORAN OF SHELTON NEBRASKA, KNEW DECATUR IN THE 50'S & 60'S

Shelton, Nebraska
July 14, 1915

Mr. Arba N. Moulton
Decatur, Michigan

Dear Sir:

William Trowbridge had a general merchandise store in the Dixon building in 1855. There was a partition across the center and the rear part was sort of a warehouse. Upstairs in the front part was a court room and when any lawsuit took place, it was held there.

Across the street on the east side was Tucker's store. On the next corner south from Tucker's store was a drug store — a one-story building kept by Harry Connall.

Across from the drug store west — Ira Nash, General Merchandise. I think what you call Main Street now, was called Sherwood Street in early days.

I well remember the spring of 1861 when the Decatur House burned down. It happened in the morning after a dance. Henry Chamberlain was landlord, Charles Cockett, Clerk. Champion and Teed had a store west on the opposite corner. Afterwards Henry Rogers kept a grocery store previously occupied by Champion & Teed.

Those early days of Decatur — 62 years ago — are photographed in my mind. I can see the faces of the people I knew and the buildings just as plain as if it were yesterday.

Yours —
/S/ J.E. MORAN

LINCOLN'S PRAYER FOR VICTORY ANSWERED

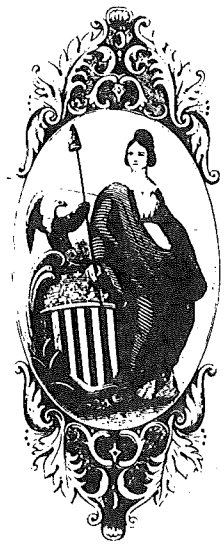
HOW HE KNEW GETTYSBURG WOULD BE WON BEFORE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT

GENERAL SICKELS TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY ABOUT HOW HE LOST HIS LEG, AND ABOUT PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT TO HIM

Gen. Daniel E. Sickels, the last of the generals on either the Union or Confederate side in the battle of Gettysburg, gave some interesting reminiscences of the battle, of how he was wounded, and of Lincoln's visit to him while he was recovering, that we are sure our readers will be interested in reading, especially now, when the 50th anniversary of that famous battle has just been observed. Gen. Sickels is now ninety-three years of age, and in telling about his wounds at Gettysburg he said:

"I never knew what sort of missile hit me, but the surgeons believed it was a fragment of a shell. I was struck about six o'clock in the evening of July second, after having taken my advanced position in the peach orchard and having fought for hours with the command of Gen. Longstreet opposite me on the Confederate side, to prevent the enemy's taking the Round Tops which were just to my left. I was mounted on a fine black stallion and was standing under an apple tree when the missile flying along side my horse, struck my right leg. It was a terrible wound, and pained me intensely, but it did not knock me from my horse nor make me lose consciousness, nor did it touch my horse. I dismounted by myself and was helped onto a litter by my aides.

The report up and down my line that I had been killed and officers came running to get the facts. They reported that my men were panic stricken, so I directed my aides to carry me the whole length of my lines, that my soldiers might see me. I was losing a great deal of blood and I felt weak, but had my head and shoulders raised and as I was carried along the line, I held my hat in my hand and waved it to the boys. They saw I had not been killed and they cheered me and took heart for the fighting. It seemed to be the



logical, sensible thing for me to do at the time and I was surprised later, when for that service I was given the congressional gold medal of honor for bravery. My leg was amputated immediately in the field hospital, Thursday, July 2 and I was taken to Washington, arriving early Sunday morning.

I was carried to a house where quarters were obtained for me on the same stretcher on which I was laid at Gettysburg. The landlady was not up yet and we waited for a few minutes outside her door. As it was warm I had laid my handkerchief over my face. Seeing me the landlady said:

"He is dead."

"Oh, No," I replied, removing the handkerchief, "only dozing."

How Lincoln's Prayer Was Answered

"Soon after I reached my apartment President Lincoln came in to see me. After he had given a touching expression of his sympathy we talked about the battle. I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the capitol you were all so anxious about the result of the battle that government officials packed up and got ready to leave on short notice with the old official archives."

"Yes," he said, "some precautions were prudently taken, but I was sure of our success at Gettysburg."

"Why are you so confident?" I asked. "The army of the Potomac has suffered many reverses."

"There was a pause. The president seemed in deep meditation. His pale face lighted up by an expression I had not observed. He said:

"When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania, followed by our army, I felt that the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer.

"I felt I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I prayed that He would not let the nation perish. I asked Him to help us, and give us victory now.

"I was sure my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgiving about the result at Gettysburg."

"When Mr. Lincoln rose to leave he took my hand and said:

"Sickels, I am told, as you have been told, perhaps, that your condition is serious. I am in a prophetic mood today. You will get well!"

"Although it was General Longstreet's command that attacked me in the peach orchard, and caused me to go through the rest of my life on crutches, the general and myself became warm friends after the war.

We attended many celebrations together, he with one arm and I with one leg."

1915

CASS COUNTY'S FIRST SETTLER

UZIEL PUTNAM DROVE THROUGH FROM OHIO WITH AN OX TEAM AND LOCATED ON BANK OF POKAGON CREEK

November 19, 1825 — Just ninety years ago last Friday, says A.M. Moon, of Dowagiac — Uziel Putnam drove across Pokagon prairie to a site he had selected a short time before on the banks of Pokagon creek, and here himself and wife began life in Cass County, the first settlers in the county and theirs one of about six families in Cass and Berrien counties, there being at that time five in Berrien, all in the vicinity of the Carey Mission.

Putnam had started from Sandusky County, Ohio, in May with three yoke of oxen, seventeen head of cattle and one horse. Two men accompanied them and Mrs. Putnam cooked for the party. The roads were almost impassable and their average travel was but six miles a day, with many days in which they made no headway at all.

Looked Up Location

In time they arrived at the home of William Kirk, near the present city of Niles, where Putnam left his family and in company with Baldwin Jenkins looked for a location. Chief Pokagon was in possession of Pokagon Prairie at that time. It was their summer home and the Indians had out a small patch of corn. Putnam told the chief of his desire to locate there and Pokagon replied, that his cattle would eat the Indians' corn. This was in October, and going back to Kirk's, he took his cattle to Cobert's creek, near the present Edwardsburg, where he cut his winter's hay.

He had in the meantime had a shanty built, a little building twelve feet square and without a floor, door, or window, blankets being used at these openings to keep out the cold. This was their home until some time in January, by which time he built a comfortable log house. He had but little shelter for his stock, and still less food. He was compelled to cut down brush before spring for them to browse on.

DECATUR FIRE

TWENTY YEARS AG

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNING OF DUNCOMBE HOUSE AND NINE OTHER BUILDINGS—THE TOWN'S WORST FIRE.

What was probably the most disastrous fire in the history of Decatur occurred twenty years ago last Thursday, the 25th of March. It broke out in the Duncombe house early in the morning and before it was under control the Duncombe House, Shulters House, First State Bank, Edward Arnold store, John Shaad store, hotel livery barn, Niels Rasmusson's wagon shop, Teed House, George Johnson's shoe shop on wheels and the Universalist church were in ruins. A strong wind was blowing to the east and other buildings were saved only by hard work.

That was the last fire of the bucket brigade when the water was taken from cisterns. The water works plant was installed that year and the morning of the fire the big water pipes were lying on the ground ready to be put in place. Dowagiac's volunteer fire company came down on the early morning train but did not get here in time to be of much assistance.

NOTABLE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN VOLINIA

87TH ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. NEWTON GARD, THE GUESTS OF HONOR BEING MRS. MILTON GARD, 87, AND MRS. FRANKLIN GARD, 79.

A notable birthday anniversary was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett in Volinia, Friday, December 10, says the Dowagiac News, when the 87th birthday of Mrs. Newton Gard, mother of Mrs. Everett ,was observed, and among the guests we Mrs. Milton Gard, aged 87, also and Mrs. Franklin Gard, aged 79.

Mrs. Newton Gard was a daughter of Richard and Julia Shaw, who moved to Youngs Prairie from Ohio in 1830, and to Volinia township six years later She was then eight years old. Mrs. Gard has lived in that township ever since, and has lived on the farm where she now resides with her daughter since 1856.

She received an injury through falling twelve years ago, since which time she gets about in a wheel chair, but her mind is as bright as that of a woman of fifty and she enjoys life with the same zest and takes the same interest in the affairs of the household and community as ever. She is a remarkable woman, the last of a family of several children, of which she was the oldest. The late Albert Shaw, a former resident of Decatur, was the youngest of her father's family and died only a few years ago.

Mrs. Milton Gard resides on the old Milton Gard homestead, a part of the original entry made by Jonathan Gard in 1828, just north of Volinia Center and on what is known as Gard's prairie.

Mrs. Franklin Gard resides in Volinia village and although living alone she, like the other two, enjoys her good old age in the possession of a good mind and a hospitable and kindly nature. Newton, Milton and Franklin Gard were sons of Jonathan Gard, and the three women who gathered on this occasion to celebrate the birthday of one of their number were also connected with the early history of the township.

Mrs. Newton Gard has three children, Ed. Gard, residing just north of Volinia Center, Mrs. Ed. Everett, residing near the Center and a daughter in Kansas.

DECATUR GRANGE ANNUAL ELECTION

R.W. HUNT, WORTHY MASTER, RECEIVED UNANIMOUS CALL TO SERVE ANOTHER YEAR — BIG DAY PLANNED FOR CHRISTMAS

The first afternoon meeting of Decatur Grange was held last Friday, December 16, 1915. It was also the annual election of officers. About fifty were present, mostly women. They left the men at home shredding corn and hustling to get ahead of the winter storm with other fall work.

The officers elected for the coming year were as follows: R.W. Hunt, Worthy Master, re-elected, Mrs. H.L. Sutton, Overseer, Mrs. Eli Keyes, Lecturer, re-elected, Ira Isham, Steward, Paul Maguire, Asst. Steward, re-elected, Mrs. Frank Lindsley, Chaplin, H.A. Goble, Treasurer, H.L. Sutton, Secretary, Eli Keyes, Gatekeeper, re-elected, Mrs. H.E. Squire, Ceres, re-elected, Mrs. Henry Howland, Pomona, re-elected, Mrs. Earl Rector, Flora, Miss Helen Lindsley, Lady Asst. Steward, re-elected.

The next meeting will be the day before Christmas. Members of the Grange and their immediate families and those who have applied for membership are invited.

1915

KNICKERBOCKER LAKE

Fifty years ago, Knickerbocker lake in Hamilton, was a beautiful little sheet of water with several small islands. But during the past thirty years or so it has been ditched and drained and the water lowered, until its beauty is sadly marred and the little islands are a thing of the past.

One Saturday afternoon, in the spring of 1871, Dick Lyon and the writer, walked out to the Riddle farm, now the Em. Smith farm—to stay over Sunday with Thompie. We played cards nearly all night. Mrs. Riddle gave us a bountiful supper about midnight and we were as happy as kings with not a care in the world.

We slept until 10 o'clock the next morning and after breakfast Dick proposed that we visit Knickerbocker lake and see if we could find Knickerbocker's grave. He had only been dead some 35 years or so then. We started and about the time we reached the lake we were fortunate enough to meet Robert Sloan, who was one of the earliest settlers in that vicinity, and he told us what he knew about Knickerbocker. I am not quite sure, but think that Mr. Sloan lived near there as a boy, while Knickerbocker was still alive. Anyway he told us that Knickerbocker had come there in the early days, before any other white people and settled on one of the small islands in the lake and lived there as a hermit for a number of years.

Knickerbocker had been a wealthy man in some eastern city. He had been unfortunate both in love and business and becoming disgusted with the world he came to this, then wilderness, to pass his days. He finally died there some thirty years before the date of this yarn and at his urgent request was buried on the island where he had lived so long in solitude. His log cabin was left abandoned to go to ruin.

KNICKERBOCKER'S GHOST

Knickerbocker's ghost was also said to haunt the island at certain times, and was said to have been seen by several persons, walking about the old ruined cabin and the island as he had done while alive, wringing his hands and making strange sounds.

Well, us boys found a boat and went to the island pointed out to us by Mr. Sloan as the residence of Knickerbocker and we explored it thoroughly. We found a place where we thought the cabin must have stood and also a sunken spot in the ground nearby that might have been a grave, but nothing certain, we concluded to call it that and let it go and went back home.

The above story is taken partly from an old diary of mine and partly from memory. But this story about Knickerbocker differs radically from the one told in a Van Buren County history—published a good many years later. The latter yarn says that Knickerbocker was not a hermit at all, but came there with his family from the east, settled on the banks of the lake, started to build a log house there but was taken sick from hard work and exposure and died only a short time after he came there. His wife took his body back east, where they came from, so he was not buried at the lake at all.

"You pays your money and takes your choice" between the two stories, but as for myself, I am inclined to believe Mr. Sloan's account of it. Anyway that's the most romantic version, and I've no doubt "the ghost walks." In any case, Dick, Thompie and I had an enjoyable day.

W. H. T.

GLENWOOD HAD THREE NAMES

TWO OF THEM WERE RECOGNIZED BY U.S. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. THADDEUS THOMPSON GAVE IT THE NAME OF GLENWOOD YEARS AGO

A.M. Moon, in the Dowagiac Daily News, publishing the following interesting historical sketch of the village of Glenwood:

Glenwood is the only village in the county which can lay claim to having had three legal names during its history, two of them having been recognized by the Post Office department.

Back in 1848, when the M.C.R.R. was building its line to here, John Tietsort owned forty acres in the north edge of the present village and he gave the company five acres of land with the proviso that a station should be established there and be named Tietsort. The proposition was accepted and a small building erected for a depot and storage room for such freight as might be delivered.

OCE A Model City

This building was used until some time in the early sixties, when Amasa Worden, a Universalist minister, was appointed post master. He occupied a part of the Henry Crego house on land later owned by the Hamptons south of and adjoining Tietsort's land and sent in a request that the post office be called Modelle. The department named it MODEL CITY and as such it was known for several years, or until Thaddeus Hampton bought the vast tract of timbered land in the vicinity. Crego's house was a log structure, as all the houses were then. Shortly after this purchase Hampton sold the land he had bought to Craigie Sharp, a son-in-law of Stephen Johnson, road master of the railroad company. Sharp secured a contract for the delivery of twenty thousand cars of four foot wood to the company and brought two hundred fifty wood choppers from Chicago and put them to work in the woods. He had sixteen teams of his own and hired many others to haul the wood, but it was an open winter and he could not fill the contract on time. For the wood delivered later he was offered but a dollar and a half a cord, while his contract called for two twenty five. At one fifty he lost money, and, finally, Hampton had to take back the land. There were four or five thousand cords of wood still remaining in the woods at that time, but was of little value and was allowed to remain there and rot. It is said Sharp paid for cutting twenty thousand cords of wood when in reality, there were but sixteen thousand cut, the choppers getting paid for four thousand cords, at seventy-five cents per cord which they did not cut.

Finally Became Glenwood

Thaddeus Hampton was then appointed post master and asked that the name be changed to Glenwood, which was done. In the meantime the old depot building on the Tietsort land was torn down and a new one erected near the site of the present one — the higher land in that locality having drawn the first settlers to that point, where they could build easier and with more comfort.

The five acres donated to the railroad company by John Tietsort is now planted with catalpas, the company still owning it. The ground is not adapted to these trees and they have not made much growth. They were planted presumably for the ties they might produce some day, but possibly for an experiment.

In the old days there was a tannery here, but it was discontinued long ago and the building was used for a barn by a neighboring farmer, until it finally blew down.

Glenwood was an appropriate name when Mr. Hampton suggested it, for the forest came down to the little town from all sides but one, giving the hamlet a singularly beautiful background.

1915

EARLY HISTORY OF MICHIGAN

By: Mary McCormick Rumbaugh

The first fire I ever saw was the burning of Mr. Tucker's drygoods store and the Post Office next door.

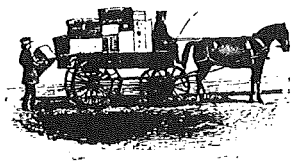
At the midnight hour the fearful cry of "FIRE" awakened the people and they hurried to the scene of the conflagration.

Though but little children, we joined the others in the run to the fire. There were no Portland cement walks in those days, only cow paths, which we followed and as we neared the fire we saw a woman lying by the roadside on a straw tick. Mr. Tucker's family lived over the store.

We hastily passed on a few steps further beyond the burning building, and our eyes beheld what we never want to see again. A man had a room over the Post Office. He was a special friend of J. Holmes, the photographer. We saw this man, covered with flames, leap out of the window in his nightclothes. They quickly carried him to Dr. Keable's house back of Brook's store.

We followed and got inside the doctor's door and saw the man all wrapped in a white sheet. He died soon afterward.

Taken from 1915 (July) Republican



DECATUR FLOUR MILL DESTROYED

VALUABLE PROPERTY OF MILLER GEORGE E. ADAMS BURNED TO THE GROUND LAST THURSDAY.

MUST BE REBUILT

TOWN PEOPLE REALIZE MORE THAN EVER BEFORE NEED OF FLOUR MILL AND HOPE TO SEE MR. ADAMS RE-ESTABLISHED.

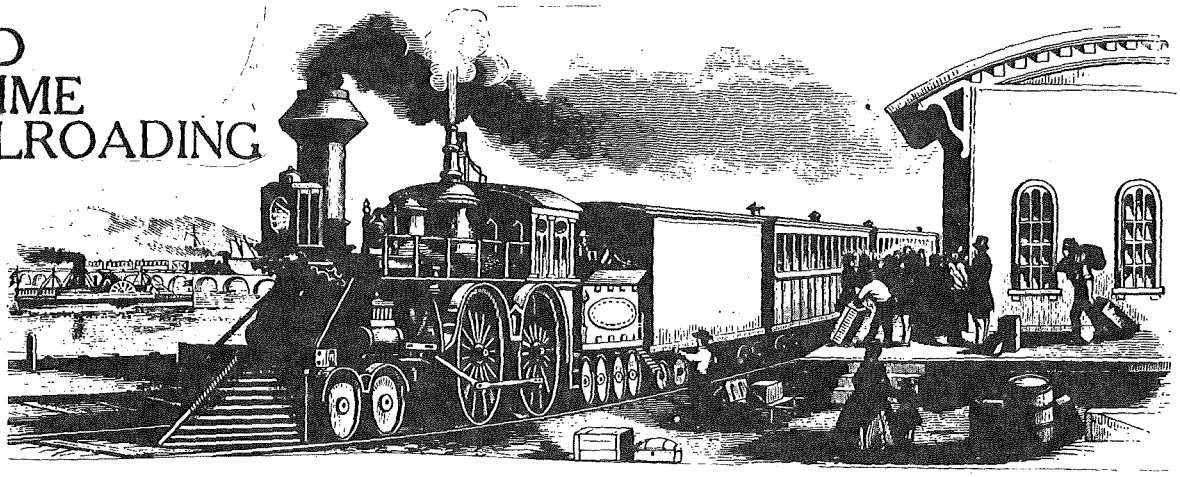
The Republican press was turning out the paper at a rapid rate last Thursday morning when the alarm of fire was heard. Two hundred papers had already been run, but business was stopped instantly and the force rushed to the fire. It was eleven o'clock.

The Decatur flour mill was a busy place Thursday morning. The machinery was grinding. George E. Adams the proprietor, went over it carefully and everything was working nicely. He was taking orders over the phone in his office when a trainman rushed in and told him the building was on fire.

Fire had caught in some unknown manner in the east corner and in a remarkably short time the building was a mass of flames.

Mr. Adams saved his typewriter and ledger and a part of the records of the Decatur schools and a few sacks of flour and grain were also saved, but aside from the power plant which was located in the small brick addition, the big flour mill, which has for years been one of Decatur's most valued industries, is entirely destroyed.

OLD TIME RAILROADING



EARLY MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY AND ITS EMPLOYEES

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle

MICHIGAN CENTRAL AGENTS

I have been asked by a number of people to write out my recollections of the early history of the Michigan Central Railway station in this village, and to give the names of the employees in that far back time.

The first agent at this station is said to have been a Mr. Goddard who was sent here when the Railway was first completed through here in the fall of 1848, but I cannot find any person who remembers him, or any record as to how long he remained here.

The first Agent here that I remember anything about was a Mr. Rosewarne, but at what time he was made Agent I do not know. He stayed here until Carleton Wheeler was appointed as his successor which must have been about 1860 or '61. Mr. Wheeler remained until about 1870 and was succeeded by James Nutting.

I was away from the village from 1873 until 1879, and do not know much about it during that time, but I do know that a man by the name of Joe Buck was Freight Agent here during part of that time. S. C. Gibbs was also agent here for several years. About 1884, N. B. McKinney, of Lawton, was made Agent and remained here until 1889, when he was succeeded by M. V. Barron, who stayed here, fifteen years. That brings the agents down to the present time.

THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

The first telegraph office must have been installed in the depot in 1856, as that was nearly the time the Railroads began to use the wires for handling their trains by orders. Up to that time all trains were run by Time Table. If two trains of the same class were to meet at a certain place, and one of them was late, the first train to arrive waited thirty minutes, and then if the other train had not come they went on to the next station, and as I understand it a freight train had to wait indefinitely for a passenger train if the passenger was late. As may be imagined this arrangement sometimes caused great delays and much profanity by all hands on the waiting train.

For the first ten years or so after the invention of the telegraph, the wires were only used for the transmission of commercial or paid, messages, but after awhile the railroads began to sit up and take notice that the wires might be used to make new meeting points for trains, when one train was late, and the system of train orders was almost immediately adopted by all railways, and caused a great saving of time wherever used. In those days all railways were single track roads and trains had to pass each other at stations. Now all the important roads are double tracked, and the trains can pass anywhere.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

I think that the first telegraph operator at this depot was a young man by the name of Billy Weed, but I have no knowledge of how long he remained here.

My first real acquaintance with the telegraph office began in the summer of 1863, when I was fourteen years old. My cousin Jimmy had commenced to learn the profession at Dowagiac and as I always did, or tried to do, the same thing that Jimmy did, I made application at this office to be made into an operator and was accepted.

I was finally considered competent to go out on the road to work, and was sent to Parma, where I stayed through the winter of the "Cold New Years" in 1864.

The Michigan Central Railway at that time paid their telegraph operators the munificent salary of twenty dollars per month, but that amount looked awful large to me, who had always lived on a farm, and who had never had a whole dollar in my life. It seemed to me that I could get rich in a few years and retire on twenty dollars per month, but after staying with the Company six months or so I had to send home to my folks for money to pay my board, so I quit and gave it up for the time being.

In 1863 the operator here was a Mrs. Mary Wright, who remained several years, and was succeeded by her sister, Miss Josie Brown, who stayed a short time, when they both resigned and went south in the Government service. The next operator was Miss Frank Foster, who after awhile resigned and went to New York City and became private secretary to A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince of that day. Miss Foster died there a great many years ago. The next one that I am sure of was George Northrup, and then came Harvey Trowbridge, with whom I relearned the business. The road was paying much better wages by this time, enough so that one could pay his board and go to the circus—on a pass—once in awhile. This time I remained with the company most of the time for thirty years.

After Harvey Trowbridge left here to go to a larger office, Miss Josie Adams and Miss Mary Adams were stationed in this office for a year or more, Miss Mary Adams was married in the fall of 1872, and went to Nevada to live and I was given my home office and remained here through the winter of 1872-73. That was an awful winter, extremely cold, deep snow, and trains all blocked up. Sometimes freight trains were three days in making the run from Jackson to Michigan City.

The next summer I was sent to Manistee, and Miss Franc Casto succeeded me in this office remaining here about eleven years, when I came back and stayed here this time sixteen years until I quit for good. This brings the operators down to Charlie Dine, and I guess everyone knows about him and his successors.

NIGHT OPERATORS

For several years lately we have had no telegraph office in town, everything being done by telephone, but it was very inconvenient for people who wish-

ed to send messages, for there are some kinds of business that the old reliable telegraph can do much better and cheaper than it can be done by telephone.

Just lately the Western Union Company has put in an office at the depot for sending paid messages, but it will undoubtedly be taken out again as soon as the celery season is over.

There is no doubt but that the telephone will entirely supercede the telegraph—when the telephone is made perfect, which it is not yet by a good deal—and then telegraphy wil become a lost art, and operators will disappear off the face of the earth.

As to the night operators that have worked in this office their name is legion, some of them only staying here a week or two, and even only a night or so, and it would be of no use to try to name them all. A few of the most prominent that I can think of now are George Wheelock, myself, Cass. Roberts, Channey Claflin, Homer and Newell Hungerford, Bart. Laberteaux, Ben Depew, Frank McPhee, and many, many more.

I think that Frank McPhee was the smallest and youngest looking real telegraph operator that I ever saw. He was about the size of and looked to be a boy twelve years old, and I couldn't believe it when he stepped off the train one day and announced himself as my new night operator. He was so small that I had to get a soap box for him to stand on at the ticket window to make him tall enough so folks could see him, and people would come to the office in the evening and then go away, because they would not believe that he could be the operator and ticket agent, and that he could do business.

He claimed to be sixteen years old, but none of us ever believed it. But he was an operator, all right, and a first class one too, and he had brass enough to carry him through anything. He was afterward a train dispatcher on the Michigan Central railway and the last time that I saw him, three years later, he had grown to be almost six feet tall and large in every way. I do not know what became of him, but he was certainly a character when he was here.

TOMMY MAXHAM AND OTHERS

As to the clerks and helpers at the freight house their name was legion also, but I only remember a few of the most prominent ones. For many years Tommy Maxham was the particular standby for the road, and he was the whole works when it came to wrestling baggage, for many, many long years, but he died a long time ago.

Among other early workers were Dolph and Roll Osborn, James Nutting and Henry Teed, Vet Hess, Bert Depue, and for many years now Oakey has been the chief clerk in the freight office and seems destined to stay there a long time yet.

I do not pretend to give the names of anywhere near all of them, for a great many I have utterly forgotten, and it would only be a string of strange names to almost everyone if they were all mentioned.

Forty-five years and more ago, every station of any size, had one or two water houses and a good yard, and almost every train stopped to take wood and water. This station had two water houses and two places where engines could take wood and get a drink in those days one each side of the old depot.

The railroad grounds on both sides of the track were covered with wood piles and wood sheds, and what is now our pleasant little park was then a very rough looking place. The Company used to buy thousands of cords of four foot wood every winter and then they would bring a buzz saw here and saw it in two for engine use.

The water to fill the tanks was pumped from wells, and the motive power for pumping it was at first furnished by a large windmill at each house, but after awhile the wind-mills were done away with, and then the motor was an old horse. The horse had to draw all the wood to the loading boxes, and when he was not busy at that he was hitched into a tread-mill and made to pump the water.

Tommie Maxham's duties were to attend to checking baggage and also to keep the old horse drawing wood and pumping water. At times when the old nag was left alone in the treadmill he got tired and would slack up and finally stop to rest, and then Tommie would sneak up behind him with a piece of a board and bat him over the hind quarters until the old horse would almost jump through the end of the mill.

Tommie and the old horse are both gone now, and the engines take water on the fly without stopping and they put coal enough into their tenders to last them the whole run. A wood burning locomotive would be a queer looking sight now, with their small bollers and flaring smokestacks.

In those days an engine that could pull thirty to thirty-five ten ton cars was called a good one, but now some of the larger ones can easily take one hundred forty ton cars over the road.

TRAGEDIES OF THE ROAD

A good many queer things, some laughable and some tragical happened on the road. I remember many fatal accidents at this station. Nearly fifty years ago a young man by the name of Fox was working at the freight house as helper, and one day he stepped between some cars that were in motion to make a coupling, and when he came out he was caught between the cars and the edge of the freight platform and crushed to death.

One evening about thirty-five years ago one freight train ran into the way car of way freight, and Mack Wooster was so badly injured that he died from the effects of it some years later. Then Mrs. Teed was killed instantly while trying to cross the tracks ahead of an express train. A young man from Keeler by the name of Sykes was killed while trying to get on board of an express train that was in motion; and lastly Conductor Dailey was thrown under the wheels of his train while stepping off and so badly hurt that he died the same night.

Several others who were not employees have been killed at different crossings, but the only names that I remember are Walter Mumaugh and Mr. Warner.

Away back in 1862, a young schoolmate of mine was killed near the depot. His name was Jehiel Rogers, and he was only twelve years old, but he had become very expert in jumping off and onto freight trains that were in motion. One day he made a slip and went under the wheels, cutting off both legs and dying soon after. Jumping on and off trains was great sport for the boys of those days. I used to indulge in it myself, but after I saw Jehiel brought up through town with both his legs smashed off just below his knees, I very suddenly lost all desire to play that game any more, and it cured the most of the other town boys for the time being.

A few years after that another boy by the name of Myers was killed. He jumped onto a freight train at the station and rode east half a mile or so and jumped off and was found dead. He evidently fell as he struck the ground and hit his head against a pile of T-rails, killing him instantly.

OTHER ACCIDENTS

As for smash-ups, breakdowns, runnig trains through open switches and off on to the ground and such minor accidents, they have been innumerable. The first one that I remember anything about happened one night in 1863, when Roll Osborn left a switch open just west of the depot, and Night Express ran off onto the ground, engine and almost all the cars, and they were pretty badly smashed up. The road was blocked for a number of hours, and Roll lost his job temporarily.

In September, 1863, happened the terrible accident at Lawton to the State Fair special train, when so many were killed and injured, some from Decatur and vicinity.

But any number of such things as that have happened since. I ran one train through an open switch myself.

With the split switches that are used now a train can't go off the track onto the ground even if it goes through an open switch, but split switches were unknown forty years ago.

TUCK LEACH OF DOWAGIAC

One of the laughable occurrences that I knew of happened at Dowagiac a good many years ago. They had a night operator there named Tuck Leach, and he, like all other night operators, liked to be up all day and catch what sleep he could at night while he was on duty.

He had to time and report every train that went by, and so he cooked up a scheme to wake himself up whenever a train passed. He found a post standing just the other side of the tracks opposite the office window, and tied a long cord to it and carried the cord through the open window, and after lying down he tied the cord to his foot, and laid down, confident that when a train passed that the engine would strike the cord and break it, at the same time giving his foot a sharp twitch, enough to wake him up, and after the train had gone by and he had reported it to the dispatcher, he would tie the cord together and repeat

the operation with he next train that came along.

His scheme worked fine for some time, but one night he had to get a new string, and this one proved to be too strong and when the first train struck it it refused to break it first. It waked up Mr. Tuck all right, and almost pulled him clear through the window; the string finally broke and saved his life, but it left him with one leg sticking out of the window and his foot nearly pulled off, but thoroughly awake. He was more careful about selecting his cords after that, or else gave it up entirely.

NO LIQUOR LAWS THEN

Some funny things happened in this office years ago, but most of them would not bear repetition. Railroad men used to be great drinkers, not all of them, but many, and I have known engineers to be so drunk while running their engines, that their firemen would either have to watch them constantly or else run the engines themselves while the engineer slept it off, and it was not uncommon for the crews to carry bottles of fire water with them in the way car.

I have seen operators so drunk while handling train orders that they scarcely knew what they were doing, and the great wonder is that there were not twice as many accidents as there were; and then too the Company used to employ such very young, careless and heedless boys for night operators.

I was given an office the first time when I was less than fifteen years old, and only a few months from the farm. Now no employee can remain on the road a moment after the Company knows that he drinks any kind of intoxicating liquor, either on or off duty and boys under a certain age cannot be employed.

In the early days railroad work of all kinds was very simple, but it has become more complicated and intricate every year. I know very little about railroading now, but I do know that it takes a good man, well educated in his particular line to hold his job on the road.

READING BY SOUND

In the early days of telegraphy every operator used what were called "Registers" or machines that printed the characters on a long paper tape. These Registers were large brass clock works and were run by a heavy weight that had to be wound up every little while with a large key, and when you were ready to receive a message you started the clock work going and that carried the paper tape along and the stylus indented the characters in the papers.

These registers were quite expensive, they cost about $35 each and I wonder what was done with all of them.

Reading by sound was entirely unknown in the early days, in fact no such thing was considered possible, but after a time a smart young operator in Cincinnati discovered that he could take his messages by sound, without printing it on the tape, and he began doing all his business in that way, and then other operators began trying the same thing. As soon as the Telegraph officials found out what they were doing they issued an order positively forbidding their operators receiving messages by sound, claiming that it was not safe as there could be no record left to refer to when messages were received in that way.

But it is hard to stop the water from running when the dam gives way, and sound reading was so much superior to the paper tape that operators would use it, and finally the Telegraph Company had to give way and allow messages to be taken by sound; but even as late as 1870 sound operators were scarce, and only the larger offices had them. I know that I learned on a paper machine and used the tape for nearly a year. I do not think that there is a single paper machine in existence now, and one of them would be somewhat of a curiosity in these days. I have always been sorry that I did not save a piece of the paper tape that we used then, with the messages indented in the paper, as a curiosity. And the instruments we had then were very simple and crude compared with those that are used now.

STUCK IN A SNOW BANK

The winter of 1884-85 thirty two years ago, was a very severe one. It was extremely cold and the snow was so deep and the side tracks were so buried up that even the snow-plows could not clear them, and the Company had to send trains of flat cars here and hire gangs of men to load them with shovels and then draw it away and dump it some where else and in that way they opened some of the side-tracks. The Company had to keep their snow plows going over the main line all the time and even then they could not keep them clear in places. Trains were blocked in everywhere and stock in shipment suffered terribly from the intense cold and not having anything to eat or drink for many days at a time.

One morning about six o'clock Night Express going west passed through here. There had been a dance in this town the night before, and there was a large crowd up from Dowagiac to attend it, and they all started back on this train.

They had had nothing to eat since about midnight and were pretty hungry, but they thought that they would all be home in a few moments, and then be just in time for breakfast.

But somewhere near Glenwood the train ran into a cut that was filled level full with snow. The engine tried its best to push through, but couldn't do it, and they finally had to give it up and send to Niles for a road train and a large gang of men to come and dig them out with shovels. In the meantime that Dowagiac dance crowd, and everyone else on the train, got pretty hungry, and it was said that they cleaned out Glenwood completely and thoroughly.

In the meantime another much larger express train came in here from the east about 8 o'clock, and was held up here by orders until the first train could proceed, and on this last train there were some 250 passengers and in the course of the day they became hungry too, and they ate up nearly everything in the town. That was in the days before local option came into effect, and some men who lived here went through the train with baskets filled with bottles of all kinds of liquors. Trade was brisk, prices high, and some of the peddlers made a lot of tainted money. It seemed as though every passenger on that train sent from one to a half dozen messages while they were detained here. It was almost dark before the shovelers dug the Glenwood train out of the drifts, allowing them to go ahead, and thereby releasing the train here, after holding them up for over eight hours.

It is wonderful what development has been made in the last fifty years in the use of wire for electrical use, all over the country. In 1863, when I first knew anything about it, there were just two wires strung along the Michigan Central railway, one for the use of the railway and the other for commercial business, and that was all. By 1871 there were four wires along the tracks, and in 1884 there were a few more and also a telegraph wire that followed along the wagon roads east and west, that had been put up by a Company that had started up in opposition to the Western Union Telegraph Company, but it did not last long and was soon absorbed by the Western Union and taken down.

Now when one looks up it is a perfect cobweb overhead everywhere, telegraph, telephone and light and power lines, and more of them are being put up every day.

In the cities it is a complete net work everywhere, both overhead and underground. Some of the large cables that pass through the tunnels are said to contain hundreds of wires, all done up in one rope.

Many cities are compelling all wires to be put underground as fast as possible, either in tunnels or in conduits, because the rapidly increasing network of wires overhead were becoming dangerous. Wire drawing ought to be a profitable business surely.

Some eminent scientists declare that the rapidly increasing number of wires that are being strung in the air and laid underground and the immense amount of electricity that is being generated and passed through them all the time, will, sooner or later, cause a change in the motion of the earth, as it turns on its axis each day, and will finally change the position of the poles to the place where the equator is how located, and vice-versa. These same high-brows also say that our sun is the original source of electricity, and when the earth becomes all one big electrical power plant that there will be no telling what will happen next, and probably they are right.

OLD RAILROAD DAYS

THE OLD STATION AT DECATUR THE STRAP RAILS — THE WOOD YARD — THE OPERATOR

By W. H. Tuttle

My first connection with the M. C. R. R. and a telegraph office began in

July, 1863, when I entered the Decatur office to learn to be a telegraph operator.

The operator at Decatur at that time was Mrs. Mary Wright, a very fine lady who died over forty-five years ago. Probably not a single person in Decatur, except the writer, remembers her now, although she lived here several years.

Telegraph operators in those days received the munificent salary of $20 per month and found themselves the best way they could. But I was a very young boy of fifteen, right from the farm where men were glad to hire out for $7 per month and board, and $20 per month looked like a very big thing to me.

About December 1, 1863, I was considered competent to "Take an office". In those days a "sound operator" was almost a curiosity. Only the very largest offices had any of them. We all used the old paper registers that run with a heavy weight. They were wound up like a clock and made a noise like a threshing machine. When the operator began to take a message he pulled the trigger, the mill started and ran until the message was completed. The message was indented in dots and dashes on a long narrow paper tape and the operator could sit down and pick it out at his leisure—if the mill worked good. Students were considered good operators as soon as they could tell their "office call" and they depended on the paper mill for the rest of it.

THE COLD NEW YEARS

The first office I was sent to was Parma, near Jackson, and I stayed there all the winter of '63 and '64. I was there during the "cold New Years" of 1864 and it was surely rightly named.

When I went to bed the evening before it was warm and raining, and when I went to the office the next morning, oh, my! what a change. It was snowing and blowing and the thermometer was 35 below zero, and it lasted something like a week or ten days.

That was a bad time. It was during the war and soldiers froze to death in their tents. I saw whole train loads of live stock frozen to death. Trains could not get over the road on account of the extreme cold and the snow drifts. But it ended after a while like everything else and not many now remember the cold New Years.

In the spring I was sick awhile and I had also found out that $20 a month, after paying $3.50 per week for my board, was not such a gold mine as I had thought it was going to be. In fact I had no more money at the end of six months work than when I began. So I did not go back to work again until 1871, by which time the railroad was paying somewhat better wages.

Those days are a good way off now but they are all very fresh in my memory, more so than many things that have happened only a few months ago.

My second attempt to become a railroad man began on the first day of September, 1871, when I entered the office here to learn to be a telegraph operator and that time I stuck to it for nearly thirty years. Harvey Trowbridge had charge of the office here and he was my teacher — and a good one he was too.

The probabilities are that telegraphy will be a lost art in a very few years and telegraph operators will be unknown. The telephone is taking the place of the telegraph everywhere and already almost all railroad work — train dispatching, messages and conversation — is done over the telephone and it seems to me that it will be only a few years before the telegraph sounder will be laid aside as a relic and the poor operators will be obliged to go to work.

Forty years ago the telephone was unknown except as an experiment and now every business place has one or more, and half or more of the private houses have them. Goodbye to the telegraph.

At the time I speak of — forty-five years ago railroading was very different from what it is now — no electric lights, no air brakes, not even on passenger trains, scarcely any double tracks, and the locomotives were only toys compared with the monsters in use now.

The engines in use around here all burned wood for fuel and had tall, flaring smoke stacks and they had to stop at nearly every station to take on wood and water. The Michigan Central bought thousands of cords of wood every winter and where our beautiful little park is now, was in those days covered with wood sheds, wood piles, old stumps and all kinds of refuse, and was a horrible looking place generally. In those days a railroad company never even so much as gave a thought to having their depot grounds beautiful in any way. Then all the trains went by names instead of numbers as now — such as Atlantic Express, Blue Line Express, Day Express, etc. and also the locomotives were all named — Aetna, Vesuvius, Reindeer, etc.

For a number of years there was a work train that ran between Niles and Kalamazoo — engine "Storm", conductor Lewis and engineer Jack Riley. Conductor Lewis had a silver nail in the corner of each eye to keep him from going blind. These nails were half as large as a lead pencil, had a large head in the outside end and must have been nearly an inch and a half long and were hollow. He would pull them out and return them in a matter of fact way that always made me shudder, for it seemed to me that they must almost go clear through his head.

One Sunday morning the "Storm" was going in a great hurry to a wreck at Mattawan and when they were about opposite the present pickle factory they struck a cow on the track and then in just no time they had a wreck of their own to look after. The tender broke loose from the train and swung around endways, the engine went into the ditch with one corner of the tender jammed into the engineer's seat, the flat cars were piled up promiscuously and the workmen who were in the caboose were all thrown up in a heap in the front end. When they struck the cow the fireman was on top of the pile of wood in the tender, throwing it down and he went sailing up into the air end over end as high as the telegraph wires and lit on his feet more than half way to the fence unhurt. No one was injured to amount to anything except the cow. I, with some other young men happened to be in the woods nearby so we saw the whole performance.

Wrecks were very common in those days. The T-rails were all made of iron for steel rails were unknown then and they would break like glass and fly all to pieces in extreme cold weather. If a train went through an open switch it had to go off the rails and onto the ground but with the split switches that are in use now, a train cannot leave the rails and must stay on the track even if the switch is left open.

Then the maximum load for a freight car was ten tons and thirty-five cars made a heavy train. Now the cars have a capacity of thirty, forty and fifty tons and we vary often see trains of eighty cars and the locomotives are so large that there is scarcely room for the smoke stack to stick out of the top of the boilers. A locomotive of fifty years ago would look very queer now: they had no air brakes, no injectors, all water had to be forced into the boiler with a pump — in fact, as I remember it, they didn't seem to have much of anything except the boiler, fire box, smoke stack and steam cylinders, while now a locomotive is fairly covered with all manner of inventions. The large compound engine used the steam from the boiler over twice and the engineer with a twist of his wrist can set every brake on the train until the wheels will slide on the rails.

Our present depot was built in the summer of 1886. We moved into it the eighth day of September and at that time we thought it was pretty nifty.

The old depot stood a short distance east and was built in 1848 — the year that the Michigan Central was finished through to Niles. It is now one of Schpok's warehouses. When they tried to move it to its present location they tore one set of mover's tools all to pieces; the frame was made of solid timbers hewed out with a broad axe and it was some heavy. A good many people had passed through it during the thirty-eight years that it was used as a depot and what an endless procession of employees, a great many that I remember and more that I had forgotten all about.

The first freight agent that I remember was Mr. Rosewarne and the first telegraph operator was Billy Weed, and following them came agents, operators, night-watches, etc. almost without number.

There was one nightwatch about fifty years ago, who climbed out the tender of the locomotive of Kalamazoo accomodation one morning to give her a drink. While he was up there a rod on the engine broke and punched a big hole in the boiler letting the steam all out at once with a terrible roar. The nightwatch jumped from the tender and was running before he struck the ground and they do say that he is still going, like the wandering Jew, looking for a place where there are no railroads.

A great many funny things happen on the road and many more that were either pathetic or tragic. My worst experience came the night that conductor Dailey was killed at our depot, about twenty-five years ago. I helped to pick him up and carry him into the office and it was weeks afterward before I could go to sleep and not see him in my dreams. It is a queer trait in human nature that makes almost every man, woman and child want to rush in to see a poor mangled body but so it is. The night that Mr. Dailey was killed the depot grounds were black with people all trying to get a look at his suffering. Men climbed on other men's backs so they could look into the office windows and I saw one man step on Dailey's arm trying to force his way into the office.

"Men may come and men may go", but the railroad will go on forever — unless the air ships run them out.

W.H. Tuttle
1916

A RAILROAD WRECK

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

In the fall of 1871 I was stationed at the telegraph office in New Buffalo, as night operator. In those days all trains were named instead of being numbered as they are now, and all the engines were given names also.

One morning just before I went off duty, "Through Freight East" went through our station—with two engines pulling it, and running at a great speed. I went to my boarding place and went to bed soon afterward, but I had not been in bed long and was almost asleep when the Day operator came to my room, rousted me up and told me that "Through Freight East" and a double header freight coming west had collided a few miles east of New Buffalo, and there was a terrible wreck.

I was very much frightened at first, because I knew that Through Freight had gone through while I was still on duty, and my first thought was that I had forgotten some order and was responsible for the wreck. but the day man soon undeceived me by telling me that it was entirely the fault of the train crews.

As the wreck was only about two miles from New Buffalo I immediately got up and started to walk out to see it and when I got out there what a sight it was. I had never seen a big railroad wreck before, and I had not supposed that things could be piled up in such a head. There were four engines and thirty to forty freight cars all thrown up in one big pile, and all on fire and burning fiercely. Some of the cars were loaded with tallow and it had melted and was running down the sides of the track in the ditches, and very soon the farmers were coming with barrels and pails and gathering it up for soap grease. Other cars were loaded with green hides, and they made a beautiful smell as they burned.

ENGINEER KILLED

The two trains came together on a curve, and in the bottom of a deep cut with high banks on both sides, and the crews could not see each other until they were almost together, and the consequence was that only one engineers stopped to reverse his engine, and he was killed. The other engineers and firemen jumped at once and saved their lives, although some of them received injuries that crippled them for life.

The one engineer that was killed, after stopping to reverse his engine, evidently tried to jump, but was caught and thrown into the ditch, and a car of shelled corn broke open and spilled all over him, pinning him face down in the mud and tallow in the ditch and holding him there until he died, and then the fire partially burned him up. His engine was the only one that was found to be reversed when they were all finally pulled apart and his stopping to do this undoubtedly cost him his life. The poor fellow was in my office only a few hours before he was killed, and I got a train order for him on his way to Michigan City.

That pile of wreckage must have been at least thirty feet high above the tracks, and the heat was so intense that it burned telegraph wires off on top of the poles at least forty-five feet above the track. I wish that I could remember the names of the four locomotives that were in the wreck, but I can only recall one, the "Bloomingdale". She was the last one going west, and when they finally untangled them that was the first one out on the west side, she had jumped clear over the other three.

THE CONDUCTOR'S FAULT

That wreck must have cost the M. C. Ry. a pile of money, for it was nothing but a pile of scrap iron when the fire was burned out. An investigation followed of course, and it was shown that it was the fault of the Conductor going east, and he was immediately discharged by the Company with a letter telling him that he was morally responsible for the death and maiming of the other members of the train crews, and that he might consider himself lucky of he escaped prosecution for manslaughter. I always felt sorry for him, because he had a little excuse for what he did. He was almost sick when he was sent for to take his train out, and he asked the Company not to send him on that trip, but they were short of men and would not let him off and he had to go. When the train was ready to pull out he was feeling so bad that he went to his way car and laid down and asked his brakeman to go to the telegraph office and get his train orders, and the brakie did so, and that caused the accident for the brakeman did not understand the orders, and the train went through New Buffalo at top speed, when they should have stopped there for further orders. If the Conductor had received the orders himself the wreck would not have happened, for he would have understood them.

The M. C. Ry. were very hard on their employees in those days, and their word was law from which there was no appeal. I have known men that were obliged to work thirty-six hours and more, at a stretch, when they would get so sleepy that they did not know what they were doing, and I have seen others sent out on their runs when they were so sick that they couldn't hold their heads up, but they must either go if they were told to or lose their jobs.

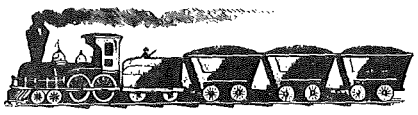
THEIR WORD WAS LAW

And the Company was just as arbitrary in their dealings with the general public; whatever they said was law. If the Railroad wanted to ruin a town or a business man they could and did do it, without any compunction; and if some Superintendent took a dislike to any employee or if the employee offended a railroad official or any of his friends who happened to be large shippers over the road, the employee very soon found himself "canned" with no reason given or asked. The employee knew that it was no use to ask for a reason. And now the Railroads wonder why the public doesn't have more sympathy for them and allow them to raise their freight and passenger rates whenever they like, and as high as the "traffic will bear." But the public hasn't forgotten the time when the railroad's motto was "the public be damned" and they are not likely to very soon. And the employees do not forget some things that happened years ago before the men were organized into unions.

The Companies do not dare to use the arbitrary methods with their men that were common years ago, for if they tried them they would have a strike on their hands in less than twenty-four hours. Chickens nearly always come home to roost, and it is the general opinion that the Railway Companies are getting just about what was coming to them. There is a whole lot in this subject that would make mighty interesting reading for the general public if it could be written up by some one who was competent to get the inside facts, and make an interesting story of them.

The Railroads are spending a great many thousands of dollars in advertising their woes in the daily papers. The Pere Marquette in particular is doing its level best to educate the public up to a point where they will be allowed to sell stock or bonds on their road for a few more millions, when their main trouble consists of the fact that the road is already stocked and bonded for at least three times the value of the road, and now they want to add a few more millions, all clear water, and of course all these stocks and bonds are expected to pay dividends, and they must have higher rates in order to make the public pay them, and of course, pay a few more high priced figure heads in Wall street larger salaries.

But all this has very little to do with "head-end" collisions on the road, and that was what I started to write about.



MICHAEL MAHONEY'S FINE RECORD

After 48 Years of Continuous Service for the Michigan Central he Takes His First Vacation

On the first of November last Michael Mahoney, after having been in the employ of the Michigan Central Railway Company forty-eight consecu-

tive years, was upon his own request given a leave of absence for six months.

Mr. Mahoney is spending his first vacation in his home village. The building of the handsome new residence by his son, Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney of Chicago, occupies his attention and adds contentment to his days of rest.

Few men can look back over so many years of continuous service for a single corporation and no man can leave a more spotless record. He had lost less than a month's time in all of those years since he first commenced work for the company November 1, 1857.

Mr. Mahoney when a mere boy came to the United States from Clare, Ireland, with his father, mother, three brothers and a sister, the family locating in Kalamazoo. His first work was done for Isaac Parker on a farm that was afterwards sold to the state and on which the asylum for the insane now stands. The erection of the first building for the great state institution was commenced at this time and he helped roll in the first stone for its foundation.

He moved from Kalamazoo to Lawton where he commenced his long service for the Michigan Central. He was a section man for nearly two years and then was given charge of a section at Michigan City, Ind. He remained there only six months when he was transferred to the section from this village east, succeeding Alonzo Northrup.

After thirty-three years of service in this capacity Mr. Mahoney was given charge of the crossing near the measure factory and has been at his post every day for the past thirteen years.

He retires with the record of never having had a complaint lodged against him with the company, never having had a man in his employ seriously injured or an accident of any kind due to his carelessness or neglect.

During his years of service railroading has been revolutionized; from the primitive engines, cars and methods of nearly a half century ago railroading has become to-day a great science and there are things of interest that a railroad man more than any one else can follow and appreciate.

Mr. Mahoney has always enjoyed a wide acquaintance among railroad men of all classes. He always exercised the greatest care in his work and was ever watchful for the safety of the public.

His family consists of himself and wife, Miss Anna, now a student in the University of Michigan, Richard, a dentist in Kalamazoo, Henry, a soldier in the U. S. Army, and Dr. G. W. Mahoney of Chicago.

FIFTY TWO YEARS WITH THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL

JAMES MAHONEY IS RETIRED ON A PENSION IN RECOGNITION OF HIS FAITHFUL SERVICE OF OVER HALF A CENTURY.

James Mahoney has completed 52 years of continuous service in the employ of the Michigan Central Railway Company and on the first of April was retired on a pension of 52 per cent of his salary, amounting to about $36 per month.

He retires under a ruling made by the Company eight years ago which retires an employe after he has attained the age of seventy years on a pension of one per cent a year for the years of his continuous service. He is the first in Decatur to be pensioned by the Company. His brother Michael Mahoney completed fifty years in the Company's employ ten years ago and retired but received no reward other than the official recognition by the officers of his faithful services.

James Mahoney is a native of Clare county, Ireland. He came to America when he was eleven years old and the family settled in Kalamazoo county. He went to work for the Michigan Central first in Mattawan and a few months later came to Decatur which has since been his home.

Since beginning work April 15, 1864, he has not lost to exceed ten weeks time in vacations and illness and has never been off the pay roll. At different times he has been sent out on extra jobs but for the most part he has been on duty as foreman on the sections east and west from Decatur. At one time the three brothers, Ned., Michael and James were bosses of the sections from Lawton west, from Decatur east and from Decatur west.

During all these years James Mahoney never shirked his duty. The days were never too cold or stormy for him to go out. He guarded the track and protected the lives of those who rode over his section with never failing loyalty and in his faithfulness he attained true greatness. He retires with the thanks of his employers and with the congratulations and best wishes of many friends.

With his pension Mr. Mahoney is granted an annual pass on the Michigan Central and it will be useful to him in enjoying his well earned vacation. Mrs. Mahoney is improving from a season of poor health and as soon as she is strong enough to take the trip they will go to Empire to visit their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Deering.

Bert Calbetzor succeeds Mr. Mahoney as boss of the section.

SAVE THE DECATUR PAPERS

STORIES OF THE EARLY DAYS WILL CAUSE THE REPUBLICANS TO BE HIGHLY PRIZED IN THE YEARS TO COME.

The publisher and every reader of the Republican are indebted to Mr. Tuttle for the delightful stories he is furnishing this paper on the early history of Decatur. His personal recollections cover a period dating back to the days before the Civil War and he had personal acquaintance with the pioneers who cleared the forest to settle here. Every resident should have these papers. Keep files of the Republican and you will preserve for the coming generations records of their native village and county which will be to them a prized heritage.

Mr. Tuttle's story this week is about the Good Templars in Early Decatur. It is one of the best.

The letters from the front written by the late John Bennett while fighting to preserve the country in the Great Civil War are bits of history that will some day be sought by Michigan historians.

Other stories of equal merit are soon to appear. The Republican, from now on will be more than ever before worth preserving. Hunt up your past copies and make files for the year beginning with the first issue in January, 1916.

PASSING OF A PIONEER

MRS. MARY A. SQUIER WHO DIED APRIL 27, WAS BORN IN VOLINIA THE YEAR MICHIGAN BECAME A STATE.

Mrs. Mary A. Squier was born in Volinia, Cass county, June 3, 1837. She

was one of ten children of Samuel and Charity Rich, who were among the very first white people to locate in the township.

She was married to David A. Squier November 1st, 1860, and moved to Decatur where she has since resided, in 1867. She passed away April 27, 1916, at the age of 78 years, ten months and twenty-four days. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Phoebe Reid of Fenton, two sons, Harley D. and Emory H. of Decatur, five grand children and one great grand child.

Funeral services were held in the Universalist church Sunday afternoon, April 30. The church was crowded with relatives and friends, many coming in automobiles from Cass county, her early home. Mrs. Olivia J. C. Woodman of Paw Paw delivered the funeral sermon and spoke well of the noble qualities of this true pioneer, whose birth dates back to the year Michigan became a state.

Burial was in the family lot in Lakeside cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to those who showed so much kindness during the last illness, death and burial of our mother.

H. E. Squier and family
E. H. Squier and family.

OLD POLITICAL DAYS IN NICHOLSVILLE

ATTORNEY W. H. TUCKER OF DECATUR, MADE DEMOCRATIC SPEECH ON STEPS OF THOMPSON SCHOOL HOUSE WITH THE TREES FOR AUDIENCE.

Recent political activities due to the approaching elections reminds some of our older residents of campaigns in which the republicans were uniformly successful and in which many practical jokes were played upon their opponents.

One episode in particular is recalled, an episode which is said to have originated the adoption of the democratic emblem. The democrats had secured Thompson's school house, one mile south of the village of Nicholsville, for a rally, and had secured "Bill" Tucker of Decatur to make the speech of the evening. Tucker's vocabulary was extensive, and his flow of language was fluent. He arrived at the schoolhouse, prepared to skin the opposition, figuratively, but on entering the room saw on the platform a donkey which had been tied there by some of the sons of Belial of the other party. The donkey was owned by a farmer in the vicinity, and whether the grownups or the boys tied it there was not known at the time.

Suffice it to say, Tucker went out onto the steps of the little building and offered up a grist of invectives upon the republican party hot enough to wither the trees which surrounded him. He took his time, too, and the men who had hidden in the bushes nearby to see the fun did not care to answer him. And they could not had they wanted to, for they were verging on apoplexy with laughter, their noise only adding to Tucker's ire. Tucker never attempted again to speak in Volinia township and the mention of the name for years after brought from him opinions of its citizens which were anything but complimentary.

Those were the days.

—Abner Moon in Dowagiac News.

HISTORY OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

Prepared by Mrs. Riley Zimmerman and Read by Her Before the Corwin Woman's Club October 26

Hamilton township lies upon the southern border of Van Buren county.

The Pottawattomie Indians were found by the Protestant missionaries.

In 1832 the first entry was made by Rev. Isaac McCoy. That was 94 years ago.

In 1838 by order of the government the Indians were banished to their new homes and hunting grounds in Kansas. Not a few of them, however, escaped, while on the way and returned to St. Joseph. Some of their descendants are still living and have their homes in the western part of Van Buren county.

The first structure erected in Hamilton was a hunter's cabin put up in 1833 upon section 17 by Benjamin Reynolds and Joel Clark of Kalamazoo, who came over on periodical hunting excursions. This cabin was used by the early settlers until homes could be erected.

Among the first settlers were Aaron Barney, Lewis Johnson, Philotus Haydon of New York, Zebina Sterns of Vermont who came in the year 1835.

Robert Nesbitt emigrated from Ireland in 1826 and made the first land entry in Hamilton on Section 4, April 15th, 1835.

In 1836 Mr. Nesbitt built the first saw mill and in 1856 a grist mill on the same site. The mill afterward became the Wassman mill and was operated continuously until it burned down a few years ago.

The farms of Philotus Haydon and Zebina Sterns, are now owned by their descendants.

The only log house in Hamilton is on the Sterns estate and is sixty-eight years old.

The first marriage in the town was that of Robert Nesbitt and Maria Comly December 1st, 1836. Both were residents of Hamilton.

The first white child born in the township was Mason Wakefield July 5, 1836. The first death was that of Mr. Knickerbocker, in 1835. Worn out with exhaustion and exposure he died of lung fever and in accordance with his request he was buried upon the island in the lake that bears his name. Seven men with his widow followed him to his grave.

An act of the legisalture was approved March 11, 1837, to divide the township.

The first session of the board of Supervisors of Van Buren county was organized May 27, 1837, and was composed of seven members. At this session $5 was allowed for each wolf and panther killed in the county

In 1837 Henry D. Coleman built upon the line of the territorial road on section 15 a commodious frame tavern later known as "Brown's Tavern".

The Territorial road originated from the Indian trail and later became the Michigan stage road from Detroit to Benton Harbor.

Shortly after opening his house Mr. Coleman succeeded in obtaining a post-office for Hamilton and was himself appointed postmaster. The first store was opened also by Coleman.

The pioneer blacksmith, Charles N. Poor, followed Mr. Coleman from Keeler and stuck to the bellows as long as the stages stuck to the territorial road.

About 1837 or 1838 a Mrs. Millard, who lived with her daughter, Mrs. Bennett, taught a select school and Sunday school at Mrs. Bennett's house. A Miss Litchfield, living in Pennsylvania, was brought to Hamilton by Robert Nesbitt, to teach his children, shortly afterward.

The first district school, was taught in the "Red Schoolhouse" near Coleman's tavern. It had twenty pupils. The teacher was Mrs. Craper, wife of Dr. Craper. The pupils living at the present time are Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett Bullard and William Bartlett of Hamilton, D. H. Briggs of Nebraska and George Nesbitt of Decatur.

The first church service was conducted by Grandfather Littlejohn from Allegan. Meetings were held in the same school house. Hamilton has enjoyed the benefits of local religious organizations, although there has never been within its limits a church building. There have been regular services in the Field's school house in South Hamilton and in the Grange Hall. In North Hamilton the school house now known as the Corwin has for a number of years held services semi-weekly. The last three years weekly, it belonging to the Lawrence M. E. charge.

On the opposite corner on section 5 a store of general merchandise has transacted business for several years. All public business is transacted at the Grange hall in the central part of the township.

The first public burial ground was laid out about 1840 on section 16 along the Territorial road. The first person laid to rest there was a Mr. Searls. The ground has been added to several times, and is now one of the most beautiful cemeteries in Van Buren county.

Hamilton was a dense wilderness. Among the most prominent trees were the black-walnut, maple, beech, white and red oak.

The song birds were once more numerous than at the present time, the sparrows driving most of them away. The robin, blue jay, quail, whip-poor-will, wrens, brown-thrasher, meadow lark, phoebe, were numerous. Pigeons have been known to fly in flocks so large that they would cloud the sun.

The early crops were corn, potatoes, oats and wheat. At present time nearly all kinds of grain can be raised.

Many pleasant stories have been told by our forefathers, of the social gatherings, with old Brick and Bright hitched to the sleighs, with loads of jolly good people, attending spelling and singing schools and exchanging with neighbors in apple cuttings and logging bees, cooking their meals over the fire place and their lights the tallow-dip.

At the present time we have our organizations of clubs and lodges of all kinds. We have made progress from the ox team to the automobile, from the tallow candle to the gas and electric light.

All honor is due to our fore fathers who labored and paved the way for our benefits.

Hamilton's early history was noted for its charitable work. And as the pioneers have fought, the good fight, laid down their arms, and gone to their reward, we can well say as the stars and stripes float above them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

MEMORIES OF EARLY PIONEER DAYS IN THE MICHIGAN WILDS

By Lucy Millard Bennett

I was born of Scotch-English parentage near New London, Conn., so also were my parents and grand parents, therefore, I am a real Yankee and might lay claim to a streak of blue blood, though perhaps, I have lost my identity, having lived in Michigan so long.

In June, 1837, my father, Calvin D. Millard, and my uncle, Ralph Mason, came to Michigan. My father bought 160 acres of land, one 80 acres in Hamilton (then known as Kendall) and the other 80 in Decatur township.

They cleared a space on the Hamilton 80 and built a log house, 16 or 18 by 30, perhaps. Stone fireplace, stick chimney, plastered over with clay. The crevices between the logs ,were filled with strips split from logs driven in tight, then plastered with clay, which made a warm comfortable house.

In August the house being nearly completed, my father drove to Adrain, Mich., the nearest railroad station and brought to the new home my mother and five children.

The picture even at this remote date is very vivid in my memory: A blanket hung at the one door, sash in the two windows, but no glass, a bed in one corner, a ladder near the door to reach the loft, a large fireplace, a few chairs, table, etc., this was the new home in the wilds of Michigan.

A little incident worthy of mention transpired soon after we came. After a few days rest, my father returned to Adrian for the remainder of the household goods. My mother, my oldest sister and myself were sleeping down stairs. One night my mother was awakened by the most bloodcurdling howl she had ever heard. She sprang out of bed, took me in her arms and went up that ladder double quick, my sister close at her heels, where uncle and the rest of the children were sleeping. The tracks of a large wolf were found next morning near the house. So a door was made at once to replace the blanket.

In the beginning of the new year, 1838, my father died suddenly of pneumonia, after only a few days illness. A physician was sent for twelve miles away, but was himself sick and could

not come, so my father died, leaving my mother with five young children, to struggle for an existence in this new country. Although I was less than two years old, the experiences of those days, left an indelible impress on my memory that can never be effaced.

How my mother ever fed and clothed us is more than I can understand, but she was a typical New Englander, and with my uncle's help, she kept her little brood together. He bore a large part of the burden or we could never have pulled through. He was a shoemaker and made all our shoes.

There were plenty of deer and other wild game which furnished our meat and we made our own sugar, but there were no industries of any kind, no way of earning money, save possibly on the shoemaker's bench.

The new home was just south of what was known for many years as the McClintock farm, now owned by Fred Payne and wife.

The flouring mill was 30 miles away so the neighbors were wont to join together and send a big load. But one unfortunate day found the mill out of repair, so there was no flour to be had for a long time.

The baby got tired of a continuous diet of corn bread and teased and cried for bread till the mother was almost distracted.

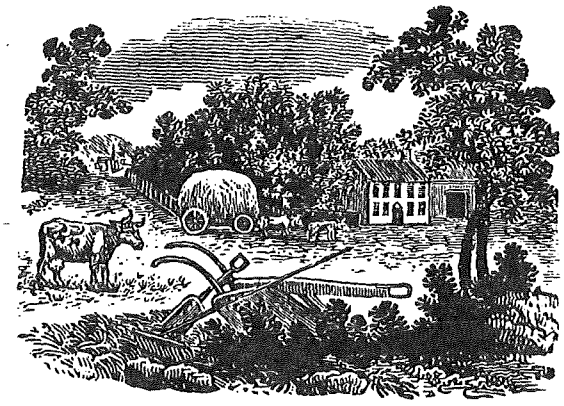
In the night watches she thought of a plan that she put in practice in the morning. We had a good strong coffee mill and wheat was ground in that, each member of the family old enough helping till enough was ground and sifted to make some bread. That was the first flour ground in Van Buren county.

The east 80 now owned by C. D. Millard, was heavy timber land and there a sugar camp was established. My brother, a young lad went to the camp every day to gather and boil the sap. I heard them talk much of the timberland and thought it was a neighbor, so I persuaded him to take me with him to Mr. Timberland's. I had to stay all day while he gathered the sap and boiled it down. That was enough for me. I never asked to go again.

We had but one room and uncle's shoemaker's bench occupied an important place. A lone little girl wandering about with only a rag dolly to play with asked many questions and the answers were often very mystifying. When the little girl asked, "Uncle Ralph, what are you making," he would say, "R. O. for meddlers." That settled her for a time, while she wondered what he meant. At other times when asked what he was making, the answer would be, "Something to make little girls ask questions." My hair was red and he would caution me not to go near the fire or my hair might catch on fire. It had the effect to keep me away from the fire place.

I have in mind at this late date, a very vivid picture of that early home.

By Lucy Millard Bennett



LETTERS WRITTEN BY A SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR

John Bennett at the Front to His Wife in Decatur.

Camp on the banks of the Hightown river.
Twelve miles south of Kingston.
June 5th, 1864

Dear Wife:

This is the south fork of the two rivers that form the Coosa River. We have been in camp here three days recruiting our horses. Where we go next I don't know, but hope to Atlanta.

Our army extends about 20 miles in length. The right extends 16 miles east of the railroad to a place called Dallas, the left wing 4 miles west of the railroad, so we show a front of 20 miles and the whole length of that line is filled with the best men of the north.

This line is drawn by the Rebs to whip us or die. This ground that they are holding is the Antoone (or Altoona Mountains) one of the worst places for us they could have chosen. The hills are very high, covered thick with bushes. There are several gaps or passes, but every one well guarded and the hills well fortified.

We have got to lose lots of men to drive them out of those hills, but it must and will be done, and in my opinion the Rebel army here will never make another stand. There is a rumor that Rosecrans has come with fifty-five thousand men. If so we will surround and whip them till they say enough.

The country along the river is level and fine, best I have seen, but the hills are good for nothing, just a vast forest of trees and bushes. Very few families live there and they have to leave now.

Whenever there is a fight one can see women and children crying, nearly scared to death, holding up their hands to us for protection, little ones with fear and hunger. There are thousands of women and children, crying for bread at sight of our men.

The rich people have gone farther south and taken all they could and the armies take the rest. May God help them for man will not.

We had a gay old dinner yesterday. New potatoes and green peas. The weather is hotter here than it is at home in August. It will burn the hair off a dog's back. Rain last night and cooler today.

JOHN BENNETT,
1st Sergt. Co. C., 4th Mich. Cavalry.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON

The Yankee Soldier's Greatest Misfortune Falls to the Lot of Brave John Bennett, But He Survives, Receives a Commission and Returns to Fight to the Finish

By His Wife, Lucy Bennett.

The last of December, 1864. John Bennett, with many other prisoners of war who survived the horrors of Andersonville, was exchanged and came home with an appetite almost equal to an ostrich, and so thin he could shut up like a jack knife.

In after years he never talked much about those days, as he said, no tongue or pen could adequately describe the awful conditions in that prison pen. Vermin were crawling all over the ground, they would take off whatever garment they were fortunate to possess and pick them off several times a day.

Their rations were, a little coarse corn meal, with a little water cooked in an old tin can. They would dig a hole in the ground and if by chance they could get a small stick of wood, they would whittle it into shavings, put them in the hole, light them and place the can over the fire as that conserved the heat. He could not eat much of the stuff, and managed to trade it sometimes to the Rebs for a few potatoes or onions.

He had to call the roll for 100 men every morning, then later 1,000 whom he had to account for, and for that he got another ration.

They slept on the ground, rows and rows of them spoon fashion, with no shelter, and when the roll was called many were dead.

The place was enclosed by logs split and set on the ground close together, with a space several feet wide inside the stockade, on which no prisoner was allowed to set foot, or he would be shot. That was the dead line. Some did step over and deliberately challenged the sentinel to shoot as they were in such a wretched condition they wanted to die.

Mr. Bennett found a young man there, Laski Dalson, by name, who had worked for us in former years. He was in a pitiful condition, teeth nearly all gone and flesh falling from his limbs. Scurvy and gangreen caused by lack of vegetables and other suitable food. He was in rags and Mr. Bennett shared what clothing he had with him. He had been in Libby, Belle Isle, Andersonville, then Florence, S. C., where he died, after spending fourteen months in those horrible places.

If they could get a beef bone, they would whittle and scrape and eat every particle of it, incredible as it may seem to those of us who fare sumptuously every day. They were so thin they would squat on the ground, and hug their knees tight to the stomach, which slightly relieved the void within.

I have the old stub of a spoon with which he ate, preserved as a precious relic. The poor fellows would sometimes try to comfort themselves by recalling the good things they had to eat at home and even singing snatches of funny songs to cheer each

other.

S. S. Parmater of South Hamilton is the only man I know who is still living that was in Andersonville prison at the same time Mr. Bennett was, though they did not know each other then.

Mr. Bennett returned to his regiment before the expiration of his furlough, where a 2nd Lieutenant's Commission awaited him and was transferred to Company B. Later he received 1st Lieutenant's Commission by Brevet for meritorious conduct in the capture of Jefferson Davis.

Many years ago I owned a book called Life and Death in Rebel Prisons. Some one borrowed, but never returned it, to my intense regret. It gave a very graphic account of the conditions in Andersonville prison.

One half of these boards could be eliminated, and two thirds of their cost could be saved to the state, without loss of efficiency.

—Mr. Parmater of South Hamilton, referred to by Mrs. Bennett, passed away April 26—Ed.

EARLY FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS

At Kalamazoo in '56---Keeler Lake in '59---Celebrations in Decatur During Civil War- -Centennial in '76--Decatur in '85 and '98

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle

AT KALAMAZOO IN '56

The first 4th that I remember anything about distinctly, must have been about 1856 or '57. My parents lived on a farm in Hamilton then.

The day before the 4th father and two of his men were out in a field at work and John Steele spoke up and said that there was to be a big celebration at Kalamazoo the next day and he would like to go, so they decided that they would all go.

That afternoon the team was hitched up and father, Ame Dopp and John Steele drove to Decatur, taking me with them. After arranging to have the team cared for until their return, they all started on either an evening or a night train, John Steele carrying me on his knees, so that I didn't have to pay any fare, going or coming back.

The most that I remember about what we saw there, was that they had a lot of fire engines—the old fashioned kind that pumped the water by hand power and they had a contest to see which engine could throw a stream of water the highest and the farthest. I remember that the Chiefs had big silver plated speaking trumpets, and I thought that they were very beautiful.

One thing stands out clearly in my memory, and that was a half dozen or so men standing on some boxes, and one of the lines of hose burst completely deluging the party, and the way that those fellows scrambled to get off those boxes and out of the way of the stream of water. The crowd seemed to think that it was very funny. The surprised look on their faces when the water first struck them was something to remember for a life time.

We came home that night, but I was too sleepy and tired to take any interest in the proceedings.

AT KEELER LAKE IN '59

The next 4th that I call to mind was a private affair in Keeler. My father had a brother whose farm was on the shore of Keeler lake. In the summer of 1859 it was arranged that all the relatives and some of the neighbors were to meet at my uncle's place, on the 4th, have a picnic dinner in the woods and while the old folks would visit, the children could celebrate with fire crackers ,etc.

My cousin, Albert, had made himself a toy cannon by taking an old shot gun barrel and sawing off about two feet of the business end of it and then fastening it firmly into a block of wood. We had great fun for a long time shooting off that little gun, and seeng how far it would throw a stone out into Keeler lake, but in the afternoon that grew tame, and we decided to take all the powder we had left, put it all in at once and then fill the gun to the muzzle with wadding and stones, and have one last grand bang. And we surely did.

After the cannon was properly loaded it was pointed out toward the lake. Albert tied a fire cracker to the end of a fish pole and touched it off. The children were all gathered in a semi-circle behind it and that old gun barrel went all to nothing, and the block of wood that it was fastened into split into slivers and went flying in every direction.

It was wonderful that some of those kids weren't killed or hurt, but not one was touched. I can hear those pieces whiz even yet. The old folks came running out to see what had happened and were very well satisfied when they found out that no one was hurt, and that we had used up all the powder and busted the gun.

We all had a fine dinner out in the woods, plenty of candy for the kids, as well as other things to eat, and went home well satisfied that we had had a glorious 4th.

Two years later, in 1861, the folks went back to the same place, and had another family celebration, but there wasn't the same fun in it that there had been the first time, because the older people took pains to find out that there wasn't any sawed off shot guns in the outfit, or anything else larger than firecrackers and torpedoes, and that took all the vim out of the day.

Still we had a nice dinner out in the woods with plenty of candy and nuts. It was all striped stick candy, for we hardly ever saw any other kind in those days, and we were very glad to get that.

After the dinner was over three of us boys went to Magician Lake, hired a boat of Fred Gould, and started out fishing, and while we were in the middle of the lake the wind began to blow very hard and we discovered also that the boat was leaking badly.

We were only small boys and didn't know much about boats anyway, and it seemed to us that the prospects were good that we would never see home and mother again. Jimmy was badly scared and as he could never keep still under any circumstances, he began to pray and he told the overruling powers that if they would let him get to shore safely this time, that he would promise to be an extra good boy and that he would never go fishing again in a d——d old leaky boat.

Albert and I were badly scared, too but we didn't have so much to say about it, and kept on bailing out the water industriously. Finally we got back to shore safely, but without any

fish, well satisfied to feel the solid ground under our feet.

WAR TIME CELEBRATIONS

In 1860 there was a grand celebration in Decatur on the 4th and in 1863 Jim and myself had a big time at my home in Hamilton, but I have described these two in previous articles.

In 1862 Decatur had another celebration on the 4th, but by this time the war was going on and it was more of a war meeting than a celebration.

Many of the young men were already gone into the army and others were being urged to enlist and help save the Union.

There was a great crowd in town and they had an old iron cannon mounted on a pair of wagon wheels and fastened on with log chains, but that old gun could make some noise, and it was kept going. My memory of this day is not very perfect.

LATER FOURTHS

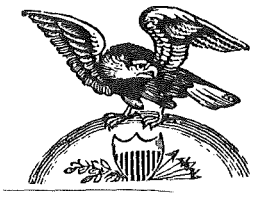
The 4th of 1876 was a great day, almost everywhere, as that was the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but I was not here at that time, so I do not know what was done in Decatur, no doubt they remembered the day properly.

The 4th of 1898 most people here recollect without my help. The Spanish war was going on then and the feeling was something faintly resembling Civil War days, but nowhere near as intense.

A part of a company of newly enlisted men were at the depot to take the eleven a. m. train east to join the rest of the Company and just as the train pulled out our park cannon with a double charge of powder was fired and the windows in the coaches on the north side and nearly every window on that side of the depot as well as some up town were smashed into bits.

A lady was standing in the open door of the ladies' waiting room at the depot and the transom glass above the door was smashed, and the pieces fell on the woman's head, cutting her badly. She bled so that at first I thought she must be killed but after a little while she went off and I never knew what her name was or how badly she was hurt. The old cannon has never been fired since and probably never will be again.

On the 4th of 1885, Decatur had a big celebration and they had a small cannon that had been loaned to the town for that day by the state that had been used by the Rebels during Civil War. It wasn't much larger than a real popgun but it could make a lot of noise



and it was kept barking most of the day.

Tom Brownbridge amused himself for a long time by sticking up a stick in the ground just across the track from the old depot, tying a dynamite cartridge to the top of it and setting it off. He kept this up till he smashed nearly all the windows on that side of the telegraph office and the agents' living rooms, and almost made the Agent's wife crazy.

Some of the girls that were young then, but who now are middle aged ladies, ran foot races, and fished for a silver dollar with their mouths, said dollar being at the bottom of a tub full of water.

ORGANIZING THE 19TH INFANTRY

The 2nd day of August, 1862, was not the Fourth of July, but there was a great celebration at Dowagiac. It was a great War Meeting and it had been advertised in every direction in the country for a week or two before. There was a great crowd there that day.

Early in the morning my father hitched the team to the lumber wagon and took a load from our part of Hamilton.

The state was raising a new regiment, the 19th Infantry, that was to be organized at Dowagiac, and was to camp there until they went south and they were to be recruited from Van Buren, Cass and other nearby counties, and this meeting was to get men to enlist.

I went with one of my playmates, who was a few years older, when he went to enlist. Poor boy, he was shot and killed in just a short time after leaving Dowagiac.

The company camped and drilled on the old fair grounds as long as they stayed there. I was going to school in Dowagiac and every Saturday Jimmy and I would get a bag of apples and take them to the camp and peddle them out to the soldiers.

They left Dowagiac by train in common box cars in September and in less than six months after leaving home most of the regiment were cut to pieces, and many of them killed or captured.

Decatur sent out several men in this regiment, including one lieutenant, John Stafford, a tinner, and he was presented by the citizens with a fine sword. The presentation was made in front of the old Duncombe House, then standing, on the corner of Phelps and St. Mary's streets.

It is impossible to realize now the excitement and enthusiasm that prevailed at that time. War meetings were being held and men that could leave home were urged to enlist. Soldiers were going away to the front, while others were coming home, either wounded or sick, or from some other cause. Many young men enlisted and the last thing before going away they would marry and leave a wife behind to either take care of herself or be taken care of.

The War widows and their children had to be looked after and not left to suffer, while their husbands were in the army. The Sanitary Commission had branches almost everywhere to look after the sick and wounded soldiers and their families and also to make up boxes of good things from home to be sent the boys who were at the front.

SUBSTITUTES

Some men made a business of hunting up and hiring substitutes to go in the place of those who could not go themselves, or who had been drafted. Toward the close of the war there were several drafts here in Decatur. Every town had to furnish its quota of men and if that could not be done by voluntary enlistments then there had to be a draft.

Towns offered bounties to get men to fill their quotas, and some very large amounts were paid for enlistments. I knew one man that enlisted during the last winter of the war, who got $1600 bounty in cash and never got farther away from home than Chicago, when the war closed. Some got even larger sums than that to go as substitutes. A class of men called "bounty jumpers" made a business of enlisting for a large bounty, getting the money and then taking the first chance to sneak over into Canada, changing their name, and coming back to some other part of the U. S. and going through the same performance again.

It was a terrible four years that this country passed through, and it is to be hoped that we will never have to see anything like it again. Only those who lived in those days can appreciate it fully.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

SIXTY YEARS AGO IN THE HAYDEN DISTRICT. OPENING THE NESBITT SCHOOL. SPELLING DOWN THE SCHOOL. THOSE WONDERFUL DAYS OF LONG AGO.

By: W.H. Tuttle

My first schooling began in 1865 when I was eight years old. At that time the nearest school house was the Hayden School on the Territorial Road, about two miles from our home, almost all the way through dense woods.

In order to get me to learn something at home, my mother had told me that it was only bad boys who wouldn't try to study any at home, that had to go to school and the consequence was that going to school seemed to me to be about like going into state's prison and something to be dreaded very much, so I did my best to learn at home. But one morning father hitched up the team and he and mother got into the wagon and took me in with them and started. Naturally I wanted to know where we were going, and I found out that they were taking me to school. It seems strange but I was just about as scared as if I were going to be hanged.

I had never had but very few children to play with and was not, then or any other time, one to make new friends, and the idea of being taken away from home and put with a lot of strangers just about frightened me to death.

The first forenoon mother had to stay there with me to keep me from going all to pieces, but as soon as I got acquainted with the other scholars and interested in my lessons, there wasn't anything that could keep me at home and I cheerfully walked two miles each way through the woods every day for the sake of going.

Nesbitt School Opens

Miss Woodruff was the teacher and I went to school there two summers. The Nesbitt school house was built and as that was only about a half-mile from our home, I went to school there as long as we were in Hamilton.

I think that the first school in the Nesbitt school house was in the winter of 1857 to -58, and John Steele was the first teacher. I remember that the snow was very deep, and John used to carry me on his back through the snow drifts. During the summer term many of the larger children were kept at home to assist with the farm work and then Tommy Griffin, Jack Johnson, Emery Place and myself were the big boys in school and we were only twelve to fourteen years old.

In the winter many larger scholars came. How many, many there were, and how I would like to go back and live those days over again. That was real life — no cares, no worries, very few troubles and those very quickly forgotten, no looking forward nor backward, just living for the present day.

We played pull away, slid down the Nesbitt hill in the winter, waded in the creek, and raced around the Nesbitt grist mill dam. It fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. Of those children of fifty-five years ago, — many are dead, and nearly all the rest are scattered everywhere. Only a very few are still living in that district, and all who are still alive are old and gray haired.

The Teachers

The teachers that I remember were John Steele, Mr. Jacobs, Miss Nancy Collins, Miss Amanda Haynes, and Mrs. Munson. There was another man teacher but I have forgotten his name. I remember the nickname that he went by but I won't write it. He thrashed one of the larger boys one day in a perfectly terrible way, and there was a lot of trouble in the school and a big law suit over it. Some of us thought that the boy got just about what was coming to him, while others thought that he was terribly misused. I do not remember how the law suit came out but anyway, that boy got a trouncing that I'll bet he remembers to this day. I know the fracas almost scared me to death. There may have been other teachers there during those years but I cannot recall them.

My people moved to Decatur in the spring of 1866 so it is fifty years since I've been inside of the old school house. The outside looks very much the same but I am told that the inside has been remodeled, and is entirely changed. I would like to spend a few hours in the old building once more and try to make believe that I was a boy again, and that I could go out and play with Tommy, Emery, and Jack, or go to the spring at the Old Red Mill for a pail of water. But I am afraid that the "make believe" would not be much of a success, and would come nearer to tears than laughter.

The burning of the Nesbitt grist mill has changed the looks of things outside very much for the old dam, and in winter the pond was a great play place of ours.

The Spelling Contest

I must say that I learned more in that old country school house that has been of use to me in after life, than I did in much more pretentious schools afterwards. We did not study algebra, botany, geology, trigonometry, French or German or music, or anything of that sort, but we did study arithmetic, geography, reading and writing and especially spelling. Every scholar was anxious to "leave off head," at the daily spelling class and the consequence was that they studied the spelling book very diligently, and it was quite an honor to be known as the best speller in school. It seems to me now to be of much more value to be a fairly good speller or to understand the common rules of arithmetic and to be able to add, subttract, divide and multiply, correctly, than it is to wear out a child's brain and use up their time in studying Algebra or other high-up studies. One they will have use for all their after life, while the other they will never think of or have any use for from the moment they leave school, and will forget all about in a few years.

What fun we used to have at the spelling schools in the winter time. The house would be crowded, and a great many who came were not scholars but older people who came to enjoy themselves. Two of the best spellers would choose sides, each one trying to get the best spellers on their side and then the fun would begin. All would stand up and whenever one missed a word they would have to sit down. At first they would go down fast until only some of the best were left and then the real contest would begin. Harder and longer would grow the words given out until perhaps only one would be left on each side, and finally one would trip on a jaw breaker and go down leaving the best speller standing, and that was considered quite an honor to spell the school down.

The rest of the evening would be given up to recitations, music and all kinds of fun. By golly, it just makes me ache to go back but I don't see how I'm going to do it.

1916

Pe-tes'-e-ga

(Ottawa word meaning, "the rising sun")
by John C. Wright

The Original, Authentic Algonquin Tradition of the Happy Hunting Grounds

– In Three Parts –

Listen how a simple people,
Knowing naught of Christian love,
Found a gospel in the woodland,
And proclaimed a God above;
How the children of the forest
Taught a life beyond the grave,
And a happy, joyous future
For the worthy and the brave:

* * * * * *

Part I

Wherein Petasega starts out for the Happy Hunting Grounds, in a trance, Followed by his sweetheart, Winona, who, however, soon returns; while his mother, Old No-ko-qua, takes up the chase, thus stressing mother love, which was a surpassing virtue among the Indians.

On the shores of We-que-ton-sing,
Where the silver birches grow,
Lived a chieftain great and mighty,
Many, many moons ago.

There he trapped the bears and wild cats —
From the fiercest took the pelt,
And the scalps of many foemen
Dangled from his wampum belt.

He was bravest of the warriors —
He was fleet and keen of sight —
The beloved of all his kinsmen
Was Pe-tas'-e-ga — "The Light."
"Ko-ko-ko,Koji-gau-do-naw,
Ho! Ta-neen da go now!"
("Do not worry, do not scowl
He won't hurt you, Little Owl!")
Thus they sang the cradle song
That had made him brave and strong.

But one day a fever seized him —
On his couch he had to lie;
All his people came about him,
For ('twas said, the chief must die).

On the softest furs they laid him: —
When his war-whoop loudly rang,
And death frenzied by his fever,
From the wigwam door he sprang.

Close behind him leaped Winona,
Fairest daughter of the band;
She, the sweetheart of the chieftain
Called to him with outstretched hand.

But Pe-tas'-e-ga was heedless
As a deer with fleeting bound;
He was eager on his journey,

Running high above the ground.
So Winona in dismay
Quit the chase and turned away.
"Ni-ni-mo-sha, Ish-pe-ming,
Bah-mah-pee!" she'd often sing:
I'll be happy by and by,
With my lover in the sky."
Then his mother, Old No-ko-qua,
In her grief was nearly wild;
On his trail she followed crying:
"Oh, Pe-tas'-e-ga, my Child!"

1916

CAMPING IN THE SUGAR BUSH

One spring while cousin Jim and myself were making maple sugar in our small sugar bush on one corner of my father's farm in Hamilton, we took it into our heads that it would be the nice and proper thing to do to stay out in the woods nights as well as days.

We had been working in our bush through the daytime, but when the dark began to come we scooted for home and stayed there until daylight came again.

But if we were to be hunters and trappers and Indian fighters, as we intended, surely we must learn to stay out in the forest nights, and not go home every night as soon as it got dark, and there would be no better chance to begin than right then.

My folks kindly consented that we should try it, for the camp was not much more than a quarter of a mile from the house and there was nothing more dangerous out there than squirrels and rabbits, or a stray cow or pig, so far as anyone knew.

We had a little hut, built in the shape of a tent, made of boards that my father had drawn out to the sugar bush for us from his sawmill. It was enclosed on the two sides and back end and open in front toward the fire, where we boiled the sap, and the floor was well covered with nice dry straw, so it was dry and very comfortable.

Bets were freely made by my father's hired men that we would be back in the house before ten o'clock, but Jim and I were determined to carry it through, and mother packed us a big basket of eatables and we started for our camp just before dark.

We gathered in the sap from the trees, built up a good fire and picked up wood enough to keep it going, and decided to keep the sap boiling until we got sleepy.

Some time in the evening the wind began to blow rather hard and it rained, and it did not seem anywhere near as nice and pleasant out there in the dark with the wind whipping the tree tops around and the rain falling, as it had in the bright daylight and to tell the truth, we would both have been mighty glad to be back in our pleasant room at home.

We talked it over and decided that it would never do to go back now and be laughed at by everyone, so we kept our courage up, but it was pretty hard work.

We were warm and dry and after a while we sank off to sleep on the straw and the next thing we realized was my father shaking us awake. He had come to the camp to see if we were all right and to tell us to come to the house for breakfast.

Well, we were two proud boys that day for we had done something that all the men had told us we wouldn't dare to do and nothing could keep us at home nights after that unless it was so cold that mother wouldn't let us stay at the camp. We soon got used to camping out and really enjoyed it after the first night or two.

We had been staying out in our hut in that way for a week or two, and then one evening along about nine or ten o'clock Jim and I were lying on the straw with a good fire burning out in front and we were just getting ready to go off to sleep, when we heard something that sounded as though someone was yelling a long way off and every few moments it was repeated and it seemed to grow louder and plainer as though it were coming nearer. Sometimes there would be quite a while that we heard nothing, and then it would break out again several times in quick succession, and every time it seemed as though it were coming straight toward us.

You better believe that Jim and I listened with all our ears and then some. When it seemed to get nearer to us it sounded like a woman screaming at the top of her voice, with a peculiar chuckling sound at the end of every scream. At last, after a pause of some time it broke out again, seemingly only a few rods from our camp, with the most unearthly scream that anyone ever heard.

Well, Jimmy and I were only thirteen years old and that last scream apparently almost at our hut immediately destroyed all of our desire to camp out in the woods and, if we thought at all, which is very unlikely, we thought that we wanted to get home in the shortest possible space of time.

Neither one of us ever knew what we did do, but first thing that we realized was that we were going through those woods towards home at a pace that would have made the fast express seem like a snail. It was pitch dark in the woods and the way was full of brush, fallen trees, etc. but that didn't bother us any. Once in awhile we would hear that awful scream behind us and that didn't detain us any. We went over and under or through everything, and finally reached the house all out of breath, our clothes torn, and almost exhausted.

The folks at the house had heard the screaming and when we got there father and one of his men were just starting for our camp to find out what it meant. They thought that it might be us two boys screaming, and they were all glad to see us safe and sound.

The next morning father went with us to the camp, and there we found everything just as we had left it, guns, syrup, basket of food, etc., nothing had been disturbed and it was a great mystery as to what it could have been making such awful noises.

Others heard it as well as we two boys. Some said it was a lynx or panther and some declared it was a crazy woman wondering in the woods.

Others thought it was someone trying to scare us boys away so that they could steal our syrup and other things but nothing in the camp was taken so it couldn't have been that, for we were scared away all right.

The men in the mill tried to make us believe that it was a cat yawling but we knew better than that. Jimmy and I did not work the next day, but tried to get over our scare, and after a day or two we got up courage enough to go back to our sugar making, but it did not take much of a noise to make us jump for awhile.

If there ever were two badly scared boys, Jim and I were the two that night, and I have never been able to make my hair lie down flat. We had no more desire to stay out in the camp all night after that; it was all we could do to stay there in the daytime.

It was never known certainly what it was but it was generally supposed to have been a stray wild cat or lynx. I do not remember that it was ever heard around there after that one night. Poor Jimmie is dead now, but as long as he lived he never got tired of talking of our sugar camp and the hut, and the awful scare that we got that night.

By: W.H. Tuttle
1916

DESECRATING THE DEAD

In the summer of 1864, just about fifty two years ago and while our terrible Civil War was in progress, a young man by the name of Lewis Noble came home from the army to die. I think that he came from a southern prison pen, but am not quite sure about that. Anyway he was a perfect wreck physically when he arrived, and he only lived a few weeks after getting home, but he had the consolation of dying at home with his father and mother. His looks showed what the suffering must have been that he had gone through, for he was a complete wreck. I, with another boy friend attended his funeral, and we saw him laid away in Lakeside cemetery. I do not know what the boy's army service may have been, but he gave all that he had, his life, just as certainly as though he had been killed in battle.

This boy's family moved away from Decatur many years ago and they are all dead, except three brothers, and of course, there was no one left here to see to or protect the grave, and on going to the cemetery a few days ago, I was astonished to find that this young soldier's grave has been dug up, and his few bones that could be found reburied in the Soldier's Potter's field, and his resting place has been appropriated by another family.

I do not know how this may seem to others, but to me it is an outrage. It is nothing more or less than robbing the dead who cannot protect themselves and who have no one left here to guard their last resting place. This boy's father was a business man in Decatur for many years, and he provided this cemetery lot especially for the grave of his boy, and expected that this boy would remain there undisturbed; but the cemetery authorities must dig up his poor bones, and resell the lot to another man for five dollars.

And this isn't the worst of it either, for I find upon investigation, that this turning out the old dead to make room for the new, is being done in other cases in our cemetery, where there are no living members of the family left to protect them, and if this practice is kept up no one of us will be safe after the members of the families are all gone.

I understand that one excuse that is made for this kind of work is that the original owners did not buy their lots but only paid fifty cents for recording the location but the fact is that years ago, when many of the lots were taken, they were not sold at all, but were only chosen and fifty cents paid for the record; and what difference does it make whether one pays fifty cents or five dollars for anything, it is his just the same.

My father only paid fifty cents for his lot, but now my father, mother and wife are buried there, and in a few years I shall be permanently located there also, and then there will be no one left to care what becomes of it, and some fellow that takes a notion to that particular location will come along and pay whoever is in charge of the cemetery five dollars, and we will all be dug up and chucked into another hole in some out of the way

place. And it will hit a good many others in the same way.

This town has another cemetery where, I understand, there are plenty of vacant lots to be had for the asking, so why not let the poor bodies stay where they were laid by loving hands so many years ago; and at least, I think that the Soldiers who died for their country, should be allowed to rest in peace, and not be dug up and consigned to the Charity Plot.

In the cases where there are only one body buried on a lot and some one else would like to use part of the same location, there would usually be no objection to using one half or three-quarters of the same lot, if permission were asked of the owner, and the body that is already buried there properly taken care of and protected. But that doesn't seem to suit.

In the case of the Noble lot it would have been very easy to find the brothers of the dead soldier for many of the older residents remember the family, and no doubt permission could have been obtained to use part of the lot, and not have to dig up his bones. But what is the use of accepting part when you can take the whole.

I would be glad to know what others think about this matter.

W. H. Tuttle.

FURTHER COMMENTS ON THE COMET

J. C. LYLE SAW IT IN '61

Editor Republican:

I want to say a word in defense of Mr. Tuttle's remarks about the big comet.

I left Prince Edwards Island on the twenty-second of October, 1861, bound for Michigan. Ten days before I left the Comet appeared and in the dark period of the moon. On that account it showed very plainly.

My first night out I was going from St. Johns, New Brunswick, to Boston on a steamboat. As everyone on the boat was a stranger to me the comet seemed like a companion. I watched it ti.. it disappeared in the ocean.

My second night out I watched it while traveling from Albany to Niagara Falls, New York. The next night I watched it from Detroit to Lawton. When I got off the train there I paid no more attention to it.

When I saw Mr. Rowland's view of the matter it set me to thinking about my trip to Michigan and my companion in the skies. He quoted history in part but finally said that he went into the war in September, 1861, and did not believe there was any comet during his service or he surely would have seen it. Mr. Rowland's story seems to put Mr. Tuttle in the hole and that is the reason I am coming to his rescue. Where were you during October, 1861, Mr. Rowland? If you were where you could see the stars you must have seen the comet.

I was twenty-one years old that fal that I came from Prince Edwards Island to Michigan. I went direct to Paw Paw and visited friends there awhile and Van Buren has been my home county and Decatur my home town ever since.

Respectfully,
John C. Lyle.

MRS. CRITTENDEN SAYS 1858

Mr. Moulton:

That comet Mr. Tuttle speaks of in your paper happened in the year 1858. I remember it as well as if it happened yesterday.

I lived in Canada on a farm. I had been deaf about two years or a little more. One evening I went out to get a pail of water, looked up and saw a very bright light in the northeast. I said to myself that looks just like my brother's paper kite. The comet had a row of bright lights fast to its tail, like the paper knots tied to the tail of a paper kite. I looked at it for several minutes with surprise, not knowing what it was.

The next morning I got up before daylight and went again to get another pail of water and again saw the comet. It was then in the north west, the tail still pointing downward towards the northeast.

I have often wondered when I have been reading about the comets why this comet was never mentioned and this I read in your paper is the first word I ever got hold of concerning it.

I never saw the northern lights but twice in my life, then they were very brilliant with the rays of the sun shining so bright above the northern horizon. I wish I could see them again.

Jennie A. Crittenden.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF EARLY DECATUR

Some years before the beginning of the Civil War there had been a lodge of good Templars in Decatur but I was too young to know anything about it, and I remember only one person who belonged to the lodge; that was Jack Poore, who was a clerk in the store of Charles N. Poore, the hardware merchant and post master at that time.

I do not believe that there is a single person left alive who belonged to this lodge of nearly sixty years ago. The lodge died a natural death and was gone by the time the war began.

The next lodge was organized in September, 1865 and for a year or so it had a large membership, including many of the young people in town, but in reality, I believe it did more harm than good, for in a short time they were divided into two camps — the "old folks" and the "young folks."

The old folks wanted to have all the proceedings on a strictly solemn basis, in fact they wanted to make a kind of church of it, and they would not stand for any levity, but the young people were out to have fun and wanted to make the lodge room a place where they could talk and visit and have a good time.

Young Folks Organize New Lodge

This led to a division in the membership and many of the young people withdrew from the lodge in one night, and after a short time we succeeded in having the Grand Lodge authorize a new lodge in Decatur and before the old folks really knew what was going on we had a lodge room rented and a new lodge started.

Then, you may believe me, a jolly row broke out in short order. The members of the old lodge were determined that the new lodge should not continue.

Herrick Hodge was one of the most vehement in the opposition and with several others brought all manner of charges against some of us young people.

Of course, all this "tempest in a teapot" was just the best kind of fun to the young folks, while to the elders it was all dead earnest as if the fate of the whole country depended on the outcome.

The young deputy, who was in sympathy with us, had the name of Collins, and we named our new organization, "Collin's Lodge." We fitted up our lodge room in fine shape, and very soon we had all the members that we cared to take in.

The Mysterious F. F.

Not satisfied with this some of our most trusty members got up an entirely new secret society. The members of this new order had to belong to Collin's Lodge I.O.G.T. first to be eligible to the new organization. Only young people were admitted to this society.

We had a ritual — which was composed by Stryke Noble — and some parts of the initiation ceremonies were great. Each member got a silver coin, and Fred Smith, the jeweler, smoothed out one side of it and engraved on it the initials of the order — F. F. — with a fancy border and made it into a pin, and we were at all times to wear it on our clothes.

We had such a good time and made so much noise that we finally got the reputation of being a set of young desperadoes.

How well I remember those boys, and the trick that we used to play to mystify some of the outsiders.

George Voke and myself worked in the printing office and occasionally we would print notices in blood-colored ink, headed with an F. F. in large type and after that fill it up with a lot of gibberish that really meant nothing at all, and a date and picture of a coffin at the bottom and then in the night we boys would start out and post them up on fences and buildings and the next day what a lot of talk there would be but no one could get a word about it out of us. When we went to the meeting we took great pains to disguise our identity, but really it would have been no fun at all if everyone hadn't known who we were.

But finally the opposition to the new lodge, as well as the curiosity about the F. F.'s died away. A number of the young men went away to other towns and Collin's Lodge and the F. F. order died a natural death inside of a year. But it was lots of fun while it lasted.

A Wild Town

The state of Michigan at this time was strictly prohibition. There was no property value in liquor of any kind, and if one got trusted for it either by the drink or by the barrel he could not be forced to pay for it, and I knew of some saloon keepers who took advantage of this fact to refuse to pay for the liquors they obtained of the wholesalers. But this did not happen very often for men generally pay their whiskey and gambling debts, if they don't pay any other kind.

Although the whole state was dry every town, big and little, was filled with saloons that did business without any fear of the law. This little town had thirteen open bars and a brewery, and they all did a flourishing business, and some of the best men in town kept saloons.

I have heard some say, that there is more drinking here now than there was when we had open saloons, but I know better. There is plenty of drinking yet, but I do not believe that there is one dollar paid out for liquor now where there was ten paid fifty years ago, or would it be again if we were to go back to open saloons, as many seem to wish.

Fifty years ago whiskey came as near to being free here as it was possible to be. There was no license to pay, except the twenty-five dollars demanded by the U.S. Government and anyone who could pay that and buy a barrel of whiskey and one or two of beer could start a saloon and make money. They had to give no bonds of any kind, and apparently were subject to no law. It

was no disgrace to run and own a saloon. Almost everyone drank, and no one was thought much the less of because he got roaring drunk occasionally.

I really think that just after the war closed the town of Decatur was one of the toughest this side of Hades.

When the Lake of the Woods was drained the first time a lot of men were brought here to do the ditching and every Saturday afternoon they were all in town and in the P. M. and evening there were some wild doings in Decatur. I remember standing on a large dry goods box in front of Chadwicks (now Stewarts) store one Saturday and watching twelve different fights all going on at the same time, and it was no unusual sight on any Saturday to see two or more men tumbling around on the ground trying to pound one another.

But some say that business was better then than now. Don't you believe it. There was much more grain and other farm produce marketed here then than there is now because at that time it had to be brought to some town on the M.C.R.R. for shipment from twenty-five to thirty miles — either north or south of us, but now the country is gridironed with railroads and new towns have sprung up that have taken away a large share of this business.

But saloons didn't bring the wheat to this market, and if we have any number of them in Decatur now, it would not fetch the grain trade back again. We have had both kinds of a town here and anyone who has lived through it all can see the difference.

But to return to the good Templars I think that the last lodge died out some thirty years or more ago, and that there has never been one here since. Probably it is just as well, for outside of the lodge being a good visiting place, it amounted to very little. I cannot remember anyone being really reformed by joining them. Some things that happened in those days caused a good deal of ridicule to be cast upon the temperance cause. Anyway the trying to promote temperance in Decatur at that time was effort wasted.

W.H. Tuttle
1916

REMEMBRANCES OF EARLY DAYS

MRS. BENNETT OF BENTON HARBOR RESIDED IN DECATUR FROM 1856 TO 1865 AND WAS A MEMBER OF FIRST ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

To the Republican:

In the Republican of March 23 W. H. T. says he don't believe there is a person now living who belonged to the Good Templars lodge of nearly sixty years ago. Myself and husband were active members of that lodge. Of the later organization I have no remembrance as the Civil War came on and I had weightier matters on my mind.

He speaks of Michigan as being a strictly prohibition state at that time. I did not know that Michigan had ever been a prohibition state and it is not now, though it is moving to the front.

Decatur was my home from April, 1856, till August, 1865, and I became quite well acquainted with the little town, but I don't remember that any of the supposedly best men, ever kept a saloon.

We lived the first year in a little house on the southeast corner of Main and St. Mary's streets, ome years after it was occupied by Miss Libbie Thomas as a millinery shop. Across the street on the right toward Delaware, a man by the name of Willis kept a disrespectable place, nearly opposite, Morgan Woodruff had a cabinet shop. Later a young man named Lavin owned the shop which burned down. McMinn lived diagonally across from us, and on the next corner north was the red school house, used also as a church, where Mr. Harrison preached.

Harry Canoll and Mr. Nash were among the early business men. Charles Tucker kept a general store on the corner that is now occupied by a hardware store. Col. Phelps was postmaster, located near where L. G. Stewart's grocery now stands, but was afterward moved to their residence around the corner on Sherwood street, where Mrs. Phelps held the office for some time after the Colonel's death, with Charles Cockett as clerk.

Dr. Baker was already established in Decatur and was married about four years later. Mr. Nash had a hardware store near where Knights' grocery now stands. Wm. Teed, Tom Brownoridge, Nutting, Chadwick, Trowbridge, Browning, Van Sickle, Poor and many others, were familiar names in the business life of the earlier years of Decatur. John Wallace conducted a general store, many years on the corner of Main and Delaware.

There are many other names familiar to the early residents of Decatur that it would take too much time and space to mention. I grew from babyhood to early womanhood in the near vicinity of Decatur before such a place had been thought of and the terminus of the Michigan Central was Adrian.

Lucy Bennett.

THE OLD TANNERY

By: W.H. Tuttle

It seems to be rather hard to find out anything very definite about the old Decatur Tannery. It was probably built about the year 1856 or '57 by Ransom Nutting, but about the time that he got it finished he sold it to L.T. Rawson, and went back to Boston with his family.

After staying in the East for a year or two he came back to Michigan again, and bought the tannery again. This must have been about the time the war broke out, or just before it and he took in with him as a partner H.J. Hendricks. They managed the business for some years, finally selling it to a man by the name of Hoppin.

It must have been abandoned as a tannery somewhere near 1870, and after that it remained vacant for several years. Then about the year 1880 it was made over into a factory for all kinds of wooden ware, butter dishes, fruit baskets, etc. After a few years of this is was abandoned for good, and some years later it burned down.

In war days the grounds all around the tannery were covered with piles of hemlock bark drawn from the north woods. This was broken into pieces and then ground up in a kind of a big coffee mill to be used in tanning the hides.

The hides were collected from the surrounding country and shipped here to be made into leather. There were very few houses south of the railroad in those days, and the grounds were covered with timber and grubs.

After the building was abandoned it became a great gathering place for tramps, boys and some men who might have been better off at home. It was supposed that it was some of these loafers who finally burned it down.

A great many stories were told in those days about goings on in the old tannery and amongst grubs back of there. One Sunday about fifty years ago, three men started out to enjoy themselves in the grubs back of the old building, and of course they took a big bottle and a pack of cards with them. They stayed there nearly all day, and when they got ready to go home towards night they couldn't see very clearly.

Near the tannery was an old abandoned well that had been covered over with boards and the covering had become somewhat decayed, and when one of the men stepped on the boards they broke and let him drop to the bottom of the well; fortunately the well was not deep, neither was the water in the well, so the man was not hurt, but he was scared good and plenty and he yelled at a great rate. The other men looked around, but they could see nothing of him. They hunted for him some time but could see nothing of him, and their muddled wits finally concluded that he had been carried off through the air by the Devil, and went up town and so reported, saying that they could hear their friend crying to them for help but that they could not see him because he had been rendered invisible.

Other men, seeing the condition that the two men were in did not take much stock in their story, but went to the tannery and soon found the man in the well and pulled him out none the

A PUZZLE

My mother married a widower with 4 sons and one daughter. I married a son of that daughter who was my sister, so my sister became my mother. My stepfather was my husband's grand father and his wife was of course my husband's grandmother. Was not my father my grandfather, and my mother my grandmother? Was not my mother and stepfather, my husband's father and mother, too? My sister married my husband's uncle, so was not my sister my aunt?

L. B.

worse for his fall except a good wetting.

At another time, while the tannery was still in operation, Johnny Brownbridge, who was a small boy then, was playing around the vats one day, and he accidentally fell into the "bait vat" head over heels. Now tanners' "bait" is composed of about he nastiest things in all the world, and is about as thick as good thick soup, and Johnny would very quickly have been an angel if his father hadn't to be there and pulled him out in a hurry. But Johnny was surely a sight when they got him out and they say that his father was some mad and gave him a good trouncing.

At another time, after the building was abandoned, two town boys were playing inside, and one of them had an old pistol. The pistol wasn't loaded, of course, but in some way it went off and one of the boys received the bullet in his body, quite a serious wound too.

The boys were so frightened by what they had done that they didn't dare go home and tell their parents what had happened, and the boy who was hurt went home and never said a word about it for a day or two — until he became so bad that he had to. My recollection of it is that he got over it after awhile but it gave the two a good scare.

When the war broke out the tannery was threatened with destruction by fire a good many times. Political feeling ran very high in those days, and was very bitter, and it so happened that the tannery men were all on the Southern side and didn't care who knew it, and it caused Union men and those who had relatives and friends in the Northern army to feel very hard about it. There was a great deal of big talk on both sides, but fortunately it amounted to nothing worse.

People living now, who have grown up since the war, cannot realize the bitterness which prevailed in those days between Northern and Southern sympathizers. I used to think in those days that a southern man was a great deal worse than the devil, in fact, didn't suppose that he had any right to live at all, and that it was a meritorious act to burn his buildings or even to kill him and there were lots of grown people who thought the same way.

The tannery is only a memory now, and like the Stave Factory, the old distillery, and the big grist mill, have all passed away and are almost forgotten.

1916

OLD DECATUR

The Van Buren County Directory Printed in 1869---Celebrating Its Completion---The Old Land Marks

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

I have been putting in some of my spare time lately in going over the old Van Buren County Directory, compiled and published by Delos Hill and Charlie Leavens, in the summer and fall of the year 1868, forty-eight years ago. The book was printed in the Republican office which was then located in Poore's block, in the room over Ball's meat market.

I was a printer at that time and was one of the boys that did the work on the book, and of all the boys that worked in the office during that fall and winter that I know anything about, except two are dead. Burt Cole and myself are still alive, but Delos Hill, Charlie Leavens, Ed. Blackman, Dick Lyon, Geo. Sellick, Geo. Voke and Andy Johnson are all gone and the directory is almost unkown now, except by a few of older inhabitants. Burt Cole was quite a small boy then and was just starting in his career as a printer —in fact he was the Devil in the office. I wonder if he remembers the night Joe Pearson was killed and he was afraid to go home alone and I went with him?

CELEBRATING COMPLETION OF DIRECTORY

We had some great times in that office—especially the night that we finished the book. We had a banquet and invited in all of our friends to help celebrate the event. We had a long table in the press room, and it was covered with crackers, chees and herring, pipes and tobacco, and in a prominent place was a keg of beer, and everyone was invited to help themselves. We had speeches and funny stories galore, we kept up the fun until almost morning. I do not think that there is anyone left in Decatur who was there that night except myself—but if there is they will surely remember Bill Tucker's Side Board. That was something no one would be apt to forget.

But in reading over this old book what a lot of names are brought back to anyone that lived here in those days almost half a century ago. Only just a very few do I find that I know are still alive. The great majority of the inhabitants of those days are now permanently located in the cemetery. I hope to meet a few of my acquaintances of those days during our Home Coming Week of next month, but am afraid it will be very few. I have looked the list all through and can find only three men who were in business here at that time and who are still alive—A. A. Abbott, L. D. Roberts and Ed. Carney. Theo. Trowbridge was clerking for Trowbridge & Hill, and must have gone into business for himself soon afterward.

CHANGES IN FIFTY YEARS

So far as the population is concerned the town has entirely changed in the 48 years, and is another town now. Some of the buildings are the same as they were in those days, but others have been torn down and replaced by new and better buildings, whilea great many residences—some very fine ones —have been built, and some of the Home-Comers next month, if they have been away fifty years or so, will find very little that they will recognize.

On Phelps street the Poore block and the Chadwick building are the same and some of the wooden buildings still remain. The building now occupied by Brooks and Sons, on the corner of Phelps and Delaware streets is the same but very much disguised. Some of the churches and residences are still standing as they did fifty years ago. But the Lake of the Woods, Mud Lake, the swamp and the general surroundings have changed out of all recognition, and so have almost all of the inhabitants. The Lake of the Woods used to be a beautiful place, and if it could have been left as it was fifty years ago it would have been worth a great deal to Decatur as a summer resort, but now it has been ditched and lowered until its beauty has all been destroyed—on the town side at least—the little island has been eliminated, and the banks are so muddy and weed-grown that it is almost impossible to get anywhere near the water without wearing high-topped rubber boots. The timber has all been

cut away—on this side at least—and altogether instead of being a place of beauty as it once was, it is only an eye sore.

Mud Lake has also been lowered until it isn't half the size it once was, and no doubt in time it will entirely disappear, leaving only a cat hole. Who can guess what Decatur will look like in another fifty years

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST IN DECATUR

Mrs. A. S. Hathaway Gives Republican Readers a Short Account of Her Husband's Twenty Years Here and of the Family's Present Life in Doster, Barry County.

Doster, Michigan, June 24, 1916.

Arba N. Moulton,

Dear Sir:

Here are some recollections:

In 1863, fifty three years ago, A. S. Hathaway bought of Ira Nash, his store and stock of goods. Besides Mr. Nash, Tucker and Chadwick were selling dry goods.

After selling goods for a year or two Mr. Hathaway took in Orville Abbott as a partner, but they did not agree so he soon traded his share to David Manly for a farm and saw mill over beyond the Lee District.

I think it was within a year or so that he sold these properties, returned to Decatur and bought a store just beyond the Tittle House. He did not like the location and soon sold out and bought the store on the corner across the street from the Nash store. After being alone several years he took in Delos Hill as a partner. A year later Mr. Hill sold his interest to Mr. Hathaway and went south.

One day several years later David Manly came into the store and wanted to trade his farm near Mr. Sutfin's for the stock. Mr. Hathaway was always ready for a trade. Mr. Manly said he had a nice new house. I said I did not want him to trade as I was sure he would not stay there long and told him I did not like to move so much, we lived over the store then, but they traded.

We stayed on the Manly farm a year and then sold to Dan Lee. We came back to Decatur and bought the house of Mr. Noble where Mr. Ed. Carney lives, and built a store north of S. N. Thomas' hardware store.

Mr. Manly traded a few years and failed and some man in Chicago sold the goods at half price to Mr. Hathaway. His health then began to fail and he wanted to get out of the store again but could not content himself long.

He had been talking with an agent about buying a store in Plainwell but one day Charlie Duncombe was in town and wanted to sell him his brick store opposite the depot. He bought it and traded there several years. I don't remember just how many. Was in business in Decatur about twenty years in all.

One day Mr L. Brigham came to Decatur and called on Mr. Hathaway and said he heard he wanted to sell his store. I was in California and Mr. Hathaway sent me a telegram that he had traded for a farm and for me to come home. Mr. Brigham had 240 acres and we have purchased enough more adjoining to make five hundred, making enough for Arthur, Ellrey and Alvin each a farm. Arthur is Professor of Mathematics in Rose Polytechnic, Terre Haute, Ind., and comes here vacations.

Back in Decatur where Mr. Manly sold goods we lived over the store and when the post office burned several came in to watch the fire and saw the Englishman jump to the sidewalk. They dragged him across the street, came in and got a thick quilt of me to wrap around him, and took him into Dr. Keables' office.

Mr. Hathaway sold that store building to E. P. Hill. I think they have it yet.

Mr. Hathaway helped to organize the bank and was one of its first directors. He and his son Alvin put five hundred dollars into the first measure factory and lost it.

Mr. Hathaway has worked very hard since we have been here until the last few years. He still works in the garden and gets the wood but suffers with his stomach. He is past eighty-four.

I expect Arthur and family to come from Terre Haute in their Hudson car. You will undoubtedly see him Home Coming Week. Alvin said he would like to go and maybe he can drive over one day in his Maxwell as there is a man here for his calves, so he will not have them to take care of. He sold eleven, some four months old and some three and got $22 a head for them.

Ellrey has a Maxwell, too, but he has his calves to feed and cows to milk. Alvin may come if he thinks his father can milk once, but I am afraid he will not be able to then. I would like to see the old friends there. I go with Alvin in the auto sometimes but would not dare go so far. He can never get his father to go riding.

Yours very respectfully,

Mrs. A. S. Hathaway.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Lately, for the lack of something better to do, I have been looking over a lot of old Decatur papers, dated from 1865 to 1879—and the names of the advertisers of that day, and those given in the town locals, call back a crowd of memories.

These papers are the "Clarion and early copies of the "Republican". Some of the names, even of the merchants doing business here—I have forgotten all about, but most of them will be remembered by all the older inhabitants. Out of all the merchants doing business here then, there is not one left who is still in business, and I find only two names of those still living here, A. A. Abbott and L. D. Roberts.

Who remembers Geo. C. Colt & Co? I don't for one. They have a whole column advertisement in the "Clarion" and style themselves the Cash Store but do not say where they were located or what they sold.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865

On the 4th of July, 1865, Decatur had a great celebration and a big time generally. The war had just closed and nearly everyone felt very patriotic on account of the successful ending of the great struggle. The few that were not pleased with the way that it had come out kept very quiet, because they had received a sharp warning not many months before that they must either be loyal or keep still.

No one who has grown up since those days can begin to realize the bitterness of the feeling that existed between the loyal and the disloyal citizens. I saw one of our prominent citizens and who was one of the most virulent and free talking copperheads in town taken from bed at midnight, made to kneel on the ground with nothing but his underclothing on and with a rope around his neck compelled to take the oath of allegiance, after

which with a sharp warning to keep his mouth shut on political matters he was allowed to go back home. Notice of similar treatment to come was sent to a few others, if they didn't mend their ways, and this had a quieting effect.

I have just been reading over the account of this day—fifty years ago last 4th of July and with my own recollection of it, it was evidently a great day.

The town was full of returned soldiers in their blue uniforms. Whiskey was almost free—no one need go without a drink that wanted one.

The Clarion says that the day began by firing a salute of thirty-four guns at sunrise and raising the American Flag.

At ten o'clock a procession was formed on the railroad grounds under the direction of N. S. Thomas, Dr. C. T. Baker, D. C. Beach and J. M. Steele, followed by thirty-four young ladies representing states. Soldiers and citizens followed and marched to the grove at the school house. There the Glee Club sang patriotic songs, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. J. Ward, the Declaration of Independence was read by Prof. Bellows, the band played, and an address was given by Moses Hull. After this every one marched to the Bowery where all were served with a big dinner.

The day ended with a big display of fireworks in the evening, and the sending up of a large paper balloon that had been made by Fred Smith, the jeweler.

Does any one remember who any one of those thirty-four young ladies were that represented the states on that day?

The town at that time had for a Marshal a man by the name of Heath and he had long yellow whiskers, of which he was very proud. Of course, there were a number of fights during the day. You could see one going on almost any where. The marshal did the best he could to preserve order, but he got badly mussed up in the course of the day, and in the last fracas that he tried to stop an old woman jumped at him, grabbed into one side of his long yellow whiskers and pulled a whole handful of them out, leaving his face bleeding and looking very bad.

Every one made so much fun of him afterward—for he had to cut his beard all off and was scarcely recognizable—that in a short time he left town without bidding anyone goodbye, and so far as I know was never heard of again here. It was a glorious celebration.

RISE AND FALL OF WHEAT

I notice by the market reports in the old "Republican" that the prices for produce in July, 1867, were much the same as they are now, except that wheat sold for $2.75 per bushel and flour for from $16 to $18 per bbl. but in October, 1869, the price of wheat had dropped to $1 per bushel. That was the time that so many farmers got left, for those that could hold their wheat would not sell it for anything less than $4 per bushel and some of them held their crops for years and then had to sell at last for $1 or less.

THE FIRST BALL CLUB

Some of these old local items of bygone days are very interesting reading to me . The Republican of June 19, 1867, gives an account of the first regular Base Ball Club that Decatur ever had. Up to that time we used to play "two old cat", but this was a genuine ball club and the game was played nearly as it is played today.

This item gives the names of nineteen officers and members of the club and out of the whole nineteen, there is only one that is still living here.

At first they used to play on the railroad grounds, where the park is now, and they also used to play in Dowagiac and other nearby towns. After a short time another club was organized here called the "Clippers" and they worked up quite a reputation as ball players. Their grounds were on the "Little Prairie" at the east end of town

At one time they played a club from some other town and the Clippers whitewashed the opposing team through the whole nine innings. That was thought to be a wonderful performance then and the Clippers never got through bragging about it.

This was about the time that the base ball craze began to sweep over these United States and it has never subsided any since.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES SUFFER

Another item states that there was a large amount of new building going on in town and that there was a great scarcity of houses for renting purposes. Also that Henry Rogers had just completed three new houses in Rogersville, at the east end of Delaware street.

Other items state that some miscreant threw a big club in the night time through the bedroom window of Ben Tuttle on account of his temperance activities. But many worse things than that were done by the whiskey side—and that comprised nine-tenths of the whole town. One man had his cow's tail cut off; another had his shade trees cut down and a number of others received anonymous letters threatening them with the killing of themselves or their families or the burning of their homes.

Decatur was a nice quiet little place in those days. Also some one shot Dick Lyons' dog one day, and the Decatur Board of Trade met every morning at ten o'clock on the steps and inside of Northrup's saloon, next to the Chadwick store. The Republican of August 21, 1867, gives a list of the teachers in the Decatur High School to open September 2nd, as follows: Principal Prof. P. L. Green; grammar school, Miss Mary O'Dell, intermediate Miss F. Leavenworth, primary, Miss Emma Scotford, assistant, Miss Kate Folwell, five in all. How many remember any of these?

Oh, dear! There is no end to these old news items and reminiscences, when one begins to look them up and to go back in one's memory forty or fifty years. To me, it is very much like walking through Lakeside cemetery, where so many more of the names on the monuments are familiar to me than are the names of the living that I see on the streets.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

In the Republican of October 27, 1869, is quite an extended notice of a lecture by George Francis Train, given in the Presbyterian church. Train was a very smart man, but eccentric to the last degree and his lectuhe, as I well remember, simply defied all description.

He would say things that were perfectly true in a way that would make many in the audience shiver and look around at their neighbors. But, at the conclusion, he was heartily invited to come here and lecture again, and he promised to do so, but, so far as I know he never did.

I must surely break this off and stop for the readers of the Republican will get tired of my scribbling, but some way when I get to thinking about "old times" there doesn't seem to be any possible place to stop and like the brook, "I go on forever."

BASE BALL CLUB, JUNE 18, 1867.

President—J. M. Moore.
Vice President—Wm. Mead.
Secretary—Newton Foster.
Treasurer—H. A. Rogers
Directors—L. D. Roberts, H. R. Seymour and Steve George.
Scorer—Prof. C. R. Bellows.
Hon. Members—D. H. Manley, D. S.

Abbott, J. G. Parkhurst, Hiram Cole, Carlton Wheeler, M. M. Seymour, Erl Beebe, R. Nutting, Chas. N. Poore, L. T. Rawson and John Rogers. Called New York Base at first.

W. H. T.

DECATUR TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO

WELL PRESERVED COPY OF THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN OF OCTOBER 19, 1887, FOUND IN COLLECTION OF OLD PAPERS.

Andy Johnson published the Decatur Republican in 1887. It was then a four page eight column paper and the subscription price was $1.50 per year.

The business directory contained the names of A. L. Moulton, Attorney, Dr. G. L. Rose, Dr. H. M. Broderick, Dr. N. E. Hooper and George Thompson and Gil. Sweet, city barbers. All are gone except Dr. Broderick, who has been a resident of Buchanan the past twenty years or more. Gil. Sweet advertised that he had bought the shop of Geo. Riley opposite the First National bank and secured the services of the famous Chicago artist, R. B. Laidlaw.

Among the advertisers were Schuster, dry goods and clothing; Ellis, boots and shoes; Cohn, clothing; Jennings and Warner, lumber; Van Duzer and Potts, groceries; Chadwick's, dry goods; Stewart, groceries, and Clark, furniture.

L. Brigham advertised a fine stock of millinery and Miss Shockley as one of the most capable milliners in the county.

Parkhurst and Rathbun advertise a long list of bargains in real estate.

A. M. Knights and Company are a new grocery firm that bids for patronage.

Some of the items may interest readers of the Republican today:

Homer Hungerford has returned and is again hammering the keys at the telegraph office here.

Chas. Schuster and John Bickhart are in Chicago looking up the electric light matter a little.

A Mr. Higbee, of Charlotte, an experienced dry goods clerk, has been engaged to take Willard Sweet's place in Chadwick's store.

There is likely to be another meat market in town and rumor says Ed. Arnold will be the proprietor. We already have three markets and best cuts are down to ten cents.

Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Baker left this morning for southern California to spend the coming winter. The doctor don't propose to let the loss of $500 prevent his pleasure trip.

John Bickhart evidently means business when he talks about electric lights. He has visited Kalamazoo and investigated the matter, and finds that with his present machinery he can furnish the lights at 25 cents each per evening. No definite action has yet been taken by our business men on the subject, but if enough of them will take hold of the improvement it can easily be secured.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. C. T. Baker went to Marshall Saturday, returning Sunday evening. On their return they found that someone had entered their house and stolen a package of $530 in gold. An entrance was effected by cutting through a screen door and then opening the door with a skeleton key. The money was in a bureau drawer and it is likely that the thieves had some knowledge of it being in the house. It will perhaps be poor consolation to the doctor, but he was certainly very careless to keep such an amount in his house.

Mr. L. Brigham sold 80 acres of his swamp land last week to Mr. Jonathan Parsons of Kalamazoo, for $2,000. Mr. Parsons brought an old German, one of the most experienced celery growers in Kalamazoo, with him to examine the soil and he was perfectly delighted with it, remarking that it was much better than any in the vicinity of the celery city. Mr. Brigham purchased 160 acres of this land about three months ago for $1,000 and this deal makes him a clear thousand besides the 80 acres he has left, which is equally as good as that disposed of. Men are already at work on Mr. Parsons' purchase and we may expect soon to see it under thorough cultivation.

The paper also contains an account of the marriage to Miss Minnie McClung and Rev. P. S. Shoemaker and of Neal Rasmusson and Miss Mary Christensen, and an interesting writeup of the Hamilton fair.

We are indebted to Mrs. A. D. Adams for the copy.

THE OLD STAVE FACTORY

By: W.H. Tuttle

The old stave factory in Decatur was, for a time fifty-five or more years ago, a great institution. It furnished a market for logs and bolts drawn in by the farmers who were clearing their land and needed some extra money, and it provided work for the men and boys of the town.

There was scarcely a young man in town who did not, at some time, work in the stave factory, and many of them made large wages. A man who was a good stave cutter or an expert stave ager, made big pay period. But to the most of them it did very little good, the more they made the more they spent.

There was so much fun going on those days, and Decatur was such a very lively town, that it wasn't possible to keep any of the money that they had earned by hard work, and many ended with less than they began with.

As near as I can find out, the stave factory was built for a saw mill, by Uncle George Bennett, in 1854, but was changed into a stave factory a few years later, and was owned by Chapin of Chicago. At my first recollection of it about 1860, it was managed by Mr. E.P. Hill, and I think that he stayed with the company for a number of years. It finally burned down about 1883 or '84, and so passed away.

What a list it would make if we could have the names of the men and boys who had worked there in the thirty years of its existence. I can remember many but there must have been hundreds of others of whom I have no recollection. Marvin Hinckley and Tom Burke were always stave factory men and good ones.

When the Civil War began many of the boys enlisted and went South to fight for their country. Some of them came back home and worked in the factory again, and others did not get back. The boys who stayed at home put up a large pole in the factory with a big wooden musket on top of the pole, full cocked and pointing south to show their defiance of the Rebels. That pole and the wooden gun remained there for several years after the close of the war. How many remember seeing it?

The lot around the factory was covered with stave sheds, cooper shops, and other buildings, and the stories that were told fifty years ago about the goings on around the old factory, were innumerable but unfortunately, hardly any of them would bear repetition in print.

The stave factory was a great gathering place for the young men of the town, and the morals of the doings there were not above reproach. Some of the scrapes that the boys got into down there were ludicrous, but unprintable.

However, the old factory played its part in helping to clear up the country, by providing a market for the timber, and by giving employment to the men and boys of the town. During the thirty years of its existence, it produced innumerable carloads of heading staves and barrels. When it burned down, about thirty years ago, I think that almost everyone was sorry to see it go. It was never rebuilt, and is now only a memory, and a few bricks scattered about where the steam boiler stood.

If, some time all the old stave factory boys could get together here it would make a great reunion but so many, many of them are gone beyond recall, that I am afraid that there will be very few to get together. Forty and fifty years make great changes.

A Van Buren County Directory, published in 1880, says that the factory turned out yearly about three million staves, besides an equal amount of heading and made about ten thousand apple and five thousand packing barrels and employed from twenty-five to forty men.

1916

MRS. JAMES HOWLAND

ONE OF DECATUR'S OLDEST AND MOST ESTEEMED RESIDENTS PASSED AWAY FEBRUARY SIXTH AT THE AGE OF 85 YEARS 10 MONTHS AND 22 DAYS.

Mrs. James Howland, whose death occurred Sunday, February 6th, was one of the oldest residents of the county.

Margaret Code was born in Wexford county, Ireland, March 15th, 1830, and came to Cleveland, Ohio, with her oldest brother, Patrick in 1850.

The brother and sister saved sufficient funds from their earnings to later bring another brother and sister to America. Then the two brothers and two sisters labored faithfully, always saving their money with the one object

in view of bringing their father, mother, another sister and the remaining three brothers to this country and again unite a loving and happy family making a new home in a free land.

By their united efforts this was accomplished and the remittance which was forwarded to Dunormick Post Office, Ireland, to enable the last six members of the family to leave their native land was the largest amount of money ever received at that post office at that time.

January 12th, 1857 in Cleveland, Ohio, Margaret Code ... married to James Howland. Bishop Rapp performed the ceremony. Early in March of the same year she accompanied her husband to Michigan and they lived for three years in Decatur.

In 1860 they purchased a farm in East Decatur. A log cabin was erected after clearing a small space in the forest. Years passed and after the death of her husband on July 4th, 1905, the farm was sold and a home purchased on West Sherwood street in Decatur where she has since resided.

She was always a kind and gentle wife and mother and neighbor as well. She has always been a Catholic and has brought up a family of nine children, seven of whom are living, in this faith—a faith to which all have clung through the changing scenes of life. Before her death she received the last rites of her church and passed away to her eternal reward.

She leaves seven children to mourn her loss: William, George and Richard Howland of Jackson, Mrs. James Creagan of Hamilton, Mrs. Maggie McAndrews and Mrs. Anna Kelly of Decatur and Miss Nellie Howland of Decatur who has always remained at home to care for her parents. Two sons, James and John, preceded her to the grave. Besides her sons and daughters she leaves twenty-six grandchildren and seven great grand children. Six of her grandsons, John, Bernard, Carl, Harry, Herbert and Arthur acted as pall bearers.

The funeral was held at St. Mary's church in Paw Paw at 10:30 Wednesday morning. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Clarson. Interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, Paw Paw.

List of out of town relatives and friends attending the funeral of Mrs. Howland: Mrs. John Howland, Chicago; Wm. Howland, George Howland, Richard Howland, Bernice Howland, Marguerite Howland, Clara Howland, and Frances Howland of Jackson; John R. Creagan and Carl Creagan of Grand Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Creagan, Calgary, Canada; Mrs. Michael Hackett, Mrs. Jake Sheline, Dowagiac; Mary Murphy, Kalamazoo; Mr. and Mrs. Mat. Murphy, Lawton; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dillon, Waverly; Margaret McAndrews, Nazareth Academy, Kalamazoo.

EARLY DECATUR DAYS

Great Wheat Market---Destructive Fires---The Wreck at Lawton----Drilling for Mineral Waters,

Until about 1865 Decatur was a great wheat market. Then the Michigan Central and Michigan Southern were the only railroads in this part of Michigan and for twenty-five miles on either side of us wheat had to be drawn to some town on the Michigan Central for shipment. It made Decatur a lively place after threshing time.

The Michigan Central freight house was the only ware house where wheat could be taken in and it was slow work for each load had to be drawn up the long bridge to the upper part of the freight house and only one team could unload at a time. I have seen the space now occupied by our beautiful little park fairly covered with loads of wheat waiting their turn to unload.

My father used to come to town with a load and have to stay all night before he could get a chance to unload it. But now railroads pretty well cover the country and little towns have sprung up all around us and they have taken away a great portion of the grain shipping business.

EARLY DECATUR FIRES

About the year 1859 or 1860 the Michigan Central freight house burned down over night. I was going to school here at that time, but did not wake up to see the fire, but the next day I saw the great piles of burned and spoiled wheat where the bins had been. I think it must have burned in the fall for certainly there was a large amount of wheat in store, judging from the piles of burned grain. Maybe some of your readers will remember more correctly than I do about the date of this fire.

Decatur has had a good many fires in the past sixty years. The first one that I recall was a store building that stood about where the present Brooks' store building is located. I think this building was partly or entirely built of logs and it must have been burned not long after 1850. All that I know about it came from hearing the grown up folks talk about it. So far as I know this was Decatur's first fire.

The building now occupied by Brooks store at the same location was built about 1851, and was used as a store by A. H. Dixon & Co. It has only been a few years since you could still read on the Delaware street side, up near the eaves the words, "A. H. Dixon & Co." still showing through the successive coats of paint, and what a long list of men that old building has been occupied by. It would read like a directory, and I cannot begin to remember them all: Dixon & Co., John Tarbell, Stocking & Bro., Delos Hill, Manley & Son., are only a few of the early merchants doing business there.

Decatur's next big fire came in October, 1869, on the corner now occupied by W. A. Wood's hardware store, and it burned five buildings—the old Tucker store on the corner, the post office, Forsyth's shoe shop, and the

old Galloway hotel next north on main street and one dwelling that stood on the site of the present Town Hall.

The fire broke out in a room over the post office, that was used by an old Englishman, as an office and living apartment. His name was Dr. Shepherd, and he was a veterinary Surgeon. It was supposed that the old gentleman was in bed and asleep when his room caught fire in some way and by the time he waked up the stairs were burned away. He either fell out or jumped out of the front windows and laid on the sidewalk and was so badly burned by the intense heat that he died in a short time.

He was pulled away as soon as possible but the heat was so great that it was almost impossible for any one to get near enough to him to rescue him. It was a horrible sight to see the old man lying there, slowly roasting and no one able to get near him.

We had another big fire not long after this one on the corner of Main and Sherwood streets, where the Duncombe House afterward stood. Moore's hardware store on the corner, John Rogers grocery, the postoffice again and some other buildings burned at that time.

After this fire the town built a big cistern at the intersection of Main and Delaware streets to furnish water in case of fire. I suppose that cistern is there yet, but is not used.

Other big fires of the past thirty years almost every one living here will remember about . Probably the Duncombe House fire about twenty years ago was the most expensive blaze Decatur ever had.

LAWTON RAILROAD WRECK

The great railroad wreck at Lawton happened in September, 1863, and many now living here will remember it. Possibly some were on the fated train, but I know of none that are left alive.

A State Fair special was bringing people home from Kalamazoo. In those days even passenger trains used the old link and pin couplings. Vestibules on the coaches were unknown.

The train was packed with people and many of the young men were chuck full of Kalamazoo fire water, and some smart alex went onto the platform and pulled the pin betweenthe last two cars and the cars ahead. This was done somewhere between Mattawan and Lawton.

It was a heavy down grade coming into Lawton from the east and the consequence was that the last two cars, that were uncoupled from the rest of the train followed, along going nearly, but not quite as fast as the forward section.

It was after dark and the engineer did not notice that anything was wrong and ran into Lawton and stopped. In a moment more the uncoupled cars chrashed into them, telescoping the coaches and crushing out the lives of many without an instant's warning. Many that were not killed outright were maimed and crippled for life—and all because some young fools were full of whiskey.

The R. R. Co. offered $500 reward for proof that would convict the guilty parties but I do not think they were ever found.

It was in this wreck that Miss Mary Case of Decatur and Mr. Dimick of Hamilton were so terribly injured. I have heard it stated that when Miss Case was taken from the wreck, that her body was so jammed into a dead body underneath her that they had to be pulled apart by main strength..

No one can imagine the tortures suffered by this lady during the next few years after she was injured but she finally partially recovered her health and lived nearly fifty years afterward —dying only a few years ago.

DECATUR'S MINERAL WELL

About the year 1868 or '69 some one told Decatur that if they would put a well down deep enough that they would get a flowing well of medicinal water, and that the town would undoubtedly become a great health resort, etc.

Some of the Citizens got together and found a co-operative stock company to bring about this desirable result. Some gave money and some agreed to give labor and they commenced to drill the well.

Jake Kissell, a wagon maker and blacksmith was at the head of it and furnished the drilling tools.

The well was located on the north edge of Sherwood street between the Paddock House and the Duncombe House corner. I do not remember how far they succeeded in drilling but it was a long way, but it was emphatically a "dry well." There was no medicinal water or any other kind.

The enthusiasm began to wane, and finally they lost the drill head in the bottom of the hole, and couldn't fish it out. Some were unkind enough to say that this was done purposely, but anyway the whole thing was finally abandoned and Decatur did not become a health resort.

I wonder how many are left in Decatur who were here at that time, and also during the gold excitement of 1864?

W. H. T.

BABY RUTH

A Story of Pioneer Days by J. S. Draper

Near the close of a cold, disagreeable, wintry day in the spring of the year 1832, some 60 miles west of Detroit, in the then wilderness of Michigan, a covered wagon, drawn by two steaming, tired out horses, was slowly making its way over a wretched road. The driver of this outfit was a young man, one Nathan Hall, who with his young wife and year old baby, was seeking a home in the wilderness of Michigan.

They had left Detroit a few days before, in company with other immigrants who were looking for homes, and as suitable places were found along the line of march, one after another had fallen out of the ranks, until at last Nathan Hall found himself on this cold, stormy day, all alone, literally buried, as it were, in a wilderness that stretched away, seemingly, to the ends of the earth.

A fine sleet and rain was falling. The wagon was being coated over with ice, and the horses had to be stopped every few rods to rest. During one of these rests Nathan turned to his wife and said, "Polly, there is a spring over there near that bank, and as the horses are about played out, I guess I'll back the wagon close up to the bank for a windbreak and camp for the night."

"Get a fire started as soon as you can, for baby and I are cold and hungry," said Polly.

The wagon was drawn close up under the lea of the bank and horses unhitched, but getting a fire started was rather a difficult job, as everything was so wet. But at length it was done and as the flames leaped up, shedding their warmth around, Polly, with her baby closely wrapped in her arms descended from the wagon. It was such a relief to walk around after sitting so long cramped up in the vehicle.

The supper was prepared and eaten, and an ample supply of wood had been gathered and piled near the fire for use during the night. The storm had increased. T e wind howled through the treetops which lashed each other, and anon a great branch would be torn

off and come crashing to the ground. Outside of the firelight the wall of darkness seemed inpenetrable. Was it any wonder, with such surroundings, that a feeling of homesickness came over Polly, who had been reared in a home of comfort?

As she folded little Ruth closely in her arms she could not keep back the tears, as her thoughts went back to the home and the friends she had left, perhaps forever.

Nathan, guessing something of the thoughts of his wife, said: "It can't be more than three or four days' drive until we get to brother Dave's house on the river. How glad he will be to see us. This storm will soon be over and tomorrow the sun will be shining again. Now you and Baby Ruth cuddle down in the blankets and I will fix this curtain to keep out the wind."

When this was done he kissed his wife tenderly, got out of the wagon and piled more wood on the fire, then returned and, wrapping himself in a blanket, was soon asleep.

But Polly was not so fortunate. She was nervous and fidgety. Her thoughts were continually going back to the old home, and as she listened to the storm as it roared and surged through the trees, it seemed as though the canvas covered wagon would be overturned. But at length tired nature gave way and Polly joined her husband in the land of nod.

For hours the storm raged. The fire burned down to a smouldering bed of coals enlivened now and then by a fitful blaze which was followed by a deeper darkness. Suddenly a cough, followed by a sharp cry from baby Ruth. Then in an excited voice Polly cried out, "Nathan, get up quick; baby has caught cold and I'm afraid she will have the croup."

Nathan sprang to the ground, stirred up the coals, piled on more fuel, and as the flames leaped up he returned to the wagon.

"Is she very bad, Polly," said he.

"Oh, I don't know. I wish mother was here," said Polly. "She seems to have great difficulty in breathing. It must be the croup. Oh, what shall we do, Nathan?" said the young wife, appealingly, as she pressed the little one closely to her breast.

Another hoarse cough was followed by that rasping, metallic sound which every mother dreads to hear. "For the love of God, Nathan, what shall we do?" said the excited mother.

"Mother was quite a doctor," said Nathan, and I remember hearing her say that baby's feet must be put in hot water and a teaspoonful of goose oil must be given every few minutes and greased cloths put on throat and breast."

The water was heated as soon as possible. The oil was given, which the baby had great difficulty in swallowing. More was applied to throat and chest, but all to no purpose. The little one's breathing was more difficult. The short, hoarse cough came oftener. Directly there was a struggle. The little hands beat the air convulsively. "Mamma," lisped the little voice. Then there was a slight tremor of the little body and the spirit of baby Ruth was with the angels.

When the mother realized that she held only the lifeless form of her darling baby, a great cry burst from her lips, "Oh, God, take me, too. I cant live without my baby," and she fell senseless, still clasping the baby in her arms.

Nathan brought water from the spring and with it he revived his wife. Then climbing into the wagon he sat down beside her, supporting her with one arm while with the other he held the blankets closely around her, and little Ruth was tightly held in her arms. Thus the night was passed.

Morning broke cold and cheerless. Nathan was aroused from the death-like stupor into which he had sank by the whinny of the horses. Glancing around at the still form of Polly, he thought at first that she was asleep. On looking more closely he saw her eyes were wide open and fixed with a stony stare upon the lifeless form of Little Ruth, which she still held tightly in her arms.

"Let me take baby for a little while, Polly. You must be tired," said he. Her only answer was a moan as she pressed the cold form of her babe more closely in her arms.

"Polly," said he, "We are Christians. Let us put our trust in Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." If we believe the words of Christ, we must know that our darling Ruth is safe with Him. Let this soften our grief for we know that with her all is well," and thus talking he at length succeeded in unsealing the fountain of grief, and the tears fell thick and fast.

After a time Polly became more calm and Nathan, taking the baby from her arms, laid it down tenderly, straightened out the little form and covered it.

Turning to his wife, he said: "Now, Polly, you must get out of the wagon and walk around a little, while I make you a cup of tea."

By the middle of the forenoon the clouds had broken away and the sun was shining. A few rods from the spring was quite an opening in the woods. Here the little grave was made, and a small chest which had contained baby's wardrobe was now the little one's casket, and Nathan Hall was to perform the duties of undertaker for his own child.

'Twas not until the morning of the next day that the last sad rites were performed and the body of baby Ruth was placed tenderly in the new-made grave.

As Nathan was about to fill it up, Polly covered her face with her hands and cried, "God's will be done, but oh, how hard to bear it." The little grave was soon filled and, taking a strip of board from the wagon, with his knife he cut the words:

"Baby Ruth—Age 1 year and 15 days Died March 22, 1832," and this was placed upon the little mound. He had noticed near the spring a little evergreen tree. This he took up carefully and placed it at the head of the little grave.

Then the horses were hurriedly hitched to the wagon and the journey resumed.

In the course of time they reached their destination. In after years more children came to bless their home, but the tears would always flow whenever their thoughts went back to the death and burial of their first born in the wilderness.

At a recent gathering of old pioneers I heard one of their number relate the incidents which I have woven into this story. It reveals some of the privations and hardships that the early settlers had to endure. These stories should be gathered and preserved as memorials, that the children and grandchildren of these old pioneers may know something of what it cost to subdue the wilderness and make it possible for this generation to enjoy the fruits of the labors of these stout hearted men and women.

It was a brother of Baby Ruth who related the incidents as here given.

J. S. Draper.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Latham were visitors to South Bend, Ind., last week.

THE OLD BROWN TAVERN

Famous Stopping Place on Old Territorial Road. Built for a Hotel in 1837 It Did Thriving Business Till the Coming of the Michigan Central. Scene of Many Mysteries

About the year 1836 the highway passing through the townships of Hamilton and Keeler and known as the "Territorial Road," was completed and from that time until the building of the Michigan Central Railway, it was a very busy thoroughfare. Stages running from Detroit and other points this side of there, were constantly passing over it—carrying people, who were looking for new homes in the west—to St. Joseph, from which place they were taken across Lake Michigan on vessels.

Also a great many traveled over the road in their own conveyances, either horse teams or with oxen and some trudged along afoot, with all their worldly goods slung over their shoulders and in their hands—looking for a new place to make a home.

The stages had to have regular stopping places to change and feed their teams and for the entertainment of the passengers and drivers. In the year 1837, Henry Coleman built a frame hotel on the line of the road at what is now known as Fritzburg and this hotel did a big business from the time of its completion until the Michigan Central Railroad was completed through west, and put the stage lines out of business.

POST OFFICE IN HAMILTON.

When Mr. Coleman first put up his building it was not only used as a hotel but he also put in a stock of goods, and had a general store as well. Then the government established a post office there, and Mr. Coleman was postmaster for a long time.

This Hamilton post office was continued until about 1860 or '61. The last postmaster was Mr. Lumbard, who had the office in his residence—the first building east of the old tavern—but it was finally discontinued about the time the war began.

I do not know what the old tavern was called at first, but from the time that John Brown took possession of it—somewhere, I think, about the year 1855—it always went by the name of the "Old Brown Tavern" and I really suppose that there was more deviltry to the square inch going on there than at any other place in Van Buren county.

OLD TAVERN WICKED PLACE

Of course, many of the stories that were told about the old tavern had to be taken with several grains of salt, but there were enough of them that were undoubtedly true to show that it was a perfect 'hell hole". Horse stealing, counterfeiting, concealing stolen horses and other property,, whiskey selling and passing bogus money were some of the lighter crimes that were carried on there.

Many a traveler is said to have stopped there for a night, and was never heard of again, and none of his property that he brought with him could ever be found.

It was told that somewhere in the old tavern, either in the building or in the cellar, was a secret room for concealing stolen property and so well was it hidden that it was not—at that time any way—found and much property that travelers had been robbed of was stored therein Also it was said that there was a tunnel through the ground leading from the cellar to the barn to provide a way of escape for criminals stopping there who were being sought for by the officers.

When I was about nine or ten years old I remember one Hamilton man, who committed a serious crime here in Decatur and the officers were after him, but he got away and left the state. After some years he came back and one of his children told me that all the time they were searching for the father he lay hidden in the old tavern, and finally got away from there in the night time.

Another story was that somewhere in the swamps nearby was another hiding place for the safe keeping of stolen horses. Much of that part of Hamilton was, in those days covered with dense huckleberry swamps, and it would have been easy to find places there that would have been very hard for outsiders to discover. Many of those swamps are now cleared and cultivated fields, and even ponds are now dried up, and turned into fields. Many lone travelers are supposed to be buried in unmarked graves in these same swamps, losing not only their lives, but all their money and other property that they had with them.

I do not ask any one to believe all these yarns about secret rooms, tunnels, stolen horses, murders, etc., for I do not know how much truth there was in any of them. I only repeat for the most part, the stories that I used to hear when I was a child. But where there is such a lot of very black smoke, there is reason to believe there must have been some fire. Everyone must believe as much of it as he thinks best.

Those old stories, if they were all told would fill a big book, and some of them would make red hot reading, too.

AN EXCITING TOWN MEETING

The town meetings were always held at the old tavern, and as almost everyone drank more or less whiskey in those days, some very bitter quarrels and fights resulted.

At one town meeting it was proposed to stop the running at large of cattle and hogs, and a vote was called for on the subject.

Almost every farmer owned more or less cattle and hogs. They were turned loose, and expected to get their own living in the woods and swamps, and if they wandered into a neighbor's corn or wheat field or garden to find an easier way to forage, why it was looked upon as something that you had to expect and submit to.

Some of the farmers got tired of it after having their crops partially destroyed a good many times and they brought the matter up at town meeting and tried to stop it, but there were too many hogs around there and the motion was badly defeated.

That one thing caused several quarrels and fights and left a bitter feeling that did not die out for many a year.

I have often wished that the "Old Brown Tavern" might have been left where it originally stood as a landmark, for it certainly must have seen a great many queer sights in its day, and if its walls could talk they undoubtedly could tell some thrilling stories. If any building ever had a reason for being haunted that ought to have been the one.

But the old building has been moved

away, and I think it has been transformed into a quiet and unromantic farmer's barn.

FIRST RECOLLECTION OF OLD HOTEL

When I first remember anything about the old hotel it was owned by a man by the name of Hall. The stages had been put out of business by the railroad before this time, but it was still kept open as a hotel for the accommodation for the few travelers who came along and to provide a place where the thirsty farmers could wet their whistles.

It had a dancing hall and many parties were held there. I remember being taken by my parents to a ball there when I must have been about five years old, and while my mother was dancing a lady took me up in her lap and held me.

She had a chain that went around her neck with a small locket fastened to it, and she let me play with and open it to see the picture inside. She had on a dress that seemed to me to be very beautiful and must have been very costly, but mother told me afterward that it was "only calico."

I thought that this lady was very beautiful and I fell in love with her right then and there. I wonder who she was and what became of her.

After John Brown took possession of the old hotel its reputation for toughness was fully kept up. There was found to be considerable counterfeit money circulating in this part of Michigan and the officers finally traced it to the old tavern. A warrant for the arrest of Brown was issued but he gave them the slip and got away into the woods and there he eluded them for quite a long time, but he was finally run down and captured one day after he had been to the hotel for supplies.

After he was caught he was tried and sent to Jackson for one year. He never came back to the old tavern after his time was out, but went to St. Joe and lived the rest of his life—dying only a few years ago, very old and very wealthy.

There was another resident of Hamilton in those days who was said to have been even more guilty than Brown, and who ought to have gone to Jackson with him, but who managed to escape arrest, and went free.

The stories that were told about the old tavern in those days would fill a book and some of them would make mighty interesting reading—for some folks.

COUNTERFEIT COINS IN WELL

There is a well located near the site of the old tavern, and it was said that a large amount of very fine counterfeit gold coins were thrown into this well to keep the officers from finding them, and they are supposed to be there yet.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Hamilton told me lately, that a former resident of those days came to him some years ago with a proposition that they should clear that old well out and recover the coin, but Milo said he didn't care enough about counterfeit money to spend perfectly good money in trying to find it, and the speculation was given up. No doubt the coins are still there if any one cares to go after them.

The original builder of the old tavern was unfortunate in his after life, losing his reason, and finally taking his own life.

TRAGEDIES OF EARLY HAMILTON

I think that Hamilton must have held the record in those early days for murders, suicides, counterfeiting, accidents, etc. About 1847, a man and his wife lived at what is now called Foster's Corners, and one day the man was found in the bottom of his well—dead. Foul play by one of his own family was strongly suspected but I think nothing was ever proved, or anything done about it.

The next case was Simon Keeler, who with his wife lived alone in a log house just over the line in Keeler township, and across the road from the Rosevelt farms. Keeler killed his wife and himself.

I was a very small boy at that time, but I remember going to their funeral with my parents. My recollection of it is that Keeler shot and killed his wife and laid her on a bed down stairs, and then went upstairs and took poison and died.

Their neighbors noticed that there were no signs of life around the Keeler house and finally went over, forced an entrance and found them, both evidently having been dead for several days.

Then John Sherman, who lived at the "Old Red Mill" only a short distance from the Coleman residence, lost his mind and went out into the woods one day and hung himself. His wife and two children moved away not long afterward. The wife married again, and I do not know what became of them.

A few miles north there lived a family whose children as soon as they came to maturity were afflicted with St. Vitus dance and the older they grew the worse they became and it was said that two of the children when they realized the fate in store for them killed themselves—one drowning himself in a mud puddle, and another shooting himself.

I never knew but one member of this family and that was "old Billy". He certainly was an object to be pitied. He was so afflicted with St. Vitus dance that he seemed to have no control whatever of his muscles.

If he started to walk straight ahead he was more likely than not to go off sideways, or run backward and his arms, legs and head were in constant motion, jerking every way.

He was a kind of a tramp, wandering around, but never going very far away from where he was known. It was not possible for him to do anything in the way of work, even if he had wanted to.

Wherever he happened to be at meal time, or at night, he would stop, and nearly everyone would feed him and find a place for him to sleep, because they were sorry for him. But the school children when they saw him going by would chase him and call him names on purpose to make him mad, for then his muscles would become more uncontrollable than ever and he would make all kinds of outlandish motions, which was great fun for the little brats.

There is probably no one on earth who has so little pity or sympathy for misfortune or suffering, as a lot of children. There are exceptions to this rule, but it is the rule.

Old Billy grew worse as he grew older, but I do not know what became of him. He was still wandering around when my people moved away, and I never saw or heard of him again.

He used to say that he kept quiet when he was asleep, but he was never quiet when he was awake. It was something awful to see the motions he would make, when he tried to talk and that would tickle the school children almost to death.

I have seen old Billy walking along the road and while he was going ahead one rod, he would surely travel four rods in other directions. He would go sideways, backward and every other way—would fall down and get up and stand on one leg and make up such horrible faces. It was a great show for the school, but I don't believe that one of the youngsters ever even thought of trying to help him in any way. They were much more likely to snow ball and call him names to see

him get mad. I was one of them and I know.

These things in connection with the doings at the old Brown tavern, seem to me to be quite a lot for one thinly settled township, and for a period of time covering only about ten or twelve years.

THE OLD RED MILL

Another of the institutions of Hamilton in the early days was the "Old Red Mill" near the Nesbitt school house. It was built by John Sherman, and run by him until he became insane and hung himself on a tree out in the woods nearby.

This mill had a large overshot water wheel and manufactured wooden pumps, broom handles and other things of that sort.

I used to think that the old Red Mill was an immense building, but I was there some fifteen years ago, while it was still standing and then it seemed to me about as large as a smallish barn.

Near the old mill was a spring of water and it used to be great fun for a couple of school children to get permission to go to the spring for a pail of water for the school. It generally took the two of us not less than an hour to go about forty rods to the spring and get back with the mater.

Permission for this trip was a kind of reward of merit for good behavior and Tommy Griffin, Emory Place, Jack Johnson and myself would do our best to be good for the sake of the coveted pleasure.

In the summer of 1907 about a dozen of the old scholars of the Nesbit school in 1860, with their teacher, Mrs. Nancy Collins Nesbitt had a reunion at the residence of Jacob Knolls and while we were there we all went to the old school house. We played pom pom pull away on the school grounds, visited the grist mill and the old Red Mill and went down to the creek where we used to wade and tried to find the spring where we used to go for water, but the spring seemed to have been moved.

We tried to act as we did forty-seven years before, but did not make much of a success of it, for the kids of nearly half a century past were all gray headed then, and not nearly as lively on their feet as they had been. At least three of those old scholars who were there at the reunion have since passed away.

But what a crowd of youngsters must have gone through that old school house since our day.

THE END OF THE WORLD

A great many tough yarns were told by the early settlers as to the strange things that happened when the township was first settled and when I was a child I listened with a great deal of pleasure to the stories told by the older people, but as these things happened before my day I cannot vouch for the truth of them.

One of the most fantastic of the occurrences related to the scare that was developed around this part of Michigan by the report that the world was to come to an end by burning up in a very peculiar way.

The winter of 1842-43 was a severe one and the snow was very deep all over this part of the country, and in some way, the belief arose that when this heavy snow melted in the spring that it would all turn to oil, take fire and the earth would be burned up. Strange to say, many people believed this absurd yarn, and were badly frightened, and their fears were only allayed by the coming of spring and the snow turning to water the same as usual.

Also at the time when the great meteor flew over the country in 1861 and at the appearance of the beautiful comet in 1862, a great many people were terribly frightened. Some thought they were warnings of the great Civil War then just beginning, and the calamaties that were to come from it while others were sure the comet would strike the earth and bring everything to an end with one grand smash. But the old world went on spinning around just the same as usual and paid no attention to either meteor or comet.

W. H. T.

EARLY DAYS IN DECATUR

BURNED OUT IN '53
— FEVER AND AGUE —
THE OLD SCHOOL
4TH OF JULY 1860 — THE WAR

My earliest recollections of Decatur extend back dimly, to about five years before the beginning of the Civil War.

My parents had been amongst the early settlers in Hamilton Township moving there in 1850, my father and his brother William, building a water power saw mill on a branch of Brush Creek.

I have often heard my mother tell how they had to break their way for some miles through the woods and brush when they moved, as there were no roads. They came from Mendon, St. Joseph Co., where they lived for the first few years in Michigan.

Our first house was a log house, the big fire place was made of stone and the chimney of logs and all plastered over with clay. One bitter cold morning in February, 1853, the hired man got up at three o'clock and built a big fire in the fireplace and then went back to bed. In an hour or so the log chimney caught fire and by the time the folks woke up the whole upper part of the house was ablaze and my folks had to move out P.D.Q., losing almost everything that they had in the shape of furniture and bedding. I was picked up out of my warm bed and thrown out through a window into a snow bank.

I had a little dog that had been given to me by Willard Place. I called him Fido and thought a great deal of him. When the fire began Fido ran under a bed an refused to be caught or induced to go out and I can remember yet how poor Fido yelped and cried when the roof fell in and he was burned up. I cried for days over it, and I asked mother a hundred times why she supposed that God allowed Fido to be burned up, when he had not done anything wrong, and by the way, I haven't found the answer yet.

After the fire my people had to move into a house, that was only partly finished, for the rest of the winter. I do not remember much about it, but I expect that they had pretty hard times for the next few years, as almost everything that they had had been burned up.

Money was almost unknown then. Nearly everything was bought and sold by barter. Now, it is a very poor man indeed, who doesn't have at least some cash in his pocket, or in the bank. Then banks were unknown here, and up to the time the war began. I do not believe that my father ever had ten dollars in money at any one time. We always had enough to eat, because we raised it. At Christmas if Santa Claus brought us children a few stocks of striped candy and a tin whistle or tin trumpet we thought we were lucky. How the children of these days would turn up their noses at the presents that we were glad to get then. But I will venture to say that we got as much pleasure out of our simple presents, as the present-day children do with their abundance of complicated toys — maybe more.

Almost everyone in those days had the fever and ague, they would shake until their teeth would rattle like castenets; after an hour or so of shaking they would burn up with fever, and it was a continuous performance every other day. Quinine, whiskey and calomel were the staple medicines, and about all there were. My father used to say that he shook two years out of the first three that they lived in Michigan. Now, we very seldom hear of anyone's having the ague.

Coming To Town To School

Well, I started out to write about early days in Decatur, but got side-tracked to Hamilton, so I will have to back out and make a new start. About the year 1957 or '58, Miss Libbie Thomas came to Decatur and opened a millinery shop in the building now occupied by Frank Baker as a blacksmith's shop and after that I went to school here and lived with her.

We went to school in the old red school house that stood on the back part of the Greenman's lot. John Steele was my first teacher. How many of the boys and girls who attended school there I remember and a great many I have utterly forgotten, but out of all those I know anything about, there is only one besides myself, who is still living in Decatur. The rest are dead, or gone — I do not know where.

During the year 1864, part of the present High School building was completed and school began in November. I am not quite sure, but I believe it was the 25th of November. I was one of the first scholars. Professor Bellows and Miss Annie Abrams were our teachers upstairs.

What a crowd of young people I can see as I look back to that winter fifty-one years ago and so many of them are dead; Dick Lyon, Marve Hinckley, Miss Beuna Poor, Dora Hurd, Prof. Bellows all gone. As I look back and think over the familiar names and faces I cannot realize that over fifty years have passed by, and I do not like to think about it very often.

The next spring in April, we held the first school exhibition in the present High School. Not long ago I came across a programme of this exhibition. Each scholar had his piece or composition, and then came the play of "Blue Beard" and the tableaux of the "Soldiers'

Dream" etc. The audience seemed to think that it was good and applauded everything. I remember they made me repeat "The Soldiers' Dream" several times.

Almost every family had some member of it that had or was still in the army, the war was just closing and every town was filled with returning soldiers and any man who wore a blue uniform "owned the town," and everything in it.

The Fourth Of July — 1860

There was a great celebration in Decatur on the 4th of July, 1860. "The Lafayette Light Guard" came from Paw Paw and brought with them a small brass cannon, and they went through with their drill on the street and fired the little cannon all day long. The town was packed with people from the surrounding country, and they all thought that it was a wonderful display and everyone seemed to think that the country was surely safe, as long as we had an army like that, and a cannon that could make as much noise as that one did.

Before another 4th came around the Lafayette Light Guard was down to Virignia where, they had some real fighting to do. I don't know whether the little cannon went to war or not. It is certain that the Light Guard go a great plenty by the time their three years were up and they were perfectly satisfied to come home.

During this celebration on the 4th, Ed Carney and Henry Teed sold pop corn and lemonade on the street, and Mr. Carney is the only one left that I know of, who was here on that day fifty-five years ago. I was quite a small boy then, and with my school mates from the Nesbitt school in Hamilton thought it was a most wonderful day, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

I remember asking my father at some time during the next year and after the war had commenced, if he thought that we would have another cannon on the next 4th and he replied, that it looked as though we might have a whole lot more cannon than we would care for, but fortunately we did not.

Great Comet and Great Meteor

In the fall of 1861 came the great meteor. It flew over the country from east to west and it made everything as light as day and finally exploded with a great crash and made all the houses shake and rattle. I was in bed at our home in Hamilton, but not asleep, but I saw the light and heard the explosion.

It aroused everyone and some declared that the Rebels were throwing shells at us. News did not travel so rapidly in those days as it does now and it was some time before the people really found out what it was.

Also about that time came the great comet and it was a beautiful sight off in the northwest. It had an immense tail and was very brilliant. I have never seen anything like it since Halley's comet five or six years ago, was nothing by comparison with the one in 1862.

In those early days Decatur claims to have two thousand or more population, but I think that they must have been counted several times over, for our last census only gave us about fourteen hundred inhabitants, and I am sure that there must be more people living here now than there were then. Because there are large spaces now filled up with dwellings that fifty years ago was either corn fields or solid woods.

But there was one thing that we had a great plenty of and that was saloons. In 1865 Decatur had thirteen very active saloons. Anyone who could buy a barrel of whiskey and a keg of beer and pay the government twenty-five dollars could start a saloon, and make lots of money too. Some of the best men in town "kept a bar." "The sun do move" surely.

W.H. Tuttle
1916

KEEPING GREEN THE MEMORY OF VAN BUREN'S PIONEERS

Sketch of the Eventful Life of J. J. Woodman Written for the Republican by Rev. Olivia J. C. Woodman.

It seems to me to be a most excellent custom to call up the lives of men and women who have done so much to make Van Buren county such an excellent place in which to spend 'ones years. A deep sense of remembrance is always commendable and this county has contributed a large number whose lives the young may study with profit to themselves in this local history you are presenting. And I consider it a privilege to respond briefly, in memory of J. J. Woodman of Paw Paw.

He was born in Vermont, and inherited the sterling qualities of the typical New Englander, and it is not too much to say, that his long life fulfilled the measure of usefulness, and he maintained a high standard of excellence. He was the son of Elder Joseph Woodman and strictly speaking spent his life in Antwerp township rather than Paw Paw. Though all his business interests and mail office were in the latter place, however he always voted in Lawton.

He came with his parents when ten years of age and his home from that time was always on the farm, which was his father's in the early years.

He was literally the product of the log school house and always maintained a deep interest in the rural schools. In those days all common branches were taught in these schools and from them he succeeded in gaining sufficient education to become a teacher. And there are those yet living who were his pupils in the Paw Paw school and perhaps in other schools for he taught in several districts and in the Quaker settlements of St. Joseph county.

Those days were full of active interest, and to the end of his life he cherished a memory of those Quaker Christians, and was oft heard to say "they lived the religion they professed." A loyalty he greatly admired.

While engaged in teaching in the rural schools his pupils were many times young ladies and gentlemen as well as little children and the poetical effusions he sent to young ladies and received from them were sometimes very amusing reminisences and sometimes as he occasionally looked them over his eyes filled with tears. So loyal was his heart to those early comrades in life, so deep and tender for them.

Jonathan Woodman came from a long line of deeply religious ancestry of the old type who were very exact about religious observances in the family life and in church ceremonies. The child, in those generations, was not sent to Sunday school but was taken to it by its parents, and the rigid discipline of that period was carefully maintained.

"To break the Sabbath" was a serious offense, and yet, notwithstanding this careful training, the youth some times didn't feel quite well enough to attend service, and it is related that on one of these occasions Jonathan, being somewhat indisposed, was left at home while the others went to service and the lad began to feel better, and was impelled to take a walk along the banks of the Paw Paw river. As he strolled along, his keen eyes discovered a fine fish in the stream. The temptation was too great and making a rush for it he safely landed it on the other bank, and shortly afterward hung it over his shoulders and started for home.

As he was walking along the Territorial road, the Sunday worshippers chanced to be going home at the same hour and his parents were amazed to see their son, with a fish on his back, going so boldly along the way and passed him with out a recognition. Moral —they ate the fish next day, and no questions were asked, but the next Sunday he was taken to Sunday school.

Notwithstanding these influences he grew to manhood, holding in his heart a deep reverence for his Creator, an unfaltering faith in His goodness and justice, and yet, the old orthodoxy did not appeal to him, and as he grew to manhood he became acquainted with the Quakers and spent winters teaching among them. He lived in their houses where he saw the everyday side of their lives and all through his years he cherished the memories he experienced under these conditions, and, often expressed his conviction that they were close followers of their Master, and these "white souled" pioneers were truly named—Friends.

CALIFORNIA IN '49

After the period of teaching he became interested in the enthusiasm of the day, and became a "forty-niner" and joined a company of relatives and friends to journey across the Great Plains to seek his fortune in the gold fields of California.

This feat was not accomplished without many hardships and dangers. They were a brave people and so far as the writer knows Mr. George Longwell Sr., of Paw Paw, is the last survivor of that company.

Mr. Woodman was successful in getting the nucleus of his property in that

effort. When he was not hunting for the yellow metal, he always found other lines of work.

He told of many experiences that were exciting even after long years had passed. One of these was an occasion when he and a comrade were rafting a large number of logs down the rapid St. Mary's river. While guiding the raft with their pike poles, they discovered a large cable across the stream just ahead of them. They had no time to plan, so he seized the axe and with one mighty blow severed the cable. Had he failed in the one stroke they would have been swept into the current and to death.

I fancy that many who will read this will in fancy see him making that great blow, which tells the story of success.

In one instance at least he was gone two years, and came home via Cape Horn.

A storm on the deep kept him (with all other passengers) "watched down" seventy-two consecutive hours. He always declared he enjoyed those two years, very greatly and when questioned why he didn't stay longer, he smilingly replied, "there was a magnet which drew him back."

It must have been the one great power in every life, for the next day after his arrival in Paw Paw, he spent with Miss Herly Hunt, and returned to his father's home with her as a promised wife. His characteristic energy made him begin at once to prepare for the home which was to be theirs. He erected the home where they both lived and died, and is known as Maple Avenue Farm.

HEAD OF NATIONAL GRANGE

He was not inclined to join secret societies and until the Order of Patrons of Husbandry came into existence fifty years ago, he had never joined any organization of the kind, but this appealed to him, for he had always felt that the farmers should stand together, to advance their own lives, and hence he became one of its most loyal and zealous members, which lasted until the end of life here came to him.

Early in its history he was elected master of Michigan State Grange and held the office for eight years. At the close of the eighth year, he was elected Master of the National Grange and held that office six years, during which time he traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, working for the Order in every state. He saw it grow in members, influence and power. He left the Master's Chair to continue to help the cause by accepting the Secretaryship of the National Executive Committee, and continued in that office until declining health caused him to resign.

IN POLITICS

His political career is well known to your readers. He held offices of public trust in his township, county and state. In 1860 he was elected to the Legislature and was re-elected for six successive terms, and in 1869, was made Speaker of the House, and held the Chair four years. It is often said of him now that he was efficient, considerate and a judicious presiding officer.

It was his pride that no decision was ever appealed from his, but once, and that cost the state many thousands of dollars.

He was a campaign speaker of power. A very earnest man in temperance work. He was a believer in equal suffrage, and in universal peace. He was one of the men who met beneath the historical oak at Jackson to organize the Republican party. His passing ,was as he always wished it might be "That he might wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

The first Mrs. Woodman passed away in 1894 and Mr. Woodman was united in Marriage with Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter of Lansing in 1896 who remained his faithful companion till the close of his life some ten years later. She has since resided in the old home but has in no sense retired. She is continually in demand for conducting church and funeral services and to officiate at weddings. She is not only a minister of more than ordinary ability but is posted on all of the leading issues of the day. For the Grange, for equal suffrage and for prohibition she is frequently called upon to speak and she never fails to deliver a strong argument for the right to her audiences.—Ed.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

The Little Old Red School House on the Hill. How plainly I can still see it all, and all of its surroundings, although it has been over fifty-five years since I was inside of the building. It stood on quite a little hill, and the ground sloped away from it, but not a single tree was ever planted around it to furnish shade. In front ran the road down to Nesbitt's grist mill on one side, and to Brown's Tavern and Decatur, in the other direction. On the south side was another short road leading down to the Old Red Mill, and the spring where we used to go for water for the use of the school. It was considered a reward for good behavior when two of the scholars were allowed to take the pail and go to the spring for water, and the boys tried their very best to be good enough to earn this coveted pleasure. This old school house must have been built sometime during the year of 1858, and the first school was opened in the new building in the fall of the same year. John Steele was the first teacher, and my first attendance there was during that same winter of 1858-59. The teacher boarded at my fathers' house during that winter, and I remember that there was quite a piece of woods between our farm and the school, and the snow drifts were very deep in those days, and that winter John used to carry me on his back because my legs were too short to wade through them.

How many, many scholars must have passed through that old school house since those far away days. In the winter terms there were many large scholars who came, and many of the larger boys considered it the right and proper thing to make the teachers' all the trouble they dared to, but sometimes they got more than they bargained for, and a good licking besides. During the summer terms the scholars were generally much smaller, and I remember that during the last few years I attended, that four of us younger boys, Tommy Griffin, Jack Johnson, Emory Place and myself were the biggest boys in school and we were very proud of it.

Many scholars of those days I have utterly forgotten, even their names but many of them are fresh in my memory. Besides Tommy, Jack, and Emory, there were Emma and Addie Griffin, Emily, Ida and Helen Coleman, Inez, Marcia, Martha and Emily Place, Celia Maxwell, Louisa and Marie Johnson, Kitty Bradt, and Ella Davenport, Tiny Bently and her sister, and so many more that I cannot name them all. Kittie Bradt was my particular girl, and I used to carry her big red apples in my dinner pail, and if I got a chance to draw her up hill on my sled I felt pretty proud of it. Kittie and Ella were inseparable friends, and they were always jumping the rope. Poor Kittie, I understand that she died many years ago, and did not have a very pleasant life while she lived.

What awful good times us kids did use to have around that old school yard, and the mill dam, playing "Pom Pom Pull Away", sliding down Nesbitt's hill and on the mill pond in the winter time, going to the spring after water in the summertime, and playing "Two Old Cat" and "Who's Got the Handkerchief", and then the spelling schools that we had in the winter, and the one who was able to spell the School Down was a proud scholar. That was the life that was worth living. If we could only feel and enjoy it now as we did then what a pleasure life would be.

VISITING THE OLD SCHOOL

Nine years ago last summer about a dozen of us old scholars who attended the Nesbitt school in 1860, with our teacher of that time, Mrs. Nancy Collins Nesbitt, were invited to have a reunion on the old school grounds, and to make our headquarters with Mrs. Jacob Knolls at her beautiful home. We went and were royally entertained

by Mr. and Mrs. Knolls, and after a fine dinner we all walked to the old school grounds, and then we had a great time trying to act like the kids that we had been nearly fifty years before, but it was hard work.

We played "Pull-Away" and chased each other around the yard, and went down to the old grist mill. Some wanted to wade in the creek, but we had to give that up for fear of getting our feet wet, and having to take off our shoes and stockings and exposing our pedal extremities. We went down to the Old Red Mill and to the spring where we used to go after water. The Old Red Mill was a ruin and very little left of it.

We did everything that we could think of that we used to do in our young days, but somehow it all lacked the jump and spring and the enjoyment that we got out of it 47 years before. Ella Davenport couldn't jump the rope by the hour as she used to do, and if any of us ran a few rods we were completely winded. But we had a good time just the same.

We were very much disappointed that we could not get inside of the school house, but it was all locked up tight, and we had to content ourselves with climbing up and looking through the windows. The view on the inside was not the same at all as it had been in our day, for everything had been changed to meet modern requirements, and it did not look natural a little bit. The outside and the yard were very much the same, and it was the very same ground where we, when we were kids, used to play and quarrel and sometimes fight, almost fifty years before, but what a difference between the children of 1860 and the old people of 1907.

I looked at the crowd and wondered if they could possibly be the same children that I used to know so many years ago. Many of the old time faces were missing, as was natural after a lapse of nearly half a century. Tommy, Jack and Kittie were gone, Dave Price and Lute Coleman were killed in the army during the Civil war, Darius Cook was killed by lightning forty years before, and others were scattered all over the world, and the ones who could be gotten together to attend the reunion were only a handful. But we had a rattling good time, what there were of us, just the same and for a few short hours we tried to imagine that we were all children again, and acted accordingly, but it was hard work, and the zest was not in it.

TEACHERS AND SPELLING SCHOOLS

This Old School House must have seen a great many teachers, as well as many scholars. The first teacher was John Steele, and after him I remember Mr. Jacobs, Mrs. George Nesbitt, Miss Amanda Haynes, Mrs. Munson and a man by the name of Bill Slater. This man had a nick-name that he was generally called by in private, but it is not printable. He was the teacher who thrashed one of the big boys until he nearly killed him. My, but that young fellow got a whaling that I'll bet he remembers to this day if he is alive yet. There was a big law-suit over it, but my remembrances of it is that it was about an even thing. The boy got just about what was coming to him, and the teacher got mad and thrashed him a good deal harder than he ought to. I know that the fracas scared me almost to death.

The school always ended for the day with the spelling class, and that was great fun to most of us. We all stood up in a long row on the floor, and then the teacher would give out words to be spelled beginning at the head of the class. If one or more missed spelling a word right then it passed on down until someone spelled it correctly, and that one went up above all those who had missed. The one who stood at the head of the class when the lesson was over for the day went down to the foot of the class on the next day, and began over again. It was quite an honor to the one that could "leave off head" the oftenest.

CHANGES WROUGHT BY TIME

The education the children got in those little old country school houses was not to be despised; they did not have the frills that are taught in the graded schools in town, there was no Latin, Algebra, Botany, Chemistry or Music taught to those who would never have the least use for such things, but we were taught spelling, writing, geography and good plain arithmetic from the bottom up, and those are the things the most of us have had use for in after life. We probably thought more of our play than we did of our studies, but in some way or other we got the "Three R's" pounded into our heads in such a way that they stuck.

The old School House and the hill and the roads are there yet, but all of the other landmarks are either gone or are changed out of all recognition. The Grist mill and the Pond are gone, the old Red Mill, the log house on the corner, the house across the road where Mr. Sipple lived, and the house that Mr. Nesbitt lived in in those days, all gone. Mr. Sipple was a German, he had fought in the European War against Napoleon in the early years of that century, and he used to show us boys the hole through his leg where he had been shot in some big battle.

To us kids, Mr. Sipple seemed almost as old as Methusala, but there isn't one of us who is living now but who is nearly as old as he was then. How very differently everything seems to the young and to the old. When I was along about 13 or 14 it appeared it me that any person who had reached the age of 30 or 40 was too old for any purpose, and that it couldn't be possible they could get any pleasure out of life, or have anything in the way of fun, and as for those who were 60 or 70, why they ought to he shut up by themselves somewhere so they could not interfere with the kids, and spoil their play.

I used to be as afraid of my old grandfather as I was of the old Fiend himself, and I kept out of his way as much as I possibly could. He never was unkind, or anything like that to the children, but he was old and peevish, and he didn't appreciate our pranks and sometimes he would yell at us in a way to make us jump and almost break our necks trying to get out of his sight.

INDIANS IN MICHIGAN

NELSON A. SWARTZ IN MARCELLUS NEWS GIVES INTERESTING DATA COMPILED FROM U.S. CENSUS RETURNS

According to complete census return, the Indians of our state are more than holding their own. The census of 1910 gives the Indian population at 7,519, a gain of 1,165 over the preceding census of 1900. The Upper Peninsula contains 2,785 and the Lower, 4,734.

Sixty-eight counties out of the eighty-three counties in the state contain Indian population, of which thirteen are in the Upper Peninsula and fifty-five in the Lower. Keweenaw and Iron counties are the only counties in the Upper Peninsula having no Indian population.

The counties of the Lower Peninsula having no Indian population are as follows: Barry, Clinton, Eaton, Hillsdale, Huron, Ingham, Midland, Monroe, Montmorency, Oakland, Oscoda, Otsego and Cadillac.

There are eighteen counties in the state which contain over one-hundred Indians each. Five are in the Upper Peninsula and thirteen in the Lower. The county having the largest Indian population in the state is Mackinac which contains nine hundred ninety. It gained seven hundred fifteen in ten years, or the largest gain of any county in the state. Emmet is second with eight-hundred ninety. Other counties containing considerable Indian population are as follows: Baroga 592, Isabella 502, Leelanaw 454, Charlevoix 334, Mason 308, Oceana 281, Delta 245, Cheboygan 199, Allegan 156, Saginaw 141, Benzie 140, Cass 132, Bay 119, Van Buren 112, Menominee 101, Chippewa 690.

There are five counties in the state which contain one Indian each, vis: Genesee, Lapeer, Livingston, Muskegon and St. Joseph.

The three principal tribes in Michigan are the Chippewas, Ottawas and Potawatomies who number three thousand seven hundred twenty five, two thousand two hundred fifty four and four sixty-one respectively.

Indians of other states have located in Michigan as follows: Menominees 34, Oneida 10, Mohawk 5, Cherokee 3, Brotherton 2, Miami 2, Iowa 2, Onondaga, Sauk, Fox, Sioux, Tuscarora each 1. There are also twenty-eight Creeks, probably from Canada. The tribal relations of seven hundred ninety were not reported.

1916

THE GREAT FIRES OF '71

By W. H. Tuttle

Everyone now living whose memory goes back forty-five years, will surely recall the great fires that swept through this country in the fall of the year 1871. I believe that it was in the evening of October 9th, that Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked her lantern over in the stable in Chicago, and started the great conflagration that almost swept that city off the map.

For several days the fire raged, and when it finally burned itself out, there was very little left of Chicago except the outside fringes. The whole business part of the city was swept away, thousands were left homeless, and in many cases almost naked, and it was never known how many were burned to death.

After the fire was finally subdued a call was sent out to the outside world for help for the homeless, naked and starving people, and the call was responded to by almost every town and city in the United States, and also by foreign countries. Some gave clothing, others food, and everyone gave whatever they could collect in a hurry that was likely to be of any use to the people in the city.

M. C. RELIEF TRAIN

The Michigan Central railroad sent out a notice that on a certain day they would send a train of freight cars over the road from Detroit to Chicago, gathering up whatever the people felt like giving, and the Company would carry it to Chicago free, and there it would be turned over to the committee having charge of the work of distributing it to the suffering inhabitants, but they stated that everyone who wished to give anything must bring it to the depot and be prepared to load it into the cars themselves when the train came along.

Harvey Trowbridge was the telegraph operator here at that time, and he kept everyone posted as to where the train was and when it would likely arrive here, and such a lot of stuff as was brought to our old depot was never seen before, and probably never will be again. Some came with wagons, some with wheelbarrows, and some carrying things on their backs or in their arms. My father was alive then, and we consulted as to what we could send, and we went up town to see what we could buy that would be of any use, and the only thing that we could find that was within our means, was a barrel of crackers, so we bought that and rolled it down the sidewalk to the depot and was ready with it when the train came along.

When the train finally arrived, late in the afternoon, the cars doors were thrown open, and such a hustling of things into those cars was a sight to see. Everyone loaded their own stuff, and in a very few moments it was all into the cars, and the train was off to the next station. The whole of that train must have been loaded to the car roofs before it reached Chicago, if other towns gave as liberally as did Decatur.

FIRES IN OTHER TOWNS

But Chicago was not the only sufferer by fire during that awful month. In Wisconsin and Northern Michigan a number of towns were wholly or partly burned by fires that came into them from the woods, and many people were burned to death. Settlers living on farms, that were surrounded by timber, were cut off and lost everything that they had and in many cases their lives.

It was said that in many instances the fires would go through the timber faster than the people could run or their teams could travel, and after the fires were out many of them were found where they had fallen in the roads, overtaken by the flames.

Many families buried in the ground everything that they could, and some got into cisterns full of water or into rivers, and stayed there, with just their noses out of the water, until the fires burned out.

The town of Peshtigo, Wis., was entirely burned up at that time, and a great many people lost their lives there, and Manistee, Mich., was partly burned and many smaller towns went up in smoke at the same time. The stories that were told about these fires, after they were over, were innumerable, and a great many of them were very harrowing and terrible.

CLOSE CALL FOR DECATUR

How many now remember that Decatur came very near burning up at this same time? It is a fact that if a good many men had not stayed up for two nights and fought the fires back that this town would have suffered more or less also.

At that time our big swamp was all covered with timber, and the fire came up through it from the southwest, and was coming straight toward the town with a high wind blowing from that direction. The roaring of the flames in the swamp and the crashing of falling trees could be heard a long distance away.

There were very few houses south of the railroad at that time, the grubs and timber extended almost up to the town, and the people realized that if the fire once got across the new swamp road that it would probably reach the houses, and then it would all be up with Decatur.

For two days and nights, I with dozens of other men, watched that road and as fast as burning leaves and branches would blow across and start new fires on the east side of the road we would put them out by stamping or throwing water, any way to put them out, and by hard work we prevented the fire from crossing the dead line.

It was a fearful time and while I do not think that there were any losses around here, in other places thousands lost everything that they had in the world, and while it was never certainly known how many lost their lives, it probably ran into the thousands. Many were burned to death in the woods that were never found until months afterward.

It had been a very dry summer and everything was like tinder and ready to burn, but there was said to be some condition of the air that made everything break into a blaze at the least touch of fire, and sometimes fires would burst out spontaneously, and even the stones would burn, and in some cases articles that had been buried in the ground for safety were burned entirely up. Small rivers and streams became so hot that the fish in them were killed.

Chicago at that time was not what it is now, with skyscrapers built of steel and concrete, but it had many noble buildings made of solid stone, and some of them were supposed to be fire-proof, but it was said that when the fire reached these solid stone buildings they melted away like wax. The fire department in that city was almost entirely helpless, and many of the fire engines were burned in the streets, and in come cases the horses attached to them were also burned to leath.

MERRITT MANLEY'S ESCAPE

A friend of mine, Merritt Manley, happened to be in Chicago at that time buying goods for his father's store, and for some days the confusion was so great and the telegraph wires all down, so that he was lost track of, and no one knew whether he was alive or not, but he came home all right one evening on the accommodation train and his wife was a very happy woman when she saw him step off the car.

Merritt said that the evening the fire broke out he was staying at a hotel and when he got ready to go to bed they saw a large fire burning several miles away across the city, but no one supposed that it could come anywhere near where they were, and he went to bed, but by, or before morning, they all had to pile out and run for their lives. He told many interesting stories about his experiences there before he succeeded in getting away from the city, but I have forgotten most of them, it is such a long time ago.

All this happened forty-five years ago this month, more than an average lifetime, and probably the majority of the people now living have been born and have grown up since that time. But those who were living in those days, and especially those who lived in the places that were devastated by the fires, will not be likely to forget it, no matter how long their lives may be.

PASSING OF AUSTIN CHARLES

Austin Charles passed away at his home in this village February 13, 1916.

His passing removes from this community one of its oldest and most widely known citizens. He was the youngest child of Jacob and Elizabeth Charles who were among the most prominent of the first settlers of Cass County. The once busy village of Charleston was located on the homestead of this sturdy pioneer.

On the death of his parents Austin Charles

came into possession of one of the finest farms in Cass County which has yielded him a substantial revenue and of which it has been his pride and pleasure to keep among the best.

He was united in marriage with Mathilda Lilley, daughter of the well-known pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. David Lilley, December 25, 1868, and they were the parents of two children Mrs. Gertrude Metzger and Pearl Charles. They moved from the farm to Decatur nearly forty years ago and with the exception of two years spent in Chicago, this village has since been their home.

Mr. Charles has passed through his share of the trials of this life but they never affected his good nature nor his generous disposition. Several times he ha lost valuable property by fire and at two different times he was seriously injured in railway accidents. He never fully recovered from injuries received in a street railway accident in Chicago some thrity years ago.

His hobby was to learn of the people of the community in need and to quietly help them and many a family today will testify to his kindness and generosity. He will be long remembered for this trait of his character.

1916

A TRIP TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

During the summer of the year 1876 was held the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia commemmorating the birth of these United Stated as a nation.

It was the first real b'g show of this kind that had ever been held in this country and of course every one that could go went to see it. I was young then and as I had never seen anything of the kind larger than the county fair at Paw Paw, I was very anxious to take it in.

It so happened that shortly before this time I had had a disagreement with the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the company said that so far as they were concerned I could go where I pleased. I did not want to go alone and induced my friend Thompie to meet me in Chicago and go with me.

We started about the middle of September and were in Philadelphia about two weeks and we both worked hard every moment of that time seeing things. It is so long ago that I have forgotten very many of the different things that we saw at the Exposition, but to us "greenies" it was all very wonderful.

The great Corliss steam engine was very fascinating to me and I never got tired of watching it. It seemed to move without any exertion whatever, but it kept in motion all the machines in the huge machinery building.

But I think the most wonderful of all was the things that they did not have and which came into common use in such a short time afterward. For instance, they had no electric lights at all, no electric motors and no telephones, while only seventeen years later, at the World's Fair in Chicago the grounds were fairly covered with electric lights, telephones were everywhere and all kinds of machinery was run by electric motors.

At Philadelphia all of the street cars were run by horse and mule power. Now a horse car would be looked upon as a curiosity. The whole electric display at the Centennial was contained in a room about twenty feet square and consisted of telegraph instruments, Ocean cables and instruments to work them and a few electrical instruments such as galvanometers, rheostats, etc.

They had what they called an electrical candle, but as a light it didn't amount to much. It gave a light to be sure, but it hissed and sputtered, burned blue and threw off sparks and was quite a show.

The first type writer that I ever saw was there. For twenty-five cents you could write a short letter on a slate and they would take it and typewrite it, and mail it to your folks back home, as a curiosity. The first gas engine that I ever came across was there; they used it to run a printing press, and it was about as large as a small house. When the gas in it exploded it made a noise like a cannon and shook everything around it.

But of all the wonderful things that I saw there was something that I happened to find on the last day that we were there. Thompie wasn't with me just then, so I didn't have any one to back up my story, and when I got home and told about it my folks said they thought I was trying to tell the truth, but, never having had much practice, they thought that I had been deceived in some way.

It was simply a troupe of trained fleas—just common jumping fleas. A man was in charge of them, and he had a round table about four or five feet in diameter with a glass about six inches high around the edge of it; the top was not covered, and the fleas could easily have jumped out and got away if they wanted to, but they didn't try to, and it is a positive fact that those fleas did everything that their manager told them to do, that the best troupe of trained dogs or any other animals could do. There were some thirty or forty of them. How anyone could train such a thing as a flea to do what they did gets my goat.

I will not undertake to tell here the stunts they did, for it would take too much space, and no one would believe me unless they had seen it themselves. Fortunately for my reputation at home I found sometime afterward another person who was there and who saw the fleas and who told the same story about them that I did.

Thompie and I spent two days in the city. We visited Independence Hall, saw the Liberty bell and the original Declaration of Independence in its glass case. It looked nearly like a blank sheet to me, as the writing was almost faded out. We also visited the grave of Ben. Franklin and the original house built for William Penn in the city, the Zoological gardens and other interesting places, and came home well satisfied with our trip.

W. H. T.

GYPSIES CAME TO TOWN

HURRIED ALONG BY MARSHAL PRICE—STOLE DAVID EICHLER'S POCKET BOOK.

The Gypsies came to town last Thursday, met Marshal Jame Price and continued on their way in a very short time.

They came from the west and were following the Dixie Highway. There were about fifty of them in ten wagon loads.

In Hamilton township they called on David Eichler and in negotiating with him for a few forks full of hay which she wanted to pay for in fortune telling, a Gypsy girl accidentally or otherwise stumbled against him and in recovering herself Mr. Eichler's pocket book became entangled in her fingers.

The young Gypsy apparently did not notice that she had the pocket book and the caravan came on to town. It was not long, however, after they had started before David noticed it and hitched up and followed.

He recovered the pocket book without trouble when they stopped in the village and the Gypsy begged him not to have her arrested which he didn't.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF A GOOD CITIZEN OF THE PAST

John B. Upton, A Citizen of Van Buren County from 1859 to 1875, One of Decatur's First Attorneys—Prosecuting Attorney Six Years.— A Splendid Soldier and a Loyal Friend.

As announced last week the Republican will soon receive for publication the war reminiscences of John B. Upton who went out from this county as Quartermaster of the Twenty-Eighth Michigan Infantry and served till after the close of the Civil War.

The name of John B. Upton is familiar to every pioneer resident of the county but for the benefit of those who have come later we present the following short sketch of his life:

John B. Upton, son of Daniel and Electa (Randall) Upton was born in Batavia, Genessee county, New York, July 2, 1829.

He was the fifth child in a family of thirteen children ,and his earlier years partook of experiences peculiar to thos pioneer days through which his parents were passing.

When quite a lad his fondness for reading was gratified by visits to the District library where he found Thatcher's Indian Trails, Swiss Family Robinson and other healthy books, dear to the boys and girls of that time. At the age of twelve years he swung his scythe and kept even in the swath with men. It was due to his inheritance of a strong constitution that this unreasonable task left no serious marks of harm done.

After a number of terms of Academic study, Mr. Upton entered Oberlin College in 1851. After a period of two years spent in the college he was obliged to leave on account of failing health and engage in agriculture.

Years later while living in Big Rapids, Oberlin College conferred an honor upon Mr. Upton by sending him a diploma.

He was married October 6, 1853, to Julia Ann Sherman of Bethany, New York, and purchased a farm in his native country, and with his young bride thought they were settled for life. But changes came and Mr. Upton abruptly decided to take up the study of law in '58.

He spent nearly one year as student in the office of Wakeman and Bryan of Batavia, New York, and removed to Van Buren county, Michigan, in the fall of 1859.

In the spring of '60 he applied for admission to the bar at Paw Paw. Political feeling of pronounced type, caused him to withdraw it and some months later he secured a horse and sulky and drove to Lansing, petitioned the Supreme Court and was admitted to the bar in July, 1860.

In the fall of 1864 he was commissioned Quartermaster of the 28th Michigan Infantry and served in that capacity until the close of the war. His regiment was held for reconstruction duty after hostilities ceased.

In the fall of '66 he was elected Prosecuting attorney for Van Buren County and served six consecutive years. He removed with his family to Big Rapids, Michigan, in the spring of 1875.

For more than twenty years he was a leading attorney of the city, serving one or two terms as Prosecuting attorney and a term or more as city attorney, and filled them with honor to himself and his constituency. He was a staunch Republican and took an active interest in the affairs of the day.

He was a noted political speaker and received many invitations to address gatherings especially those occurring on Decoration Day, and the Fourth of July. He was always identified with every movement calculated to advance the religious, moral or business interests of the city.

Mr. Upton was for a good many years a member of the Presbyterian church, being an elder in the church for a long time, and was also clerk of the session for several years, which office he held up to the time of his death. He was also active in Sunday school work.

Dr. George W. Green, his companion in arms, wrote to Mrs. Upton: "I have learned with profound sorrow of the serious illness of your husband, my beloved friend. There are some companions of our "other days" that we love to recall to mind often, the very memories of whom cheer us and tend to make us better. Of such is my brother John—always loyal, always true, always pure; a splendid soldier and an upright citizen, I think such men should live a century."

COLONIAL DAYS

The Republican has a relic of Colonial times, a foot-stove that was owned and used in church services by the grandmother of Mrs. L. D. Roberts and T. Trowbridge. Notice was made of it a few weeks ago and J. E. Goble has since brought in a book of stories of American History which gives an account of it in the following story entitled "Colonial Customs":

The new Englanders were very severe about keeping the Sabbath day. No kind of work was allowed; no playing and no visiting was permitted. It has even been said that one man was fined for kissing his wife on this day of rest.

Everybody attended church. The men sat by themselves on one side of the church, the women by themselves on the other, and the children by themselves in the front.

The churches were not warmed for the people had an idea that they were better Christians if they bore discomforts without complaining. After a time the people began carrying hot bricks and hot water bottles to keep their feet and hands from freezing; then later on they carried little foot stoves. These stoves consisted of little tin boxes, with handles to carry them. In these boxes were put live coals, and in this way the fire would last through the whole sermon.

There were no cushioned seats, no organ and no hymn books. The minister read off one line of the hymn which the people would sing to some old tune; then another line would be read and sung, then, another and another until the whole hymn was sung.

After church all would go solemnly homeward, scarcely daring to smile even. Such a dismal day as Sunday was in those times. What a strong contrast to ours of to-day, with our pretty music, our books and picture lessons.

OLD DECATUR

THE VAN BUREN COUNTY DIRECTORY PRINTED IN 1869 CELEBRATING ITS COMPLETION — THE OLD LANDMARKS

I have been putting in some of my spare time lately in going over the old Van Buren County directory, compiled and published by Delos Hill and Charley Leavens, in the summer and fall of the year 1868, forty-eight years ago. The book was printed in the Republican office which was then located in Poore's block, in the room over Ball's meat market.

I was a printer at that time and was one of the boys who did the work on the book, and of all the boys who worked in the office during that fall and winter that I know anything about, except two are dead. Bert Cole and myself are still alive but Delos Hill, Charley Leavens, Ed Blackman, Dick Lyon, George Sellick, George Voke, and Andy Johnson are all gone and the directory is almost unknown now, except by a few of older inhabitants. Bert Cole was quite a small boy then and was just starting in his career

as a printer — in fact he was the Devil in the office. I wonder if he remembers the night Joe Pearson was killed and he was afraid to go home alone and I went with him!

Celebrating Completion of Directory

We had some great times in that office — especially the night that we finished the book. We had a banquet and invited in all of our friends to help celebrate the event. We had a long table in the press room, and it was covered with crackers, cheese and herring, pipes and tobacco, and in a prominent place was a keg of beer, and everyone was invited to help himself. We had speeches and funny stories galore. We kept up the fun until almost morning. I do not think that there is anyone left in Decatur who was there that night except myself — but if there is they will surely remember Bill Tucker's Side Board. That was something no one would be apt to forget.

But in reading over this old book what a lot of names are brought back to anyone who lived here in those days almost half a century ago. Only just a very few do I find that I know are still alive. The great majority of the inhabitants of those days are now permanently located in the cemetery. I hope to meet a few of my acquaintances of those days during our HOME COMING WEEK of next month, but am afraid it will be very few. I have looked the list all through and can find only three men who were in business here at that time and are still alive — A.A. Abbott, L.D. Roberts and Ed Carney. Theodore Trowbridge was clerking for Trowbridge & Hill, and must have gone into business for himself afterward.

Changes in Fifty Years

So far as the population is concerned the town has entirely changed in the forty-eight years, and is another town now. Some of the buildings are the same as they were in those days, but others have been torn down and replaced by new and better buildings, while a great many residences — some very fine ones — have been built, and some of the Home-Comers next time, if they have been away fifty years or so, will find very little that they will recognize.

On Phelps Street the poor block and the Chadwick building are the same and some of the wooden buildings still remain. The buildings now occupied by Brooks & Sons, on the corner of Phelps and Delaware streets is the same but very much disguised. Some of the churches and residences are still standing as they did fifty years ago. But the Lake of the Woods, Mud Lake, the swamp and general surroundings have changed out of all recognition, and so have almost all of the inhabitants. The Lake of the Woods used to be a beautiful place, and if it could have been left as it was fifty years ago it would have been worth a great deal to Decatur as a summer resort, but now it has been ditched and lowered until its beauty has all been destroyed — on the town side at least — the little island has been eliminated, and the banks are so muddy and weed grown that it is almost impossible to get anywhere near the water without wearing high-top rubber boots. The timber has all been cut away — on this side at least and altogether instead of being a place of beauty as it once was, it is only an eyesore.

Mud Lake has also been lowered until it isn't half the size it once was and no doubt in time it will entirely disappear, leaving only a cat hole. Who can guess what Decatur will look like in another fifty years!

1916

CHARLES SCHUSTER — A GRAND OLD MAN

Estimate of a one-time honored resident of Decatur as published by his associates in Milwaukee

A few weeks ago the Republican received a kindly message from Charles Schuster from the mountains of Montana where he was taking a short rest from his active business life in Milwaukee. His mind was on Decatur, his old home town, on his friends here and the home coming they had planned. He had promised himself to attend this home coming but a vacation call elsewhere was preventing, and he wrote to tell us his heart was with us.

With the exception of a few years in Chicago his work since leaving Decatur some thirty years ago has been in helping to build up the Schuster stores founded by his brother in Milwaukee. He has also been and now is the editor of a delightful little store magazine entitled "Keeping In Touch." During his absence the magazine is being edited by the assistant editors who have taken the occasion to publish an appreciation of their chief which we take pleasure in reproducing herewith in the Republican:

A Grand Old Man

While anxious to run this magazine along the lines that Mr. Charles Schuster laid out for it and to avoid doing anything that we know he would not have done, there is one instance in which we are about to transgress.

While ever ready to give every member of the Schuster family an opportunity to express himself in the columns of the "Keeping In Touch," giving a boost here, friendly mention there and often indulgent praise, our modest editor abstains strictly from mention of himself.

So we, on behalf of all our readers, here try to express a few words of tribute to and recognition of the GRAND OLD MAN.

It seems strange to think of Mr. Charles Schuster as an old man; he is younger than most of us, scores of years his juniors. He is young in spirit, young in activity and accomplishment.

Yet a few days before he left for his vacation, he confessed that it was his seventieth birthday. Imagine it, seventy years old; an age in our mind usually associated with sere and yellow stage, the crabby disposition, the fading faculties.

Of all the young old men, mentioned in history, our Editor is surely the youngest. Full of the energies and enthusiasms of youth, blessed with an abundant sense of humor, and a cheerful love of his fellow men, Mr. Schuster is not an old man, except in years.

He himself will deny that he is old — he probably feels that he is seventy years young. We fear he will resent our calling him an old man, but we use it as a term of affection; he is a GRAND OLD MAN.

This is in no sense a biography. HIs activities and interests are still many and varied.

When he joined this organization, twenty-two years ago, he had already rounded out a successful mercantile career in a neighboring state, where he is remembered as a public spirited citizen, a moving spirit in the betterment of the community.

Of his work done in the upbuilding of the Schuster store success, others are more capable of writing than we. But of his management of "Keeping In Touch" everyone of us is capable of judging every month. The magazine is permeated with his personal spirit of good will, friendliness and benevolent interest. When a man can thus project his individuality into a paper, and make his readers sense the sympathy that impels him, he has more than literary ability. He has a real message, a message of cheer, and hope and faith.

Mr. Schuster, that you may long continue to deliver your message through "Keeping In Touch," is the sincere wish of us all.

1916

KNICKERBOCKER'S GHOST

ANOTHER STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS PIONEER OF HAMILTON SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED ON AN ISLAND IN THE LAKE WHICH BEARS HIS NAME

The story about Knickerbocker and his grave which appeared in the Republican a few weeks ago brought out another story which was published in the Dowagiac News last week.

This story was written by Charles Stewart, a life-long resident of Hamilton Township, who is known equally well by his neighbors and friends as Henry Teeter, Esq. The story is as follows:

A thousand times the story of "Ghost of Knickerbocker" has been told individually and collectively and last week we read the last one and the last one holds good until the next. Being a resident of Hamilton for nearly fifty years we surely have taken an inquisitive interest.

The ghost story first originated about 1868 when some girls went to the lake to take a boat and go over to the island to pick cranberries which were plentiful at that time around there.

It was known by nearly all at that time that Mr. Knickerbocker was buried upon one of the islands and it was easy to start a ghost story. The cranberries were quite an object and someone saw a way to protect the coveted patch.

First the girls saw an object moving around the island and then they heard a scream and a howl and this was enough. Each flew to her home and told the first ghost story.

We will always remember the first one. Men looked at each other and turned pale. There was a sand bar in every throat as they related the story which grew larger at every rehearsal and for several years a certain party had the whole crop of cranberries unmolested.

Tobias Byers — His Neighbor

Being a friend and neighbor of Tobias Byers, one of the first and best settlers of Keeler Township who came to Michigan about the year 1837, the writer has often heard him tell of the hardships which many of the pioneers of that time had to contend with.

Mr. Knickerbocker came here from the state of New York and settled on the south shore of what is now known as Knickerbocker Lake. He had a wife and one child and died the next year after locating his farm. Mr. Byers and two other neighbors buried the body on one of the islands at the wife's request and she returned to her friends in the East. The remains were buried on the island for fear the wolves would dig it up. The wife returned to her parents by the financial aid of Mr. Byers and two other neighbors. She left with the intention of sending for the body of her husband, but never did and today no one knows the resting place precisely enough to locate the grave.

Last Appearance of Ghost

This is the last story to date, and the very last ghost that was seen at this historical lake was about a dozen years ago when a party of fishermen went from Dowagiac to the lake one night spearing.

As they came ashore they saw a real ghost in the bright light of their torch. The dreaded spectre stood facing them; on his breast was a shining star. The boys rolled their eyes heavenward and fervently prayed mentally that no harm would befall them. Still the ghost advanced, and, pointing a game finger at them, it said, "You're pinched by the warden of Van Buren County." The boys promised to meet him the next day in Decatur and settle. All this they did as promised.

1916

STORMY NIGHT IN A SWAMP

STORM OF LAST FRIDAY NIGHT RECALLS TO AN OLD VETERAN ONE OF HIS ROUGHEST EXPERIENCES DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Last Friday night was about as stormy a night as we often see in this part of Michigan and when Montgomery Vorce remarked next morning, that fifty-five years ago he spent just such a night and part of a day in a swamp without shelter, we knew that there was an interesting story of the Civil War back of the experience.

It was in the fall of '61. General Banks had set out to capture Richmond and end the war. The venture had already lost some of its lustre when the army came upon the big swamp on the bank of the Rappahannock. When night came on the rain was coming down in torrents and the army was literally stuck in the mud.

The Johnnies on the other side of the river were watching the troubles of the Yankees with great satisfaction and Mr. Vorce remembers hearing one of them shout, "Boys, we'll help lay the pontoon if you'll come over." A Yankee private in the rear ranks who had not lost his sense of humor was struggling to extricate himself from a bed of clay when he caught the eye of General Banks. "Gineral," he said, "The auspicious hour has arriven." But the Yankees did not execute their plans and Richmond remained untaken for many a day. The next day they fell back to Upton's Hill near the city of Washington and went into winter quarters.

Montgomery Vorce was a private in the 24th New York Infantry. He enlisted in April, 1861, and served two years, with the army of the Potomac.

He helped to cover the retreat of the Yankees in the battle of Bull Run, fought in the second battle of Bull Run, the three battles of Fredericksburg, and battles of Cedar Mountain, South Mountain, Antietum, Phancellorsville, the Battle of the Wilderness and many skirmishes. He was one of the fortunate ones to escape without injury, but at one time he was forced to go thirty-six hours without water.

His regiment went out with one-thousand men, six-hundred more were recruited and but four-hundred forty were left to muster out.

Mr. Henderson was born in Henderson County, New York in 1839 and came to Michigan about forty years ago. He has lived in Decatur seventeen years.

1916

THE COMMERCIAL AND THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF PEPPERMINT OIL

Written for the Republican by Howard W. Wickett.

In a recent issue of the Republican, Mr. Dexter Brigham presented the readers with a discussion of the Historical development of the Peppermint Oil Industry in Decatur. Having gained from his treatise a fair conception of the growth of the industry it might be of additional interest to the growers to know the avenues of use which the oil has in the commercial and medical world.

The plant, called Mentha Piperita is a perennial herb bearing a root stock with long suckers. It belongs to a large family of plants called Peptines, having no botanical characteristics by which they may be differentiated. Only physical appearances and chemical and physical properties of the several products enable one to distinguish one member of the Peptine family from another.

As to habitat, the plant was originally found in Scotland and England in watery places It never grows truly wild and is less easily grown from the seed than spearmint and other members of the same family.

The oil is recognized by the peculiar aromatic agreeable odor and its warm burning bitterish taste which is followed by a sensation of cold when air enters the mouth. Pure peppermint oil should be colorless to a light yellow and its deeper color is due to impurities such as oils from closely allied plants, flebone or erigeron, Spearmint or mentha viridis, wormwood or rosemary.

Peppermint oil, if allowed to age will assume a red tinge on exposure to air. This is due to oxidation of the oil to a substance called "Menthone".

Oil of Peppermint contains two chemical substances, one liquid and one solid. The composition of the liquid has never been ascertained despite prolonged chemical pursuits directed to that end. The solid ingredient is known as menthol and to this substance the oil owes its therapeutic action. The Menthol constitutes approximately 50 per cent of the purified oil and is extracted by a process of crystalization at low temperatures and pressure. The oil is placed in a partial vacuum and subjected to a temperature of minus eight degrees centigrade. On long standing, the Menthol separates out in white needle like crystals with a shining lustre.

USES OF PEPPERMINT

Over three hundred years ago, English people used to bruise the partially dried stems and leaves of the plant,

dip them in hot water and apply them externally for indigestional ailments. The real material value of the treatment is questionable in the modern medical world.

The oil is dispensed today in the following forms: Water of peppermint, oil of peppermint, solution of peppermint and spirits of peppermint. They differ from each other as regards kinds and amounts of dilutents with which they are mixed.

Oil of Peppermint is known in the medical profesion as carminative, a medicine which relieves flatulence and assuages pain. Other carminatives are pepper, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, cardomum, nutmeg, spearmint, sodium carbonate. Another very important use of the oil is to mask the taste of strong drugs in pills, extracts, tinctures, etc. This of course can only be done when no chemical reaction can take place between the drug and the menthol ingredient of the peppermint. Loeffler's well known diphtheria solution owes its aromatic property to menthol.

In the commercial world, the oil has even more extensive use. All the mentholated salves, ointments, etc., found on the market under patented rights, are dependent upon peppermint oil.

Wrigley's famous mint gums, most all cordials and sweetmeats, afterdinner mints, and stomachic lozenges or troches use menthol and peppermint oil in surprising amounts. Specially prepared antiseptic appliances use the oil in greater or less quantities.

Since menthol is used extensively and the oil itself but little less so, it is evident that the oil of peppermint is a necessary commodity, something the world needs and has to have with regular periodity.

Fifty per cent of the peppermint oil is menthol. Today peppermint oil is $1.65 per pound; menthol is $12.00 per pound. The isolation of menthol from the oil is a simple process and involves no complicated machinery. Permit me to prophesy that in the next decade, some scientific grower will triple his yield from peppermint by isolating and selling menthol rather than the oil.

Business Men of Early Decatur

Main Street Half a Century and More Ago---Joe Pearson and His Tragic Death --The Big Grist Mill—Recollections of the Post.

By W. H. Tuttle

EARLY POSTMASTERS

Col. T. E. Phelps, Ira Nash, W. C. Tucker, A. H. Dixon & Co., and E. Ingalls must have been the pioneer business men of Decatur and since their day there has been an unending procession of others.

Col. Phelps was appointed postmaster in 1861 after President Lincoln was inaugurated and he must have given up his store soon afterward and confined himself to the post office which was moved to the small building just west of the Kidman blacksmith shop and which has been torn down during the past year or two. Col. Phelps died in 1863 or 1864, while he was still postmaster and his wife filled out his unexpired term. She was then appointed for another full term. Her son, Seth Phelps was assistant postmaster and part of the time Charlie Cockett was clerk.

Capt. Beebe was the next postmaster and the postoffice was burned out twice while he had it.

EARLY STORE KEEPERS

Ira Nash continued in business until about 1868, W. C. Tucker until 1868, but Dixon & Co., must have quit long before the war began. They were followed by Trowbridge & Harris. John Tarbell was the next occupant of the Brooks corner and he had to quit somewhere about 1864.

I think that Geo. C. Colt and Co., had a dry goods store in that corner succeeded by Stocking Bros., Delos Hill, and W. Larzeleer, D. H. Manley & Son, and others later. What a lot of people that old building has housed in the sixty-five years of its existence.

Merritt Manley, the junior partner of Manley & Son, was in Chicago at the time of the great fire in 1871 with his pockets jam full of money buying goods for his firm. Everything was in a terrible confusion during and after the fire and for a few days Merritt was lost. His wife didn't hear anything from him and they didn't know whether he was alive or not. His wife was at the depot waiting to hear something and when the evening train came in Merritt stepped off all right. Mrs. Manley jumped a good six feet through the crowd, right onto his neck and a gladder woman no one ever saw.

E. Ingalls was located on the Fletcher lot and he must have gone out of business during the war. He kept everything, dry goods, beer, groceries, etc., as well as a meat market. Before he went into the army Ed. Carney used to work for him as a butcher and Ed. tells me that he used to sell the best beef steak for three cents a pound. Think of it.

Ed. says that at on time he went to the Haydon farm in Hamilton and brought home three steers for the market that weighed over a thousand pounds and only gave $18 for the whole lot.

THE NOBLE FAMILY

The first furniture store and factory that I remember of was established by L. Noble in 1861. His store and shop was located about where Rasmusson's blacksmith shop is now and consisted of a long large building in front with a shop for his men to work in back of it, the buildings were burned during the Duncombe house fire some twenty years ago.

Mr. Noble disposed of his furniture business about 1870 and for a short time afterward he kept a dry goods store in the Abbott Bros. building, where the Durkee store now stands.

After leaving there Mr. and Mrs. Noble went to Kansas and I believe they both died there. They had four sons who were all at some time in the

army. One son came home in the summer of 1864 from the army hospital, a a perfect wreck and lived only a few weeks after getting here.

Another son, Peter Stryker of Stryke as we always called him, was one of my most particular boy friends.

Before Mr. Noble's time there had been a small furniture repair shop here operated by a Mr. Woodruff and located about where Geo. Roberts' hardware store stands, but it was a very small establishment.

THE TERRIBLE JOE PEARSON

Decatur at one time, just after the war had four hotels, the Duncombe House, the Gallowoy House, the Butler House and the Tittle house. Two of them were not much more than saloons, for I do not think that they ever tried to cater to the traveling publis.

Before these the old Decatur House stood on the Duncombe house lot and it burned down about 1859. About 1869 there was another Decatur House kept by R. J. Downs, on the Brigham store corner, and in the barroom of this hotel was where Joe Pearson was killed by nightwatch Aaron Sweet, another product of whiskey selling.

Pearson, it is said by those that knew him best, was a good man in every way when he was sober, but the moment that he got where there was a saloon, he must drink and then he was a perfect demon. As he was a giant in strength, every peaceable citizen dreaded to see him come into town and begin one of his orgies for someone was sure to get hurt.

The only time I knew of that he was ever arrested by force was one afternoon in 1868 when four of the best men in town, Wav. Botsford, John Steele, Aaron Sweet and Deharte Matteson, jumped onto him all together at the old Duncombe house at the corner of Phelps and St. Mary's streets, got him down and dragged him flat on his back on the ground to the calaboose, in the back of the present Kibbie phone building.

Pearson swore that he would break out before morning, and all four of the men watched the building all night. About midnight he made his threat good. He made a sudden lunge, after a spell of being quiet, and went plumb through the side of the building, tearing off and breaking boards almost as though they were paper. But as he went through he got tangled up in an old fence and a row of bushes on the outside, belonging to Dr. Rogers, and fell and before he could regain his feet, his captors were on him again and put him back and that time they shackled him and succeeded in keeping him until morning when he was taken before a Justice of the Peace and sent to jail at Paw Paw.

Pearson swore that he would never be taken to Paw Paw to jail, but he was by the same four men, carrying cocked revolvers, and informing him that if he made any breaks he would be shot and killed if necessary.

That was the kind of a man that Joe Pearson was, a good man if he would let his whiskey alone, but whiskey made a perfect devil of him, and a man to be dreaded by everyone when he came to town.

PEARSON'S DEATH

For Mr. Sweet's share in arresting and taking him to Paw Paw Pearson swore that he would kill Sweet the first chance he got and everyone knew that he meant it.

His chance came one evening later in the same year when he was in the barroom of the Decatur House carrying on in his usual way when in liquor and Night Watch Sweet went in to quiet him.

As soon as Sweet approached he struck at him with the heavy stove poker, missing Sweet but hitting the stove pipe and cutting a length of pipe almost entirely in two. He then grappled with Sweet and meant to crush him to death but the latter managed to draw his small revolver and placing it against the back side of Pearson's head he fired, killing him instantly.

A great many of Pearson's neighbors across the swamp blamed the night watch very much and called it murder and for a good while there was a bitter feeling over in that section of toward the townspeople.

Mr. Sweet was acquitted of blame by the coroner's jury and I never could see how he could have done anything else. Mr. Sweet was an officer doing his duty and it was a case of either kill or be killed. It is nearly half a century in the past now, but all the older citizens will remember it very distinctly.

ABBOTT & MANLEY

In 1864 D. H. Manley moved into town from the country and with Orville S. Abbott, established a dry goods store on the corner where Durkee's store is now located and did a large business for a few years. The store building they used is the one now used by Geo. Roberts as a hardware store and it must be one of the very oldest store buildings in town. It goes clear back beyond my recollection and Ira Nash had a store in it for years when I first remember anything about it.

About 1867 Abbott & Manley dissolved partnership and Albert Abbott came to town and took the place of Mr. Manley. They did a large business for some years as Abbott Bros.

Mr. Albert Abbott is one of the very few that are still living who were in business here almost fifty years ago. Mr. Manley with his son, Merritt, afterward run a dry goods store in the Brooks building. I think that Manley & Son bought out Delos Hill, who had been doing the same kind of business there, but I am not quite sure.

I believe that Delos Hill sold his store to go in with Charlie Leavens as compilers and publishers of the "Van Buren County Directory" in 1868 and after that was finished up he went to Atlanta, Ga., to go into business and died there some years later.

THE CHADWICK FAMILY

The Chadwick family were a large factor in Decatur business affairs for a good many years and there were a lot of them here at one time or another. There were John, Fred, Bill, Charley, E. E. and Theron that I remember.

John and Fred must have commenced business here about 1860 on the south side of Poor's brick building, now occupied by the Racket store and they remained there until they built the brick store now owned by L. G. Stewart, which I think was in 1864. After that they did business there until the dath of John in 1871 or '72, when E. E. Chadwick came here from Lawrence and continued the business until his death. Then his wife and son carried on the business for some time, finally selling out to George Baker.

And of all the numerous Chadwick family at one time residing here Marion is the only one left in Decatur.

THE LIVELY THREE

Tom Brownbridge was one of our early business men and generally had a meat market about where Frank White's barber shop is now. Tom was a great plunger in his day. He bought and sold stock or almost anything that came along. Some timse he was rich and sometimes he was poor, but that made no difference, he was always on the go and always ready to buy or sell almost anything. Tom also built the first brick residence in Decatur.

Grove Tarbell was another great trader, a street broker he called himself, Tom, Fred and Tarbell were great jokers and the tricks they used to play

off on each other and on others, too, were sometimes very amusing, especially to themselves but many of them would not bear repeating in public.

The first that I remember seeing Tom must have been about 1860 and he and John Steele were having a fight on Main street. Tom was apparently getting the worst of it. He broke away and rushed into his meat market and out again with a heavy meat cleaver in his hand and went for John with that and chased him the whole length of the street and back trying his best to cut John's head off, but John managed to run the fastest and got away. No one interfered, it was only an every day scrap and the bystanders all looked on and enjoyed it.

OTHER OLD TIMERS

L. T. Rawson was another old time trader that helped to make business hum fifty years or more ago. He came here about 1855 and as long as he was able to do business he was always ready to buy or sell, or to do any kind of business that came his way. "Lyme" was a great character in his day, always ready for a joke and always able to hold his end up. Mostly he was a grain buyer but everything was grist that came to his mill.

Henry Canoll was one of our early business men, having, I believe, the first drug store in town, on the Mosier corner. Mr. Canoll was a very prominent member of the Masonic fraternity and was the first master of the Decatur lodge. He died about the close of the war.

Hinkley and Gerow were another firm of over fifty years ago. They had a general grocery and drug business in a wooden building where Criffield's store is now.

W. C. Tucker, on the corner where Wood's hardware store is located was one of the town's very early business men. He was very eccentric and boasted that he could furnish on demand anything that was ever kept in a store. To test this Ed. Farmer went there one day with a pail and called for a pailful of soft soap, which Tucker immediately went down cellar and brought up. Farmer had to acknowledge that the joke and the soap were on him. Tucker failed in business in 1868 and when his stock was cleared out it was said to have been a perfect museum, consisting of almost everything anyone could think of or imagine. The poor old man passed through very dark days days after his failure.

J. Teed was another war time merchant having a general store on what is now Burdock Park. Wm. E. Trowbridge must have come to Decatur as early as 1855 and when I first remember him he had a drug store in the Ingalls building where Fletcher's store now stands.

Chas. N. Poor was our pioneer hardware merchant and was postmaster during Buchanan's administration.

E. L. Hawks started another hardware store in a low wooden building located about where the Doctors' offices stand now. This was in 1863 and S. N. Thomas came here in the fall of 1864, from Iowa where he had been farming and went into partnership with Mr. Hawks. After a year or two Mr. Thomas bought out Hawks and continued the business for something like forty years.

THE BIG GRIST MILL

Perhaps the largest enterprise ever undertaken in Decatur was the building of the large three story grist mill by Abbott & Matthews. It was commenced in 1867 and finished and put to making flour in the fall of the same year. The mill was filled with the best flour making machinery of that time and was run by a very large powerful engine. The cost of the mill was $27,000, and it was to turn out 200 to 300 barrels of flour and use over one-thousand bushels of wheat per day. But for some reason it was not successful and passed out of the hands of Abbott & Matthews in 1872 to other parties.

While the legal complications were being threshed out a somewhat comical incident occurred. Mr. Abbott was still holding possession of the warehouse connected with the mill and was doing some business therein and Jim Haynes and Rashe Hendryx wanted to oust him.

Mr. Abbott went to Kalamazoo on business one day and they thought their chance had come, but Mr. Abbott before going away had left his former mill engineer, Henry McKenzie on guard to hold the fort. Then they had to cook up a scheme to get McKenzie out of the building. They sent a man who was an officer to talk with McKenzie who got him a little excited and he swore. The officer immediately arrested him for profanity under some old blue law of former years and dragged him off to court, giving Haynes and Hendryx a chance to enter and obtain possession of the warehouse.

No old time resident of this town will need to be told the name of the lawyer who played this trick, for no one but Bill Tucker could or would have done it. McKenzie at once sent a message to Mr. Abbott in Kalamazoo and before coming home he went before a Judge there and obtained an injunction forbidding Haynes and Hendryx interfering with the business until it could be tried out on its merits in court, and the Judge also appointed Mr. Abbott an officer so that he could serve the injunction himself, which he did as soon as he returned, turning out the other parties without any ceremony with a heavy hammer. Henry McKenzie was tried the next day, convicted of swearing and a small fine was imposed on him and he was set at liberty again.

Henry felt that he had been disgraced forever by being arrested and tried and he was terribly down hearted over it, but his friends saw to it that he got the worth of his money in full. Every one treated him to something, generally in a glass and there was a real old fashioned Decatur jollification.

The grist mill finally burned down some thirty-five or more years ago and now there is nothing left of it except the very fine brick smoke stack which is used by the measure factory.

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND OTHERS

Decatur had a great plenty of Lawyers fifty years ago. It must be that the citizens "lawed it", a great deal more then than they do now-a-days. There were J. G. Parkhurst, Newton Foster, William Tucker, John B. Upton, Oscar W. Field and Hiram Cole. And as for physicians we had Doctors J. T. Keables, C. T. Baker, H. M. Broderick, G. W. Rogers, W. Ross, H. M. Huntington, Delphane, M. T. Russell and a Doctor Clark. I believe that these were all here at the same time, about the close of the war. Dr. Dillon came here not long afterward. Doctors Maltby, King, Day and Crandall Bros., were dentists here about that time.

Fred Smith was the town jeweler, watch and clock maker and repairer. Fred was a very ingenious mechanic, and he could fix or make almost anything. There are several large clocks in Decatur yet that were built outright by him. He was always making some

queer thing, an organ or a freak gun or a musical clock.

Wm. O. Bond was another war time groceryman, just north of the Brooks corner, and Jos. Rogers had a private bank near the same location.

It would read like a directory and probably be about as interesting if I should give all the names of business men that I can think of. I have given some, but by no means all, of the merchants here fifty years and more ago.

There were any number of other men here in those days, but it would be tiresome reading to go through so many names.

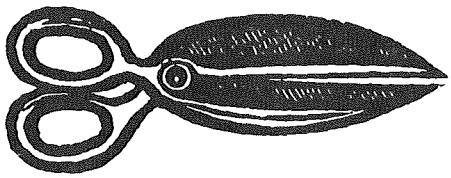
THE FIRST BICYCLES

The Van Buren County Directory published in 1868-69, says that Decatur had 2500 inhabitants and a Van Buren County History published in 1880 says that we had over 2300, but I guess that they must have stretched it a good deal for the U. C. Census of 1910 only gives 1100 or 1500 population and I am sure that there must be a good many more people here now than there were then.

The first bicycles that I ever saw was in the summer of 1868 and they would surely be curiosities now. A couple of young men came here from somewhere and brought with them about a carload of these machines, hired a hall in the third story of the Chadwick building and set out to learn the young people of Decatur how to ride them at so much an hour.

I wonder what the youngsters of today would think of riding such wheels. They had two wheels about the size of those that are used today, but they were made with wodden spokes and rims and the tires were iron, just like a small buggy wheel.

There wasn't a bit of rubber or a spring of any kind about the whole thing. The pedals were attached directly to the axle of the front wheel. I don't know how much the things weighed but it must have been a lot for they were all wood and iron. But cumbersome as they were they became quite the rage for a few years. They did very well on a smooth pavement, but were no good off it. They used to call them "bone shakers."



THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN
Published by
ARBA N. MOULTON
Decatur, Michigan.
Republican Building.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Decatur, Michigan, U. S. A.
Published Thursdays.
Subscription, one dollar per year.
Single Copies, 5 cents.

Decatur Lodge No. 99 F. & A. M. Regular meetings Fri. eve., on or before full moon of each month. Visiting brethren invited to attend. A. D. Adams, W. M., L. E. Van Antwerp, sec.

Sprague Lodge No. 113, I. O. O. F. Odd Fellows Hall. Every Tues. eve., Oct. 1 to Apr. 1, 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren welcome. Peter Vroegindewey, N. G., John Rafter, Sec.

BRET H. COCKETT
Lawyer and Notary Public.

NEWELL BROS.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
LICENSED EMBALMERS
Calls answered promptly, day or night. Experienced lady assistant when desired. Both phones.

L. L. HAMILTON
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND EMBALMER
Auto hearse service when desired. Calls answered promptly day or night
Both phones.

JOHN NEVILLE,
VETERINARY SURGEON
20 years experience. Both phones. Office in Hinckley's Livery barn. 36tf

BUGGIES
I have a nice line of them, the very latest. Please call and see them. I can make it worth your while if you are interested in buggies. N. Rasmuson

APPLE BARRELS
We are prepared to deliver apple barrels in wagon loads at your farm. Both phones. Hampton Stock Farm Co., Glenwood, Mich. 30tf

FOR SALE
A few fine cockerels, Buff Orpington, the best all around breed in existence. 40-42p F. Foulke, W. Delaware st.

The Monarch Store

John sells groceries in Decatur
Only to Monarch goods does he cater.
He always has in stock
Nuts, candy and apricots.

Vinegar and spices, a big stock he keeps,
And a big stock of Garden Seeds.
Notice his prices, they are right for what you need.
Daily he gets you fish and meats,
Each customer is satisfied and always repeats.
Ripe oranges and bananas he also keeps,
Pickles of all kinds, both sour and sweet.
Large queen olives that are always a treat.
Of cookies and cakes his stock is complete.
U are to take your machine and keep
Going until you meet
His store on Main Street.

VAN BUREN COUNTY FAIR

The Van Buren County Fair at Hartford last week was crowded each day with people from all over southwestern Michigan. The space alloted to the parking of automobiles on the grounds was crowded to the limit. The traffic on the streets of Hartford was so heavy that traffic officers were placed at the three principle corners to enforce the regulations and prevent accidents.

This fair has taken a place among the best county fairs of Michigan. The exhibits were as good as have ever been displayed in Van Buren county, and consisted of every form of farm products and live stock.

Entertainment was furnished in variety and abundance by fake shows and hawkers, including the fat lady, the snake eater and and high class wild west vaudeville. These with the popcorn, ice cream and soft drink, stands did a thriving business and separated many from their pin money.

Fischer's orchestra of Kalamazoo was present and furnished music in the grand stand during intermissions in the racing afternoons and were assisted by the Paw Paw high school band on Tuesday; the Decatur band Thursday and the Lawrence band Friday.

Horse races the first three days of the fair were well attended, but the auto races on Friday proved an unusual attraction. Directors estimated that this was the biggest year for attendance the fair has had and that more automobiles were parked on the grounds, than ever before.

"THE YELLOW AND BLUE

Song of the U. of M.

Sing to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride thro' the night,
And reel in a rollicking crew,
Yellow the fields where ripens the grain,
And yellow the moon on the harvest wain;
Hail! Hail to the colors that float in the light,
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Blue are the billows that bow to the sun
When yellow-robed morning is due;
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun,
The slumbers of Phoebus to woo:
Blue are the blossoms to memoryy dear,
And blue is the sapphire, and gleams like a tear;
Hail! hail to the ribbons that nature has spun;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear;
Here's to the hearts that are true;
Here's to the maid of the golden hair,
And eyes that are brimming with blue;
Garlands of blue-bells and maise intertwine;
And hearts that are true and voices combine;
Hail! hail to the college whose colors we wear;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

The D. H. S. Athletic Association organized Thursday and have now a membership of 55. The officers are

President—Henry Houseman.
Vice President—Hal Crane
Secretary—Dean Flagg
Treasurer—A. L. Olney
Yell Master—Bret Cockett
Student Manager (girls)— Esther Morlan.
Student Manager (boys)—Marion Rutherford.

THE COMET —

Jan. 18, 1916

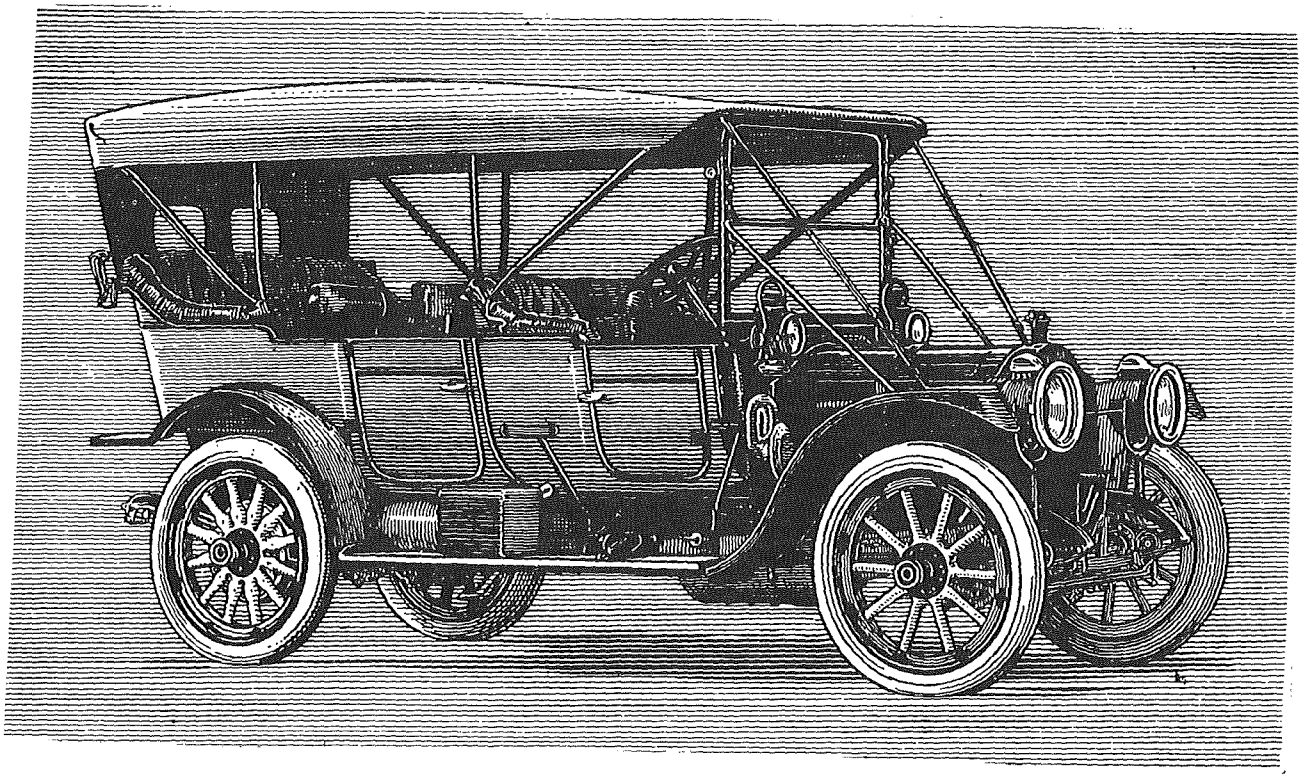
Editor Republican:

I have been moved to join in the controversy about that comet. I have very vivid recollections of some of the things that transpired in those early years in Decatur. We lived in a small house on the north side of east Delaware street near the outskirts of the village.

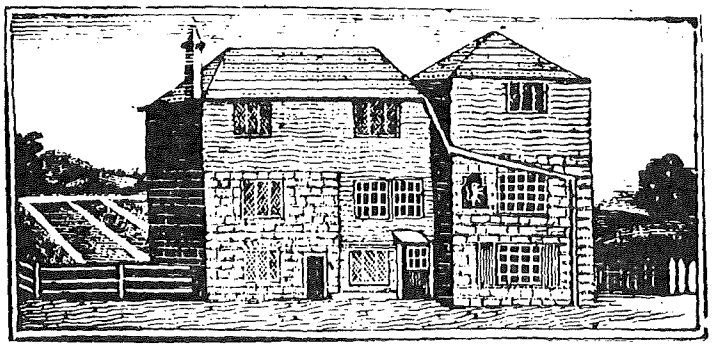
It must have been the summer of 1858 or '59 that the comet, I well remember, made its appearance in the northeast. It was visible all day, very bright with a long streamer pointing south west. I could see it from my back door any time of day.

There was much speculation about it, some thinking it would collide with the earth and there would be a great smash-up. The comet disappeared and the world remained intact. Everything was planned by a MASTER ARCHITECT, no collision or jumping the track, machinery running on smoothly, for ages without friction.

I don't remember how long it remained visible, but at least it was many days. I have no recollection of seeing any comet after the beginning of the war. There might have been one, however, I would not say there was not.



A Secret of the Old Brown Tavern



Told by "Chautauqua."

In the year 18— there lived in the western part of the state of New York a man by the name of Jackson. He owned a small farm there, and with his wife and two children, lived comfortably; but the farm was small, extremely hilly, and not very good soil, and do the best that they could, and live as frugally as possible, they could only just manage to make both ends meet and not get into debt. The children were growing up and required more and more every year, and Jackson and his wife were getting past their best days, and would soon be getting old and not able to work as they had done all of their lives. They could both plainly see that the time was coming when they would not be able to support themselves and the two children, and that they might be obliged to sell or mortgage their little home in order to live. Harry Jackson, the husband, was now about forty-five years of age, Sarah, his wife, about the same age, and the two children, Tommie was nearly fifteen, and his sister Annie, was ten or eleven.

Jackson and his wife had lived in this vicinity nearly all of their lives, they loved the hills and valleys of old Cattaraugus County, and disliked to leave their pleasant home and go into a new country to live. But they could see that they must make a change of some kind, or they would be left helples in their old age. Many of their neighbors had gone to the west to make new homes for themselves, and some of them had written back to their friends and relatives glowing accounts of the rich soil, and how cheaply land could be bought, and how much easier it was to make a living out of the rich soil of the new states of Illinois and Michigan than it was to dig it out of the stony hills of Cataraugus county in New York.

Harry Jackson and his wife discussed the matter many times pro and con, and they finally decided that they must make a move of some kind before they became any older, and while they still had their health and strength. At length they came to the conclusion that they would dispose of their farm and all of their stock except one horse and one cow, and after securing a place for Mrs. Jackson and the children to live in while the husband was gone, Harry would make a trip to the new west, pick out a suitable location—either in Illinois or Michigan—buy land for their new farm, and put up some kind of a house that would do for them to live in temporarily. Then he would return to the east and they would pack up all of the things that they had decided to keep, and all go to their new home somewhere in the west to begin life over again.

JACKSON SELLS OUT

Jackson succeeded in selling his farm for a fair price, and also all of his stock except one horse that he intended to use on his western trip, and one good cow that was to be left for the use of Mrs. Jackson and the children. Also he disposed of his farming tools and much of the furniture, only keeping the few things that they would need to begin housekeeping in the new home. It was not as easy to move such articles in those days as it is now, and when they moved they would have to begin all anew, and gradually accumulate the things needed in the house and on the farm.

After disposing of everything they thought best to let go Jackson found that he had a little over eleven hundred dollars in cash. He rented a small house in the village of Little Valley, not far from their old home, in Cataraugus county, installed his wife and children therein, and made ready for his western trip. The son, Tommie, was of course, very anxious to go with his father, but Harry took the boy out walking with him one day, sat down and talked to the boy as though he was an equal in years and discretion. He told the boy kindly that he should be very glad to have him go with him for company, but it was necessary that he should stay at home to look after his mother and little sister while the father was gone; he told Tommie that he depended on him to be the head of the house while he was away, and that he knew he would take good care of things at home, and as soon as he could find a place for their new home he would return and they would all go to the west together. In this way, by working on the boy's pride, and making him feel that he would fill a man's place by remaining at home, he became perfectly willing to stay until his father's return.

I think that it is a great mistake that parents do not talk to and reason with their children in this way much more than they do. Children are not fools by any means, and I believe that many of them would be glad to do almost anything that their parents ask of them if their pride was only aroused and they were shown that they were really doing something of account in the world, and that you have confidence in them. A great many times when children would be really glad to help if they could, they are thrust one side, and told to keep out of the way; and there is very little encouragement in that. Children have everything to learn in this world and the only way in which they can learn is by experience, and by obtaining knowledge from their elders, and if their interest and pride can be aroused generally they will be glad to do anything that they are asked to do. This does not apply to all children, because many seem to be born naturally wild and unmanageable, and with this class it must be a great problem as to the best course that should be taken. Above everything else I think that children should never be deceived or given wrong answers to their innumerable questions simply for the fun of fooling them or to get rid of them. The child of today is the man, or woman, of tomorrow, and if you have them it is worth while to try to make the best of them. Help the child and then let the child help you.

TOMMY JACKSON DOES HIS PART

Tommie Jackson was a good boy, as boys go, but he was full of mischief and all kinds of animal spirits that had to be worked off in some way, and it seemed to him that to go roaming around through the far west with his father would be the height of pleasure and he could hardly give it up; but after this quiet talk with his father he seemed to grow ten years older in an hour, and before they returned to the house he told his father that he would willingly stay at home and take

care of his mother and small sister the very best he could, that he would help his mother with the work of taking care of the cow, and if it were possible he would work for the neighbors, and earn something in that way to help them to live, and that when the father returned he would be ready and willing to go with them and help to build up a new home in the west. That one talk was worth everything to the boy, and in reality transformed him from a young, heedless and mischievous child into almost a full grown man, and satisfied his father that he could safely leave his family in Tommie's charge, and not have to worry about them while he was gone.

When the time drew near for Jackson to make his start for the west, he found that after paying up everything, establishing his family in a house in the village and paying the rent a month in advance, he had about ten hundred and fifty dollars in his possession besides a good outfit for traveling and a good horse to ride, and the cow that he had left at home for the use of the family. Jackson had decided to make the on horseback as he wasa good rider and enjoyed riding, and it would save him many dollars that he would have to pay out for steamer and stage tickets. There were very few railroads in this country then, but there were many steamers on the lakes and many stages on the land routes, but their rates were very high, and by going on horseback he could stop at any place where he desired to look at the country, and he felt sure that the trip made in this way would be much more enjoyable and a great deal cheaper than it would be if he travelled by boat and stage.

Before leaving home he had his wife make him a money belt that he could fasten around his body, and in this belt he put five hundred dollars in gold coins which his wife sewed in securely; besides this he took with him in his pocket-book about fifty dollars with which to pay travelling expenses. He then deposited in a bank in a nearby town, in his wife's name, four hundred dollars, and then gave his wife all the money that he had left—about one hundred dollars—with which to pay their living expenses at home while he was gone, and he advised her to secrete it about the house where it would not be easily found by any outsider.

As soon as this was all arranged he was ready to start on his trip. He told his wife that he did not expect to be gone more than eight or ten weeks; that as soon as he found a location for their new home that suited him he would buy what land he could with about three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars, make arrangements to have a small house put up, and as soon as that was done he would return east, and they would all move to their new home in the west. He promised his wife that he would write to them from every stopping place where he could send a letter; but letters did not travel as quickly in those days as they do now, and she must not be alarmed if she did not get one every week.

STARTED ON A LONG TRIP

One bright morning in June he took leave of his wife and children, reminded Tommie of his promises and then mounted his horse and rode away to the west and was never seen again by any of the loved ones that he left behind.

After the departure of the husband the wife and children settled down in their rented house to pass away the time as best they could until his return. Tommie fulfilled all the promises he had made to his father, and did everything he could to relieve his mother of work around the house. He fed and milked the cow and took good care of her, and when he could he worked for the neighbors to earn feed for her, and in that way saved many dollars for the mother. He also took good care of the few chickens they had kept and earned feed for them; and in fact, Tommie became so very good, and different from the heedless, mischievous boy he had been while his father was at home, that his mother was really worried; she was afraid that he was sick, but as he seemed to be in perfect health, ate three hearty meals every day and slept well every night, she soon became accustomed to his changed ways and helpfulness, and accepted it all in a spirit of thankfulness.

They passed away many pleasant evenings by talking of the new home that they were to have in the west, wondering where it would be and what it would be like, and how soon they would be able to go to it. Mrs. Jackson could not help but worry about her husband, travelling alone in that wild country, but Tommie and the little sister never had a doubt but that daddy would soon be back. Then they would all go together, and what fine times they would have on the road, and after arriving at their new home in the wilderness. All of this would have been realized without a doubt, but for one little slip made by Jackson while he was gone.

MRS. JACKSON HEARS FROM HARRY

Letters were few and far between in those days, but at the end of about ten days Mrs. Jackson received one from her husband written from Cleveland. He reported himself in good health and that he was progressing finely; he told her that his next stop would be at Toledo and that he would write again from there, which he did a week later. She next heard from him at the little settlement of Coldwater in Michigan, and then from Kalamazoo. There he struck the territorial road that ran through the territory from Detroit to St. Joseph on Lake Michigan, and he informed his wife in this letter that he should follow this road west, and if he did not find any location that suited him on the way he should cross the lake and go over into Illinois. But he had been told that there was some very good land to be had cheap between Kalamazoo and the lake, and that he would look it over carefully, and if he found the right place, he would buy somewhere along there and go no further, as he would rather settle in Michigan if possible than to go further west.

She next heard from him at Paw Paw, where he had stopped over night; that he had been having a few shakes of the ague—the curse of the western country at that time—and that he was not feeling very well, but hoped to go on the next morning. Almost every one in Michigan had the ague then, and while it was never fatal it made one feel extremely bad, and took away the ambition. The only known remedy for it was quinine and whiskey.

The next morning Jackson was still feeling badly, but said he would go on, and he might feel better after he got started. Henderson told him that some eight or ten miles west of Paw Paw there were two roadside taverns; that he had stopped at one of them once, and found it a very comfortable place to stay, and he proposed that they should ride as far as this place, and then if Jackson did not feel better he had better stop there for a few days and rest and doctor himself up, until he was better able to go on and look at the country, and this plan was agreed to. They left Paw Paw that morning, and before noon arrived at the place that Henderson had spoken of; had their horses put in the barn and taken care of, and then Jackson went to bed because he was shaking with the ague and feeling very badly. Henderson stayed with his friend the rest of that day and the night. The most of this account Mrs. Jackson learned later from Mr. Henderson himself, on his return to the east.

This place where they stopped was what was afterwards known as the "Old Brown Tavern".

There have been more stories told about what went on at this tavern in those days than of almost any other place in the state of Michigan. Many of the yarns were purely fanciful but it is said that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire and, goodness knows that there was smoke enough for any number of fires. It was impossible to say which stories were true, and which untrue, but there must have been some truth in the different things that were told about the place.

This history of the man Jackson and his fate I came across years ago, and I have every reason to think that his wife and friend believed this to be a true account of what befell him.

The next morning Jackson was still feeling very badly and was threatened with another shake of the ague, and he decided that he could not travel that day, but would have to keep quiet for a day or two. By this time the two men had become very well acquainted with and liked each other as well as though they had been old friends, and as they had come from the same part of the state of New York, they determined to stick together, and when they found a location for a new home that suited them they would buy adjoining land and build their houses so that they would be as close neighbors as possible. Henderson said that he also had a wife in the home back east, and they felt that their familes would like each other, and would be glad to have some one they knew to visit with.

JACKSON TOO ILL TO TRAVEL

As Jackson could not travel for a few days his friend told him that he would go on and keep looking for a suitable location, but that he would surely return in a few days, and then if Jackson was better they would go on together; and if he was not better he would stay with him until he was, but in no case would he leave for good until Jackson could go too. Before Henderson left he told Jackson he had heard lately that this tavern was, in some ways, a tough place, and that stories were going the rounds that many things went on there that were not right, and that Jackson better not let it be known that he was carrying money with him; this he promised to heed, but the sequel shows that he did not, and thereby he lost his life and his horse and money also. Jackson promised that he would remain at the tavern until Henderson returned, and that then they would go on together.

That afternoon Henderson rode away without letting the tavern people know that he expected to return and rejoin his friend. He bade Jackson good-by as though it were for good. Why he did this he was never able to explain. That afternoon Jackson kept to his bed shaking with the ague, but in the evening he felt some better, and went to the bar-room and talked with the crowd assembled there, and was complaining bitterly about his feeling so badly by having the ague so often; finally the bartender spoke up and told him that if he wanted to get rid of the shakes that he ought to take a big glass of gin and then go to bed and sleep it off, and that in the morning he would be better and probably the ague would not return. This was told to Henderson afterward by one of the men that were present in the bar-room that evening, and he said that Jackson determined to try it, as he was so anxious to get better. He ordered the glass of gin brought, and sat down to drink it. Now Jackson was a man that had never used liquor in any shape, and he had eaten very little that day, and by the time that he had swallowed half of the gin he was feeling fine and did not care to go to bed at all—he wanted to talk and have a good time; and by the time he had drank the rest of the gin he was helpless and had to be assisted upstairs to his room and put to bed; and he told the men that were helping him all about his business and that he had money with him to buy land, and in fact acted as foolishly as any other drunken man does.

The man that afterward told this to Henderson on a strict promise of secrecy, said that he felt sure that this was done on purpose to get Jackson drunk and induce him to tell his business, and whether he carried money or not. The tavern people knew that Jackson was not a drinking man, and that one good stiff drink in his condition would make him talk and tell every thing about himself, and it surely did.

HENDERSON RETURNS BUT HIS FRIEND IS GONE

At the end of three days Henderson returned, and at once inquired for his friend; the tavern people seemed very much surprised to see him come back, but they told him that the next morning after he had gone, Jackson said that he felt much better and had ordered his horse got ready, had paid his bill, and then had ridden away in the opposite direction from the way that Henderson had gone, and had told them that he did not expect to come back. Henderson noticed that some of the stories told him by different ones at the hotel did not agree, and they were not inclined to be explicit in their answers to his questions, and he also noticed that the hostler, a man named R--, seemed to try to keep out of his way all the time and would not talk to him if he could possibly avoid it and, taking it all together, Henderson finally began to feel that there was something wrong but he could not think what the trouble was; after all the talk had with each other and plans that they had agreed upon, he could not bring himself yet to believe that there was anything like foul play. The landlord intimated very strongly to others that Jackson wanted to get away from Henderson and leave him. This he had told the landlord under pledge of secrecy. The latter told that story to one whom he knew would repeat it to Henderson, and they did, but he did not believe a word of it, as it was so unnecessary.

Henderson said no more to the tavern people about it, but settled himself down to wait a few days and see if anything would turn up. To the landlord he expressed himself as satisfied that Jackson would return in a few days, and then that everything would be all right and they would go on about their business; but he improved his time while he was waiting by making some careful inquiries of outsiders who were not connected with the hotel and he found that Jackson had not been seen by anyone to leave the place, and one man told him that another man had told him, that he had seen Jackson's horse in the barn after the time when they claimed that he had ridden away. But everyone seemed to stand in such awe, and were so afraid, of the tavern crowd that they would not, or dared not talk, and he could not get hold of anything definite. He went to the man that had been in the bar-room that night when Jackson drank the gin and finally convinced him that he was Jackson's friend, and only wanted to know what had become of him so that he could let his family know about it, and after a while under a strict pledge of secrecy, he got the man to talk. This man's name was S---, and he lived about a mile from the tavern in an old mill. After he got to going he told Henderson innumerable stories about what was supposed to go on in the tavern, and then Henderson becamed alarmed for the safety of his friend. Mr. S-- told him that he was in the bar-room that night when Jackson drank the gin, and saw the hostler and another man help him off up-stairs to bed, but he did not know what had taken place after that, but he believed that was the last time he was seen by anyone outside of the hotel. S-- told Henderson to go to another prominent man in that neighborhood, Mr. N--, and to a Mr. T--, and they both told the same lot of yarns about the tavern and what a tough crowd made it their headquarters. He finally came to one man that told him, another pledge of secrecy, that he had been at a neighbor's on the night that Jackson was supposed to have disappeared, and that on his way home he had passed by the tavern, which set back a few rods from the road, and as he was going by he heard something that sounded as though some one was calling out, and he thought they said "Help, Help" several times in quick succession, and the sounds seemed to come from the upper part of the tavern; he stopped and listened, but he heard nothing more, but he was so curious about it that he stood around several moments, and just as he was starting to walk on, the back door of the hotel opened and three men came out and went to the barn and one of the men seemed to be either very drunk or else was hurt for the other two men were almost carrying him; they went into the barn and he heard nothing more, and concluding that some man was too drunk to sleep in bed, and the others had taken him to the barn to sleep it off, and that it was none of his business anyway, he went along home and thought no more about it until the inquiries began to be made about Jackson, but that now he believed that it was Jackson that he saw the other two men taking to the barn, but what happened after that he had no idea but did not think that he would be very apt to see his friend again. This man's name was B--, and he made Henderson solemnly swear that his name should not be mentioned if the matter was investigated. Every one seemed to stand in deadly fear of the tavern people and what they might do if they were opposed or interfered with by outsiders.

MANY STORIES BUT NO PROOF

Well, Henderson hardly knew what to do. He had no authority to take up Jackson's affairs, as he was almost a complete stranger to him, but he determined that he would try his best to find out what had became of him for the sake of his family, if nothing more. The tavern people all stuck to it that Jackson had paid his bill and called for his horse the next morning after Henderson had gone, and then had ridden away in an opposite direction, and they intimated that he had taken that course in order to get rid of Henderson's company, and the hostler at the barn said that when Jackson was getting his horse ready to go he told him that he was afraid of Henderson, and did not want to travel with him any further, because Henderson knew he had money, and he was afraid that he meant to try to steal it. The hostler told this story to others, but he would not admit to Henderson that he had ever made any such statement.

By this time Henderson was convinced that there was something very

wrong and that his friend had met with some kind of foul play, but he could get no direct proof of it, and not only that but he was warned by some of the acquaintances that he had made that he had better look out for his own safety, for if he wasn't careful the same people would put him out of the way in some shape, if they became satisfied that he would have the matter publicly investigated. This was a wild country then and the law did not reach very far. But Henderson had liked Jackson so well on short acquaintance, and felt so sorry for his wife and children back in New York, waiting for the return of the husband and father, that he determined to drop his own business for awhile and devote himself to trying to find out the truth of what had became of Jackson. He rode back to Paw Paw, the county seat, and laid the whole matter before the officials there, but as he had no real proof to offer them they were inclined to think that he had found a mare's nest, and didn't know what he was talking about; but they did send a man down to the old tavern to see if he could find any corrobation of Mr. Henderson's story, but the inmates all told the same story, that Jackson had taken his horse the next morning after Henderson had gone away and had gone off in an opposite direction from that taken by his companion, and that they believed that he wanted to get away from Henderson, and that they knew nothing about where he went or where he was now; they treated this man to the limit, and convinced him that they were innocent of any knowledge of Jackson's whereabouts, or what had happened to him, and he returned to Paw Paw and so reported to the sheriff, and that there was nothing to Henderson's story, and they dropped the matter and would do no more. Henderson did not believe a word of it, and he became more and more convinced that Jackson had been made away with, and his money and horse stolen.

While Henderson was in Paw Paw he sat down and wrote to Mrs. Jackson a full account of everything that had taken place since he first met her husband on the road between Kalamazoo and the tavern, and he asked Mrs. Jackson if she thought that her husband would be likely to leave a friend in the way that he apparently had after making the promises that they had to each other. He told her that they had liked each other so well that they had exchanged addresses of their families back east at their old homes, and had promised each other that in case of any accident or severe sickness or either that the other would inform his family of the fact, and that Jackson had disappeared Henderson felt as though he had lost one of his own family and he felt sure that his friend had not run away and left him willingly. He told Mrs. Jackson in this letter that he should go back to the neighborhood of the tavern while he was waiting for a reply to his letter, and see if he could learn anything more about her husband, but that he would return to Paw Paw in ten days or two weeks to wait for an answer to his letter, and that he would do everything in his power to unravel the case. Letters did not travel as rapidly in those days as they do now, and it took some time for one to go to New York and return an answer.

The next day Henderson rode back west. He rode slowly, and everywhere he inquired for his friend and especially about his horse, but he found very little trace of either. One man a few miles west of Paw Paw told him that he felt sure that he had seen this horse going by east about the time that Jackson had disappeared, but his description of its rider did not agree at all with the looks of Jackson. This man said that the horse and its rider were going toward the east very fast, and as far as he knew they did not stop anywhere and the man did not speak to anyone. He gave Henderson such a good description of the horse that he felt sure that it was Jackson's horse being ridden away by someone else. In those early days the country was full of horse thieves—and worse—and this more than ever convinced Henderson that his friend had met with foul play and his horse stolen, and ridden away to some distant point where it could be disposed of safely.

Instead of going back to the tavern Henderson went to the home of Mr. S——, the man who had given him his first definite information, and asked permission to stay there a few days while he was looking around and trying to find out something more. This Mr. S—— was a very garrulous old fellow and was glad to have some one to talk to, and gave Henderson all the help that he could, and told him all the stories that were floating around about the old tavern, and what was supposed to be going on there, and he cautioned him to be careful when he came in contact with the hostler at the tavern. This hostler's name was R——, and he was a bad egg; R—— had a younger brother that was not employed at the tavern, but who had hung around there much of the time, and the two R—— brothers made a bad couple to meet if they had a grudge against one.

Mr. S—— said that about a year before this time a man by the name of A——, living a few miles to the west, had open trouble with the tavern about selling whiskey to one of the relatives of Mr. A——, after they had been asked not to, and A——had called them down in great shape, and threatened them with worse if they did it again, and thereby secured the enmity of the whole tavern crowd; and one night, a few weeks later, Mr. A——'s barn was burned to the ground and one of his cows was shot in the field on the same night. This had been laid to the R—— brothers, but there was no proof. All these things made every one deathly afraid of the tavern, because they could import men from outside, when necessary, to do their dirty work, and before daylight the men would be gone leaving no trace. But all this led Henderson no where. Everyone—if they could be induced to talk at all—were willing to admit that the tavern held a lot of tough citizens, and they told stories by the hour as to what they had heard went on there, but they would not come out openly and say it. The tavern was nearly in the center of the township, and for years the "town meetings" were held there, and it was the only place where whiskey was sold, and consequently they exercised considerable influence with a certain class of the citizens, and, generally, they could swing the elections which ever way they saw fit to do in their own interest. Some very good citizens stood up strongly for the tavern, and claimed that there was never anything wrong going on there.

At the end of about two weeks Henderson returned to Paw Paw, and there he found an answer to his letter to Mrs. Jackson. The poor woman was heart broken at the news received in his letter, and she did not know what to say, or what to do, if her husband was dead and his money gone; and she said that she felt sure that he must be dead, for, if living, he was not the man that would leave a friend in any such way as Henderson described, because she never knew him to break his word to anyone. She did not know what to do, for over half of all that they had received for the sale of their farm was now lost beyond recall, and she had only a few hundred dollars left with which to support herself and children, and that she and Tommie would now have to go to work in earnest to live and pay rent, for they could not expect to ever have a home of their own again, and she begged him that when he came beck to New York that if he possibly could, to visit her and tell her all the particulars. He answer her letter at once, and said that he was doing everything that he could to try to find some trace of her husband, but that so far he had not been successful. He told her that he felt so disappointed and worried over the whole affair that for the present anyway, he should give up buying a home in the west, but would go home to Chautauqua and consult with his wife; and promised her that when he got home he would go to Little Valley and see her, and if possible that he would bring his wife with him, and that he knew his own wife well enough to say that they would both help and befriend her all that they could.

By this time the tavern people had learned that Henderson was moving heaven and earth to find out what had become of his friend and property, and apparently, they became a little worried themselves for fear that he would trace him, and they set out to try and scare him off the trail. Late one evening while he was in Paw Paw, a man rode up to the hotel where he was stopping, inquired for him, and when Henderson presented himself, the man handed him a letter, and, jumping back onto his horse, he told him that he had better heed it unless he wanted trouble to overtake him and rode away again without giving Henderson a chance to ask any questions, or even to see his face. Henderson was no coward and he at once took this letter to the sheriff and showed it to him, telling him the way it was received, and what it undoubtedly referred to, but the sheriff said that while it was suspicious it was no proof of anything

and he could do nothing about it; the fact of the business was that even the county officials stood in awe of the tavern influence because they controlled many votes in the county, and they needed those votes at the elections, and they would do nothing to alienate them.

Henderson was up against it badly, and he saw no way in which he could do anything more and he was forced to give it up. He took his horse and rode back to his home in New York. Arriving there he told his wife the whole story, and she advised him to go and see Mrs. Jackson, as it was not very far from Lake Chatauqua, and in the end they both went to her home in the village of Little Valley, and the whole matter was explained and talked over. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had no children of their own, and fortunately were fairly well-to-do in the money way, and they promised Mrs. Jackson that they should not be allowed to suffer as long as they had anything themselves. They offered to take and adopt the little girl Annie, and bring her up as their own, but Mrs. Jackson felt that she could not lose her children as long as she could support them comfortably.

Mr. Henderson told them that he felt as though, in a measure, he was blameable for the misfortune that had befallen them all, but that it was done without a thought of anything evil coming from it. He said that he should not have left his friend there at the tavern alone while he was sick; he ought to have stayed with him until Jackson was able to travel, and then they would have gone on together and nothing could have happened to either of them; but that he had only thought of saving time for both of them while Jackson was sick, as they had agreed to buy adjoining land, and establish their new homes as closely together as possible. But now the Hendersons said that they should give up going west altogether, but would stay in their old home at Lake Chatauqua, and that if Mrs. Jackson wished it they would find her a home near them there, and see that she was moved into it where they could look after her more closely. Some time later this was done, and a place was found where Tommie could work steadily and help support his mother and sister; and the last that I ever knew of them they were all living near the village of Fluvanna at the lake. Their further lives the story does not relate.

As to poor Jackson it was never certainly known what really happened to him; but the supposition is that he was murdered and his horse and money taken and that his body lies in an unmarked grave somewhere in what was then the thick huckleberry swamps not far from the old tavern, that his horse was ridden to some distant point and disposed of by the gang, and that his money was divided amongst the crowd.

A story did drift back to this section after some years that a man in Kansas had confessed, on his death bed, that he and his brother were the men who had killed and robbed Mr. Jackson at the old tavern, but this story was never confirmed and to this day it is not known whether there was any truth in it or not, but I will give it here as it was told to me. For myself I believe that it was practically true, and that he met his death as described. The man that made the confession claimed to be the same R—— that was the hostler at the tavern at the time that Jackson and Henderson stopped there, and this is the story that he told.

On that last night that Jackson was known to have been alive, R— was in the bar room with the others, and when Jackson was induced to drink the gin to cure his ague, R— said that it was a put up job to get Jackson drunk because he was unused to liquor and they knew that if he could be got to take one good drink that it would make him drunken, and he would be apt to talk and tell his business and whether he carried any money or not, and that was what they mainly wanted to know. They suspected that he had much more money than he really did have, but much or little, they determined to get it and also his horse, which was a very good one. His friend Henderson had gone away, for good they supposed, and they thought that it would be an easy matter to rob Jackson, if they could get him thoroughly drunk, and then they could dispose of him in some way. When they finally got Jackson to go to bed he was so drunk that he was helpless, and R— and his younger brother helped him upstairs and put him into bed, thinking that after he was asleep they would search him and take what he had, and then one of them would ride the horse way, and in the morning when he came to and began to make a fuss about it they would all deny that anything had been taken from him, or that he had anything to take, and they would turn him out and scare him until he would be glad to leave with his life. But this trick did not work, because Jackson retained sense enough to try to not let them get his money belt, and he struggled with them and cried for help. This was what the man B— had heard when he was going by the tavern on his way home late in the evening on the night that Jackson had disappeared.

Jackson had struggled so hard and had made so much noise that they had to desist; but he wanted more gin, and asked them to give it to him, but they told him that the tavern people would not sell him anymore in the house, but that if he would go to the barn with them that they had some out there that they would let him have. Jackson was so befuddled that he was not responsible in any way, but he had an intense thirst for more liquor, and promised to go with them and make no noise if they would give him more to drink. They got him up and dressed him, and then took him out the back door to the barn; they had to almost carry him because he was so helpless, but they got him out there, and then plied him with liquor until he was in a complete stupor; they then searched him and found his money belt, which they appropriated, and then decided that the safest way to dispose of him would be to kill him and carry him into the swamp and bury him and then the younger brother could take the horse from the barn and ride it away, and when morning came the hostler could say that Jackson had called for his horse early in the morning and gone away for good. This plan was carried out; they struck poor Jackson on the head with a heavy hammer until he was dead, and then carried his body deep into the swamp and buried it and there he lies to this day in an unknown and unmarked grave. The younger R— took the horse and road away eastward, while the hostler went back to bed, and in the morning he told the story that had been agreed upon by the two brothers. The landlord did not believe a word of it but he agreed not to contradict it, and to back up their yarn if any inquiries were made, because he knew that he would get his share of the robbery in the end. The hostler further said that they had told everyone that inquired about Jackson that he had got up early that morning, had called for his horse, and had ridden away to the East, telling R— that he wanted to get away before Henderson returned, if he did return, because he was afraid of him, for he feared that Henderson meant to rob him of the money that he carried to buy land with; and he asked R—, the hostler, to tell Henderson, if he came back, that he had gone West, instead of East, for the same reason.

How much truth there was to the confession that was said to have been made by the elder R— out of Kansas, was never known, but certainly both of the brothers disappeared from this part of Hamilton not long after the disappearance of Jackson, and so far as I know, neither one of them were ever seen in this county again. They were both tough citizens; and Michigan could well spare them. But whether this confession was true or not there is very little doubt but that Jackson was made away with in some such manner as described in it, and his body undoubtedly lies somewhere in what was then the dense swamps of that region, where it was buried by the two rascals, and it will continue to lie there until the judgement day dawns, and the dead all come forth from their graves.

The Old Brown Tavern is now a thing of the past, and it has been moved away a mile or so on a side road and been converted into an unromantic farmer's barn; but, if it could talk, what stories it could tell; that is, if even one-tenth of the yarns that were told about it sixty years ago were anywhere near true. These yarns included every kind of thought that was ever thought of, and ran from simple whiskey selling and gambling up to murder, protecting horse thieves, counterfeiting, secret rooms for the hiding of stolen plunder, underground tunnel from the hotel to the barn to enable criminals to escape early from the officers who were after them, and, at last to a hidden refuge out somewhere in the dense swamp where stolen horses could be secreted until they could be run off out of the country. It would take a big book indeed to hold all of the thousand and one stories that were told about the old building in those wild and wooly days, and if they could all be gathered into a big book it would be a good seller, I'm sure, and it would make mighty interesting reading for the people of Hamilton, even at this late date.

Then nearly all of the land to the west, south and northwest of this place was one big, dense huckleberry swamp and ponds, and in many places was almost impenetrable, and looking for anything in those swamps would be like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

I have always thought that the Old Tavern ought to have been left where it stood for so many years as a landmark of those early days. From the time that it was built, about 1837, until the completion of the Michigan Central Railroad through to Chicago in 1849 or '50, the Territorial Road running through this part of Michigan was one of the main highways to the west, and people in all kinds of conveyances, stages, horse teams, ox teams, and some on foot, were constantly passing back and forth by the Old Tavern. Many were going West to look for new homes, and some were going back East either discouraged or to bring their families West, and the Old Tavern was one of the chief stopping places outside of the villages. The Old Tavern was the dread of the decent people of that day, and the delight of the other kind.

The early settlers of Hamilton are all gone — I do not know of one single exception — but many of their descendants are still living there, and, even at this late day, some of them can tell some very interesting yarns about "The Old Brown Tavern."

Sequel to Great Indian Battle on Lake of The Woods

A year or more ago there was published in The Republican an account of a great Indian battle on the Lake of the Woods, which is supposed to have taken place some two hundred years ago; and this story goes on to say that the invading tribe of Indians undertook to drive out the Pottawatomies and the Chippeways, who were then living here, and take possession of their lands, but were uttrely defeated and exterminated, after a fierce battle lasting all of one day, and which was fought not only on the lake, but on the land all around the south and east shores, and upon the small island then existing in the lake.

About sixty years ago I was a small boy nearly ten years of age, and at that time there were quite a few of the noble red men still left in this part of the country, and I used to play with the Indian children, or papooses, and I heard many of the stories that were told by the Indians of the days long gone by, when they held the whole of this country. I listened to these stories with great interest, and many of them I remember to this day. Also I recall the account of this great battle that was printed in the Decatur paper of Civil war days—the old Tribune—and I have always been sorry that this article was not preserved. I do not know who the writer of it was, but it was a long and full account of the celebrated battle, and was very interesting. In the main it agreed perfectly with the stories that were told to us by the Indians of sixty years ago, and probably was obtained from the same source.

Besides this story of the battle on our little lake, the Indians told us many other tales of their life and adventures of their forefathers many years before this time, and dozens of these yarns are perfectly fresh in my memory even to this day, old as I am.

It seems that the Indians of that time were fond of living on the shores of the innumerable little lakes with which this part of Michigan is studded, and also the banks of small rivers and streams were their favorite abiding places, especially along the Paw Paw and the St. Joe rivers and the small streams running into them.

There they could obtain plenty of fish. All kinds of game was abundant, and they could raise their small crops of Indian corn. Some of these abiding places were much better situated than others, and consequently one tribe would very often try to drive out another tribe, that had a good location, and confiscate their land and crops, and that always led to trouble and probably war. Even civilized white nations, who ought to know better have been known to employ these same tactics.

Many small skirmishes and fights took place around Christie's lake in Lawrence, Magician lake in Keeler, and along the small rivers; but none of these were of the great importance, in the Indian mind at least, that the battle on the Lake of the Woods was, because in that case it was a stranger tribe about which nothing was known, that undertook to drive out and exterminate entirely the home Indians that possessed the land peaceably for a great many years. If they had succeeded in that piece of strategy they would undoubtedly have driven out, or made slaves of, all the other Indians who possessed the best living places in this section. Other stories of their life, fights, love-making and occasional elements — always leading to a fight—were fully as interesting to me as the story of the great battle.

Papooses for Playmates

The little papooses were funny playmates, but they were almost the only ones that I had to play with, for white neighbors were few and far between then, and there were only two children in our family. The small Indians were as grave and sober as judges, and I am sure that I never heard one laugh out loud as white children are always doing; and it was very seldom that one would even smile, and they seemed to be utterly subdued and discouraged. But if you could once make a friend of one or more of them they would do almost anything for you, and they were very loyal friends; but it was very hard to obtain their confidence and liking; they seemed to naturally distrust white people and it surely is no wonder that they did, for the whites cheated them in every way that they possibly could. The whites would buy their furs of them and pay them in little jim cracks that amounted to nothing and were almost worthless, by making the Indians believe that whatever it was would do them a lot of good; and, worse than that, they would often pay them with the poorest kind of rotten whiskey, that when taken would make perfect devils of them and cause them to commit all kinds of crimes; and it is no wonder that the Red Men became suspicious of all white people. But, as in every other community, there were good, honest people, and they tried to treat the Indians as well as they did those of their own race, and it did not take the Red Men long to find out who were their real friends and who were not. My folks always tried to be fair with them, and the consequence was that they would do almost anything for us and would tell me all the stories that they had heard from their forefathers, and in that way I had their account of the great battle on the lake, and whoever it was that wrote the article about it in the old Tribune undoubtedly heard it from one of these same Indians.

Several of these little papooses would sometimes come to our house and stay nearly all day, and mother would feed them, and, my sakes! how they would eat when they got a chance. After they had filled themselves up, then they were ready for what they called play. About all the play that they seemed to know anything about was to chase one another around — something like what we called "tag," and shooting with bow and arrows. They were clippers at that, for they were taught to use the bow as soon as they could sit up. The men had guns, and used them in hunting, but ammunition cost too much, so the small Indians had to content themselves with bows and arrows, and make their own arrows, too. A boy of ten or twelve years could do considerable execution with them, and kill more or less small game, such as birds, squirrels, chipmunks, etc. Everything was grist that came to their mill and it was all eaten—even the skunks.

I formed a very close friendship with one little red skin, whose name was Wa-ta-sa, and we played together by the hour. He seemed glad to do anything for me. He would make and bring to me small bows and arrows, and then show me how to use them, and under his instruction I became a pretty good shot, but I could never equal him. I wonder whatever became of little Wa-ta-sa; probably he is dead long ago, for if living he would be more than seventy now. After awhile he wandered away with his tribe, and it has been early sixty years since I have seen or heard of him; but I have never forgotten him.

Wa-ta-sa had a small sister, about seven years old at that time, and she was a real cute and good looking little thing—if she had only been clean. How their black eyes would sparkle and snap when they became excited in their play or saw something good to eat coming their way. Her name was Na-me-tah, but what either one of the names meant in English I do not know. We used to call them Wa-ty and Na-my. If they were not at play or engaged in doing something in particular, they would sit an hour or more and never move or say a word, just as still as though they were made of wood; but their little black eyes took in every last thing; nothing escaped their notice. Those two Indian children were all the playmates that I had for some time, although occasionaly another papoose or two would come with them to our house, but Wa-ta-sa and Na-me-tah were there almost every day; they understood and could speak broken English pretty well, and they taught me many of their Indian words.

Finds Beautiful Squaw After Battle

But go back to the big battle on the Lake of the Woods. The accounts of the battle said that all of the invading tribe from the west were exterminated

—not one was left alive. Wherever the wounded were found in the woods or in the canoes, they were at once put to death without mercy. That is primitive war; but still, it is not so very far behind what is going on over in Europe now against the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth. It seems, from the stories that were told to us by these Indians of seventy years ago, and which had been handed down to them from their forefathers, that this was not quite true. While the Chippewas and the Pottawatomies were searching the lake and the surrounding forest to find and kill the wounded, one of the biggest and best chiefs—one who had fought bravely and well all through that dreadful slaughter, and who had distinguished himself in many ways—ran across a girl who had followed her tribe to the battle, and who had been wounded. She was trying to hide herself in the thick brush, thinking that perhaps that she might make her way back to the west where she could find some of her friends that had not followed the tribe to the war. But the keen eyed chief discovered her, and he made a rush with the intention of braining her with his war club, and so put one more of the hated invaders out of the way. As he raised his club to strike she lifted her face and looked at him and held herself ready and bravely to receive the death stroke. The chief's arm wavered, and he could not strike; she was a beautiful young squaw, and as he looked at her he knew that he could not kill her in cold blood. It was a case of what we call love at first sight—on his part at least—and his club fell to the ground without injuring the stranger. She had been struck in the shoulder by an arrow causing a wound that bled freely but was not serious, and she was weak from the loss of blood.

The invaders did not speak the same language that the Chippeways and the Pottawatomies did, and the and the young squaw could not unde chief's words; but there is that is much used by all In and that is universally und all of them—the sign lan chief soon made her comp the use of signs that he wou her, neither would he allow ar to do so. This chief's name v taw, and the squaw's name ma, but what they would me English I was never able to fi soon as the young squaw that she was not to be kil spot, and came to believe chief would protect her she ways to express her gratitu and that she was willing t him to any place that he d that she would be his sla more. That seems to have Indian idea of gratitude and man was the master and t was his slave—and some wl haven't entirely gotten o primitive usages yet.

Ka-me-taw finally induced the young squaw to make an effort to go with him to his own camp, and she complied although evidently she was in deadly fear of what would happen to her there; and sure enough, when they arrived where the home Indians were encamped at once there was almost a riot. The Indians were just crazy over their victory, and the awful slaughter that they had inflicted upon their enemies, and they were not willing to leave even one of them alive. As soon as they saw one of the hated tribes coming with Ka-me-tah they were wild, and they made one grand rush to put her to death in some way—the quicker the better. They naturally thought that Ka-me-tah had found her and was bringing her in as a prisoner, so that the whole tribe could enjoy the fun of seeing her put to death. But Ka-me-tah stood in front of his captive and with his big war club swinging in dangerous circles in close proximity to nearest heads. He finally made them comprehend that he intended to have something to say about the matter himself and he informed them very plainly that the first one that injured the stranger squaw would get their head spattered all over the landscape. The chief had many loyal friends, and gradually they began to gather around him and to say that whatever Ka-me-tah wanted done they would back him up in it with their good right arms, and the others better take a second think about it before they tried to interfere with his property. That kind of talk from some of the best men and hardest fighters in the tribes soon cooled off the desire for the stranger's blood, and they expressed themselves as willing to listen to what he had to say about it. A council was called for that evening to settle the matter, and in the meantime the head chiefs guaranteed the safety of his captive until the whole thing was decided.

Ka-me-tah Pleads for Captive

That evening the council assembled, and when all were seated in their proper places and the pipe had been passed around, the discussion began. Ka-me-tah was the first to speak. He said that he had tried to do his duty in the big battle; that he had fought from the first opening of hostilities in the morning until the last canoe was sunk, and the last stranger had been killed, as they supposed; but in his searching through the woods to see if any others could be found that were hiding there, he discovered this stranger squaw who was wounded in the shoulder by an arrow as they could see, and who was too weak from loss of blood to make her escape; that he had raised his arm to dash her brains out but when she lifted up her face and stood ready to receive his stroke, and waited patiently for the death that she felt sure was coming, he could not strike, and his war club fell to the ground. He said that he was convinced that this squaw was the one he wanted for his wife, and he wanted no other; he told them that he had done his best for the tribe in repelling the invaders, and now claimed his reward by their giving him his captive as his wife. He told them that he would marry her according to the tribal customs, and that he would teach her to understand and speak their language, and he would guarantee that she would become as good a member of the tribe as though she had been born with them. He finished his speech by declaring that if they condemned her to death, they would have to kill him also, because whoever touched her in any way but kindness, would have to do it over his dead body, and he gave notice there and then that any harm or insult to her he should take up and punish with his own hands.

As Ka-me-tah was known to be a good scrapper and was nearly equal to any two other men in the tribe, and was always ready to use his bow and arrows and his war-club, there were very few that were eager to argue the matter with him. After some discussion among the older chiefs of the tribes it was soon decided that Ka-me-tah was entitled to keep his captive, and if he wished to take her for his wife he could, provided that he would guarantee her good behavior, and see to it that she did not send any word to their enemies or attempt to injure the tribes in any way, and the whole matter was settled on that basis, and the chiefs guaranteed the safety of Wa-le-ma. But she was strongly guarded for the present and warned that she must not try to run away, for if she did she would be killed at once. She made them understand—by the sign language—that she would neither try to escape or do anything to hurt them in any way, even if she had a chance to, and then she was left to herself with permission to go wherever she liked so long as she did not leave the camp.

The first thing that Ka-me-tah had to do was to teach her enough words of the Chippeway language so that they could converse with each other outside of the sign language, and this he soon did. Then he made her an offer of marriage — Indian marriage — and told her that he would take care of her, and that when his tribes became satisfied that she was loyal to them that he would let her communicate with her own tribe and her relatives, if they could be found, and that they would both try to prevent any more wars between the western tribe and themselves and all live in peace as they should. According to the legend that had been handed down from one to another for nearly one hundred and fifty years this Ka-me-tah seems to have been a great deal more humanized than the other wild Indians of that time, and while he was a good fighter, and in no way averse to a scrap now and then when it was a good cause, still he did not delight in bloodshed and cruelty as nearly all Indians did. He had much rather live at home quietly, fishing and hunting, and trying to make things comfortable, not only for himself, but for the rest of the tribe, and he tried to impress his ideas and way of living on others of his tribe by telling them how much they would be benefited if they only would live as he asked them to instead of looking for trouble all the time, and

trying to pick a fight with some one. But he made small headway, because they could not even comprehend any other way to live except by pillage and robbery.

If they captured an enemy in battle they delighted in tying him to a stake set in the middle of the camp, and then building a fire around him and roasting him to death as slowly and as painfully as they possibly could, in the meantime shooting arrows into his flesh, but being very careful not to hit him in a vital spot until he finally died in lingering agony as long drawn out as they could make it. It was Indian nature to delight in cruelty, and such a thing as mercy never entered their heads. But Ka-me-tah was different; he was willing and eager to fight in defense of their home and families, and there was no braver or better warrior in battle than he, but after the fight was over he did not delight in torturing the prisoners or committing any kind of unnecessary cruelty, and many times he had saved captives that otherwise would have been put into a horrible and lingering death. He tried to humanize his tribe in every way that he could, but it was uphill work, because the other Indians could not understand what it meant to be merciful to the prisoners. At first they imagined that he was a kind of sissy boy, or was a coward, but after he had soundly thrashed a few of the young bucks for calling him names, and especially after seeing him in battle a few times wielding his immense war club, they concluded that they had better let him alone.

Ka-me-tah Third In Power

At the time of the big battle on the Lake of the Woods Ka-me-tah was the third chief in power and influence—or as we would say he was second lieutenant—with both tribes, and, if he lived, he was to become first chief. The Pottawatomies and Chippewas were virtually all one tribe, for they had lived in peace and harmony for many years; and they were allied against all outside aggression. Each tribe had its own camp, and its own chief and laws, but their camps were situated closely together on the southeast side of the lake, nearly where Cady's farm and the big vineyard is now located. At that time the lake must have been thick with all species of fish, and game of all kinds was very plentiful. The ground was covered with heavy oak timber that shaded them in the summer and protected them somewhat from the cold winds in the winter, and there they had lived in peace and plenty for a long time until they were attacked by the strange tribe from the west.

It had been an idyllic life that they had had there in the woods, but now the camps were full of mourning hardly a wigwam but had lost one or more members in the big battle. Many squaws were left without husbands, and many papooses were without fathers, the second chief had been killed and the first chief was very aged—too

old for action and altogetherw they were in a bad way. It was a famous victory, but was bought with a large price and the tribes would be without many able bodied warriors for a number of years; that was one of the arguments that told in favor of sparing the life of Wa-le-ma, because if she married Ka-me-tah they would be apt to raise up a family of good warriors.

The two camps of the tribes were situated so closely together that they were almost like one; still they were kept under separate governments. The chilren played together without let or hindrance, and they were just one happy family when let alone by outsiders. Before this attack they had lived in peace for many years and had grown strong, but this war come near to annihilating all their warriors and they must rest and raise new warriors before they could expect to engage in any more wars. There had been three head chiefs over both tribes. Old Howde-kee was very old—too old to fight—he could only plan and give his help in the council, and he wished to lay down his chieftainship and let them elect a younger and more vigorous chief in his place; the second chief had been killed in the big battle, and Ka-me-tah was the third chief, and soon after the battle he was elected principal chief over both tribes, and was married to Wa-le-ma, the stranger squaw, in the Indian way.

Chief and Bride Make Home on Island

The Lake of the Woods was much larger in those days than it is now, and it had a beautiful little island on the south side of the lake and not far from the southern shore. This island was small, but it was high and dry and was covered with large trees, and it made an ideal camping place. Soon after they were married, Ka-me-tah, with his bride, took up their residence on this island, and there they lived for many years, raising up a large family of children who were an honor to the tribes. As soon as Wa-le-ma could talk Chippeway she told her husband that her tribe had come originally from across the big lake—Lake Michigan—that they had been driven away from their homes there by some other tribe, and had taken their canoes and crossed the lake, landing on the eastern shore at the mouth of a small river, about where South Haven now stands, where they remained for some time. Not liking the country they had attempted to find better hunting grounds and a more agreeable place to pitch their wigwams and had gone on east, until they had finally come in contact with the Chippeways and the Pottawatomies and had then undertaken to drive them away and possess their splendid location on the banks of the Lake of the Woods. That account of this battle, as told by another writer, agrees with the legend told to me by my Indian friends, and it is probably as truthful a narration of what happened at that time as could be made where it is handed down from father to son for so many years by word of mouth, for they had no written language.

As soon as Wa-le-ma was able to talk with her husband she told him that when the able bodied of their tribe started out to fight for the place that they had decided that they wanted they had left behind them all of the aged and infirm of their tribe to wait until they had driven away the other Indians whose place they had determined to have, and then they would be sent for to come to the new location, after the battle was over. Before coming to the lake to try to dispossess the Pottawatomies and the Chippeways, they had sent spies ahead to see what the prospect was and to learn if possible how strong the two tribes were. These spies returned and reported that the two tribes at the lake were nearly equal in number to their own fighting men, and that they would undoubtedly fight to the last man for their homes, but that they thought that by coming upon them suddenly that they could be whipped and driven away, so they decided to risk it, and they started out with every able-bodied warrior. Many of the young women went with them, as was the Indian custom. They had been defeated and the young of the tribe had been exterminated; and now she said that she supposed that the old and sick who had been left behind, some of whom were her relatives, would have to starve or be killed by other Indians who would soon discover how weak they were, because there were no young men left out of the whole tribe to defend them.

Strange to say this excited compassion in the heart of Ka-me-tah—who was now head chief of both tribes and he decided to try to see if he could not prevail upon the rest of the tribe to have mercy upon the old and sick of the strange tribe. He put the matter up to the other head men, but at first they would not hear to a word of it. Such a thing, they said, was contrary to all Indian custom, and they did not see why they should show mercy and help to feed those who had done all they could to rob them of them lands and kill their warriors. But Ka-me-tah and his wife kept at it until the others consented to allow himself and his wife to find the strangers and discover the condition they were in. So the two started and made their way as best they could to the place where Wa-le-ma said they started from and there they found the remnant of the tribe, and surely they were in a sad case; they knew not what had become of their warriors and the young women, because none had lived to return to

them, and they must all die of starvation before long unless help came to them from some quarter.

Ka-me-tah and his wife set to work at once to relieve their wants; they had brought some provisions with them, and this was at once divided, and then they started out and soon killed enough to relieve their hunger. When that was satisfied and they had got back a little of their strength Wa-le ma told them the result of the battle and how her life had been saved.

Wa-le-ma told them the result of the battle and how her life had been saved, and that she and her husband had come to find them and relieve their wants, and to take them back with them; that their warriors had all been killed and they would starve if they remained there. Therefore, as soon as they could travel they were to get ready to go with Ka-me-tah and his wife to their camping ground, and they would be provided with enough to eat and have a place set aside for their camp where they could live. This was so utterly foreign to all Indian usages that they could not believe it. They thought that it must be some kind of a trap to get them to a place where they could all be killed easily and so disposed of. No Indian before had ever heard of an enemy taking all this trouble to save and do good to those who had tried to destroy him and if it had not been for Wa-le-ma, whom they knew to be one of their own tribe, they would not have gone a step, but would have remained where they were and starved to death. They thought that would be better than to lose their scalps to their enemies. Finally Wa-le-ma partially convinced them that no harm but only good was meant to them, and they got themselves ready and started on the journey to the Lake of the Woods. They must have traveled over what is now nearly the line of the territorial road through Keeler and Hamilton. Much of this route then was a dense swamp, and it was a hard trip for the old and sick. Some of them died while they were on the road and were buried where they fell, but finally the remnant arrived at the camp of the Chippewas and the Pottawatomies on the southeast side of the lake.

Reception Not Cordial

They were not very cordially received by the home tribes and many black looks were cast at them, and if it had not been for the great influence exerted by Ka-me-tah and his wife they would, without doubt, have been all murdered at once; but they were taken at once under the personal protection of the chief and he notified every one that any insult or injury offered to his wife's relatives and friends would be considered an insult to himself, and they all knew what that meant. So the new comers were allowed to settle in a camp by themselves, and the chief and his wife supplied them with provisions, and other matters to make them comfortable.

The new-comers never felt very sure about their hold on life, and they would not have been surprised at any time to wake up in the morning—like the army in Bible times—and find themselves all dead corpses. But time ran along and nothing happened to them, and they began to think that maybe it wasn't all a dream, and they could keep thir own scalps awhile. You may be sure that they were all devoted to Wa-le-ma, for they realized that it was all on account of her, and her influence over her husband, that they did not all die a lingering death by starvation and cold.

The camp that was assigned to the strangers must have been on the east side of Mud Lake, because it was said to have been on the banks of a small lake, near the other camps, and there is no other place that answers that description. Mud Lake at that time must have been larger than it is now, not such a complete mud-hole. In fact, only sixty years ago it was quite a pleasant little lake on the east and north shores. This strange tribe from the west were a branch of the Ojibway nation, whose home had been originally near Lake Superior, but for some unknown cause this section of the tribe had wandered away down through what is now Wisconsin and had finally crossed Lake Michigan as described. Their warriors and young women were all dead and Indian history says no more about them. Probably they died out or were absorbed by the other two tribes. Many nations in the centuries gone by, in both Europe and America, that once were numerous and powerful have disappeared in this same way, and are heard of no more.

The Chippewas and Pottawatamies lived around here for many, many years, and after this great battle Indian history makes no mention of their being disturbed again by any one until the white men came into their country, about one hundred years ago; but after the appearance of the whites they began to dwindle away rapidly, because the settlers brought with them whiskey and many kinds of diseases that had not been known among the tribes until after that time. Probably the very best Indian that ever lived, if they once get a taste of white man's whiskey, will sacrifice everything that he has for more. He will part with his wife, his children and all that he has, even his own life, if he can only obtain all the firewater that he craves. The consequence was that when the whites came here they soon possessed all the poor Indians had by supplying them with the wherewithal to get drunk, and when drunk the best of Indians became perfect devils, and committed all manner of crimes that they would never have thought of when they were sober.

With the whiskey the whites brought to them all kinds of diseases,—small pox, and other much worse—and it did not take long to obliterate the most peaceful tribes. It is said that the Pottawatomies and Chippeways were always friendly to the whites, and they refused several times to join other hostile tribes in their wars upon them. They refused to join the other Indians that attacked Gen. Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe in 1811, and they would not go to join the Indians with General Black Hawk when he put up such a gallant fight in Wisconsin and Minnesota in 1831-32. But the whites soon got possession of nearly all of their lands, and many of them were moved away by the government to Indian Territory, and now there are only a few left around here out of all those large tribes.

It was told to me that Ka-me-tah and his wife lived for many years in peace and quiet on the little island in the lake, and they raised up a large family of children who were a credit to the tribe. Ka-me-tah was elected head chief of both tribes and he held the position as long as he lived, and after his death his wife, Wa-le-ma, was chosen to take his place as head chief. She managed the affairs of the tribes, and did it well during the rest of her life.

The Indians never regretted the sparing of her life when she was captured after the big battle. After her death her eldest son was elected chief, and the chieftainship of the two tribes passed down from father to son in this family for many years. It is possible that some of their descendants are living around here yet, but that was either not told me or I have forgotten about it.

Indians Objects of Sharpers' Trickery

Now the Indians of Michigan are almost a thing of the past; a few are still living in different parts of the country; there is quite a settlement of them near Dowagiac, and they have homes and farms and their own church. At times the U. S. government has paid them quite large sums of money for the lands that were taken from them in years gone by, but whenever these payments have been made there has always been a gang of sharpers ready to induce them to buy all manner of things, at outlandish prices, that were of no use to them, and their money was fooled away for nothing.

The Indian always has, and always will, get it in the neck every time that he deals with a white man. For instance, when their money came from Washington, those who only just had shanties to live in, and not the least bit of musical ability, would be induced to buy pianos, lace dresses, and other such useless things, and in just no time their money would be all gone and they would have not a thing to show for it, and the white rascal would grow rich off their ignorance. The government is very strict about selling liquor to an Indian, and that saves the poor Indian some, and if they would see that they did not waste their money in the silly ways that they do, it would do them much more good, but they seem to pay no attention whatever to that.

All of the foregoing ancient history about the Indians of two hundred years ago I obtained by listening to the stories told me when I was a boy, and many of these yarns I remember as well as though I had heard them only yesterday instead of sixty years ago. I used to listen to these stories by the hour when the noble red men could be induced to talk, but sometimes they would not say a word for a whole day,

and it was no use to try to make them talk, because if they took a notion that they wouldn't talk the only thing to do was to wait until they got ready. I know some white folks—men, not women—that are afflicted in this way.

Sometimes the little papooses would neither talk nor play for hours, but would sit like little blocks of wood, but their little snapping black eyes took in everything going on around them. There was one thing that they were always ready to do, and that was to eat. I do not believe that an Indian—little or big—ever had all that he could eat. No matter if they had eaten until they were ready to lie right down and sleep, because they were so full that they could scarcely move, if you offered them a plate of cake and pie they would eat it and want more. We used to make bets about it as to whether they could be filled up so completely that they couldn't eat any more if something good was offered them. Our folks always had a great plenty to eat because we raised it. The hogs and cattle ran loose in the woods until they were wanted, and we had plenty in the eating line, if it wasn't very fancy cooking. We had lots of maple sugar and corn and wheat, so sometimes when the little papooses used to come over to play mother would keep putting things to eat before them, just to see them enjoy it; and, my sakes, how they would put it away.

I do not think that we ever succeeded in filling them up so but that they were ready for more of mother's doughnuts and cookies in ten minutes. But we had to be very careful not let them know that we were experimenting on their appetites, or that we were fooling with them in any way. If they had found it out they would have been angry in a moment, and probably would never have come to the house again. They were all, big and little, inordinately proud, and if you offended one in any way they would stalk away as haughty as a king, and very likely you could never get them to forgive you. My, but they were proud. Their eyes would fairly blaze if you offended them, and you did not have to scratch very deep to find the original savage. But they were loyal friends when you could once get their liking and confidence; then they would do anything for you. They were good friends, but at the same time they could be awful good haters. I wish that I knew what became of little Wa-ty and Na-my that I played with so many days; dead, probably, long ago, for if alive they would be old now.

Braves Good Story Tellers

Some of these stories that the Indians told us purported to go back to the days of the flood, but I have an idea that were apocryphal, or else they made them up out of whole cloth for the delectation of us white folks. Still they said that they were the same stories that were told them by their forefathers and had ben handed down from father to son for unnumbered centuries. Some few of the Indian story tellers were extra good in repeating and telling the yarns, and one would hardly vary a word from another when telling the same story. I do not know how much truth there was in any of them. I only give them as they were told to me. But very many of their stories are as fresh in mind now almost as the day when I first heard them. I do think that there must have been a good deal of foundation for the story that they told us about the big battle on the Lake of the Woods, and events that followed it, because it came from so many different sources, but I do not guarantee any of it.

The poor Indians are nearly all gone now, and the few that are left are slim specimens, except in a few cases. I do not think that it is any wonder, because the whites, in nearly all cases, did all that they could to degrade and corrupt them. They were robbed of their lands and other property, and about all that they received in return was a taste for whiskey, and a class of filthy diseases that they would never have had if they had not come in contact with the whites, but it is too late now to mourn it, because the time has gone by when we might rectify it in any way, even if we had any disposition to do so.

All around the small lakes with which this country is so thickly studded, and in the country round-about, the remnants of their work in flint—broken arrow heads, spear heads, axes, etc.—are picked up in any quantity, showing that the land must have been settled by them in great numbers, but that is about all that is left of the poor Indian.

[THE END]

MUCK LAND CHANGES HANDS

MODEL FARM OF ECKENBERGER AND HUNT SOLD TO A. FEENSTRA AND FAMILY.

Last week Eckenberger and Hunt sold their fine muck land farm of forty acres south of the village on the New Swamp road to A. Feenstra and family, and in the exchange Eckenberger and Hunt took sixty acres in the Orange belt of Texas.

The Feenstra family came to Decatur four years ago and bought the Darst farm of 162 acres. The land had been laying wild for twenty years and there were no buildings on it except an old barn. They lived for a time in this barn while building a house.

Their first two years here were discouraging. Besides losing $600 worth of horses they lost practically all of their crops by the floods. When the second flood came in the spring of 1914 and took all they had saved and planted they made up their minds they would leave if they could not get the big drain through. Mr. Feenstra took the petition and spent a week securing signatures and did as much as any one man in getting the work started, and now it will be but a few weeks before the big drain is let.

Last year was a good year for the Feenstra family, even without the drain. It was not so wet. They sold 1¾ acres of Golden celery which netted them $500 and 1¼ acres of Easy Blanching celery which netted them $410. Another lot of Easy Blanching celery too short to crate netted them $465. Still another lot not quite so good brought them a fair price. They also raised cabbage, onions and mint.

They consider Decatur muck the very best they have worked and say that if a man goes to work and sticks to it he can win out on it. The land bought of Eckenberger and Hunt joins their other land and gives them two tenant houses, distillery and celery house. Eckenberger and Hunt owned it seven years. When they bought it it had not been plowed in twelve years and was more like a frog pond than a farm. They have made of it a model farm.

The Feenstra family will build a large cow barn and go into the dairy business. They are to be congratulated upon their enterprise.

WHAT CONSCRIPTION MEANS

Conscription or draft means that Uncle Sam shall have the right to call upon all citizens, of age, to do his share of military or naval or other public service, without waiting for volunteers. War today is conducted on such a vast scale that it must be made a matter of national business, not sentiment, alone.

We have as a nation, joined with European Allies in the great war, to accomplish a specific purpose—first to secure the freedom of the sea under international law, second to put down military autocracy and promote democracy.

If these purposes are worthy our effort, if this republic of ours, the leader among the democracies of the world, is worth preserving, we must act well our part and utilize every ounce of effort in the conduct of the war.

To accomplish this, there cannot be reliance only on volunteers, for volunteers are comparatively few, and it is unfair to have a few perform the work ALL should share.

American liberty will be our undoing unless with it comes universal obligation, universal service; and the only way to secure that is to draft and select all men to serve in some capacity for the common good.

There are many branches of service in Uncle Sam's household, and every citizen should be compelled to give his share of service, either in the army, the navy, the Red Cross, the farm or some other place.

The only way to get this universal service is to compel it, just as the fed-

eral or other authority compels the payment of taxes.

That is conscription or draft, and it is the only system worth trying.—Progressive Herald.

HOW TO USE THE FLAG!

Fly the flag on its own staff—not with another flag.

No not display it before sunrise or after dark.

Put it up higher than your head.

Never put it upside down. This is a sign of distress at sea.

Do not let children trail the flag in the dirt. It should never touch the ground.

Do not use paper napkins decorated with the flag.

Caution careless users of the flag. Report violations of the flag law.

Do not pile merchandise of any kind on the flag in your show window. Even when used as an altar cloth the Bible may be laid on it—nothing more.

See that your flag has forty-eight stars in even rows. The length should be one and nine-tenths times the width and the Union as wide as seven stripes

When other flags are displayed put the Stars and Stripes up first and highest of all. In a parade it should have the place of honor.

When hung as a banner, the stars should be in the upper left corner. If hung with the stripes perpendicular, the stars should be at the upper right hand corner.

A FIRST CLASS OPTIMIST

The prize for optimism must be awarded to a resident of one of the rural districts of Ireland. An old man was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the waters rise, when a neighbor who possessed a boat, rowed across to him.

"Hello, Mike," he said, "have all your fowls been washed away this morning?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim?"

"Is your corn under the water?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure anyhow."

"I see the flood has reached above your windows"

"That's all right! Them winders needed washin'."

Blum—"Have you a few minutes to spare?"

HALF CENTURY OF THE LIFE OF THE REPUBLICAN

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THIS PAPER WAS PRINTED JUNE 5, 1867—FIFTY YEARS AGO TUESDAY.

Written by W. H. Tuttle, who set the type for the first Republican.

Fifty years ago this week Tuesday, June 5th, 1867, the first number of the Republican was printed.

Fifty years is more than the ordinary lifetime for human beings, but the time does not seem long to me as I look back, and sometimes I wonder where the years have gone to.

E. A. Blackman came from Paw Paw in the month of May, 1867, and in company with Prof. Bellows secured a subscription list. They ordered an outfit suitable for printing a paper in a small town, and rented the second story of the middle store of what was then the Poore Block for the office. This is the room now occupied by the G. A. R. as their hall.

I was only a boy then, but I had learned to be a compositor in the old Tribune and Clarion, and I was anxious to work, so I got Prof. Bellows to introduce me to Mr. Blackman, and applied to him for a job in the new printing office. He hired me on the spot, mainly, I think, on the recommendation of the Professor who was always a good friend of mine.

When the material arrived Ed. and myself got it together and put it in shape for business. The type was all new, but the press was an old second hand affair, that required considerable muscle to operate. By the first of June we were ready and proceeded to set the type for the first issue.

Prof. Bellows knew nothing about the mechanical part of the business, but he could write and gather up the local news, and he was a great help. I set up the very first type for the new paper, while Blackman, who was more experienced in that way than I was, arranged the advertisements, and on the morning of Wednesday, June 5th, we proceeded to run off the first papers.

I cannot tell now how many subscribers we had, but I do know that the new paper was quite eagerly looked for, and many were so very anxious to see what was in it that they could not wait to get their copy through the post office. They flocked to the press room and grabbed them as fast as we could run them from the press, and most of the people seemed very well pleased with the new paper.

I have one of those old papers in front of me now, and as I look it over there doesn't seem to be much in it of local news, but the people were pleased to have a paper in town again, and I am sure that it would have been a good paying business from the start, if it had not been for some unfortunate things connected with it for which there seemed to be no remedy.

Of course the office had to have more than one man to do the mechanical part of the work, and very soon it was full of printers, who had been hired by Blackman.

Hanging on the wall, in the present Republican office, are two protographs showing the employes who were employed in the office during the first year. They include Dick Lyon, George Sellick, George Voke, Andy Johnson and myself, and of all those boys who worked there with me then, I am the only one left alive. Probably all of the older inhabitants will remember all of these boys.

Prof. Bellows stayed with the paper but a few months. He was offered a position as Professor of Mathematics in the Normal School at Ypsilanti, at a much larger salary than he could ever hope to make in Decatur; so he sold his interest in the paper to Blackman, and accepted the position. He remained there the rest of his life. I am sure that Professor Bellows was a good man, if there ever was one, and almost every one who knew him respected him thoroughly. But he had one great fault, that the world cannot overlook, he was poor, and he had no business ability to look out for the best interest of himself and family, and that led him into a lot of trouble in the end, and caused him to lose his home.

Well, from that time on the paper was firmly established, and it has been printed every week from that time since, except for a few years, some twenty years ago, when the name was changed to the "Independent", but it was always the same old paper.

How well I remember those boys who worked there in the office with me. It doesn't seem possible that they can all be dead, but it is so.

I have been reading over the local items in this first number of the Republican, and I am tempted to reprint some of them here; it may be that some of the older people will enjoy recalling the local news of fifty years ago:

THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN JUNE 5, 1867.

"Paw Paw and Lawton R. R.

The work on this road is being pushed forward with great activity and it is expected that the road bed will be completed and ready for the ties in four or five weeks."

Attention Ball Players

There will be a meeting of the Decatur B. B. Club at Parkhurst & Foster's office on Saturday evening, June 9th. Come one, come all.

J. M. French's Great Oriental Circus stopped here last Friday, camels and all. It was a very good show of the kind, and there were "several" people in town.

"The foundation for the buildings of the Michigan Central Iron Works, at Lawton, are being laid, and considerable progress has been made in the work."

"How pleasant it is at the schoolhouse, the front grounds smile as if in conscious joy for what has been done for them in making the rough places smooth, and in improving the untidy bushes and grubs, perilous to unwatched and unpracticed feet."

—

"We congratulate the American Express Co. on the beautiful and commodious office, which their enterprising agent, Mr. G. Tarbell, has just completed, in which to transact their business."

—

"We understand that Mr. Ed. Farmer of this place, our worthy sheriff, has been appointed Deputy United States Marshal for the Western district of Michigan. A good appointment."

—

"Children Wanting Homes:—S. H. Lancy, of the Children's Aid Society of New York City, will be at the Duncombe House, in this place, on Thursday afternoon, with a large number of children, in search of homes. All who are interested in this work of charity are invited to meet the agent as above. Mrs. Penfield, of the "Home of the Friendless" will also be here with six very interesting babies."

—

"Some cowardly wretch, in the darkness of last Saturday night, took occasion to vent his spite against Mr. Benj. Tuttle, of this place, by throwing a big club through his bedroom window, completely demolishing the glass and sash. It is understood that Mr. Tuttle's activity in prosecuting liquor suits was the cause of the cowardly deed. It is the nature of the beast.

—

"The M. C. R. R. is making arrangements to use coal engines on this division. We noticed the other day a new engine, 'Monitor No. 10' for burning either coal or wood. It is said to be a very powerful engine. The company have also been enlarging and repainting their passenger houses, both at this place and at Lawton. The new brick watering house in Decatur is nearly finished."

—

"In passing the farm of Homer B. Smith, one-half mile north of Foster's Corners, one cannot fail to observe the evidence of his industry and thrift. His farm, which one year ago was a dense forest of grubs, is now a most promising field of wheat, every grub rooted up and tidily piled away. His brother, J. H. Smith, on the other road, is building a barn, which, when finished, will be one of the best in the county."

—

"Our village is the scene of great activity the present season in building. Dwelling houses and barns are going up on every hand; others are being remodeled, enlarged and repainted. Newly laid out lots in our pleasant suburbs are rapidly secured, and with the fine residences which soon occupy them, move, as it were, into town. May enterprising activity and industry contribute to our growth, and good taste, give our budding promises to blossom as the rose."

—

"H. A. Rogers has just completed and has for rent three new houses at the east end of Delaware street, in the new suburb of "Rogersville". It is expected that the street cars will be running out this way by the end of the season, and the people can ride in from this new suburb very quickly and cheaply."

—

"New Stage Line to St. Joseph

Messrs. Selter and Vincent have put on a new tri-weekly line of stage coaches from this place to St. Joseph, going via Keeler and Millburgh, leaving here on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and returning Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving in St. Joseph at half past two o'clock and in this place at two o'clock, in time for the trains both ways. The road is good, the distance less than by other routes and the fare is only $2.25.

—

In those days the trains on the M. C. R. R. left here as follows: Going west at 1:20 and 5:40 a. m. and 2:10 p. m. Going east at 11:25 a. m. and 2:38 and 8:55 p. m.

—

The principal market quotations at that time were as follows: Wheat, $2.45@2.75 per bushel. Beans $2.50@2.75 per bushel. Corn $1.10; Tame hay $18 per ton; Oats, 85 cents per bushel; Eggs, 15 cents per dozen; Flour, $15.00@18.00 per barrel; Cheese 18 cents per pound; Potatoes, 80 cents per bushel; Butter 16 cents per pound; The most of things in those far away days cost nearly as much as they do now.

—

In looking over the names of the merchants who were doing business here in those days I find the following:

Chas. N. Poore, who had a hardware store where the Racket store is now located.

H. A. Seymour, Livery.

L. Noble, furniture store, on Sherwood street.

E. E. and J. L. Chadwick, dry goods, in the present Stewart building.

O. S. and A. A. Abbott, dry goods, on the Durkee corner.

W. C. Tucker, general store, located on the Wood's hardware corner.

Wm. O. Bond, groceries, about where the second hand store is now.

Nash and Keables, dry goods and groceries, in middle building of the Carney block.

Russell and Arnold, dry goods and groceries, located about where the First State Bank now stands.

Fred Smith, jewelry and all around mechanical genius, where Frank White's barber shop stands.

G. B. Boughton, photographer, in third story over the Racket store.

Rawson & Haynes, lumber dealers and grain buyers at the old warehouse near the depot.

L. D. Roberts, hats and caps, in building located where Crilfield's store stands.

Foley J. Taber, news dealer, in same store with L. D. Roberts.

S. N. Thomas, hardware dealer, located about where the doctors' offices are.

W. E. Trowbridge, drugs and groceries, located where Carney's drug store is now.

H. A. Rogers, grocery corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets.

D. H. Manley, dry goods and millinery, at the Brooks corner.

W. Larzelere & Co., dry goods and groceries, but I do not remember where they were located.

J. S. Dowd, groceries, store stood on what is now Burdock park.

Moore and Lisk, hardware, where the Racket store is now.

Leavens & Son, drug store, in wooden building where Shaad's store is now.

Among the business cards I find the following:

C. T. Baker, M. D.
J. T. Keables, M. D.
R. M. Huntington, M. D.
Dr. G. W. Dey, dentist.
Parkhurst & Foster, lawyers

These were not all of the Doctors and Lawyers by any means but is all that I find mentioned in this first paper. The town was spotted with them.

Aaron Burnett, barber.
C. H. Haskins, auctioneer.
S. Kurtz, painter.

The Duncombe House, at the corner of St. Mary's and Phelps streets, John Smith proprietor.

The Galloway House, H. Galloway, prop.

The Tittle House, Clate Tittle, prop.

The Butler House, "Whiskey" Butler, prop.

Of all these men in business here then not one is still in business here now, and only two that I know of, are still alive. Surely fifty years makes great changes.

Well, I think I have said enough about the beginning of the Republican, more, probably, than most of your readers will care to read, but, as one of the helpers in issuing this first number of the paper, I felt as though the fiftieth anniversary of that event ought to be noticed in some way.

FACTORY OPPORTUNITIES

Decatur had several narrow escapes from becoming an extensive manufacturing town many years ago, but it seems as though every last thing that promised to benefit Decatur in those days, in some way managed to fall down.

To say nothing about the gold mine that didn't mine, something like fifty years ago the Singer Sewing Machine Co. proposed to erect here a large branch for their factory. At that time there were large amounts of walnut and other kinds of timber suitable for making their wares, and they wished to put up a large factory here and make sewing machines.

The negotiations with the town were carried quite a ways and it was thought for a time it was a sure thing and that we would have a factory located here that would give employment to a great many people the year round.

It is so very long ago that I do not recollect what happened to break the affair off, but I think that the Singer Company asked the town to donate a parcel of ground of a few acres on which to put the factory, and also exempt them from taxation for a term of years and the town

wouldn't do a thing for them.

The town said that if they wanted to come here and put up a factory they could, but they wouldn't give them a cent, and the factory replied that there were lots of towns that would treat them fairly and liberally and they would go somewhere else to put up their branch. The whole matter fell through, and Decatur lost the chance to get something that would have been an immense benefit to the town.

Then next, some Dowagiac men proposed to build a large foundry here, and they even bought the ground and commenced work on the foundation, and then all at once that was all thrown up and abandoned. I don't remember what the trouble was but all at once the whole thing went by the board, and Decatur lost another chance to gain a factory that would have furnished employment to a large number of men.

Forty-five years ago we had a fine, large grist mill here that made a market for much grain that was turned into flour and sold to outside towns and must have brought a great deal of outside money back here, but the mill failed like everything else and finally burned down and was never rebuilt. Decatur luck!

We once had a distillery here that turned a great deal of grain into alcohol, and also fed large numbers of cattle and hogs with the slops. That was abandoned a great, great many years ago and went to ruin, but happily that was one of the things that could be spared just as well as not.

1917

EARLY OFFICIALS OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Read by Mrs. Carrie Nutting Carr at Meeting Held in 1898 on the 30th Anniversary of the Dedication of the Presbyterian Church of Decatur.

The first trustees of the Decatur Presbyterian Church were W. E. Trowbridge, Joseph McClintock and John Tarbell.

Subsequently the office was held by C. N. Poor, E. P. Hill, Drusus Hodges, Carlton Wheeler and Jerome Coleman.

There is little record of the woes and struggles of the first board of trustees, but we may be sure that in raising funds for the necessary expenses, they were frequently sorely taxed. It is no light duty to execute the office of trustee in a young and struggling church in a community during it's formative period. It is to be regretted that we do not have a fuller account of their labor of love that we might recall it and do them honor in their self-sacrifice in the work for the church and not for the church alone but also for the community.

A great historian has written, "Happy are the people whose annals are uninteresting." If this is a fact, then the annals of this church, so far as the board of trustees is concerned is uninteresting enough to lead to the conclusion that this is a very happy people. With this bit of honorable mention, we will dismiss the board of trustees.

The first elder elected at the organization of the church was Joseph McClintock. He was the only elder for four or five years. In 1852, G. A. VanSickle and Samuel White were elected and installed. In 1862 W. E. Trowbridge became a member of the session. In 1864 A. H. Williams and Drusus Hodges. In 1868 E. P. Hill and Jerome Coleman. The other men who were elected in later years and who still hold the office do not come within the scope of our record. The office is of such character that it demands high personal work and consecration as well as sanctified common sense.

A rare opportunity is given in the office of the eldership for a wide and deep and holy influence. The elders do more by their character to influence the younger men of the church than any other person in it. More even than the pastor, for pastors may come and pastors may go, but elders go on forever or until death.

JOSEPH McCLINTOCK

How many great opportunities for loving, kindly influence for good. Joseph McClintock, the first elder was a kindly quiet man whose influence was felt most in his own neighborhood. Never an aggressive man. He was so consistent. He was always known to be on the right side at all times and everywhere, placed as he was in the community and church in a formative period, he bore himself well and left behind a memory well worthy to be kindly recorded by the succeeding generations. He came to the church from a New York State church, identified himself with the infant Presbyterian church and from the time of his election until his death in 1881, was instant in his work as he had oportunity. For thirteen years he was in office as an elder. I find in the session book opposite his name this brief record, "A quiet, consistent Christian."

Though living nearly four miles from town, he was seldom absent from the church services. His wife still lives at a great age on the farm. They have wrought together to make a home. The sympathies of this people go out to her to-day in kindly remembrance of her devoted husband.

W. E. TROWBRIDGE

Mr. W. E. Trowbridge was another elder well worthy of office. He was born, reared and maried in Alleghany county, New York. He came to Kalamazoo in 1850 and to Decatur in 1854.

He engaged in mercantile and manufacturing pursuits and always maintained the highest reputation for integrity and probity. His praise is now heard in both the church and the community.

I find the following in his obituary notice in the Republican, "In furthering the higher interests of the town, he was a conspicious pioneer, whatever religious standing Decatur has is due to him and such as he who ever took and held a noble stand against the irreligious and immoral influences of western life. He was a life long and zealous Christian and for the remarkable term of seventy years was a consistent and active member of the Presbyterian church. For nearly thirty years he held the office of ruling elder and adorned the office with his kindly courtesy and firmness."

He aided by his prayers, his work and his means, every good work in the church and the town, one of his pastors has repeatedly remarked that he was the only man he ever knew to be too liberal with his money. The call of Christ was so near to his heart that it made a constant drain on his pocketbook. Happy in his married life and in his family relations, he was a model in church and in public life. He was permitted to celebrate his golden wedding anniversary with the wife of his youth, an event rather remarkable even in the longer settled communities.

Of his children, two died in their infancy, Mrs. Wheeler before his death, Mrs. W. H. White since, Mrs. W. H. Nearpass lives in San Diego, California. Mrs. Stewart and Miss Ida Trowbridge with Mrs. Trowbridge are with us today, useful, active and happy in their Christian work and life. Mr. Trowbridge lived to celebrate his eightieth birthday. His eighty-first was celebrated on High. The obituary notice above closes with these words. "A good man has gone from our midst, one whose familiar face will not soon be forgotten and whose cherished memory will not soon fade away."

Mrs. Trowbridge is now the oldest living member of the Decatur Presbyterian church. It is interesting to recall the fact that she has seen practically the whole history of the church as it has unfolded and it is a source of utmost gratitude to her to see how successfully its work has been carried on.

Of Mr. Samuel White some impressions have been given the writer which convey no idea of the man as he was physically, but a vague spiritual photograph flits before the mind's eye of one whose whole interest was in the spiritual welfare of the church. Mr. White was superintendent of the Sunday School.

JEROME COLEMAN

Mr. A. H. Williams who appears on the church record as an elder was elected but never ordained.

Mr. Drusus Hodges has left no writ-

ten record of his life, but an enduring memorial that exists in the hearts of members still living. Testifying to his worth and devotion, one says, "Say everything good of Mr. Hodges, he was a most devoted Christian." Another, "Deacon Hodges nearly always had something to say about religious matters whenever you met him." Another, "Deacon Hodges was always at prayer meeting and should he be absent we knew that there was a good reason for it. Another to whom the writer mentioned his name responded with a pleasant smile chasing over the wrinkles of the face as the words, "Yes, Deacon Hodges was a good man." fell from his lips.

Jerome Coleman is another of the elders of this church who has left his impress on its history and is well remembered.

He with his wife Mrs. Fanny Coleman came into the membership of the church in 1866 and he died July 28, 1884.

He was born in Tinmount, Vermont, 1833. his father removed in 1836 to Hamilton. His childhood and youth were passed in this vicinity until he attained his 19th year. He then determined to go to California, then to Eldorado to find out if its golden sands would smile him into competence. He went by the way of Vermont and New York.

While at the home of his infancy he met a young girl of 13, Miss Fanny Frisbee, and four years later on his return from his adventure in California he found his way to the Frisbee homestead again, and in one year Miss Fanny Frisbee became Mrs. Jerome Coleman.

Decatur became their home in 1864. In 1866 they are found in the church membership and in 1868 Mr. Coleman was elected to the eldership in which he served until his death. In 1871 Mr. Coleman took the law course in Michigan University and thence forward practiced his chosen vocation in this community.

Mrs. Coleman is still with us, fit companion of Mrs. Trowbridge and Mrs. Ann Toof, widow of pastor, Rev. E. M. Toof. She is an inspiration to her pastor who rejoices to see her in the sanctuary and who when he looks into her face and the faces of these others of whom mention is made above recalls the pleasant memories of past years of labor, self-sacrifice and honorable Christian endeavor.

Mr. E. P. Hill is the sole survivor of this group of figures which adorn the early history of the eldership of the church. With his wife, Miss Harriet Hatch, he has lived for 55 years, having celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1893.

E. P. HILL

Born in Waterville, New York, he lived in that village until early manhood, married in Leitchfield, Conn., in 1843, and removed to Davenport, Iowa, thence to Decatur in 1858, where he engaged in the manufacture of stoves. His home has been here ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill united with the struggling church in 1859 by letter and with Mrs. Trowbridge, Mrs. Keables and Mrs. Baker form a quintette of noble and self-denying Christians, who have prayed and worked and given of their means with rare devotion.

From the time of uniting with the church until now, Mr. Hill's name is prominently mentioned in the records of the congregation, and from 1868 onward he is written up in the sessional records. He will soon close 30 years of service in the eldership of this church, the longest in point of service of any one who has ever held the office in this church.

Mr. Hill's assistance in the church work has always been conscientious and faithful. He has given largely of this means and has always encouraged the pastors in their work.

Three children of this worthy couple have grown to maturity. One son has gone to his reward and his family, a wife and two sons, reside in Atlanta, Ga. Another son, Dana, now resides in Mulvane, Kansas. A daughter, Alice, is the wife of Rev. J. A. Gordon of Van Wert, Ohio. Full of years and honors they abide in a happy old age among friends who love them for themselves as well as for the good work they have done in the church and community.

Humanly speaking, but for E. P. Hill and W. E. Trowbridge this edifice never would have been erected.

THE WOMEN'S SOCIETIES

It is to be regretted that there is no record within my reach to enable me to chronicle something of the personality of the officers of the Women's Societies in connection with the erection of this building. In the building of every church of this country women have borne a conspicuous and self-denying part and we may be sure that this can be said of the women of this church in its erection.

Though there are no records, there are some recollections of their work. The women met in a sewing circle, held suppers, made fancy work, carpets, etc., for the purpose of raising money to furnish the church when completed.

After the church was enclosed and plastered a fair was held within the walls and a handsome amount was netted for the treasury of the society. When the church was ready for occupancy by this means and other like agencies the women had raised eight hundred dollars for the furnishing. Mrs. Carlton Wheeler and Mrs. Dr. Baker went to Detroit and personally inspected the furniture which it was desired to secure.

And now with gratitude for the past for its record of Godly lives and patient labor, with hope for the future, let us for the time bid adieu to this group of honored figures summoned from the canvas of history and thank God. Take courage and say as God has watched over this church in years gone by we devoutly hope He will guide it in the years to come. For we devoutly believe that the younger men who are called to take the places of the fathers of blessed memory, will, with the blessing of God, come fully up to the high measure of faith and devotion with which these lives adorn the history of the church.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE

GALBREATH BARN BURNED AT SIX AND SPARKS SET FIRE TO CHURCH SHED AND CADY BARN LATER IN THE EVENING. LOSS IS HEAVY.

The beautiful Presbyterian church is in ashes. It was built in 1868 and was one of the most imposing structures in the village. Last Friday evening it was destroyed by fire.

Jakie Schneider is but five years old but in his short rise from the cradle he has made his name a household word in the community and has a fair start toward notoariety if not fame.

Jakie and Alice Barnes were playing in the hay in the Galbreath barn last Friday afternoon. Jakie had a box of matches with him and lit one. It blazed up and began to burn his fingers and he dropped it. Then he and Alice had to hurry to get out which they did. This seemed to be the most likely story, although Jakie tells that Alice dropped a lighted match down the hay chute. The little folks did not report the situation and the barn was a mass of flames before the fire was discovered.

The alarm was quickly sounded but the barn and contents were destroyed and the firemen had to do active work to save the nearby buildings.

The barn belonged to the home of Mrs. I.B. Galbreath, the property fronting on East St. Mary's Street. It was built by the late Mr. Galbreath five years ago and was a substantial buiilding. It was filled with hay and grain and some pieces of furniture and a flock of chickens. The Schneider cow was just being led from pasture and was saved in spite of her efforts to enter the burning building.

Mrs. Galbreath is with her daughter, Mrs. Dana Sherrod, in Bloomington, Illinois and Isaac Schneider and family have resided in her home here the past year.

The burning embers of the fire had died down and the firemen and spectators had left the scene. At 9:30 in the evening, Mat Cady went out and inspected his barn which was close to the fire, but found no indication of further trouble.

Soon after ten o'clock young men going home from the show discovered the Presbyterian sheds adjoining the Cady barn to be in flames. The alarm was sounded and the firemen promptly responded but the sheds and barn were past saving before water could be gotten to them. The fire carried to the church building and it was so hot firemen could not stop it. The big building was doomed and the flames spread so quickly that not all of the furniture was saved.

The homes of mesdames Burlingham and Rogers on the west and Mr. Cady on the east were in great danger and all of the furniture of both houses was removed. Fortunately there was no breeze stirring and both places escaped without much damage.

The Cady farm was filled with hay and grain. The loss is estimated at from fifteen hundred to two-thousand dollars with five-hundred dollars worth of insurance on the building and two-hundred on the contents, in one of Mrs. Haynes' companies. The church was insured for four thousand on the building and contents in companies — represented by Mrs. Haynes and J.F. Brigham. One thousand of the insurance on the church covered the pipe organ which was installed a few years ago at an expense of nearly twice that amount.

The loss falls heavily on the Presbyterian church society. The members have kept their handsome edifice in perfect repair and within the past ten years they have spent thousands of dollars in improvements upon it. They feel keenly the loss but they are not a society that will falter nor lose courage. Already they are considering the problem of rebuilding, and although it is not likely that definite action will be taken this year, it is practically certain that within the near future a handsome modern church will take the place of the building which served its purpose well for nearly a half century.

For the time being the Presbyterian services will be held in the Town Hall.

When it became evident that the church would go it seemed to many impossible that the adjoining houses could be saved. Calls for help were phoned to Paw Paw and Dowagiac and both companies promptly responded. The Dowagiac company drove their fire truck here in forty minutes. Before either company arrived the home boys had the fire under control. Membrs of the Home Guard remained on watch duty all night.

1917

THE RAWSON HOUSE IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

LIKE AN ANCIENT CASTLE IT TOWERED ABOVE THE TREES IN THE DISTANCE AND WAS THE MOST IMPOSING LANDMARK ABOUT DECATUR

The home of A. Vandermolen was destroyed by fire Tuesday evening. The fire was discovered in the second story about nine o'clock and probably caught from the stove pipe. The house was outside of the corporation and just beyond reach of the nearest hydrant. The fire whistle sounded the alarm and the boys took out the chemical engine but the flames had spread so quickly that they could not be checked and a large crowd assembled to watch the beautiful building burn to the ground.

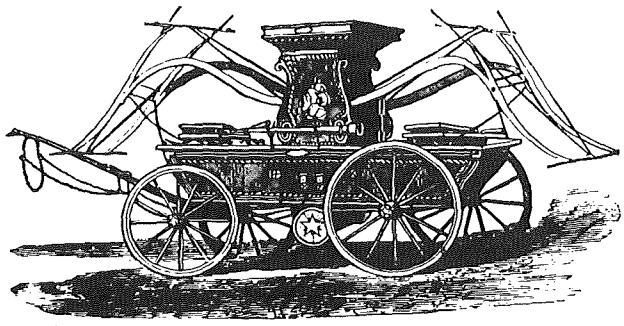
A part of the furniture was saved and Mr. and Mrs. Vandermolen and their five little ones found refuge in the home of Neil King across the road. The building was insured for two thousand and the furniture for five hundred dollars with a Dowagiac company.

This house was located just out of the village on the old swamp road on an elevation of land well back from the highway. It was one of the land marks of the town and made an imposing picture towering above the handsome grove in front.

It was built by the late Lyman T. Rawson at a cost of over eight thousand dollars. The lumber used was white wood and would take a small fortune to buy it now. He was two years completing the house and the family moved into it in 1862. For more than twenty-five years it was the home of this excellent family. From it the three children grew up and went out into the world to other homes of their own and their mother died there.

Since the Rawson family left it the place has had many tenants and owners, and the Vandermolens came into possession of it four years ago.

1917



Nicholsville Once Called Volinia

In connection with the account of the rebuilding of the Nicholsville Dam published in the Cassopolis Democrat last week, was the following history of the Village of Nicholsville:

One of the very first waterpowers built in Cass county was on a stream in Volinia township connecting Finch and Bunker Lakes. The dam was built by Alexander Copley, and to utilize the power developed, a saw-mill and grist mill were built, and with them as a nucleus quite a flourishing little village grew up, with postoffice and stores.

The mills were a great boon to the early settlers, and people came from a great distance bringing grain to be ground and logs to be made into lumber.

As the country settled up and other waterpowers were developed, and especially after railroads were built, the importance of Nicholsville diminished, but the mills have been kept running as occasion demanded through all these years, with several changes of ownership, until this spring during the freshet, the washout occurred in the dam, and the waterpower which had turned the wheels there so many years was destroyed.

There seems to be some discrepancy in statements by early settlers of this locality who should know, and some of the printed histories. The latter say that there is nothing on the records to show that there was ever such a village as Nicholsville laid out, but that a village containing 33 lots, called Volinia, was platted, covering the ground now called Nicholsville, and that the postoffice located there was called "Little Prairie Ronde."

County Surveyor, W. W. Reynolds, who in conjunction with surveyor Fred E. Smith of Penn, and surveyor Chas. J. Bradt of Marcellus, has been surveying the land bared by the recession of the water caused by the washout in the dam, says that he has seen the field notes of the survey of "Nicholsville," in the S. E. corner of Sec. 11, and the S. W. corner of Sec. 12, made by John C. Bradt, surveyor in 1851.

The latest atlas of Cass locates Nicholsville as above described, everybody calls it that, so we think it is Nicholsville, maugre the county history.

The first sawmill in Volinia township was built in the summer of 1835 by Alexander Copley, where Nicholsville now stands, and was started up on its first work December 20, the same year. It is supposed that the power was obtained by an overshot wheel. The iron work was obtained at Mishawaka, of the St. Joseph Iron Works, where was located the first furnace for the smelting or reduction of iron ore west of the Alleghanies. The ore from which the iron was smelted was what is known as "bog iron ore," and was obtained from a tract of low, marsh land, some of which is now a part of the farm attached to the Notre Dame College, where there was a considerable deposit. This ore and the St. Joseph Iron works, which reduced it to metallic iron, and got it into shape so it could be used for the manufacture of plows and other tools of iron, was of very great help to the early settlers of this part of the country. To its occurrence may be attributed the location of the Bennett Axe works, and the plow foundry, in which a young Scotchman, who was a moulder, called in those days "Jimmy" Oliver, discovered a method of suddenly chilling and consequently hardening the molten iron when it was poured into the mould, and which resulted in his removal to South Bend where the manufacture of the "Oliver Chilled Plow," made the name famous the world over and the inventor many times a millionaire. Specimens of the ore may be seen in the rooms of the historical society, in the old court house at South Bend, and pieces of it are occasionally plowed up on the farms in the vicinity of that city. Some of the ore is also occasionally found in Cass county. It is usually porous and resembles a piece of rusty sponge, and has a very high content of metal-

lic iron. We have a piece in the Democrat office, a good typical specimen, that was picked up in Howard township.

A grist mill was built on this dam in 1851 by Harry George, and he soon sold it to Jonathan Nichols and his brother, who were keeping a hotel there, and it is probable that from time to time the place became Nicholsville instead of Volinia, as it was platted, or Little Prairie Ronde, as the postoffice was called.

Nicholsville, as late as 1875 had a population of 100, two stores, blacksmit shop, cooper shop, wagon shop, shoe shop, veneer and basket factory, tannery, grist mill, sawmill, hotel, two physicians, a lawyer and a carpenter.

A PETITION

The following statement, defining the attitude of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination on the point of bearing arms in times of war, was prepared by the North American Division Conference Committee, in its recent meeting, and has since been filed with the assistant Secretary of War at Washington, D. C. It will be noticed that the petition requests that the religious convictions of Seventh-day Adventists against "participation in acts of war and bloodshed" be recognized by those in authority, but that it does not ask that Seventh-day Adventist young men be exempted from non-combatant duties, such as relief work, Red Cross, and many other lines of work in which they can serve the Government if drafted:

To the Assistant Secretary of War—

In behalf of the Seventh-day Adventists of the United States of America, the Executive Committee of the North American Conference of Seventh-day Adventists respectfully submits the following statement:

We believe that civil government is ordained of God, and that in the exercise of its legitimate functions it should receive the support of its citizens. We believe in the principles upon which this government was founded. We are loyal to its constitution, which is based upon the principles of democracy and guarantees civil and religious liberty to all its citizens.

We deplore that our nation has been drawn into the horrors of war, and shall continually pray that the God of Heaven may speedily bring peace to our country.

We have been non-combatants throughout our history. During the Civil War our people officially declared:

"That we recognize civil government as ordained of God, that order, justice and quiet may be maintained in the land, and that the people of God may lead quiet and peacable lives in all godliness and honesty.

"In accordance with this fact, we acknowledge the justice of rendering tribute, custom, honor and reverence to the civil power, as enjoined in the New Testament. While we thus cheerfully render to Caesar the things which the Scriptures show to be his, we are compelled to decline all participation in acts of war and bloodshed as being inconsistent with the duties enjoined upon us by our divine Master toward our enemies and toward all mankind."

We hereby affirm the foregoing declaration. We petition that our religious convictions be recognized by those in authority, and that we be required to serve our country only in such capacity as will not violate our conscientious obedience to the law of God as contained in the decalogue, interpreted in the teachings of Christ, and exemplified in His life.

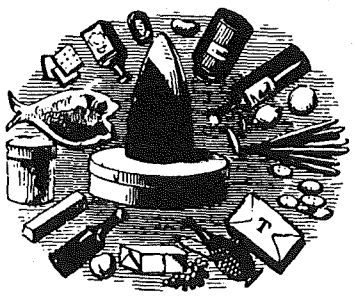
PIONEERS OF EAST DECATUR

It's strange the change that the short period of forty-seven years will make in a community. Thomas W. Roberts of East Decatur dropped into the Republican office last Saturday afternoon and in the course of a pleasant visit with him, he remarked that of all the families who resided in East Decatur, School District No. 5, when he located there in 1870 the only ones left are himself and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carpenter and Mrs. John Graham.

Then he named over the families who comprised the district in 1870 and it may be of interest to the old timers to go over the list. They were as follows:

Ed Campbell
Ploper
Myron Newkirk
William Powers
Frank Carpenter
Orval Sweetland
Jonah Thurston
Soloman Waters
Net. Thurston
John Graham
Dennis Murphy
Edward Ray
William Ray
William Graham
James Howland
Stephen Pepper
James Caldwell
Alfred Doolittle
Oscar Caldwell
Paulina Durkee
William McAdams
Zachariah Lewis
William Stone
Lyman Eastman
Thomas Roberts
Johnson
C.W. Gardner
Dillon Turner
Robert McCann
William Newkirk
Daniel Carney
Thomas Blades
Sherman
Ransford
Mrs. Campbell
Seth Cary
Lathrop
Wesby
Elder Ormsby
Clark Green
Andrew Cross
Merrils
Charles Love
Sam Sweet
M. Gates
Frank Lewis
John Lewis
Hinckley

The parents in most of these pioneer families are now numbered with the great, silent majority. The children who are still among the living are scattered throughout the Union. If any of them will drop a line to the Republican recalling the pleasant times of the past and sending greetings to those left of their childhood friends, we shall be glad to pass it on to them.



GROCER.

FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS IN DECATUR

L. G. STEWART BEGAN HERE IN 1877 AND IS THE OLDEST MERCHANT NOW IN BUSINESS ON THE STREET.

Forty years in the grocery business in Decatur is the record of our esteemed merchant and citizen, Lewis G. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart completes his fortieth year in business this year and is the oldest merchant on the street. Only three now living here, L. D. Roberts, W. H. Clark and T. Trowbridge, were in business when he began.

In 1877 L. D. Roberts bought the grocery business of Al. Stephenson located in a frame building where F. L. Mosier now sells dry goods. Mr. Stewart went with him as clerk.

Three years later Mr. Stewart and his father in law, W. E. Trowbridge, bought out David Squier, then located on the burnt district south of Shaad's store, and Mr. Roberts went into the E. P. Hill building, now the Ellis building where the second hand store is located. Thomas Browning became the owner of the Stephenson building, converted it into a brick building and leased it to Chas. Schuster for five years at $400 a year.

In a few months Mr. Trowbridge sold his interest to Mr. Roberts and the new firm of Roberts and Stewart built the handsome brick building now occupied by B. K. Durkee the following year. The frame building on this lot was moved across the street and is now George Roberts' hardware store.

This partnership was dissolved in 1886, Mr. Roberts taking the building and Mr. Stewart the stock. Mr. Stewart continued in business on this corner eight years. In 1894 he became the owner of the Chadwick building where for the past twenty-two years he has sold groceries and enjoyed a good patronage and a comfortable income.

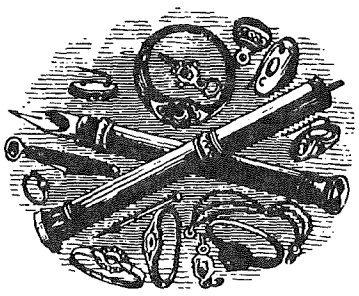
L G Stewart has not only been a capable and reliable business man, but he has always been interested in the welfare of the community and public spirited in all matters that appealed to

him as possessing real merit. In the years past he has given much of his time to the village without thought of remuneration. He has been a valuable member of the Council and it was through his personal effort that our beautiful railroad park was established. He also served for many years as a member of the Board of Education of the Decatur public schools with credit to the District, and his activities in the church with which he has long been associated are well known to his fellow members.

The Republican voices the sentiment of many friends in wishing Mr. Stewart many more years of active life in Decatur.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AT THE BENCH

UNUSUAL RECORD MADE BY DECATUR'S VETERAN JEWELER AND REPAIRER OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS — 38 YEARS IN THIS VILLAGE



JEWELLER.

April 4, 1917, completed forty-five years at the bench for our Decatur jeweler, G.B. McOmber. Thirty-eight of these years he has spent at watch work in Decatur.

Mr. McOmber commenced as a boy repairing watches and clocks. At the age of seventeen he began as an apprentice with H.B. Enos of St. Joseph, Michigan, working for no wages and his father paying his board. Later, because his father objected to his working unless he could earn his board, Mr. Enos, rather than have him quit, agreed to board him if he would help Mrs. Enos with the family washing each week.

After something over a year with Mr. Enos and one summer on his father's farm, he was married at the age of nineteen years. He then worked one winter in a shop at Marcellus, Michigan, going from there to Devall's Bluff, Arkansas where he worked on Grand Prairie three months.

Becoming acquainted with a Mr. Goss, a Swiss watch maker, located at Devall's Bluff, he began work under his instruction staying with him a year and a half, and then opening a shop for himself — he arrived in Arkansas in 1873, and left there in 1876 three and a half years later.

From there he went to St. Louis, Missouri, running a repair shop there a short time and also doing repair work for Jacard and Mermod who were wholesalers.

From St. Louis he went to Troy, Illinois where he had a shop for one year. Then he returned to Michigan, and worked his father's farm, working winters at the bench.

After one winter at Coral, Michigan he came to Decatur in April, 1879, where he has since remained, completing the thirty-eight years this week as mentioned above.

In the forty-five years he has repaired over seventy thousand watches. Fifteen thousand clocks, thousands of spectacles, jewelry, and many other kinds of work, including sewing machines, knitting machines, barometers, and one threshing machine, one threshing-machine engine, one merry-go-round, many kodaks and lately delicate parts of automobiles.

In the long ago, he has repaired many English and Swiss watches, striking watches, horse-timers, etc. He has seen the Swiss, German, and English key-wind, cylinder, berge, patent, and detached levers subplanted by the modern stem-winding, pendant setting and adjusted high-grade watches of today.

Watch repairing requires delicate tools, many of which Mr. McOmber has made as occasion required.

1917

RECALLING OLD TIMES ON THE PRAIRIE

SUNDAY SCHOOL STARTED AT HUYCKTOWN SCHOOLHOUSE — CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETING ALSO ANNOUNCED AND PREACHING TO FOLLOW SOON.

During the past summer has occurred a revival of "Ye Old Time" religious interest in the community once known as "Little Prairie Ronde."

There are not a few who can recall the earlier days when the Sabbath school at the brick schoolhouse in the Huycktown district could hold its own with the best county Sunday schools in the neighborhood, even though perhaps in Will Carleton's phraseology, "Neighborhoods meant counties in those days"

It will be good news to the vicinity to learn that the Sunday school as an institution has been revived on the Prairie and that the gatherings there are again a most prominent feature from Sunday to Sunday.

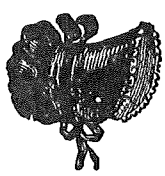
The Sunday school is a live one, led by an able corps of earnest Christian workers who mean business.

A noteworthy fact is that, while in the earlier days mentioned, the work of the Sunday school was left mainly to the ladies, several representative men of the community have now interested themselves in it, and by their presence are lending the energy and virility that the masculine element always brings into such work.

Nor is this all. The greatest surprise awaiting a former resident returning to the Prairie on a summer vacation is to find a thriving Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, recently organized by Mr. Glenn Hobbs, a young student from the Michigan Agricultural College, who is spending his summer vacation on the farm of Mr. L. L. Lawrence. Mr. Hobbs has had experience in this line, as he was prominently identified with the Young Men's Christian Association at the M. A. C.

It is refreshing indeed to see a young man who comes into a community as a stranger and remains but a brief time, and yet makes himself so thoroughly one of the people as to take such a helpful part in Christian activity. Such a forward movement, started with so worthy a motive, deserves not only the commendation, but the ready response of every member of the community.

The Christian Endeavor Society, which convenes Sunday evening at 7:30 is intended to arouse interest and engage everyone if possible, in co-operating with the great work for which the "field is ripe unto the harvest." This is but the prelude to the holding of regular services each Sunday evening. The first of these meetings is to be held on September fifth, when Rev. Raber of Porter, will come to address the people and commence a work, which, it is hoped, will continue indefinitely. Everyone who is sufficiently interested in this movement to lend the encouragement of his presence, will find a cordial welcome awaiting him.



CRIFFIELD'S

We close at 6 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday evenings

THE STORE THAT SATISFIES

We send laundry Monday and Wednesday evenings.

THE RACKET

It is time to begin to think about that Xmas present. We have our stock all in so you can get anything you want at the Racket.

SPECIALS

Saturday we will have an advance sale of BOOKS at 10c and 25c. The same old prices in spite of the advance in paper.

3 BOXES OF 5c MATCHES FOR 10c.

FRUITS AND CANDIES

The Racket will be headquarters for fruits and candies. You all know that we have kept the best and cheapest Oranges, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Lettuce, Grapes, and Salted Peanuts always fresh. Fine Cream Chocolates at 25c. Marshmallows at 15c per lb.

Remember every time you spend 25c you get a chance on the 100 piece set of dishes we give away November 29.

P. E. PRITCHARD

MRS. RYAN'S DEATH RECALLS LOCAL HISTORY

Had been a resident of Decatur or Hamilton for sixty-one years — Edward Carney, her brother, is last of family of ten children

Mrs. Mary Ryan died February 6, 1917 at the age of eighty-two years. Mary Jame Carney was one of ten children of James and Mary McLain Carney. She was born in Thomiston, Maine in 1835. Ten years later the family came to Michigan and located in Kalamazoo.

In the summer of 1856 the parents both fell ill of cholera and died within two days of each other. That same year Mary Carney came to Decatur and was united in marriage with Michael Ryan. They were married by the priest in the home of Owen O'Neil and it was a wedding long to be remembered by those present. The O'Neil house has long since been torn down. It was located near the present site of the Lewis Carpenter house on north Phelps Street.

Michael Ryan was a native of Tipperary, Ireland. He had drifted to Decatur and was working on the Michigan Central. He built the upright of the Galbreath house on East St. Mary's Street and they began housekeeping there. Some years later Mr. Ryan bought a farm in Hamilton where he lived until he died fifteen years ago.

Of the family of ten children Mrs. Ryan's brother, Edward Carney, is the only survivor.

Edward Carney came to Decatur in 1857 and he is probably the only continuous living resident of the village.

When he came, Charles Poor, was building the three-story store building known as the Poor block. Eli Rich, who lived in the house now occupied by Pearl E. Pritchard, known in later years as the Browning home, was the mason. He was the father-in-law of John Rogers. The family moved from here to Dowagiac where some of them still reside.

In those days every store keeper had a barrel of whiskey in the cellar and customers went down and helped themselves.

Mr. Carney went to work for Edmund Ingalls who sold beer, whiskey, meat, pies, cakes, sugar and flour. Whiskey was three cents a glass and the best cuts of sirloin seteak were three cents a pound. He says Decatur was livelier then than it is now.

1917

DECATUR---

OLD AND NEW

by W. H. Tuttle

From a few years before until a few years after the breaking out of the Civil war, Decatur was quite a thriving little village, and, apparently, there was much more business going on here then than there is at the present time.

Outside of the Michigan Central there was no other railroad within forty or fifty miles of us, and all the farmers who had anything to sell, especially things which had to be shipped away, had to draw them to some place on the line of this road.

At that time Decatur had the reputation of being a first class wheat and live stock market, and those commodities were drawn here from as far away as twenty-five and thirty miles. All the loads of wheat had to be drawn up the long bridge to the top of the freight house and unloaded, and as only one load could go up at a time it was rather slow work.

What is now our pleasant little park was during the fall fairly covered with teams waiting their turn to drive up and unload, and many times farmers would have to stay in town over night because they could not get a chance to unload the same day they came in.

There are very few people left who were here fifty-five years ago, or at the beginning of the Civil war in 1861, and as to business men of the town not one of that time is still in business.

There are very few buildings left that were standing then. Of the stores on Main street I think that there is only one brick building occupied by the Racket Store and three wooden buildings that had been put up before that time, and if one were to try to give the names of the early merchants of that day, the present generation would scarcely recognize one of them.

There are some few residences still standing that were in existence then, but most of those have been altered and built onto so that if the original inhabitants could return they would hardly know their own homes.

I do not think that Decatur could possibly have had more than 600 or 700 inhabitants at that time, for the last census in 1910 found only 1400 people here, and surely the town must be at least twice as large as it was in the sixties.

There were hardly any buildings south of the railroad tracks, except the old tannery, and the ground was mostly covered with oak grubs.

In 1860 the children went to school in the Old Red School House, located on the back part of what is now Walt. Greenman's lot, and so far as I can remember, there was not another building north of there, no street in that direction, and heavy timber covered the ground where the Water Works and the present High School building are now located.

At the west end of town there was hardly anythig west of Williams street. I was too young to remember much about it but I know that we didn't have to go but a very short distance in any direction to get out into the country.

DECATUR'S BOOM

About 1866-67 Decatur had quite a boom and there was a large amount of building done for this small town.

A good many families moved here from Ohio, Indiana, and other states, and houses had to be built for them to live in. What it was that drew these outsiders here no one seemed to know, for there was no swamp land here to furnish people work then, but they came here for some reason.

Henry Rogers built the three square houses at the east end of Delaware street at that time, but they were pretty well out in the country then.

For a few years Decatur grew at a great rate, but the boom didn't last long. New railroads were built all around us, new villages and shipping points were established along their lines, they took away a good share of the wheat and stock shipments from Decatur, and our village settled back into a state of quietude.

We have never had any factories here to furnish employment for large number of men, and until the swamp land began to be improved we seemed to be going backward. But now the swamp makes work for a great many men, women and children, and brings a large amount of money into the town, and while it will neer grow to any great extent, it is probably as thriving and as well off as many towns that are much larger, and certainly it is a pleasant town to live in.

FINDING GOLD

During the summer of 1864 we had quite an excitement for a short time over the finding of gold in the swamp. A man by the name of Tucker lived at that time on what is now the Lewis farm on the New Swamp Road. This Tucker spread the report that he was finding gold in the swamp, and, as may be imagined it didn't take long to send a lot of men down there prospecting, for, if there was any gold to be dug out of the swamp there was a whole lot of folks here who would be glad to get hold of some of it.

I remember going with my father and a lot of other men down there to see what could be found; Tucker had dug a big hole in the ground, about ten or twelve feet deep. This hole must have been located nearly where the little grove and buildings are now just south of the Lewis home. It was partly filled with water, but with long-handled scoops they could bring up the black mud from the bottom, and then with a milk pan they would wash away the mud and in the bottom of the pan would be left a residue of a heavy black sand in which there were little specks of something that shone and sparkled, and was claimed to be gold.

But if it was gold—and I believe that point was never settled to a certainty—it was in such very minute quantities that one would have to work a long time to obtain a dollars worth.

There was a merchant here at that time by the name of Wiggins, and he was very much interested in the matter, and he exhibited a small chunk of what he claimed was gold. It was tested and weighed by Fred Smith, the jeweler, and he said that it was gold and weighed about a dollar's worth.

On the strength of this small nugget Wiggins tried to get up a company and sell stock, to lease land and explore for the precious metal. But the more that the little nugget was examined the more it looked like a gold coin melted and allowed to run into nugget shape on the ground, and the company fell through. But they certainly did wash out small specks of something that sparkled and glittered in the sunlight, for I washed out several panfulls myself, and father washed out some.

It looked like gold but if it was the specks were so very small that one would have to work hard all day to get enough to make twenty-five cents worth. Gradually people became convinced that it didn't amount to anything and the excitement died away, and now there is scarcely a person left in Decatur who remembers anything about it. There are very few persons left here who were here at that time.

THE ARTESIAN WELL

Another disappointment for Decatur came about fifty years ago. We had been promised an artesian well of medicinal water, if the town would bore a well deep enough, that would make Decatur a great health resort, and would bring many people and much money into the village and probably make every last one of us rich without any doubt about it.

I do not remember who it was that told us all this, but whoever it was he talked so convincingly that he made a number of men here believe it, and a company was formed here at once to bore the well. Jake Kissel, a blacksmith and wagon maker here at that time, was at the head of the company and also furnished the tools to do the boring. Some paid in money for their stock in the new enterprise and others gave work for their stock.

The well was begun and was located between the street line and the sidewalk a few rods east of the Duncombe House corner on Sherwood street and for awhile the town had high hopes of getting at least an artesian well, if it wasn't medicinal water. I don't remember how deep they succeeded in getting the well down—it was a good ways—but they didn't find water of any kind, and finally the hopes of obtaining an artesian well began to fade away and the stockholders became discouraged. About this time the borers lost the drill head in the well and couldn't get it out. Some were unkind enough to say that this was done purposely, to stop work and save their faces. However this effectually put a quietus on going any farther with the work, and it was given up.

As for electric railroads that were to connect us with surrounding towns and give us rapid and frequent service to nearby cities, gracious only knows how many right-of-ways have been granted to different roads, and every one of them has promised to have their cars running before snow flew again, and one company even went so far as to haul two wagon loads of dirt on their right of way near here, but no one has seen a single car running yet, and no prospects of any.

We did one time get a canning factory built here and it was run for a few years—at a loss all the time—then it burned up. After that we had a smaller canning factory for a while but now that has been abandoned and we have no place at all where people can dispose of their surplus fruit.

Our small grist mill burned down a few years ago, and now there is no place where people can get their own flour ground. The measure factory and the hoop factory are the only place sthe town can furnish indoor work for men, and there is nothing for women to do except a few jobs of picking over beans in the winter, and picking grapes in the summer.

Decatur has been extremely unfortunate in this way, and whenever a chance has been offered that would give employment to workers, something or someone would kick it all over, and if it wasn't for the swamp and the work it gives, it is hard to see what would become of the people who are obliged to work for wages.

The swamp makes a great deal of work for men, women and children in the summer time, and brings a great deal of outside money here out of the celery and peppermint oil crops, but during the winter time nearly every one has to lay off and wait for the spring to come, getting through the cold months as best they can.

Decatur is a nice little town to live in a factory or two would make it a good town to work in.

Officers

Mrs. Ella Dolloff	President
Mrs. Mabel Pomeroy	Vice President
Mrs. Mame Bope	Recording Secretary
Mrs. Sallie McOmber	Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Elma Bagley	Treasurer

Ex-Presidents

Mrs. May Healy	1894-1895
Mrs. Anna Sage	1895-1898
Mrs. Lena Rawson	1898-1901
Mrs. Carrie Thomas	1901-1903
Mrs. Mary Rose	1903-1906
Mrs. Addie Toof	1906-1908
Mrs. Adele Maxwell	1908-1909
Mrs. Mary Hooper	1909-1911
Mrs. Franc Rogers	1911-1912
Mrs. Gertrude Criffield	1912-1914
Mrs. Mame Bope	1914-1915
Mrs. Dexter Brigham	1915-1917

ADVISORY BOARD

Miss Shaad	Mrs. Yeckley
Mrs. Knolls	Mrs. Criffield

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Toof
Mrs. Anna Sage
Mrs. Sadie Squier
Miss Ella Smith
Mrs. Clara Brigham
Mrs. Sarah Trowbridge
Mrs. Fannie Thomas
Mrs. Mary Willison
Mrs. Carrie L. Thomas
Mrs. Jennie Wolcott
Mrs. Anna Tuttle
Miss Elizabeth Thomas
Mrs. Ada Baker
Mrs. Emma Vincent

The

Every Tuesday Club

Decatur, Michigan

1917 - 1918

Organized: October, 1894
Federated: With State, 1897
With County, 1897

Tuesdays, Half after Two.
Study. Current News.

Club Colors: Green and White
Club Flower: Carnation

COMMITTEES

PROGRAM

Mrs. Maxwell	Mrs. Pomeroy
Mrs. Rawson	Mrs. Eckenberger

MUSIC

Mrs. Bope	Mrs. Yeckley

ENTERTAINMENT

Miss Shaad	Mrs. Hudson
Mrs. White	Mrs. Rudsinski

REFRESHMENTS

Mrs. Stapleton	Mrs. Warner
Mrs. McWilliams	Mrs. Spellman

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

Mrs. Rogers Mrs. Carney Mrs. Hunt

FLOWER

Mrs. Evans Mrs. Ellis

AUDITING

Mrs. Durkee Mrs. Stewart Mrs. Burlingham

DECORATING

Mrs. Rafter Mrs. DuBois Mrs. Adams

HOUSE

Mrs. Criffield Mrs. Wood

Delegate to State Federation: Mrs. Dolloff
Alternate: Mrs. Pomeroy

Music, for each day, in charge of hostess

CURRENT NEWS

1. Foreign Affairs.
2. Domestic Affairs.
3. Current Literature
4. Drama and Music.
5. Labor and Industry.
6. Science and Invention

Active Members

Section I. In charge of Mrs. Mabel Pomeroy
Mrs. Elma Bagley
Mrs. Essie Bissenger
Mrs. Etta Adams
Mrs. Mame Bope
Mrs. Cecelia Knolls
Mrs. Sarah Burlingham
Mrs. Fracie Conway
Mrs. Gertrude Criffield
Mrs. Loretta Copley

Section II. In charge of Mrs. Adele Maxwell
Mrs. Katherine Carney
Mrs. Gertrude Conway
Mrs. Ella Dolloff
Mrs. Ella Durkee
Mrs. Sarah DuBois
Mrs. Annette Ellis
Mrs. Alberta Evans
Mrs. Alice Wood
Mrs. Dorothy Hudson

Section III. In charge of Mrs. Sallie McOmber
Mrs. Mary Hudson
Mrs. Jennie Hunt
Mrs. Winnifred Knolls
Mrs. Ella Eckenberger
Mrs. Agnes McWilliams
Mrs. Carrie Roberts
Mrs. Grace Rafter
Mrs. Ida Yeckley
Mrs. Lucile Rudzinski

Section IV. In charge of Mrs. Lena Rawson
Mrs. Mary Rose
Miss Anna Shaad
Mrs. Eunice Spellman
Mrs. Lena Stapleton
Mrs. Fannie Stewart
Mrs. Mary Tietsort
Mrs. Cora Warner
Mrs. Mary White
Mrs. Franc Rogers

Honorary Members

Mrs. Elisabeth Clark
Mrs. Martha Harlow
Mrs. May Healy
Mrs. Mary Hooper

Associate Members

Mrs. Alma Greenman
Mrs. Anna Hinkley
Mrs. Lottie Huyck
Mrs. Rhoda St. Germaine

A BOY SOLDIER OF - THE CIVIL WAR

How Danny Got Into The Soldiers' Home at Chattanooga and Back to His Regiment at Atlanta

January 1, 1917

After spilling and spoiling the beans and while digesting that pie costing a dollar, a big sign above the selling booth reading "Like Mother's Pies",(?) which caused many pangs in hungry stomachs, Danny had plenty of time that hazy October afternoon to wonder and worry about supper, lodging, etc.

Accosting the old soldier with kindly eyes and corporal's stripes, I told him the whole story of my recent escapade, truthfully holding back nothing.

Learning that he was staying at the Soldiers' Home nearby and the head surgeon a relative of his, I had a friend in need on the spot. He said:, "Danny, you look pretty young and frail to be so far from your mother, trying to be a soldier. I'll take you to the surgeon and tell him you are from one of those temporary companies out on the hill and in the bustle, excitement and mixup out there they have no sick call and that you need help. After a minute's pause, he said "After that you must do the rest, but you better feel as bad as you can when Cap, that's the Surgeon, looks you over. Maybe he'll send you to the Soldier's home."

I then faced the Captain, giving him my regiment, company, where located and why I was in Chattanooga. "Well, son, how do you feel, tell us all about it", That was just about the cue Danny wanted.

"Well, I feel bad all over, no appetite, can't eat anything, (I'd just done a two hour's job on that pie) and they ain't got anything fit to eat up there, no cooks, they burn the beans (?), and scorch the beef and the hard tack is wormy and its two miles to lug wood every day, and, and I've had quite a fever today—(?)

"Let me see your tongue. Yes, your pulse is up. Jim, write this kid an order to the Soldier's Home."

ENTERS SOLDIERS' HOME

Danny had made out a good case. I took a prescription he handed me to another clerk and got a couple of bottles of medicine and some pills. I never took any of it, but I did take the home.

Dear Reader, did you ever leave the sunlit atmosphere of home, and all the multiple things that cherished word includes? Cutting all the thousand strings that bound you to it, tiny silken threads to be sure, but vibrating with love, joy, happiness, and then plunge out into the cold, careless world of greed and selfishness in a strange uncongenial environment with insufficient, nauseating food, scoffs and jeers for sacred things, with oaths and ribald stories vibrating in your ears and searing your heart? And if you did, do you remember the ceaseless yearning for home and home scenes and something clean and sweet and how

dispirited and lonely you were, no one to confide in? Even the moon and stars were wrong and looked down with a cynical leer and you felt that goneness, nothingness, and utter despondency, one step from despair.

Well, that's how Danny felt when entering that Soldier's home. But what a revulsion, I never expect to be so near Heaven in this world as I was then. Courteous attendants, good food, well cooked, even Irish potatoes. What a contrast to that dollar dried apple pie! My cot had the same homey odor when I turned down the cover that the sheets and pillow slips had when mother was ironing at home and everything was clean. My sleep was refreshing with pleasant dreams of far away Michigan scenes and faces.

WHY DANNY ENLISTED

I had time those hazy October days to read and write and think. A new and different world had opened to the backwoods boy. Its impress was deep and vivid but disappointing. My ideals were shattered. I pondered on the motives which actuated my going into the army, the primal moving force. It was sudden, but why sudden? True I had a heart concussion that summer, that, well it stunned me and left a scorched and blistered heart. Her eyes were the deepest blue with a riot of shimmering golden hair, full pouting lips touched with nature's richest carmine, pink cheeks and velvety skin, O, why enumerate. She was wonderful to me. She wore a 25c "shaker" on her head and a shilling a yard calico dress with few frills, and furbelows, because it was made by hand, and that dress had a row of smoked pearl buttons up the back, so long and close together I could never count them.

Her name was Mattie and she was "the hired girl." She was two or three years older than I and more than ten years wiser. I took her to my first circus (but that is another story), that summer of 1864 and she was pretty sweet on Danny till Jeff Shafer came onto the scene with a ten dollar a day livery rig, and then he had his innings, and Danny was up in the air and went to war. A hankering to see the world and the spirit of adventure also lured me and further I was patriotic and loved the dear old flag under whose folds my grandfather and great grand father had fought.

Well, anyone reading this can easily see it was pure patriotism that prompted me to enlist (?), and its very uncommon now, after more than fifty years, when the old boys in blue tell how they saved the country, to give any reason, save unselfish patriotism, their country's need, why they joined the army.

In a few days trains were running to Atlanta. I got on top of a freight car one afternoon when the soldiers were climbing on top of each car to guard the train from guerillas. No one said anything to me, they were all strange. I had no particular right there, but I rode into Atlanta the next day after. Our train was wrecked near Big Shanty, but I made my way to my regiment.

The boys not having heard from me for a month thought the Johnnies had "gobbled me up."

—Peruna.

VISITING MY BIRTHPLACE

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle

A short time ago I took it into my head that I would like to visit the scenes of my early childhood and the town where I entered into this world of trouble. The little town of Mendon, lying on the St. Joe. River and about twenty miles south of Kalamazoo, happened to be that fortunate—or unfortunate—locality, so one morning I jumped the train and wended my way thither. My last previous visit to Mendon was when I was seven years of age, and that figures out about sixty-two summers in the past.

Arriving there I found a small town of some 800 inhabitants, that last year had its business section almost entirely destroyed by fire. I was told that the town owned a fire engine but no water works, and when the big fire got nicely going in some unexplainable way their fire engine got away from the people and started on a journey of its own, running down the steep bank and clear out into the middle of the St. Joe. River where it stuck and refused to come out again. The population had to stand by and see their town burn up until they could send to Kalamazoo and Three Rivers and obtain help to extinguish the remnants of the fire. Now the town has commenced to build a water works plant to prevent a repetition of this disaster.

They are also rebuilding their stores on the main street, and possibly in time the village may be much better off than it was before the great fire. It certainly made a clean sweep of nearly every building on the main street.

Before I went to Mendon I had thought that Decatur was an extremely quiet place to live in; I do not believe that any one will accuse us of having a noisy or an exciting place of residence but I really never knew what quiet was until I struck Mendon. Decatur is a raging, roaring, volcano, or a fierce battle "Somewhere in France" compared to that town. They have a good hotel and I had a nice room looking out upon the river, but when I woke up sometime in the night actually I was frightened; I thought that perhaps I was dead and buried, it was so infernally still, and I had to get up and kick a chair over to make a little noise to compose my nerves enough so that I could go to sleep again. It was so still that it seemed unnatural; and it is almost as bad in the daytime.

I took a walk around the residence part of the town, and I walked for a good thirty minutes along the cement walks and never saw a single person or heard a sound except one lonesome bird that was trying to sing in a tree, and making a bad job of it. No children playing, nothing but a dead silence. And it was almost as bad down on Main street where they are rebuilding the burned blocks. There I could see a few men at work, carrying lumber, laying bricks, etc., but hardly a sound was to be heard—no singing, laughing, talking or banging things around, as men generally do when putting up a building. I'm sure I don't know how they did it.

Well, I succeeded in finding two ladies that I used to know when I was a kid; one of them was a playmate of mine in those far off days; neither one of them knew me, and could hardly be made to understand who I was when I told them my name and where I came from. Certainly I should not have known them. One of them—my former playmate—I had heard was dead years ago, and it was something like seeing a ghost to find her alive and in the flesh. After visiting these two ladies—and it didn't take long to satisfy both them and myself that we had visited a great plenty, I started out to see if I could find the place where my parents and grand parents had lived when they first came to Michigan, and where I was "borned" into this world. Fortunately one of the ladies that I called on, and who had lived there all her life, could tell me where it was, and I started out to find it. It was only a short distance outside of the village, good walks all the way, and well shaded, so it was a nice little walk. On the way out I passed a house where a lady sat under the trees picking over string beans, and I stopped and talked with her. She told me a lot about the old place—which was only a short distance further on—and she also said that there was a very old lady that lived near her that had resided there all of her life, and if I would stop on my way back that she would have her come over and talk with me, and that no doubt she would remember back to the time when my people lived there seventy years ago. I promised to stop, of course, and went on. I found the place where my folks had lived so long ago, but the house that they had lived in burned down many, many years ago. The burning of that house is one of my earliest recollections. Another house had been built in the same spot where the one that burned had stood, and it was surrounded by large trees

that must have been there in our day.

Rafts on St. Joe River

The St. Joe River runs just a few rods in front of it, and my first remembrance of the place is that I used to see rafts float down the river loaded with all kinds of stuff going to St. Joseph to be shipped across the lake to Chicago; there were no railroads any where near there in those days, and everything had to go down the river on rafts, or else be hauled by team to Kalamazoo. I used to sit on the banks of the river and watch the rafts go by, and wish that I could go with them. The rafting business has been done away with for many years now; the country is cut up by railroads in every direction, and also the river has been dammed at various points to furnish electrical power which is sold to the towns in that vicinity for light and motors.. Mendon is lighted with current from a dam lower down the river, and now they are building a water works plant there which, I was told, was to be operated by electrical power from the same plant. Electricity is, or soon will be, king, and is one of the things that the world could hardly get along without; and what a very short time it has taken to bring it into such general use.

Well, I found the old place where my parents and my grandparents lived seventy years ago and where I was born, and I poked around there awhile but of course there was nothing there that I could remember except the river; the house was vacant and locked up, and it looked as though it was just ready to fall to pieces from old age; it was surrounded with very large trees that must have stood there more than seventy years, so I suppose that I must have played under them in my babyhood. While I was there looking around a man came along in a buggy —a buggy, mind you, not an auto— and he stopped and asked me what I was looking for, and I told him. He told me that he was the son of the man who owned the place and who had built the present house, and this gentleman told me much about the old place. As nearly as we could study it out his father must have bought the farm of my grandparents when they sold it and moved to Iowa, and had owned it ever since. He told me all that he knew about it, but that wasn't very much.

I soon got enough of it and started back to town. On my way back I stopped where I saw the lady under the trees, and sure enough she had the old lady there that she had spoken to me about. She told me that she was seventy-seven years old, and had lived there ever since she was three, and that she remembered my parents and grandparents when they lived on the old place and she was a child. She said she wasn't quite sure, but she felt pretty sure that she had seen and played with me when I was a baby. I had a good time visiting and looking around anyway, but I have no desire to ever go again.

I feel sure that if anyone wishes to take the rest cure that there is no better place on earth to get it than Mendon. Certainly nothing would disturb or excite one there. Mendon is a nice looking little town, with handsome residences, and I judge that the people are all, or nearly all, well-to-do in a money way, and it seems to be a very nice country all around there, and everything looks prosperous. In all my walks around the town and out in the country I saw nothing that looked like a cemetery, and I do not believe that they ever bury anyone there. When the inhabitants die I think that they blow away like thistle down.

Big Mill Not Wanted

Since coming back home I have heard a story about this town of Mendon, which, judging from what I saw, I have no doubt is strictly true. It is said that some time ago a large paper mill, employing a great many men, wished to put up a big dam in the river there to furnish power, and then they would erect a large mill that would furnish employment for a great many men, who would receive good wages and steady work. It was talked over, pro and con, by the inhabitants, but the business men of the town finally came to the conclusion that they did not want the big mill to come there and they were able to block the whole scheme. They reasoned in this way, "Now if this mill comes here of course it will bring many new men here and they will have their families with them as permanent residents; that will mean much more trading in our town and will bring in new business houses to supply the demand and cause competition, and that is just what we do not want. We want to remain as we are." —and they did. Another objection was that the mill might make a noise. So the big mill was built in some other town that wasn't afraid of competition and noise.

Well, I had a good time anyway, and I enjoyed my visit there, but a part of two days and one night were a great plenty to satisfy me, and I do not care to ever go again.

THE DECATUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPEN TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Our schools offer opportunity to the young men and women of Decatur and vicinity to get a good fundamental education.

Our high school is on the "Approved List" of the U. of M. and our recommended graduates enter that institution and the several Normal and Denominational Colleges of Michigan without examination.

Our School Board is composed of the following members:
Isaac S. Dewey, President.
J. G. Hirst, Secretary.
Mrs. P. E. Pritchard, Treasurer
Dexter E. Brigham, Trustee
John Brigham, Trustee

The corps of teachers numbers fourteen, as follows:
E. R. Washburn, Superintendent, Science.
Edith M. Hewitt, B. A., Principal, Mathematics and Science.
Madeline McCrodan, Music and History
Helen A. Mills, B. A., B. Pd., English
Lucille Owen, B. A., Languages.
Ruth F. Rogers, B. A., Eighth Grade.
Ethel Ray, Seventh Grade.
Myrtle Knoll, Sixth Grade.
Ella M. Eckenberger, Fifth Grade.
Irene E. Durner, Fourth Grade.
Dorothy Criffield, Third Grade.
Ailsie B. Hall, Second Grade.
Ida M. Trowbridge, First Grade.
Anita Youell, Beginners.

Mr. Geo. B. McDole has been retained for another year as janitor, which insures our buildings being kept in a sanitary and wholesome condition.

Our community as a whole is very loyal to its schools, and the Patrons, Pupils and Teachers working together will make the year of 1915-1916 one of the very best in the history of Decatur.

THE ADVENTURES OF L. A. ROBERTS

by W. H. Tuttle.

When I sold my house I came across a whole trunkful of old letters, and among them was a bundle of old letters written by Lanson Roberts while he was in the army. The past winter I have been reading them over, and it seems to me that some of them are worth preserving.

CHANGING COURSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

In one written while the siege of Vicksburg was going on he speaks of the canal that the Northern troops dug across the bend of the Mississippi river, in an effort to make the river dig itself out a new channel and thereby isolate Vicksburg by throwing it some three or four miles inland, and rendering it useless to the rebels as a fortification. The letter in part follows:

March 14, 1863
Camp above Vicksburg,

Well Jack, you say that you want me to write about this great raging canal we are building, that, if successful, will make Vicksburg an inland town, and render it useless to the rebels as a fortification, so here goes.

General Butler commenced the thing, you know, but he did but very little to it, in fact almost nothing. They cut a narrow ditch across the point, but it was begun too low down where there was an eddy in the upper end, and the water had no force to dig its own channel. We have commenced a new ditch a little higher up, where the river rushes against the Louisiana shore with great force, and I think that will be a big help in digging out the new channel.

Butler's ditch was a very crooked concern, through heavy timber and a cypress swamp, but we have made a straight cut, digging and blasting out the trees and stumps, and throwing out the dirt sixty feet wide, and as deep as we can work in the swampy soil; and now we have two dredging machines at work making it still deeper.

The water rushes through with great force at present, and I think that in time it will wear out a commodious channel for the passage of boats through, and thereby avoiding Vicksburg altogether. It has cost a great deal of labor to get this thing through, and at the same time our forces have been building another canal from Lake Providence. This lake is connected with Red River by Bayou Macon, and I am told that it will make a cut of about thirty miles nearer to Port Hudson than by our canal, and be much safer for the rebels have a heavy battery that commands the foot of our canal.

I have been thinking lately that perhaps our canal was just a bluff to attract the attention of the rebs, while Gen. Grant was pushing through the work at lake Providence. Every night or two our boys fit up an empty coal barge so that it looks like an iron clad, and set the thing adrift down past Vicksburg. This is good fun for us, for the rebels make a pretty hullabaloo with every thing that they can shoot at it, and I tell you they make things jingle. It costs them about $4,000 worth of ammunition every time we send down an old barge, so you see they are well sold.

In another place Mr. Roberts speaks about the health of our soldiers as follows:

"As to the sickness in the army here, there has been a great deal, and it could not well be otherwise. When we left Helena, so many were crowded onto the boats, the bad water and continual rains, and fighting our way through to Arkansas Post, of course our men suffered very much, both with sickness and wounds. Our boys were unused to the continual rain, fogs and damps, and now the small pox has helped to do the deadly work, and has carried off many men."

Soon after this the 9th Iowa was transferred back to Vicksburg again, and he writes about it as follows:

"The siege of this place is likely to take some time yet, perhaps three or four months longer, but if you could see the hills round about it, and the fortifications you would not think it any very easy job. How, or in what manner, the place will be taken I can't tell you, but we will fetch them after awhile in some way if we have to dig a tunnel under the town and then blow them up.

We have a strong fleet of gunboats and rams here, and some of them would make you laugh, for they are certainly the oddest looking things that I, or anyone else ever saw. The only description that I can give you of them is that they are the homeliest things on earth, but they carry some very heavy guns, and I think they will make their mark when called on."

In speaking about the copperheads in the North, and what they were doing, Mr. Roberts says:

"I got hold of a copperhead New York paper a few days ago that had an account of the battle at this place, and it stated that we lost ten thousand men killed in the fight and had six thousand more men drowned.

I wish that Old Abe would arrest and exterminate the whole disloyal crew. We keep having reports that they are resisting the draft in some states, and we hear that they have been having a big riot in Detroit about the draft. If this is true you had better go to work up there and kill off those infernal copperheads, for that is what they need, and it will have to be done sooner or later. When you write let me know if the new draft law will hit you. I don't see how you could possibly leave home."

Mr. Roberts had been promised promotion, for some service that he had rendered, but someone else who had more influence than he did beat him out of it, and he was disappointed. He writes:

"Our Colonel tells us that our regiment will be mustered out next June, and I am glad of it on account of my family who need me at home so badly. I know now that I shall not get the place that I was promised when I got back. I suppose that I might have had my shoulder straps if I had stooped to wire working, and had promised something to someone else, but I want a clean record when I go out of the army and return home.

"The troops have about all left here except the 15th army corps, so I suppose that we will have to hold Vicksburg and vicinity this winter, but that will be better than marching around the country in the mud".

The following extract was written soon after Mr. Roberts joined the army and while he was stationed at Helena, Ark.:

Helena, Ark., Nov. 30, 1862.

"I wish that you could see our drill here; it looks like soldiering in earnest. Yesterday the batteries, forts and gunboats were all firing for a long time. Today the flying artillery came out and kicked up a devil of a dust. We only have to drill about three hours a day and guard duty is light. We only have to stand guard 4 hours in the twenty-four, two hours in day time and two hours at night.

"Our fare is better here than it was in Davenport. We get hard bread and flour, and the contrabands bake us excellent bread. We have fresh beef and bacon and beautiful sweet potatoes, as fine as any that I ever saw in California. We miss the milk and butter the most of anything. All the butter that we get is shipped here from the north and costs 25 cents per pound, and we cannot afford to buy much at that. Salt costs twenty-five dollars per barrel and whiskey is three dollars per pint.

There have been reports of an attack on this place for a long time, but if the rebs ever expected to take this city they have waited too long, for the city is now strongly fortified at every point. General Carr is in command here and is called an able officer. He has constructed a strong fort in the city mounted with heavy guns, and for miles above and below the city it is one vast encampment of troops and batteries without number.

There is no hope of the rebels ever attacking us here, for besides the fortifications and army there is a perfect hornet's nest of gunboats anchored in the river, which alone could whip any force that the enemy has. The country here is far different from what I expected to see. It is the best timbered country that I ever saw, and the land is excellent.

"If it was not for the cursed influence of slavery this would be one of the finest countries in the world, but

everything here has a shiftless, tumble down appearance that you do not see on the farms of the north. If the Yankees had hold of the land for a few years it would look very different.

"Our army is stripping the plantations of everything available on them; our soldiers are burning the fences as fast as they need them for fuel in camp. There are several thousand acres of cotton in sight of our camp, with not a rail left around it, and the crop is all being wasted. It looks bad to see so much wasted when it is wanted so badly; but such things are the terrible effects of war, and I tell you the rebs are beginning to feel it in this state, and I think that our officers mean to make them feel it with a vengeance unless they surrender and come back under the old flag.

"Well, Jack, about this arming of the slaves, it is all humbug. The camp and country is full of them, but they don't know enough to fight, and you couldn't beat the drill into their heads in a thousand years. They make splendid hands to work on the fortifications and do the camp drudgery and we employ them largely in this work. They work for us willingly and at a small price, and it relieves the soldiers of a great many burdens.

It seems to be the general impression that the war will end in the spring, because our force is now large enough to whip the rebs and when they see that they are to be overpowered they will sue for peace and so try to save their lives, for they know that if the President's proclamation is enforced their slaves are gone forever. It is a hard question and I wish that it was settled."

The above was written in November, 1862, but it took several more springs and much hard fighting to settle the war.

Another letter from him dated "Near Helena, Ark., November 4, 1862.", says:

"I tell you Jack, the Confederates did Uncle Sam a great favor when they passed their act that every citizen should plant an extra crop of corn, and but three acres of cotton to the hand, for that corn we have got now, and our army is subsisting off it this winter, without money and without price; so good luck, I say, for their bold stroke of policy. It is saving the government many a dollar, in the way of transportation and buying the grain. There are thousands of bushels of corn standing in the fields here now; and our army is gathering and storing it for their own use. Until last year there was no corn planted here, it was all cotton, because that paid the best, and they bought their corn and bread stuffs in the north.

"Well, Jack, as to my opinion about General McClellan's being superceded, I think it was all right; it will not hurt him any more than it did General Frèmont. I believe that both of them were sacrificed by political intrigue, and that both of them were true patriots, all reports to the contrary, notwithstanding."

These old letters are quite a bit more than fifty years old, and every one named in them is dead, and some of the letters are so faded and torn that they are almost illegible, and it is hard to make them out. To the present generation who have been born and have grown up, since those far-away days, it must seem almost impossible that this country was ever fighting amongst themselves in this way. But at that time it was a very bitter fact, and we passed through some very hard times. I am sure that those who remember those days never want to see another war here if it can possibly be avoided.

All of the older inhabitants of Decatur will remember L. A. Roberts, who lived here from about 1867 until his death in 1891.

"Lant" as he was familiarly called, lived rather a checkered life in his younger days. At the time of his death he was postmaster here, and was succeeded in the office by Miss May Nicholson.

Mr. Roberts was a younger brother of my mother, and naturally, I heard much about him, even when I was too young to remember him myself. The great ambition of his younger days was to go to West Point and become an officer in the regular army, but that was impossible, as the family were poor and had no influence to get him appointed as a cadet. In those days, even more than now, such things went by favor.

But there was a roving streak running through the Roberts family that would not allow him to settle down quietly at home. So when he was about eighteen years old he hired out to drive horses through to California, overland, in the early days of the gold excitement, and in that way he earned his way to the El Dorado of those times. He arrived in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as it was called then, with nothing in his pockets, but full of youth, health and ambition.

On the way across the plains he met with many adventures, fighting off Indians, horse thieves and wild animals, but I do not remember the particulars of many of them.

HORSES STOLEN BY INDIANS

I remember hearing him tell how on one very dark and stormy night, the Indians managed to stampede their drove of horses and tried to get away with them. Lant and another man of the company were ordered to go after them, and recover them if possible. There were only two horses left that the Indians had not succeeded in running off, so only two men could go.

They mounted the two nags and started, not knowing whether or not they would return alive. The night was pitch dark and it was storming terribly; they could not see even a rod ahead of their horses heads, and they knew that at any moments the horses might step into some hole and throw their riders over their heads, probably breaking the horse's and rider's necks.

They followed those Indians all night long, guided mostly by the noise made by the drove ahead of them. The Indians had no idea that anyone would try to follow them in the darkness and storm, so they were not as careful as they would have been under other circumstances.

Just after daylight they came upon the Indians and immediately charged into their camp where they were lying around at ease and in fancied security. The Indians at once prepared to defend themselves, but not knowing how many white men had attacked them, and having only bows and arrows to defend themselves against the two Colt's revolvers and a rifle carried by each white man, they were soon put to flight. Lant and his companion gathered up the horses and returned to their own camp in triumph. This was only one of the adventures that befell them on their way across the plains, but they finally reached San Francisco in good shape.

BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

After resting awhile Lanson started for the mines with the intention of digging enough gold to carry him back home and make the old folks comfortable for the rest of their lives. He worked in the mines about a year, and by that time had accumulated what he considered to be a competence, and was making arrangements to start for home in a few days, when one night it was all stolen from him.

In the mining camps there was no place where the miners could keep their gold dust and nuggets in safety, so every man was obliged to keep his treasure on his person or in his tent and one night some thief cut through the back side of their tent and stole every last cent that he and his partner had.

Alanson was so discouraged by this misfortune that he immediately threw up his claim and worked his way back to San Francisco, went down to the docks and shipped on a vessel as a sailor to work his way to Australia, another place where gold had just been discovered.

He left San Francisco so down hearted over his loss that he never wrote home a word about it or where he was going, and for some years all of his relatives supposed that he must be dead, and had no expectation of ever seeing him again.

One of the very first things that I can remember, when I was about four years old, was that my mother had a letter from him, while he was still working in the mines and in it were a few flakes of gold, just as it was washed out of the dirt, and also he enclosed several little instruments on a ring that he said the Chinese used to clear out their ears and nostrils. I have often wished that these things might have been saved, but I suppose that they must have been burned up when our log house burned.

RETURNED AFTER FIVE YEARS

After that nothing more was heard of him for years and we supposed that he was dead, just as thousands of other men disappeared and were never heard of again in those days. I can remember yet how my mother used to mourn and cry because Alanson was

gone, and she could never see him again. He was her favorite, and as he was so much younger than she was, he was more like a son to her than a brother.

After an absence of about five years he reappeared as suddenly as he had disappeared, and his story was that when he left San Francisco he had shipped on a sailing vessel for Australia, touching on the way at the Sandwich Islands and other islands in the south Pacific, finally landing at the city of Sidney. From there he went to the gold mines, but his ill-luck pursued him and he did not stay very long.

Returning to Sidney, he shipped again on a sailing vessel bound for the Isthmus of Panama. Crossing the Isthmus to the Atlantic side he worked his way back to New York on a steamer. He used to tell many interesting stories about his experiences while crossing the Pacific back and forth, but it would take up too much space to repeat them. He said for one thing, that in the Sandwich Islands in those days, one could buy all the fruit, bananas, pine-apples, cocoanuts, and all other kinds, that could be piled into a boat, for an empty glass bottle, and if the bottle happened to be full of whiskey one could buy half of the whole islands.

Once they were chased by the natives in their canoes, and if they had been caught would undoubtedly have been all murdered, but a storm came up in the nick of time and the canoes had to put back to land and they got away.

The captain of the vessel that he came across the Pacific on was very brutal to his men, and liked nothing better than to get an excuse to knock them down and then confine them in the ship's calaboose. One day he called Mr. Roberts, with one or two other sailors, up onto the quarter deck and offered them glasses of wine, which of course they were glad to get, and they swallowed it at once. Lant said they managed to get the stuff down but it proved to be the strongest and sourest vinegar that could be imagined. They all realized that if they made any fuss about drinking it, or if they spat it out, or made up a face over drinking it, that they would get batted over the head with the first thing that came handy, and then be confined in the ship's prison for a week or two. In those days, and it is so now more or less, a captain of a vessel was absolute master of life and death while on the sea, and the law would uphold him in anything that he saw fit to do.

JOINING THE ARMY

A short time after returning home Mr. Roberts married and removed to Iowa, where he remained on a farm until the breaking out of the Civil War then, of course, he was crazy to be "in it". He raised a company in his own county, and was commissioned captain of it in '61 and they were appointed as a part of the 9th Iowa Volunteers. Before they left the state his wife was taken very sick, his business affairs were in a very tangled condition, he had three small children to be taken care of, and he decided that his duty lay at home, for the time being He resigned his commission, rented his farm, and came back to Michigan He always said that he could not bear to stay there and see the boys go of while he remained behind.

He came to Hamilton, where my people lived, in the fall of '61, and went into a sawmill. He stood it until the summer of '62, and then it became too much for him to remain at home while all that lovely fighting was going on down south. He threw up the sawmill, arranged to have his family taken care of, and went back to Iowa and enlisted in his old company as a private, serving through the war as a private in the same company of which he had been captain.

He was present at the siege and surrender of Vicksburg, and also at the siege and capture of Atlanta, and at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain where his regiment experienced some hard fighting. He followed Sherman on his "March to the Sea" and went with this same general on his victorious advance through South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia to Washington, and took part, as one of Sherman's bummers, in the grand parade in that city in the month of May, 1865, that ended the war.

After his discharge from the army he returned to Decatur for a short time and then went back to Iowa and remained a year or two, finally coming to Decatur again. He built the house south of the railroad that is now owned by the McOmber family, and lived here until his death in 1891.

Mr. Roberts suffered much in his later years from the effects of his army life, as probably every old soldier has who saw much active service; but now, after an adventuresome and lively life in his youth, he sleeps quietly in our cemetery, where all the rest of us will, sooner or later, join him.

Greenville, Miss., April 24, 1863.

I have not very much news to write you at present. We are foraging some and gathering up the blacks for the service and to work on the plantations.

An order was read to our regiment on dress parade last evening that no more cotton gins were to be burned, as it is the policy of the government now to put all of the blacks to work on the plantations raising cotton for the benefit of the government. I like this and think it a wise step.

Yesterday Gen. Steele called the regiments together and made us a long speech, in which he stated that the policy of the government now was to protect every black that came within our lines, and all who are capable of making good soldiers will be armed as soon as formed into regiments, and properly drilled; the balance of them to be put to work on the deserted plantations of the rebels.

Good for Gen. Steele. He was followed by several others, amongst whom was our own brigadier, of whom we are so proud for his gentlemanly conduct, both as a soldier and as a good man. May God bless him. Gen. Theyer always had time to stop and speak a kind word to a soldier, and doesn't think it a disgrace either. I know a good many lieutenants who would not think of stooping so low as to converse with a private soldier, but we know who our friends are and so does Gen. Steele.

Gen. Thayer called upon every officer and private to do all that they could to protect and encourage the blacks. These things were all well received by the troops, for they begin to see that if black regiments can be raised that will be effective, that it will relieve them of a great deal of hard work and lots of hard fighting, and I think that every man is willing to do his best in the matter.

I suppose that some of these things will make some of the copperhead brethren howl louder than ever, and yell "unconstitutional" to beat all. When some of the old regiments get home they will either shut up or get their wind pinched off. Such men as old————will have to skeedaddle. I wish that Jack had broken his d—d old head.

Lieut. Jones came up from Vicksburg yesterday, and he informs us that the report that the gun boats and transports were running past the Vicksburg batteries is true. Only one boat—the Henry Clay—was lost. She was the oldest and poorest transport on the river and her loss is nothing. He says that six more boats are about ready to run past the batteries; they are packing them around the boilers and the guards so they could not be cut up with shot. They are best and the fastest boats on the river and they will go past the batteries or else go to the bottom of the river tonight. They are manned by volunteers from the different regiments.

Well, Jack I like your letters about slavery and the war, and we wish more felt just as you do about it. We like to get such letters—for you may be sure that all of the boys in our company read them—they are good and new to us, even if it is an old question, and they do much to encourage the boys to know that the folks at home home believe that we are fighting for the right.

The boys in our regiment caught another spy day before yesterday; he was sneaking around in the underbrush near camp, trying to find out what he could about us, and he boasted that he had been inside of our camp at two different times, but he will never come again for he was shot this morning. Love to all the folks and to my own family.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

My memory goes back to a little more than sixty-five years, and how many things have happened in that time, not only to myself personally, but to everyone and the world at large.

At that time, and in this part of the country, many people lived in log houses, and they had almost none of the things that we consider necessaries of life.

To be sure we had railroads in a rough way, and could get to some places quicker by using them than we could by going with horse or ox team in the old fashioned way. But the railroads then built were short, and the equipment was very different from the luxurious and high speed trains now in common use. Changes and waits at the terminals of these short roads were very numerous and frequent, and if one had to go any distance, even a railway journey was no joke, but long and tiresome.

THE TELEGRAPH

The telegraph had just come into use, but it was very seldom used except for business purposes, and then only in case of extreme urgency. Very few ever thought of sending personal messages, not even in cases of death, and if some family did by chance have a message sent to them, they were too frightened to open it, and it was a nine days wonder to the whole neighborhood.

The telegraph in those days was a very crude affair, compared with the highly developed system of the present. Then in every small office and many of the largest ones, messages were all received on a paper tape, printed out in dots and dashes, instead of by sound as now.

At first the telegraph companies positively forbade their operators to receive messages by sound, even when they could, claiming that it was not safe to do so. Now it seems safe to say, that sooner or later, the telegraph itself will be entirely superceeded by the telephone, and telegrams and telegraph operators will be a thing of the past.

It requires only that the telephone be made perfect—which it is not yet by a good deal—and then it is good night for the telegraph operators. It requires considerable time and study to become an expert telegrapher, but anyone can listen at a telephone receiver.

Many other things in common use today, and that we think we could not even exist without, had not been even dreamed of in the wildest flights of fancy by the most advanced scientists and inventors of those days.

OTHER INVENTIONS

About forty-five years ago Jules Verne, a great writer of highly improbable stories, wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", and while nearly everyone read it they all, without exception, ridiculed and made sport of it. The advanced scientists refused to believe that such a boat could by any possible means be made to navigate under water in the way described by this book. It is probable that Jules Verne himself did not believe that it could ever be accomplished, but now such boats are in common every day use by the hundred, both waging war and carrying merchandise across the ocean; and not only are they a perfect success, but in many ways the submarines of today are built very much as the one described by Verne.

Who would have believed even twenty years ago that men would fly in the air like birds, but today thousands of flying machines are in constant use and they carry cannon and fight desperate battles in the air. It was said that no heavier-than-air machine could ever raise and sustain itself in the air.

It is very unsafe to make predictions as to what will or will not come to pass in the future. At the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia only forty years ago last summer, they had no electric lights, no telephones, no electric motors of any kind, and all the street cars were drawn by horses and mules.

They had no airships, no submarine boats, no automobiles, no wireless telegraphy for more than twenty years after that time, and as we try to look into the future we cannot possibly conceive how many new inventions may be brought forth into everyday use in the same length of time in the future.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

My personal recollections began when I was about four years old, and the first thing that I distinctly remember was that my folks had an out door cellar for the keeping of potatoes and other such produce. This cellar had a board roof over it that slanted both ways down to the ground, and I took it into my head that it would be great fun to climb to the top of it and then slide down to the ground, which I proceeded to do, but it so happened that there was a short end of a nail sticking up through one of the boards, and as I took a slide downward I went over this nail and it took a pretty good strip of skin and flesh from my leg, and caused me to howl right lustily. Mother rushed to the rescue of course and it was bound up and doctored as well as she could do it with very little to do with, for people did not have all the remedies at hand then that they do now-a-days. I was a pretty lame boy for some time, and I carry the scar of the adventure to this day.

The next thing that comes to my mind with any clearness was Christmas of the same year. I remember hanging my stocking up under the mantle of the big stone fireplace. I implicitly believed that Santa Claus came down the chimney and filled the stocking with presents, but at the same time I had an idea that father and mother knew what he was going to bring me, and when father was putting me into bed that evening I asked him all manner of questions about old Santa and what he was likely to leave for me. Father told me that if I didn't get into bed and go to sleep before Santa got there that he would be likely to go away and not leave me anything. That sent me off in a hurry, for I always thoroughly believed everything that father told me.

As soon as it was the least bit light in the morning I was awake and out of bed to get that stocking and see what was in it, and I found a little tin horse that rolled on wheels, a tin trumpet and several chunks of rock candy. Well, I can tell the children of the present day who get so many presents at Chistmas time that are both beautiful and complicated, that those few little things of mine were considered to be an elaborate lot of presents, and were far more than most children got for Christmas in those days. Anyway they suited me to a T, and I made that little tin trumpet squawk for a good many days, no doubt to the great delight of the grown ups who had to hear it. As for the rock candy, why, that was delicious and lasting because it was so hard that it couldn't be eaten. I could only lick it and of course it lasted a long time: as for the little tin horse, he was a joy without end and I drew him around on his wheels until there wasn't anything left of him.

BURNED OUT

The next thing I remember happened in February of that same winter, that was being awakened out of a sound sleep on a very cold winter's morning about four o'clock, by being pitched out through a window into a snowbank, because the old log house was all in flames while the folks were asleep. I had a little dog that had been given to me, which I called Fido. I thought a great deal of him, and when the house was all in flames they tried to get Fido out but he ran under the bed and wouldn't come out, so he was burned alive.

I can remember plainly yet, after sixty-five years, hearing poor Fido yelp and cry when the roof fell in on him and the fire touched him. For weeks afterward I pestered father and mother with the question "Why did God let Fido be burned up, when he hadn't done anything wrong?" but I never got any answer to that query. Even yet I can't understand how my

folks lived through the rest of that winter. Almost everything they had in the way of furniture, clothing and bedding was burned, and they had to move into a house that was only partly finished. They had to lay down loose boards for a floor, and to cap the climax, it was an extremely cold winter and nearly everyone was sick.

THE HOME MADE CASKET

My father had a good farm and a saw mill, and after they got to going again they were fully as well off as anyone living in that neighborhood. We always had plenty to eat, because we raised it, and we had comfortable things to wear, but up to the time the civil war broke out I don't believe that father ever had ten dollars at any one time that he could call his own.

There was hardly any money in circulation at that time and business was carried on by barter—trading one thing for another. One man in a neighborhood owned a plow and all the neighbors borrowed it; another would have a drag, and that would go the rounds; and so it was with all the tools. Everyone had to help everyone else or they could not have gotten along at all.

All this part of Michigan was then solid woods, with just a patch cut out here and there for a house; timber was worth nothing and the only question was how to get rid of it the easiest way. I have heard my father say that after the logs were sawed into lumber it wasn't worth drawing to Decatur, and I have seen enough timber burned up in the logging fallows to make the owner rich if it had been allowed to stand until now.

The next thing that stands out prominently in my memory shows how easy it is for children to receive the wrong impressions by having their questions answered wrongly by the grown ups, either through a misunderstanding or intentionally, because the older ones think that it is smart to give the child a wrong answer just for the fun of it.

I must have been about six years old when Mrs. Sterns, an aged lady who lived near us, died. You could not come to town in those days and buy a casket any time it was needed, as you can now, but when someone died you had to go find a carpenter and get him to make one. When Mrs. Storns passed away they asked my uncle, Will Tuttle, to make a casket for her, and he did the work in an upstairs room to our house.

While he was engaged in the task, I of course, was hanging around and asking all manner of questions about it; finally I picked up a plane that lay on the work bench and asked uncle Will what it was, and he, either not understanding what I meant or not thinking about it told me that it was a "coffin." I thoroughly believed all that he told me, and from that time on a plane was a coffin to me, and to this day it seems to me that a plane ought to be called a coffin.

The men around the mill and the farm were always giving me wrong answers to my innumerable questions, but I think that it is a very bad practice. Children ought to always be told the truth, or if you do not know the proper answer they ought to be told plainly that you do not know.

THE LITTLE SISTER

I know that I received some very queer ideas concerning things because the men misled me in answering my questions. Of course, a child can ask questions that the smartest men can not answer, but in that case they ought to be told that no one knows why nor how, instead of being fooled.

The next thing that impressed itself on my memory happened when I was six years old. This was the birth of my little sister and it mystified me much. Mother was sick and I was not allowed to see her, something that had never happened before, and I did not know what to make of it. I kept asking my father why I couldn't go where ma was and he told me that she was very sick but would soon be well again and then I could see her; and then one afternoon they took me into the room where mother was and showed me a tiny baby, and mother called me to her and told me that the baby was my sister and that I must love her and always take good care of her.

I did not care nearly so much about the baby as I did getting my ma back, but my curiosity was a good deal excited as to where they got the baby and they told me that one of our old neighbors, old Mrs. Sterns, had found it in her garden under a currant bush, and as she was too old to take care of a baby she had brought it over for my mother to take care of. That satisfied me for the time being but for a good many days afterward I went around looking under all the currant bushes to see if I couldn't find a baby myself.

And how the time has flown away; that baby grew up to womanhood, married and had a child of her own, grew old, was a helpless cripple for a long time and now has been dead over ten years, and her child has grown to womanhood, married and has a large family of her own.

FIRST DAYS IN SCHOOL

The next thing that struck me with force enough to make a lasting impression on my mind, was being pitched into school head over heels. Mother told me to keep quiet and induced me to learn something at home, I supposed that it was only bad boys who wouldn't try to learn anything at home who had to go to school, and I got it in my head that going to school was about the next thing to going to jail. One morning father hitched up the horses and he and mother took me and got into the wagon. Of course I wanted to know where we were going and when they told me they were taking me to school, I put up a good deal of protest and kicked my hardest. I promised that if they wouldn't take me to school I would study at home and be an extra good boy all the time from then on, but it was no use, I had to go and make the best of t.

The first forenoon mother had to stay there with me to keep me from utterly collapsing or breaking out and running away and they had to promise that father would come after me when school was out. What a silly little coward I must have been, but there was some excuse for it because I had never had any children to play with and did not know how to make friends with the other scholars. Besides that it was two miles through the thick woods most of the way to the Haydon School House. As soon as I got acquainted with the other scholars and became interested in my studies, nothing could keep me at home, and I would go even if it rained pitchforks.

I not only liked to go to school but I liked to play "Hi-Spy" around the trees in the yard and the corner of the building. I went to school there during the summers of 1856 and 57, then the Nesbitt schoolhouse was built and I went there afterward as it was much nearer my home. How many of the scholars that I played with in those two schools are dead now, and those who are still alive are old, old men and women—I am old, too, but it is still fresh in my memory.

One other thing made a great impression on my mind, young as I was, and that was politics. Up to the time that Fremont was nominated for President in 1856, my father had always voted the Democratic ticket, but at that time he changed his views and voted and talked for Fremont, and it made a good deal of a stir.

His father, my grandfather, was a stiff, old-fashioned Democrat, and he quarreled with father about it and wouldn't stay with us any more.

He called my father a "turn coat" and a "black abolitionist," and went off in a huff and it was a long time before the family quarrel was healed. How silly such political quarrels seem to us now, but then they were very real, and they broke up many families, especially when the Civil War began. It took real grit to stand up for your principles in those days.

Of course I remember many other things that happened in those days but this is a great plenty of it.

BOYHOOD AMBITIONS

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

When Cousin Jimmy and I were anywhere from twelve to fifteen years old, it seemed to us that the height of earthly bliss would be to lead the lives of trappers and hunters somewhere out in the unknown and unsettled west. At that time the west was almost an unknown wilderness, and was only peopled by Indians and a few hunters and trappers, and we fully decided that we would make that our business as soon as we became old enough to go away from home. We read and studied everything that we could get hold of on the subject.

Probably there never were two boys less fitted to go away from home and mother, and into the woods to live, than we were, but we didn't think of that part of the story. We got our knowledge out of Beadle's Dime Novels, and in those interesting books the hunters' life was pictured as being all fun and enjoyment, and nothing was said about the hardships of such a life.

Jimmy never came to the farm to visit me but that he brought a lot of the classics of that day, Beadles Dime Novels, and vice a versa, when I visited him in Dowagiac, and how we did enjoy those Indian and hunting stories. We implicitly believed every word in them.

But, in the meantime, until we became old enough to go away from home, we must do something to pass away the time, when we were not in school, and we spent whole days shooting at a mark to perfect ourselves in the use of the rifle and doing other such stunts.

PARENTS ENCOURAGED THEM

Our folks knew all about our plans, and they were wise enough not to try to frustrate them by force, because they knew us two boys too well to think that we would ever go out into the woods to live away from the comforts of home.

In later years I learned that the two families held a council over this very matter, and my father told the rest that there wasn't the least danger that we would even try to go anywhere where we wouldn't be sure of having a good bed at night and plenty of good things to eat through the daytime, and where we wouldn't have father and mothe rto run to when we got into any kind of trouble.

He thought that the wisest plan was to let us entirely alone and not to try to oppose us, and the coming years would cure our foolish notions, and it was settled on that basis. He was a good old father, I never realized how good until after he was gone. After that they let us entirely alone on that subject; they didn't oppose us in any way, let us hunt and fish to our heart's content, and read all the Indian stories, and talk and plan about it all that we saw fit, and the end proved that father was right, for by the time that we got large enough to think of doing anything for ourselves, why, we had other fish to fry, and the hunting and trapping life died a natural death. We never even thought of it after we got to be old enough to go to work.

PLANNING FOR THE ROCKIES

I really think if parents would try to guide, and not force, children more than they do that they would have better success with them. I know that if our parents had opposed us in this matter, and had said positively that we must give it all up and not think of it any more, and that we must quit reading Dime Novels entirely, then we would have done those things on the sly just the same, and at the same time we should have thought that we were terribly misused and oppressed; but as it was we were allowed to read anything that we liked and planned openly and without restriction, and the consequence was that the whole thing went a glimmering in a short time and left no hard feelings.

Of course we should never have gone off to the Rocky mountains to hunt and fish, under any circumstances, for we were both too fond of the comforts of home, but we thought that we wanted to go awful bad, and we took a great deal of pleasure in talking about it, but all that foolishness passed away after a short time.

My mother even helped us plan as to what we had better take with us and told us what we would be likely to need out there in the mountains and I really think that one thing made us think and realize more about what we were fixing to go into than anything else that they did, and it began to open our eyes a little too.

Mother explained to us that when we got out there in the mountains we wouldn't be apt to find good houses to sleep in every night and that much of the time we would have to lie out in the rain and snow and cold, and that we must prepare ourselves accordingly to endure it. That was a new side of the question to us, and it didn't look quite as nice as Beadle's Dime Novels made it out to be, but it only discouraged us for a few moments, and then we forgot all about the hardships and went on with our planning.

SURVEY AND WRITING A BOOK

Amongst other things that Jimmy and I calculated to do was to become great explorers and discoverers, and, to get our hand in and practice up we went at it to explore and map out our mill-pond and the creeks round our mill and the farm.

I do surely wish that I had kept that map we made so that I could see what it looked like. We followed the pond and creek for miles up and down, and every little bay in the pond and turn in the creek were faithfully marked on our map, and we named them all.

I can forget now things that have happened only a week or two ago completely, but all that we two boys did then is still fresh in my mind, and I remember every name that we gave those little creeks and the bays in the old mill-pond and the woods round about them. My, but it was great fun.

Then Jimmy and I, to utilize our evenings, decided that we would write a novel, in imitation of Mr. Beadle, and we used to spend an hour or two every evening writing our story. Of course it was to be an Indian story of adventure in the far west, and it was to be all about hunting and trapping, and the scene of it was laid in the Rocky mountains. When we finished it we expected to send it to Mr. Beadle, and we had no doubt whatever but that he would be glad to publish it, and that it would make us both rich.

But other things happened, and we never got the book done. I would give quite a bit to see now that book that Jimmy and I partially wrote, but with many other things it is gone beyond recall.

Those boyhood days, gone forever, and everyone and every thing connected with them, are all gone. The old mill and the pond, the houses and the woods, gone. The creek is there yet, but no one would recognize it as it used to be. That was the life that was worth living, and I am only sorry that I cannot go back to it.

SOME OLD PAPERS

by W. H. Tuttle

A short time ago I had a box full of old papers given to me, and some of them are quite curiosities. One was a copy of the "Van Buren County Tribune," published in Decatur by C. P. Sweet, and the date of it is July 23, 1863, right in the middle of the civil war. One would naturally expect some very interesting news in a paper of that time, when the war was in full blast, big battles being fought often, and many of the boys and men from our own town in the army and exposed to all the dangers of army life. But not one single word of local news, or anything about the Decatur boys that were away fighting their country's battles. It is no wonder that the paper failed; the only strange thing about it is that it ever existed at all.

In this copy I find an oration delivered here in Decatur on the Fourth of July 1863, by Hon. Thomas M. Cooley of Ann Arbor, making about six columns, about half a column of poetry and a few little anecdotes and a couple

of orders from the war department, and that is every bit of reading matter. Then there are about four and a half columns of Decatur and Paw Paw advertisements and business cards by the merchants, two columns from Kalamazoo, and a few foreign ads. The main thing seemed to be medical advertisements, of which there are over six columns from different physicians and patent medicine ads, all guaranteeing to cure every ill that the flesh is heir to. And what horrible looking things these ads. are—in some of them part of the type is entirely gone, some are twisted in all kinds of shapes and mixed up until they looked like printer's "pi" and it is almost impossible to read many of them. In the whole paper I do not find a single name of a person who is still living here that I know of, and most of them are utterly forgotten by the present generation.

DECATUR BUSINESS MEN—1863

Among the business cards I find the names of Cole & Shier, Lawyers; Dr. G. W. Rogers and Dr. C. T. Baker; T. E. Phelps, Postmaster and Grain Buyer; E. Rich, Brick and Stone Mason; Orrin T. Welch, Claim Agent; T. H. Jordan, Tailor; T. P. Bashford, Blacksmith; M. Woodruff, Furniture Repairer and coffins made to order; Thos. O'Leary, Drayman; Baker's Hotel, J. C. Baker, Proprietor; Planing Mill, J. Fortain, Prop.; Dr. Rowley, Dentist. Among the merchants I find the names of Ira Nash, General Store; Chas. N. Poore, Hardware; J. Wright, Cooper Shop; E. L. Beach, Groceries; E. L. Hawks, New Tin Shop; H. A. Bray, Carpenter and Joiner; J. P. Parker, Painter; Benj. W. Simmons, Jeweler; Henry A. Rogers, Groceries; and that is all. Col. Phelps was Postmaste, and the mails went east at 9:20 a. m. and 12:40 p. m. Mail for South Haven left on Mondays and Fridays, for Three Rivers on Wednesdays and for Millburg every Thursday. The Church Directory included the Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. T. Bartle, Pastor; Methodist, J. W. Miler, Pastor. Trains on the M. C. R. R. left here going east at 9:50 and 11:50 a. m., going west at 2:35 a. m. and 11:50 p. m.

And then there is a solitary mortgage sale.

I find in this paper one quotation said to have been taken from an editorial printed in the Richmond Enquirer of July 18th. Richmond at that time was capital of the Southern Confederacy, and we were in the middle of our big war:

"Riot, murder, and conflagration have begun in New York city. It is a world's wonder that the good work did not start long ago. And this outbreak may be the opening scene of the inevitable revolution which is to tear to pieces that most rotten government, and leave the northern half of the old American Union a desert of blood soaked ashes. We bid it God speed." A cheerful wish certainly. And right now other nations are wishing the same thing for us.

LOCAL ITEMS

Another old paper that I found in this box was a still earlier copy of this same Decatur sheet; but in this one there were a few local items, and I am tempted to give them here. Very few will recognize any of the names, but it will show what was going on in Decatur fifty-five years ago:

"A new plank walk has been laid the entire length of Sherwood street between Phelps and Williams streets.

"E. I. Beach is building an addition to his grocery in the rear, in which a brick oven is to be placed, and a bakery established.

"H. A. Rogers has built an addition to his grocery on the east side, for a store room.

T. Brownbridge has fitted up his new meat market in splendid style, and is now occupying it.

"W. T. Gerow, of this place, departed last week for Louisville, Ky., to engage in the sutler business with J. H. Wallace and Wm. Hodges. Mr. Hodges has been spending a few days at home.

"The postoffice has been moved around onto Sherwood street, first door north of Roger's grocery.

"G. H. Green has removed his meat market to the room heretofore occupied by the postoffice.

"The cabinet shop of L. Noble & Son has been removed to the building recently occupied by J. Simmins on Sherwood street.

"Cole & Shier are about to remove teir law office to rooms over Nash's store.

How many can tell where these places were situated? Raise your hands and speak up.

This paper also gives the Decatur markets as follows: Wheat, $1 bu.; Oats, 18 to 20 cents bu.; Pork, dressed, $2.50 per 100; potatoes, 20 cents bu.; Apples, 50 to 75c bu.; Beef, dressed, $2.50 per 100; Butter, 10 to 12 cents pound; Eggs, 8 cents per dozen. Beech and maple wood, $1.50 cord. The meat market advertises to sell the best steak at 6 cents a pound.

There is also a very interesting "Sea Serpent" story in this issue, but it is too long to repeat here.

Mr. Sweet informs his readers that he must have the money that people are owing him for the paper, or else he will have to shut up shop, because the wind will not carry it any longer.

Also there is a list furnished by the Draft commissioner stating how many men are to be drafted from each township. Decatur is called upon for 5, Hamilton for 20, Keeler 24, Paw Paw 27, and so on.

There is some interesting war news—fifty-fie years old—in this paper, but the other reading matter is nothing but the silliest kind of silliness.

PAW PAW FREE PRESS

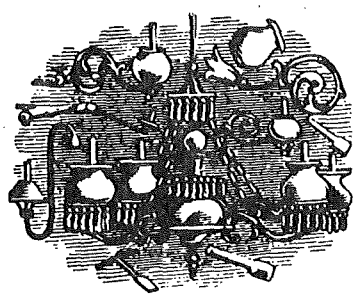
Next in this box I came across a copy of the Paw Paw Free Press, dated Nov. 20, 1852, S. T. Canway, publisher. It is only a five column paper of four pages, and the most of it is taken up by medical advertisements. There is one political editorial nearly a column long; Franklin Pierce had just been elected President that fall, and the democrats were patting themselves on the back for saving the country, and giving the Whigs particular fits for trying to ruin it. How silly such arguments seem now, still, they led up to great events ten years later.

Then there is a letter of five columns, written by a man named J. L. Marvin, to another man named E. J. House, that is a corker. Evidently both of these men lived in Paw Paw, or in the county and were political rivals, and Mr. Marvin tells Mr. House plainly "that if you say I said so and so you are a liar and you know it, for I never said so and so, so there." It would be laughable, if anyone could understand what it was about, or what he was trying to get at. Marvin calls Mr. House "Fustianna Furioso" and the way that he wades into Mr. House's character is a caution, but what it is all about I can't find out, only that he calls him a liar, and takes five columns to say it. I suppose likely that these two men were big political guns of their day, and this matter was of great importance then, but who knows anything about it or the men now?

There is not a word of local news in this paper. There are a number of legal notices, and two men advertise everyone not to trust their wives on their account. Evidently there were some domestic troubles in those days as now. Paw Paw always has lived and will live on legal matters.

In digging deeper into this box I came across two papers printed in Warren, O., in 1824 but there is not much of anything interesting in either of them, except ads. of runaway slaves, and a whole column of lottery ads. especially of the Dismal Swamp lottery. The main prize was to be $10.000 in cash and 1,000 acres of land in the Dismal Swamp.

Included in the contents of this box are old Decatur and Paw Paw papers all the way from forty to fifty years back. Also I find old election tickets that were used in the days of the open ballot, when voters were bought like sheep at so much per head. Some of the ballots were used in Decatur and Hamilton, and almost every man named on them is dead, although I find a very few whom I know to be alive. One of these old tickets goes clear back to the second election of Abraham Lincoln, and one is for Grant's first term, and many of them are for State, County and Township elections of those far away days. There are many other curious and interesting things in this box, but I have told enough about them.



OLD WAR NEWS

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

A few days ago I was given a copy of the Vicksburg Daily Citizen, printed in Vicksburg, Miss., July 2, 1863, only two days before the city was surrendered to General Grant, during our terrible Civil war.

I well remember that day, July 4, 1863, when the news came over the wires that "Vicksburg has surrendered and the rebels have been defeated at Gettysburg" and what a wave of joy and enthusiasm passed over the northern states when the wires brought the good news.

Generals Grant and Sherman and Commodore Foote with the gunboat and mortar fleet had been pounding away at Vicksburg for more than six months, trying to capture the city, but until then without success.

Vicksburg was the last place held by the rebels on the Mississippi, and it was necessary that the National Government should capture it before they could control the free use of that important river. On the other hand it was just as necessary for the rebels that they should hold it, for if they lost control of the Mississippi River they could not get supplies from the large western states, and it would cut off a great amount of their food supplies. It would also cut the Southern Confederacy right square in the middle, for their armies.

So it had been a titanic struggle on both sides as to which should have Vicksburg. It had cost the Union forces thousands of men and much hard labor, but they finally accomplished their object, and fought and starved the rebels until they were obliged to surrender on the glorious Fourth.

And then the battle of Gettysburg was a great victory for the Union. General Lee, the Confederate commander, had collected all of his best soldiers and had made a dash up through Maryland and Pennsylvania driving the scattered Union forces before him. His intention was to crush the Northern armies separately before they could unite, and then march on and capture Baltimore and Washington and that would virtually end the war in their favor. He came awful near doing it too; it seems like a miracle almost, as we look back at it, that he did not do it.

His forces were all well united and were all veterans, and they knew that they must conquer then or they never could; while the Union forces were badly scattered and it was a big job to unite them into an effective army.

General Hooker had just been superceded in the command of the army of the Potomac by General Meade, and there was a good deal of dissatisfaction over it. It is a bad thing to have to trade horses in the middle of a turbulent river, and so General Meade found it to be. By almost superhuman exertions he succeeded in reuniting his scattered forces, the two armies met at the little town of Gettysburg in southern Pennsylvania, and there one of the decisive battles of the world was fought to a finish.

If the rebels had driven the Union army from the field in disorder there is no kind of doubt but that they would have captured our capital, Washington, and Baltimore, Philadelphia and perhaps New York, and probably the Union would have been broken up into two separate nations, and slavery would have been perpetuated in the South.

The present powerful United States would have been divided into two comparatively weak countries, and the result would have been deplorable in every way.

Gettysburg was high water mark for the rebels, and, as I see it, the only thing that prevented their complete success was because they were too cock sure of success, and they became reckless and were not careful enough.

They were so sure that they could crush Meade's army that they dashed themselves to pieces against the strongly posted Union forces.

The rebel General Pickett told General Lee that if he would allow him to charge the Union line with his subdivision he would guarantee to go through them like the wind, and then Lee could follow up with the rest of his army and complete the job, and Lee finally consented to the charge.

General Pickett, with his division of about twenty thousand veteran soldiers, charged the whole Union army, backed by two hundred pieces of artillery, across a level field of a half a mile, and the consequence was that his subdivision was almost entirely annihilated. A few rebels reached the stone wall, behind which the Union line was posted, but they were either killed to a man or else surrendered.

It was a bloody fight truly on both sides, and both sides fought well, but the odds against the rebels was too big and they had to lie down. That charge was the end of the battle, and the only thing that General Lee could do was to retreat in as good order as he could, and get back into Virginia as quickly as he could.

The Union army was too exhausted, and had lost too many men to follow him and capture his army, but the rebels were whipped to a standstill, and they never took the offensive again.

Vicksburg and Gettysburg broke the back of the Confederacy, and while there was lots of hard fighting afterward the end was never in doubt. The news of the two victories came on the same day, the North was greatly encouraged, and that 4th was probably the greatest one in our history.

It seems strange that such scenes were transpiring in our own country, within the lifetime of some of us. We are at war again, but so far the fighting is in a foreign country, and we have not felt the effects of the war as we did then; we hope that the suffering and misery that always follows where armies go may not reach our own country, but sometimes I feel fearful as to what the outcome may be.

Well, to get back to the Vicksburg paper. This paper was printed on the back of a sheet of wall paper, and consisted of four columns of print. The Johnnies were certainly good braggers, for only two days before the final surrender they say that General Grant and Commodore Foote may as well give up hope of ever capturing the city, for they cannot do it.

Some of the news in this paper is almost comical, knowing history as we do, and it is strange that they should try to deceive themselves in any such way.

In an editorial, giving a resume of the war news, the editor states as a fact that "Old Abe Lincoln has run away from Washington, and has hid himself where he cannot be found, terror reigns in all the northern cities, and that it is daily expected that General Lee will capture the whole Northern army. Today Maryland is ours, tomorrow Pennsylvania will be, the next day Ohio will fall. Success and Glory to our arms; God and the right are with us," and a whole lot more of just such "authentic news".

In one place this sheet speaks of a certain man in Vicksburg who, during the siege, found that he had more corn than he was likely to need for his own family, so he doled it out to the poor people who had no corn, free of charge. This man's name was Kiser, and he certainly was an exceptional person, and one who ought to be remembered.

In another place the paper tells of other men, who, on the contrary, were hoarding supplies, and selling them at exhorbitant prices.

It says that there are several persons in the city who are selling flour at five dollars per pound, molasses at ten dollars per gallon, and corn at ten dollars per bushel, and who will not give an ounce away, even to the children who are starving, and it says, "let the brand be not only placed upon their brow, but let it be seared into their very brain, that humanity may scorn and shun them as they would the portals of hell itself." There are such men in al communities, even here in the north.

In one place this paper has the following paragraph:

"ON DIT—That the great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th by a grand

dinner and so forth. Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first catch the rabbit, etc."

In the very last corner of the paper, evidently put there by some union printer, after surrender, is inserted the following: "July 4th, 1863. Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. General Grant has caught the rabbit; he did dine in Vicksburg on the 4th, and he brought his dinner with him. The "Daily Citizen" lives to see it, and for the last time it appears printed on "Wall Paper." No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricassed kitten, or urge southern warriors to such diet. This is the last wall paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

There is much more in this old paper that, to me, is very interesting, but it would require too much space to reprint it here. Reading old papers is one of my amusements, as it brings back to my mind the scenes of long ago so vividly. Those were great and glorious days, fifty-five years ago.

Uncle Sam came out of the struggle all right, and was stronger and richer in every way than he was before it began, and now we are a powerful and united country that we are all proud of.

The war destroyed slavery forever in this country; but if the war had not happened it is likely that the "peculiar institution" would have existed for a great many years more. Desperate diseases require desperate medicines many times, and it was so in this case.

The South were determined that they would not give up slavery under any circumstances, They said that without slave labor, cotton and sugar without slave labor, cotton sugar were were their life, and they would hold on to them regardless of everything.

It took four years war, the killing and maiming of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and the destruction of billions of property to settle the matter and destroy the cursed institution for good. But it was worth it; it was a devil that had to be fought and killed sometime, and it was better that it should be done then than to wait fifty or sixty years more and then do it. Even the south is glad now that slavery has been done away with.

War is a terrible and horrible thing. No one can form any conception of how terrible and devilish it is unless he has lived in the midst of the struggling armies.

Now we are entering another great war, and no human being can give even a guess as to what the outcome will be.

It is a righteous war, if such a thing as a righteous war can be, and it must be fought out to a finish. One side or the other must be utterly crushed and almost annihilated, just as the South was over fifty years ago, before the end will come; it is the meeting of two great principles in a death grapple, and neither will submit as long as they can even wiggle a finger, or pull a trigger.

At the end of the Napoleonic wars in Europe one hundred years ago, which came after the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and the power of Napoleon and France had been utterly crushed, then arose the question as to what was to be done with Napoleon personally.

The Allies, England, Prussia, Austria, Russia and some others, knew that as long as Napoleon lived and was at liberty, there was no certainty of peace, because just as soon as France recovered from her downfall, and Napoleon could get another army together again, he would attack some of these countries and try to regain his absolute power over Europe.

If they wished peace to last they must make some disposition of the great warrior so that he could do no more mischief, and it was a puzzling question. The great Prussian soldier and marshal Blucher was asked what he thought ought to be done with him, and he replied very decidedly, "Shoot him at once, and see that he is buried deep." If Napoleon had surrendered to the Prussians instead of to the English, that is just what would have been done with him in less than ten minutes.

But the English would not agree to any such blood-thirsty way of disposing with him, and they only confined him for life on the island of St. Helena.

It would seem that the most highly civilized and intelligent nations on the face of the earth, nations that claim to be founded on Christianity, could settle their disputes in some other way than by killing millions of men, destroying hundreds of billions of property that has taken hundreds of years to build up, killing children and outraging women, and causing untold misery.

Europe cannot recover from this war in seventy-five years even if it ends this year, and that doesn't seem very likely, and I do not see how they can ever pay even the interest on their money debt. It is to be devoutly hoped that the actual fighting will not reach our own country, but no one can say. It will surely be bad enough if we only have to furnish the men and the money to carry it on, but how much worse it will be if we have to be overrun by foreign armies, battles fought on our own ground, our cities captured and destroyed, and at the end perhaps an immense war indemnity running up into the billions to be paid to some foreign power.

It is enough to make one shudder even to think about it; and the quicker we give the President power, money and men to crush this terrible thing the better it will be for everyone—even for Germany.

I do not believe in war if it can possibly be avoided, but now that it has come to us, I say, strike hard, and knock the other fellow out before he can hurt us.

We have congratulated ourselves that we are highly civilized, and that the world was growing better every year, but really men are very little different from what they were five hundred years ago, except that we have much better and quicker ways of killing folks than we had then.

It is very interestig to read history and learn of the weapons that armies used in ancient times, and to then compare them with the arms that are now in use. It is no exaggeration to say that one company of one hundred men armed as they are now with quick firing rifles, machine guns, deadly gases, hand grenades and air planes could wipe out and destroy a regiment of one thousand soldiers, armed as they were even fifty-six years ago at the opening of our civil war.

They managed to kill a lot of men then when they were all armed alike, but they would stand no show now if sent against modern weapons, and almost every week new ways of killing are discovered. What will the harvest be?

IN THE DAYS

THAT ARE GONE

The Logging Bees

—Barn Raisings—

-Breaking Teams of the Michigan Pioneers.

by W. H. Tuttle.

How many of the present generation have ever seen, or have any conception of these three things, a logging bee, a barn raising or a breaking team? They were all common enough fifty and sixty years ago, but now any one of them would be a curiosity indeed, that would draw a crowd very quickly, to look on, but not to take part in.

THE LOGGING BEE

When a man, in those days, decided he wanted to clear up a piece of new ground of ten acres or thereabouts, he first cut, the beautiful trees all down, trimmed up all the brush and burned it, leaving the big logs lying on the ground. Then he sent word to all of his neighbors for miles around that on

a certain day he proposed to have a logging bee, and he would be glad of the said neighbors' presence with their teams to help do the work, and promising that everyone should have plenty to eat, and that there would be several good fat jugs on the spot that would be free to everyone.

If the advertised day happened to be pleasant there was sure to be a big crowd present; the men brought their wives, teams, dogs and children, and came prepared to stay all day. They were pretty sure to get a good dinner, but the desire to help a neighbor, and to be helped in return, was the great attraction, supplemented by the aforesaid jugs.

While the wives visited, and helped to get things ready for the big dinner, the men were soon at work, hauling the big logs together into piles and setting fire to them, and soon big fires were blazing all over the field, and the log heaps were rapidly disappearing while new ones took their places.

At noon the men were called to dinner, the teams were put up and fed, men washed themselves at the pump and removed the charcoal marks as much as possible, but if some of them had black streaks on their faces it didn't matter; it was clean dirt.

Generally long tables were built up of boards out of doors, and they were loaded with good things to eat. There wasn't apt to be any ice cream, pies or cake, but there was plenty of bread, boiled ham and other meats, potatoes and all kinds of nourishing food. How those men would eat; the provisions would disappear like magic, and be replaced until everyone was satisfied and they could eat no more. After that the men rested and smoked for awhile, swapping yarns, etc., and while that was going on the wives and children took places at the tables and had their dinner.

Then after their rest the men went at it again and pitched into the log heaps and by night they were well cleared up and the field was about ready to plow. But sometime along in the afternoon the jugs were sure to be brought out from their hiding places and circulated amongst the men, and soon tongues were loosened, and things began to get lively. Then old quarrels were pretty sure to be renewed, and if there weren't any old ones they would make some new ones. Sometimes fights would result, but generally the quarrels ended in wind, all the combatants taking a fresh drink or two and shaking hands. Bitter quarrels have started at such times that lasted for years.

THE FAMOUS HARRIS BEE

When I was about twelve years old Will Harris, who lived about one quarter of a mile from my father's mill, advertised a big logging bee, to take place at his farm on a certain day, and everyone for miles around was invited to come with their teams and bring the whole family.

It was well known that Will always had lots of good things to eat, and generally something to drink, although he himself never drank anything. All the farmers in that neighborhood were on hand bright and early, and the way that they made the logs fly together and burn up was a caution. Will was a man who was well liked by everyone, a hard worker himself and one who never shirked his share of anything, and the neighbors did their best to clear up his field of new ground that day.

At noon a bountiful dinner was provided for everyone on long tables built up out of doors, and they all, men, women and children, dogs and teams were filled up to repletion.

After dinner they completed the job of logging, and then the little brown jugs began to go around freely, and very soon everyone was talking all at once. Two of the young laddie bucks got to feeling so good that they had to work it off someway, and they proceeded to pick a quarrel with each other, and finally they went out into the road to have it out.

The two combatants were Dave and Sammy. They faced each other in the middle of the road and proceeded to lambaste each other with their fists in great shape. Finally Dave got an opening, hit Sammy in the face a stunning blow, and down he went flat as a pancake, and took the count. After a bit Dave helped him to his feet and brushed off his clothes, and everybody went home satisfied that they had had a bully good show and had got their money's worth.

I was only a small boy then, but of course I was there to see everything that was going on. When the fight began I was pretty nearly scared to death, for I was sure that they were going to kill each other. When Dave knocked Sammy down, and he laid so still, I was sure that he was dead, and ran home and told the folks that Dave had killed Sammy, for I saw him do it." But it did not prove to be as bad as I thought it was.

THE BARN RAISING

A barn raising in those days was nearly a duplicate of the logging bees, only that they did a different kind of work. When a man wanted to build a good sized barn the carpenters came first and got the timbers all cut and ready to put together, and then the neighbors were called in on a certain day to "raise" it.

Buildings were not made as they are nowadays with two by fours or two by eights for the plates, studs and sills, but they used large square timbers, hewed out of the logs with a broad axe, and these were mortised and got ready by the carpenter before the raising. It required some strength to raise those heavy frames to their proper places, and the men used long pike poles to do it, each one with a man at the end of it to push it up to its place and then hold it there until the carpenter could fasten it.

In laying out the timbers for the frame there was almost sure to be some slight mistake made by the carpenters, so that there would be more or less trouble and delay in putting the frame together. In every such gathering of men there would be a rural poet, who would make it his business to notice all such errors; by working his brains a little overtime he could evolve a verse or two to fit the case, and produce more or less mirth at the expense of the unfortunate carpenter. If there was no other way to get the carpenter's goat the rustic cut-up would sneak around after dark some night, cut half an inch off the end of the ten foot pole which the carpenters were using to measure with in laying out the frame, thereby making it come skew-haw when it was put together giving the country "poick" his chance to exercise his genius. It was generally all done in good humor, unless the little brown jug had circulated too freely; then, there was apt to be trouble. That jug was sure to be on hand at all such occasions where men were gathered together, and if there was trouble the jug was at the bottom of it. Barn raisings are now a thing of the past; if any such work has to be done now it is accomplished by ropes and pulleys.

THE BREAKING TEAM

The next thing that has utterly disappeared in this country is the breaking team, for the plowing of new ground filled with oak grubs.

If a man had a field covered with second growth grubs, he first cut the small trees down as close to the ground as possible, piled and burned them, and then hired a man who owned a breaking team and did such work, to break it up.

The man who had a breaking outfit brought a plow about as large as a small house, with a heavy pair of wagon wheels hitched in front of it, and with a very large sharp coulter in front of the plow, for the motive power there were all the way from ten to twenty yoke of oxen hitched in front and they started in, cutting off oak roots as large as a man's leg and tearing the grubs and small stumps out bodily.

Oxen are slow, but when fifteen yoke or so settle down to a pull something must come. I will not undertake to say how large a root they will cut off and pull out, but some of them were immense. It is at least fifty years since I have seen a breaking team in action, and my memory of it is somewhat dim, but I know that they would rip things up in great shape in their slow way.

Fifteen or eighteen yoke of cattle hitched to a plow that was twelve or fifteen feet long made quite a string. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to handle them, and required considerable skill and cases were known where in turning around a dead tree or tall stump that the ox next to the tree would not be able to stand the strain that the ones ahead put upon him. The consequence was that the unfortunate ox would have his neck broken, and the team would be shy an ox. It was hard work for both teams and the drivers and plow handlers, but much land was cleared up in that way.

After the big plow had gone over the land and broken it up and pulled the grubs out, then they hitched several yoke of oxen to a heavy drag and went over it, pulling out the loose grubs and roots, and drawing them roughly

together. The roots and grubs were picked up and thrown into piles and burned, and the ground was ready for planting.

Where my folks lived in Hamilton we did not have grubs or breaking teams, but in a field that was newly cleared the stumps would stand so thick that it was impossible to plow a straight furrow one rod long for the first planting. The stumps gradually rotted and were pulled out, and now there isn't a stump to be seen and has n't been for years.

I do not suppose that there is a breaking team left in the State of Michigan now, and even a single yoke of oxen would be almost a curiosity if seen on our streets. Old "Buck and Bright" have passed away forever in this country. They did their work well in the early days, but they are too slow for this age of autos and tractors. Even the horses seem to be losing caste, and are becoming scarce. In a few years they with the mules and other draft animals will be a thing of the past.

PIONEERS OF THE PLOPPER DISTRICT

Written for the Republican by R. F. Greene.

STEPHEN PLOPPER

The Plopper District is located in Lawrence township near the Paw Paw line and about six miles north of Decatur village.

The district was named for Stephen Plopper, a cooper by trade, who came from Monroe, Michigan, in 1852. He exchanged a house and lot in Monroe for the original Plopper homestead which was then wild land covered with timber such as he wanted for continuing his trade.

The farm consisted of 120 acres. He cut the timber, rived his own staves and made barrels which he sold in Paw Paw, then known as the village of LaFayette.

Stephen Plopper was born in Lowville, Lewis county, New York, in the year 1820. He married Phoebe Palmer in 1841, who died in 1857. They were parents of four children of whom Madison, Riley and Milton are living. Irwin passed away five years ago.

Stephen Plopper married Lucy Hayes in Paw Paw in 1858, and they were the parents of four children, Mrs. Hattie Smith of Loveland, Colo., Mrs. Flora Loveland of Paw Paw, Edwin and George who reside on the old homestead.

The old log schoolhouse was built on the original Stebbins farm now owned by Barney O'Dell of Paw Paw. Mr. Plopper was one of the school officers for over forty years. The old building was removed and the present school house built in 1865.

In the year 1854 Plopper sold twenty acres on the north to Nathan Benedict for one hundred dollars, and later he sold thirteen acres off the west side to William Irwin for $100. The balance of his farm was left to Edwin and George. George sold 43½ acres to Judge Pinney. Edwin resides on the balance of the homestead which he farms and also conducts a blacksmith shop.

AVERY B. MULLINEX

Avery B. Mullinex came from Akron, Ohio, and purchased a farm of Burr Jennings in the same district in the year 1852.

Mr. Mullinex was also a cooper by trade and for a time worked with Stephen Plopper. They rived their own staves, made them into barrels and sold them in LaFayette, now Paw Paw.

After a short time their cooper shop caught fire and burned to the ground. Then each built a shop on his own place and the shop built by Mr. Mullinex is still standing on the farm and has been used for many years as a carpenter shop.

The recent sale of the Mullinex farm was made to Burr Beals, a grandson of Burr Jennings, the original owner. It is interesting to note that there never has been a mortgage or a claim against this large farm since it was bought from the Government. This fact was commented upon at the abstract office in Paw Paw when the transfer to Mr. Beals was being made.

Avery's first venture here was the purchase of eighty acres of wild land which now is known as the Simmons farm. He told his father of his purchase and that if he would go to Michigan and locate it he would make him a present of it. The father came and located the land and cut a slashing of ten acres in the southwest corner. He then heard there were tax titles against it and became nervous and sold it for three hundred dollars to the first man who came along.

For many years this same farm had the reputation of being the best all around farm of its size in Van Buren county.

CELEBRATES ANNIVERSARY

JOHN VANDERPLOUGH HAS BIG DAY LAST SATURDAY—TWO YEARS IN BUSINESS.

Two years ago the sixth of January John Vanderplough opened a fish market in the Charles building that had previously been occupied by Miss Bartoo's millinery. His total capital consisted of $21 and his stock was accordingly small.

There was no limit to his ambition, however, and from the first day the business began to grow. After three months he added a stock of groceries and from that time on his success as a business man has been assured.

Last Saturday was the little store's second anniversary. It was made a special sale day and music and refreshments were served. Three hundred cups of coffee and 180 daughnuts were consumed and 454 sales were recorded. The place was crowded from morning till evening.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

In passing by the ruins of the burned Presbyterian church a short time ago, I walked around behind the basement to see—probably for the last time—the old bell that had done such good service for the last sixty years. I stood and watched the bell on the night of the fire, and at last, when the belfry had burned away, the old bell went down into the basement with a great crash and flying sparks; and I almost felt as though I had lost an old friend. I presume that many of our older people had hoped, as I did, that the bell might pass through the fire trial without serious damage, and that it might be rehung in the new church when it is built, and do duty again, but one glance convinced me that as a bell its work was done, and it could never ring again.

This bell was one of the oldest residents of Decatur, and for about sixty years it had called the residents to the services on the Sabbath. It had awakened them in the night by giving the alarm of fires, and it had tolled for the passing away of many of our citizens. Fifty years or so ago it was the custom to always toll the church bell when any one died, giving the age and sex by the number of strokes. This custom has fallen into disuse of late years, to a great extent, and now it is only tolled for those whose funerals are held in the church.

Each Subscriber Rang the Bell

The old bell was bought by subscription about year 1857 or '58 and for ten years it was the only church bell in the village. My recollection is not very perfect as to the price that was paid for it, but I believe that it cost one dollar per pound, and that it weighed about five hundred pounds. At that time I was going to school here, in the "old red school house," and when the new bell arrived and was hung in the old church—now the Catholic church—each person who had helped to pay for it was entitled to ring it a certain length of time according to the amount that they had contributed toward buying it, and after it was hung it was kept going almost constantly for several days. When one man had rung out his allotted time another took hold, and so it was kept going. Of course many of the school boys were over there to see and hear the new bell, and as many of the men did not care to exert themselves very long at a time they allowed us boys to pull the rope for them, and we thought that it was great fun.

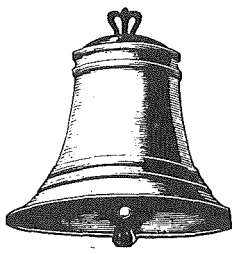
Three or four of us would get hold of the rope at the same time, and by pulling together we could ring it very well, while the men sat around telling stories and joking, and praising and encouraging the boys to keep at it by saying what fine work we were doing and how nicely we made it ring. What a difference there is—to a child—between work and so-called play. I am the only one left of those three boys that I remember helped to ring the old bell. Jehiel Rogers was killed by the cars fifty-five years ago, and Eugene Woodmancy, I do not know what became of him. So far as I know there is not a single person left here who helped to buy the old bell, and I can only think of two others, besides myself who are still living who were here at that time.

How many, many times the old bell has drung out its call to the different services on Sunday and other days, and how many times it has tolled for the passing away of some poor soul who has laid down this life's burdens. For ten years this was the only church bell in the village, but about 1867 the Methodists bought their bell. For a good many years Mr. G. A. Van Sickle was the janitor in the Presbyterian church, and there was considerable rivalry between the two janitors as to which should ring his bell first on Sunday morning. Of course neither could commence until a certain time, but if one could begin even a few seconds ahead of the other it did him a lot of good and kept him feeling fine the whole day. It used to be told that Mr. Van Sickle would get up every Sunday morning before daylight so that he would surely be on time to ring his bell first. I do not guarantee the truth of this story, but it was told as a fact.

On the night the news was received here that Richmond had surrendered—fifty-three years ago this month—the old bell was kept going almost constantly, ringing out the good news. When one set of men would tire out another lot would take hold, and so it was kept up. At that time it was the only bell in the village, except the small bell at the school house, and everything was used that night that would make a noise. What a night that was—one never to be forgotten. And then in just a short time came the telegrams saying that President Lincoln had been assassinated, and then the bell was tolled all the day long. Those two events coming so closely together plunged the people from almost insane joy to the deepest grief and horror in a moment's time. No one who has been born and has grown up since that time can even faintly realize the revulsion of feeling that took place in those few hours.

But the old bell will never ring again. It is cracked in innumerable places, and is badly dented on one side, and the only thing that can be done is to recast it, or buy a new bell, and sell the old one for junk. As a bell it is dead. It did its duty faithfully for sixty years, but now it must give way to another. How very like our own lives the fate of such inanimate things are. We come into the world, we live our allotted time, and the most of us try to do the best that we know how to do while we are here, and then, either through natural decay, or by accident, we pass away, and our places are taken by another, and in a very short time it is utterly forgotten that we ever exister. What is the use of it all?

Good-bye, old bell; for fifteen years I lived almost directly under your ringing, and you seemed like an old friend. I saw you raised to your place in the old church building when you were new, and I saw you transferred to the new building when it was built, and I was one of the first to help to ring you sixty years ago, and I saw your fall and death on the night of the fire. Good-bye.



More About Old Times

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

When I was a kid of some six or eight years, we all lived in the thick heavy woods in Hamilton, and it seemed to be the desire of every man to cut down as many of the finest trees as he could. In many cases it was work, pure and simple, to either clear the land so that they could raise crops to live upon or it was done to get out the logs and haul them to the saw-mill for the lumber that they would make; but in many other cases it was just sport to go out and cut down a few trees for exercise.

Every man had his pet axe that was always kept as sharp as a razor, and in every neighborhood there was sure to be a few crack choppers, and often two or more would take their axes and go into the woods, select trees as nearly of a size as possible, and see which could cut his tree down the quickest, and fall them the nearest to a designated spot; then the trees would be left to decay where they fell. In our community Will Harris was conceded to be the best chopper by all odds, and he engaged in many such contests.

Well, all this excited my childish emulation, and I listened to all the talk about axes, helves, and the best way to hang an axe and the way in which to make a tree fall just where you wanted it, and when an axe needed to be sharpened I was generally willing to be the motor for the grindstone, if the job didn't last too long; but when I saw a man coming up from the woods with a large chunk broken out of his axe blade I took particular pains to be out of sight while he was grinding out the break. Some times such a job would last half a day, and I never had any desire for long sustained effort—especially on a grindstone.

Along about this time some one gave me a new hatchet, with helve and all complete. I do not know who the misguided person was that made me this dangerous present, but I got it from some one, and then I went around hacking into every tree that came handy, and doing lots of mischief with it. When any of the men wished me to assist them in doing circular work on the grindstone, I would first stipulate that they must grind my hatchet too, and it was not long before the little implement had a razor edge, and was about as dangerous a plaything as a boy could possibly have.

Hatchet Proves Dangerous Plaything

One day my mother went to visit Mrs. Briggs, who lived about half a mile from our house, and I went with her, and, of course, I took my hatchet with me. Dave Briggs was quite a chunk of a boy, a few years older than I, and soon we out to play, and of course I showed him my hatchet, and and explained how easy it was to cut down the small trees with it that we came across. At once Dave was eager to try it, and I let him take it, and he started in to cut down a small tree, but almost the vehy first stroke that he made the hatchet went into his knee instead of the tree, and then there was a great howl immediately. The blood spurted out in a stream, Dave yelled with all his might, and I was so scared that I ran to the house and told my mother that Dave had cut his leg clear off, It proved to be not as bad as that, but it was plenty bad enough, for he had sunk the sharp blade right into his knee, and for awhile it was thought that he would always be lame, but he wasn't.

His mother had to sew it up as best she could with a large needle and strong thread, and it required a number of stitches to hold the cut together. My! how Dave did howl while they were sewing it. I can hear him yet. Then they bandaged it, and after a time it got well all right, but it is a great wonder that he did not lame himself for life. But after that whenever we went away visiting my folks saw to it that the hatchet was left at home. I took a great deal of comfort with that hatchet, but it was a dangerous plaything for a young boy to have. I do not remember how long I had it or what became of it in the end. I wish that I did.

Dave lives in Nebraska now, and is an old man. Some ten years ago he was back here, and I happened to meet him one day in a store, and while I was talking to him I asked him if he remembered cutting himself with my hatchet when we were boys, and he replied that he remembered it very distinctly, and that he carried the scar yet, and always would.

Fell Into the Pond

How many such scrapes children do get into, and the wonder to me is that they live through childhood and manage to grow up. Our old mill-pond was not very large or extremely deep, but it was plenty large and deep enough to drown a child, and cousin Jimmy and myself used to fall into it on an average of once a week or so, and I could never understand why one or both of us were not drowned there. We would go down to the pond fishing, crawl out on a log to get nearer to deep water, and then sooner or later, one of us would tumble off into the water, and then there would be a great scrambling around to get out, and get some dry clothes at the house.

I remember going skating with Jack Johnson on the pond once. The ice was not very thick, and we thought that it was great fun to jump on the ice with our skates and cut through it and see the water come bubbling up. Finally I stood in one spot and cut a circle around myself, and when I got clear round of course down went the piece of ice with it went into the ice cold water. Well, Jack helped me to get out, and we hustled to the house, but it so happened on that day my folks had all gone to town, and the fires had all gone out and the house was nearly as cold as I was, and I had to stand there while Jack fussed around to get a fire going in the stove, all the time dripping water from every square inch of me. I didn't know where to find any dry clothing, because mother always attended to my clothes, and I didn't know where to look for them. So I had to stand there and shiver until the fire warmed things up and finally dried my clothes on me.

It is a great wonder that I didn't catch a cold hard enough to kill me, but I came out all right, and so far as I remember I do not think that any one else but Jack and I ever knew anything about it.

Another time Jack and I were playing around the saw mill, and I fell clear down through about ten or fifteen feet, landing in the water and striking my head on one of the sills under the water hard enough to knock me senseless, and there I lay in the water until Jack could scramble down and pull me out. Probably if I had been alone I should have drowned in two feet of water, but I was a sight when I got so that I could go to the house, all covered with mud and water and with a lump on the back of my

head as big as a goose egg.

Cousin Jimmy and I always had guns to hunt with, even when we were so small that every time that we fired them off we would have to go back to the mill to get some of the men to reload them for us, and it was a great mercy that we didn't either shoot ourselves or some innocent bystander by our fooling around with the firearms. It must be that there is a providence that looks after children, drunken men and fools, or we would surely have killed our selves or some one else.

Used Tree for Cannon

Every time that Jimmy and I got together on the 4th of July we were sure to have a big supply of fire-crackers, a toy cannon very likely, and a lot of powder, rockets, etc., and why we did not get blown up has always been a great mystery to me. We had no cannon fire-crackers in those days, and when we wanted to make a big noise we had to use loose powder in some way. A favorite scheme was to bore an auger hole in a tree, fill it with powder, put in a fire-cracker fuse, plug it up tight and set fire to the fuse and split the tree wide open, at the same time making a terrible bang.

We were both perfectly enamored with anything in the shape of a gun, or pistol, and we always had them. We had revolvers in those days, but they were very crude affairs compared with the ones that are in use now. Cartridges were unknown, and they had to be loaded like a rifle. You had to pour into each of the six chambers of the cylinder the proper amount of powder from a flask, and then ram in six balls on top of the powder, then place a cap on each of the six nipples, and it was a good ten or fifteen minutes' work to reload one. You had to carry a powder flask, loose bullets and a cap box, and when one was shot off it made a noise like a young cannon and kicked like blazes.

Everything is so different now from what it sixty years ago, and we have so many things now that had not even been dreamed of then, and the probabilities are that in another sixty years the things that we have in use now will be as much out of date and as antiquated as the sixty years old things are now. Who would have dreamed sixty years ago of such things as electric lights, motors, flying machines, automobiles, submarines, and many other inventions, that are now in daily use, and most of which we feel that we could not possibly exist without?

In our neighborhood every one used candles for lighting purposes, and we thought that if we had two or more candles burning at the same time it was a wonderful illumination, and only to be indulged in if we had visitors of importance.

Just before the Civil war we got to using what was called benzine, or burning fluid. It was a white liquid that looked much like water, and was burned in lamps. I have yet one of those old benzine lamps that was used then. The lamp had two small tubes, about the size of a lead pencil, sticking up out of the burner, and in these were two round wicks. This lamp probably made about as much light as three or four candles, and it was thought to be a wonderful thing. Then about 1860 or '61 kerosene came into general use, and held its own until we began to get electricity in the small towns. But kerosene is in common use yet wherever electricity or gas cannot be had, and will probably hold its own for many years to come.

Dipping Candles

Sixty-five years ago I can remember seeing my mother "dip candles." How many of the present day ever saw such performance? Afterward she had candle molds that would make a dozen candles at a time and was a great labor saver, but then they had to all be dipped. For some reason that I never understood, mother always dipped her candles at night after every one else had gone to bed, and all of her other work had been done up, but why she did it in this way I couldn't understand. To dip them she took a large tub, or other vessel that would sit on the floor, partly filled it with water, and then laid two sticks across from side to side, then she cut candle wicking as long as the candle was to be, twisted two lengths together, and hung them upon the sticks, as many as she wanted to make, and from a kettle of melted tallow she poured it down over the wicks, and of course, some of it would stick upon them and harden, the rest of the tallow falling into the water in the tub to be melted and used again; and she kept repeating this process until they became of the proper size, and then they were set away to cool until morning, and then she had a supply of candles. How would like to make your lighting apparatus in this way now?

In some cases people had even a more primitive way than this to make their lights. They took a shallow dish, like a saucer, filled it partly with melted lard, and placed a short wick along the side of the dish reaching down into the lard at the bottom and sticking up above the saucer at the top. After a time the wick would become saturated with the lard, and produce more or less of a light, and at the same time, a good, strong, healthy smell and plenty of smoke. How do you think you would enjoy reading or studying by that kind of a light? Surely the world is progressing in material things if it isn't growing any better morally—which is a disputed point.

We had to put up with many primitive contrivances in those days that wouldn't even be looked at now, but the people seemed to get along and enjoy life fully as well as they do now—perhaps more. They had plenty to eat and enough to wear, because nearly every one raised all that they required, and did not have to depend upon the stores as they do now—with the exception of a few articles that could not be produced here, and mostly they went without those. There were scarcely any rich men—none that we would call even well to do, but at the same time there were no poverty sticken families as we have now. It was the universal custom then to lend and borrow, and no one was ever refused. One man would own a plow, and that plow went the rounds of the neighborhood and did all the plowing. Another would have a drag and it was the same way with that and all other tools, teams, etc.

The people had less cares and were not so eager to become wealthy. Of real money there was scarcely a dollar in a whole neighborhood. Everything was bought and sold by barter. A man would come to town with a load of lumber or hogs and trade it to the merchants for dry-goods or other necessities, but got very little money. If one man owed another he paid him in some kind of produce that he needed. My father was, perhaps, as well off as his neighbors, but up to the time that the war broke out and greenbacks became plentiful, I do not believe that he ever had ten dollars in real money at any one time.

But the people were care free. They would work hard all day, and then after supper they would hitch up the team and go off to some of the neighbors and dance or visit half or more of the night, go home, get a few hours' sleep, and get up in the morning and go at it again and repeat the performance. I am inclined to think that we were better off then than we are now,

notwithstanding that we had no automobiles or fine clothing or any of the present day luxuries. I would much like to be able to look ahead to about 1975 and see how the people were living and what they had to live upon, and whether they were any better off than they are now, but I have no hope of being able to do this. There is only one thing that I feel sure about for our posterity of fifty years hence, and that is they will still be paying the debts—principal and interest—that this generation has piled up for them to struggle with. I consider that a sure thing, and how they will bless us for it.

DECATUR'S FIRST WEDDING

The following copy of a marriage certificate was received by the Republican office a short time ago from Florence S. Babbitt of Ypsilanti, Mich., and reads as below:

"I do hereby certify that on the second day of May, 1850, Miss Mary Elliott was married to Mr. Levi T. Olds by me. Decatur, Michigan, May 26th, 1850.

"Witnesses present—
Thadaeous Gardiner,
Sarah Ann Elliott,
Charles A. Stuart.
(Signed) George B. Sherwood,
Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Van Buren, State of Michigan."

Well, there's nothing very remarkable about that, you may say. Men and women will get married; they are doing it all the time, so why do you bring forward these old residents to expose their weakness? But there is one little difference about this marriag from the countless others that have taken place in our village.

It so happened that about two years ago I had occasion to dig up the early history of Decatur, and in doing so I discovered that this was the very first marriage that was solemnized in our village. There have been a great many others since, but this was the only genuine first wedding, and therefore is somewhat different from the others.

All of the older residents of forty-five or fifty years ago will remember Mr. Olds. He was a nice, gentle old man, who, so far as I know, never injured any one or had an enemy. In his younger days he had been a soldier during the Mexican war, and marched with Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and fought in many of the battles during that campaign.

Mr. Olds must have been one of the very early settlers of Decatur, but I could find nothing to show when he arrived here. The first notice of his name seems to have been his marriage. While he lived here he was a carpenter and builder. I think that he had only one child—Miss Frankie Olds—who married while living here, but I do not know what became of her.

Mr. Olds moved away from Decatur many years ago, but about twenty years since he visited here and I saw him. I believe that I afterward heard he had died. He was very old when I saw him last. He was a good man, but like most good men, he never accumulated very much wordly wealth.

W. H. Tuttle.

The three names given as witnesses to this marriage are all strange to me. I do not think that I ever knew any of them. Perhaps some of the other very old residents will remember them. Mr. George B. Sherwood was the first Justice of the Peace in our village and this wedding was one of his very first official acts. He was also our first postmaster. The postoffice was established in 1852. He must have left Decatur before my time.

The dates given in Mr. Sherwood's certificate differ somewhat from those that I found in an old Decatur history, but they are all included in the month of May, 1850.

THE MESSENGER

When he came into the village
All the warriors gazed in wonder,
As they listened to the message,
From the Great Breath who had sent him
Told them of a pale-faced people,
Of the coming of the white man
In his great canoe with white wings,
Coming with his sticks of thunder,
Coming with the pitted fever,
And his drink of firey water.
"They shall drive you to the westward
westward to the Land of Darkness
to the land of Uh-Shun-Hi-Yi."
Then the warriors in their anger
Chased him far beyond the village
There he stopped and spoke in sadness
"You shall journey to the westward,
/OWN A TRAIL OF TEARS AND SORROW.
To a land of trial and hunger.
'Cross the blue and bitter water
From the mists beyond the sunset
Then shall come the slant-eyed strangers
Riding on their winged war birds
Dropping fire and death below them,
Bringing sorrow to the people,
Terror to the white invador."
Thus, Thus, he spoke and then he vanished
Deep into the Smoky Mountains
And their eyes no more beheld him
He had gone from them forever.

OLD PIONEER

By Will Carelton, Michigan Poet

When the spring-time touch is lightest,
When the summer-eyes are brightest,
On the Autumn sings most drear;
When the winter's hair is whitest,
Sleep, Old Pioneer!
Safe beneath the sheltering sail
Late enough you crept,
Well you paid for every blessing
Bought with grief each day of cheer.
Nature's arms around you pressing,
Nature's lips your-brow caressing,
Sleep, Old Pioneer!

When the of trail was steepest,
When the forest-brown was deepest,
Poor, but young, you hastened here;
Come when solid hope was cheapest —
Come — A Pioneer!
Made the western junglers view
Civilization's charms;
Snatched a home for yours and you,
From the lean tree-arms.
Toil had never cause to doubt you —
Progress! path you helped to clear;
But today forgets about you
and the world rises on without you —
Sleep, Old Pioneer!

Careless Crowds go daily past you,
Where their future fate has cast you,
Leaving not a sign or tear;
and your wonder works outlast you —
Brave Old Pioneer!
Little care the selfish throng
Where your head is hid,
Through they thrine upon the strong
Resolute work you did.

1918?

BUT few are permitted to enjoy the privilege and joy that came to Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts on January 1, 1918. On that day these two highly esteemed and much beloved citizens and neighbors of our community celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. About them were gathered as on that day of fond recollection, a group of well wishing friends who assembled to join with them in the happiness of their celebration.

Fifty years are meaningless and of little significance in themselves, but when they are filled with service and usefulness and the spirit of altruism, then they take on new significance. Such indeed have been the years that have come to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. This was the testimony of all who wished them well that day and it was the consensus of opinion that this spirit had kept them going and made the years rest so highly upon them.

After a bountiful dinner Mrs. Hooper read the following poem which expressed most sincerely the sentiment of all their friends.

This is a rhyme of that olden time,
When these two folks were wed;
Since that blissful day so far away
Just fifty years have sped.

I wish I could set in a song
Their journey along life's road,
Meeting with sunshine and storm
Bearing, together each load.

Many a word of kindness,
Many a deed of love,
Is written to their credit
In the book kept up above.

So in our hearts we wish them,
Best of neighbors and friends,
Health and comfort and peace
On to the journey's end.

There may the gates of light
On their hinges swing so wide,
That these two who have lived as one
May enter side by side.

In the evening the members of the local order of the Eastern Star, of which the "bride" and "groom" are old and faithful members, went in a body to the Roberts home to extend to them their congratulations and best wishes. After a brief informal program Supt. Washburn presented the congratulations of the Order in the form of an appropriate gift, and so ended a day of brightness and good cheer.

Besides a number of their friends from Decatur, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Rogers and son, Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Vickery and son, Roger, and Mrs. M. L. Vickery of Kalamazoo and Miss Helen Peterson of Battle Creek.

The following account of the silver wedding anniversary held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts in this village was taken from the Decatur Republican of the issue dated December 31, 1892:

SILVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts Entertain Most Delightfully

A very delightful social event occurred on Saturday evening, December 31, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts of this village. The occasion was one of peculiar interest, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Their well known hospitality and good cheer were extended to their many friends with the cordiality that has always characterized this pleasant home.

About seventy guests sat down to the abundantly supplied tables. A few who were guests at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were present last Saturday evening and greatly enjoyed the reunion of friends and revival of pleasant memories. Among them was Mrs. M. M. Manley of Grand Rapids, who was Mrs. Robert's bridesmaid, and who contributed an original poem referring to the early acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and giving a hopeful and prophetic glance at the future. Her daughter read a humorous selection. Music was furnished by Misses Hattie Roberts, Leila Harlow and Eva Trowbridge. The evening was thus enlivened and rendered pleasant by cheerful interchange of greetings and by the expression of good wishes for this worthy couple, that another quarter of a century may find them both in the enjoyment of life and its blessings. They were the recipients of many appropriate and valuable gifts.

Excepting a residence of about two years in Atlanta, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have spent their entire married life in Decatur, and are held in very high esteem by the entire community.

THE OLD MUSICIAN & HIS HARP

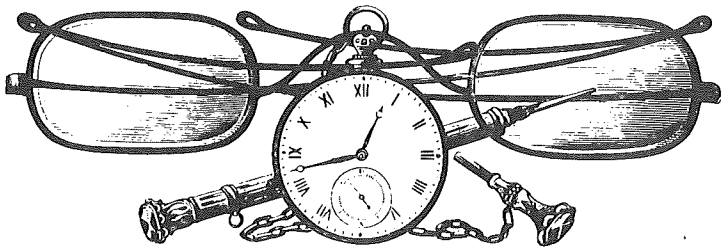
Years have come and passed away,
Golden locks have turned to gray,
Golden ringlets once so fair
Time has changed to silvery hair.
Yes, I've reached the riverside,
Soon I'll launch upon its tide,
Soon my bark with noiseless oar
Safe will pass to yon bright shore.

Chorus:
Bring my harp to me again;
Let me hear its gentle strain,
Let me hear its chords once more
E'er I pass to that bright shore.

Oh! those chords of magic power,
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To the cot beside the sea
Where I knelt at Mother's knee.
But that mother she has gone,
Calm she sleeps beneath a stone,
While I wander here alone,
Sighing for a brighter home.

Chorus:

Soon I'll be among the blest,
Where the weary are at rest.
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praises evermore.
Now my bark is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam,
Soon I'll be where angels roam,
Dear old harp, I'm going home.



THE CHANGES OF SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

My own personal recollections of passing events go back more or less distinctly, about sixty-five years, and during that time what wonderful changes have taken place in this world of ours. Some of them have been way beyond the wildest dreams of even the smartest scientists that lived fifty years ago, while others have been terrible and awful beyond all conceptions. In this last class falls our present European war. Who would have believed even five years ago that it was possible for such a world calamity to take place. We all know the history and the consequences of the deadly struggle, but no living person can see the changes among the nations of the earth that will result from it.

To go back to earlier days; my first clear remembrance of public events was the presidential campaign between Buchanan and Fremont in the fall of 1856. Up to that time my father had always been a Democrat, but when Fremont was nominated by the new Republican party he "turned his coat" and became a Black Republican; and at the same time he became a bitter opponent of slavery, and therefore he was called a "Black Abolitionist." It took real grit in those days to come out boldly and fight slavery even here in the north. Slavery was considered by the great majority of the people to be a divine institution, sanctioned by the Bible, and that must be preserved at all hazards and for all time, and it was thought to be almost a crime to oppose it in any way. Well, Fremont was defeated and the southern Democrats held power for another four years while they were perfecting their plans to secede and set up a separate government with slavery for its corner-stone.

When Russia Befriended Us

Then in 1860 came the struggle between the same parties again over the same question; but this time, owing to a division in the Democratic party, Lincoln was elected to the presidency. The southern states immediately seceded and declared war on the government, and there followed four years of bitter strife between North and South. As I look back to the history of those days it seems almost a miracle that that south did not win and divide our country into two parts, because they had the active aid and sympathy of all the governments of Europe except Russia. Russia stood our firm friend during the whole period of the war, and she was an immense help in standing off the other European powers who would have been glad to see the south succeed and break up our union. But Russia stood by us faithfully and we have always felt very grateful to her as a nation ever since.

The spring of 1865 came peace once more. The south was completely subdued, her armies broken up and captured, and the Union was saved. Slavery was abolished forever in our country, that source of trouble to us during the past fifty years was removed for all time, and now we are a united country once more, something that we could never have been as long as slavery existed. The colored race is slowly but surely being brought up to a level with other citizens, and in our recent conflict their regiments did gallant service.

Railroads and the Telegraph

Farther back than I can remember we had railroads and telegraph lines, but they were both very crude affairs compared with those of the present day. The railroads were made up of short lines, and each one was run on its own hook without paying much attention to its connection with other roads. A railroad journey of any distance in those early days was a long and tiresome affair because one had to change roads so many times. The engines, cars, road-beds and rails were all light affairs; many of the roads used old strap rails, and trains could not safely run at the fast rate that they do now-a-days. The first railroad train that I ever remember seeing must have been when I was about five years old. My mother took me to the old depot one day when she went there to meet a sister who was coming in from the east.

I stood at the depot window as the train pulled in, and as the engine came past it seemed to me as though it was a great roaring fiery monster that was going to run right over us. To cap the climax the engineer blew the whistle fiercely just then and that scared the little wits that I had left clear out of me. My, but I was frightened, and I yelled bloody murder, because I felt sure that the engine was going to eat us all up alive. How well I remember my sensations of that first sight of a locomotive close by; mother said that I trembled and shook all the rest of that day, and that night every time that I fell asleep I would dream about it and wake myself up screaming. I couldn't have been more than five or six years old, and I always was a good deal of a little and big coward. I have seen quite a number of locomotives since that day, and have had some bad scares, but never anything that frightened me as that did.

The very first that I remember anything about a telegraph office must have been when I was about eleven years old. I was going to school here in Decatur and boarding with Miss Libbie Thomas who kept a millinery store in what is now the milk factory, and one day I wandered down to the old depot. The window in the old telegraph office stood open showing the instruments on the table. There was a lady in the office, and as I stood there looking at things very wistfully the lady kindly asked me if I would like to come inside and have her explain it as well as she could to a small boy. You may be sure that I jumped at the chance, because my curiosity was very much excited by the sight of so many strange looking things. I was too bashful to ever have asked her to show me, but when she asked me to come in why that was different and I accepted the invitation gladly. This lady—I do not know who she was—showed me where the wires came into the office from the poles on the outside, and where they were connected with the instruments. I was too young to understand it, but it all seemed very wonderful to me, and right then and there I decided that I would become a telegraph operator, as soon as I was old enough, if it was a possible thing. The lady told me to come back when I was three or four years older and that she thought that then I might become one and I never lost sight of that half promise, and at the end of another four years I realized my ambition. This lady showed me the old fashioned register used by almost all operators, because a sound operator was nearly unheard of then. She informed me that the machine was run like a clock with a heavy weight.

Then she wound it up with the big key and started it running while messages were passing over the wire, and showed me how it printed the messages on the narrow paper tape in raised letters. She gave me the telegraph alphabet and taught me how to pick out the letters and words. I could not understand the use of the relay, but the sending key was plain to me. She even tore off a piece of the paper tape, with the dots and dashes printed on it for me to take home.

My, but I was a proud boy that day, for I surely thought that I had almost learned the whole business. This lady gave me a cordial invitation to come again when I could and I promised to do so, and it was not many days before I was there again, but to my great grief and disappointment I found that the lady was gone, and that a young man had taken her place, and this young man had no great desire to be bothered with answering my innumerable questions, and he turned me down cold. That ended my connection with a telegraph office for the time being; but three or four years afterward I made application again to be taken as a regular student and was accepted and became a full-fledged operator in time. But how crude the instruments of those days were compared with those of the present time. Reading by sound was almost unknown and only a very few of the largest offices had sound operators. How many times I have wished that I had kept that piece of paper tape.

Then along about 1870 came another great improvement in telegraphy. Some electrician said that it was possible to use one wire for two, four or more circuits at the same time, or duplex and quadruplex telegraphy, thus saving the use of that many additional wires. Others said that it was utterly impossible to do any such thing, but the impossible was done, and for years it has been in common everyday use on all wires that do a heavy business.

Even telegraphy is doomed to become a back number and be done away with entirely. Telephones are taking the place of the telegraph all the time, and it is only a question of time when telephones become perfect, which they are not yet by a good deal—that they will entirely take the place of the telegraph and telegraphy will become a lost art, and the poor operators will be obliged to go to work.

Along about 1875-6 it began to be said that it would be possible to talk over a wire. That idea was well laughed at, even by electricians, but it was done, and we all know how common a thing the telephone is now. Next came the electric motor and the transmission of power over long distances through wires, and that now is a very common way everywhere of obtaining power, and the use of electric motors is extending rapidly in all directions, and it seems to be only a question of time when all of the numerous rivers and waterfalls of the world will be employed to furnish nearly all the power necessary to carry on the activities of the earth.

Wireless

Next came the report that it was not necessary to have a wire to carry an electric current—that it could be carried through the air without wires just as well. This propossition was not only laughed at, but it was utterly disbelieved by almost every one, and was called foolish. But we all know that wireless telegraphy is in common everyday use, even across the Atlantic ocean and longer distances. Wireless telephony is being worked out, and I can see no reason to doubt that we shall have, sooner or later, wireless power transmission for electric motors. In fact it is no longer service in the navy, and was on of the safe to predict what we are to have in the way of new inventions. The impossible things of only a few years ago are now too common to excite surprise or comment.

Aeroplanes

Less than twenty years ago it was declared by scientists that any machine heavier than air could not possibly rise and support itself off the ground—that the only way to fly was to have a large receptacle filled with "lighter than air" gas to rise into the atmosphere and remain there for any length of time. But now we have air-ships that not only arise themselves into the air and travel long distances, but they carry many men, small cannon, and hundreds of pounds weight of bombs to drop on the heads of those below them; and they fight regular battles in the air and fly in formation equalling the best managed ships. They are called the "eyes of the armies" now, and the side that has the best and most air-ships is almost certain to win the victory. In this country they are beginning to be used to carry the mails between cities, and no one can say what the air service will develop to in a few more years. But it is fully expected that the ships of the air will be crossing the Atlantic ocean carrying passengers and the mails in a very short time.

During my school days Alaska and northern Canada were considered to be almost as far away as the moon itself. No one tried to live there except a few Esquimaux, Indians and trappers. But now what a change. Alaska is producing many millions in value every year in gold and furs. The country is being settled by white people, cities are building—even within the arctic circle—and railrods are pushing through the country in all directions to tap the gold, copper and coal mines. Alaska was a very fortunate acquisition for the United States. Russia sold it to us for almost a song, and it has paid for itself an hundred times over, and will keep adding untold wealth to our country for ages to come.

As to northern Canada it has become one of the principal granaries of the world, and produces many, many millions of bushels of wheat every year to help to feed the inhabitants of the earth. In fact, some of us would have to go without bread if it were not for the northern Canada wheat fields. Lines of railroads cross the continent several times there, and large cities exist now where fifty years ago it was an unbroken wilderness and was thought that it must always remain so. Then northern Canada was thought to be fit for only one thing, and that was to raise fur bearing animals.

North and South Poles Discovered

Within the last fifteen years both the north and the south poles of the earth have been visited by explorers, and there is hardly a spot left on the face of old mother Earth that has not been visited and mapped out. Africa has been explored in nearly all of its dark corners, and is being settled and civilized by the white people, and it does really seem as though there was nothing new left for the traveller to find unless he can rig up an air-ship in which he can visit the moon or Mars and find out the truth about the famous canals on Mars. And who will be brave enough to say that this will not be done eventually?

Some forty-five or fifty years ago the French author, Jules Vern, wrote a book describing a voyage in a wonderful sub-marine vessel: It was called "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and while nearly every one read the story because it was very entertainingly written, almost every one laughed at it as being an utter impossibility. But now during our present war with Germany hundreds of submarines are

in constant use by the Germans, and they have done immense damage to English and American shipping by sinking uncounted vessels loaded not only with a great amount of supplies but also with men, women and children, causing great damage and loss of life.

The Automobile

It would require almost a whole book to even mention the inventions and improvements of the past fifty or sixty years. Many of them, ordinary people know nothing about, because so many of them are only used by experts and specialists. Twenty-five years ago automobiles were unknown, but now the roads and streets are literally filled with them. It is astonishing to go into the large cities like Chicago and see the number of autos that are in everyday use. In some places it is almost impossible to cross the street without getting run over by them, and then the auto trucks for the hauling of all kinds of goods, and in the war zone in Europe for delivering supplies and hauling heavy cannon and carrying men to the front they have nearly displaced horses; and there isn't much doubt but that horses will become obsolete in a few more years, which will be a God-send to the poor brutes. Tractors are doing the heavy work on our farms, and more and more of them are coming into use every year.

It is perfectly bewildering when one tries to think of the things that are in everyday use now, but which no one had even dreamed of sixty years ago.

We had railroads and telegraphs before my time, but they have both been improved and enlarged since those days until they bear no relation whatever to the originals. Then the best of the roads were only single tracked, the engines, rails and cars were all small and light. Now the main roads are double and quadruple tracked, and all of the equipment is at least four times as heavy, and draw loads in proportion. Sleeping cars were unknown then, the roads were short and disconnected, and passengers were required to change cars and roads often, but they have been combined and consolidated until now one can enter his sleeper in New York City and never leave it until he arrives in San Francisco, and most wonderful of all we can send messages through the air, without wires, between the same two places or across the oceans.

Nothing Impossible

It is not possible to say where all this is to end, if there be any end, or that the human mind will achieve in the way of material things. It is thought by some that we will be able to extract our food directly from the atmosphere, instead of growing it in the vegetable or animal way as we always have done. Experiments are being made along that line ,and who will be brave enough to say that it will not be accomplished. Also scientists expect to be able to derive our heat and power from the sun and the tides. We know that an unlimited amount of both have been going to waste from both sources for thousands and millions of years, and why should they not be harnessed for the use of the people. It is said that the volcanoes all over the world have been and are pouring forth millions of tons every year of materials that would be valuable to the human race if we can only find a way to save and conserve them. Why should it not be done. Our coal and oil will give out after about so many years, and then we must find some other source of heat and power. The vegetable world is being changed and forced to bear better and more produce by Mr. Burbank, and no one is wise enough to say what can be accomplished in that line. I for one, am not sure but that in a few years we may be able to go into the garden and pick our beef-steak, or the pies and cakes for dinner off the squash vines, or that we shall not draw our milk, cream, cheese and butter directly from the air, instead of having to keep and feed a cow for that purpose.

Then from material things that we know have been accomplished because we see and use them every day of our lives we can pass on to other matters that scientists claim to have discovered, but ordinary people cannot know as to whether they are true or not. We can only take their word for it, but they seem satisfied with the truth of We know that the chemists have made wonderful discoveries in late years, but we do not understand them no one can unless they make a life study of that branch of science. The medical profession—especially the surgical part of it—has done many wonderful things in the later years, and some of the diseases that were so common and so deadly a few years ago are almost obliterated now. Yellow fever, that used to rage almost every year in Cuba and other southern countries, and many times in the southern part of our own country, has been nearly done away with by a stict system of cleaning up and the destruction of the insect pests that propagated and carried it from one to another person. Typhoid fever also, that was so deadly in our soldier camps during the Spanish war of twenty years ago, has been very much ameliorated; it has not been entirely conquered, but its terrors have been very much dispelled by a system of vaccination and a thorough system of sanitation.

Surgery Greatly Improved

Surgery has indeed made wonderful strides during the past fifty years. During our Civil war of fifty odd years ago, if a man was wounded and gangrene set in the case was hopeless at once. Now we call it blood poison. but I think that it is the same old gangrene that we heard so much about then. So many of our soldiers died then from slight wounds that now would hardly keep a man from active duty more than a few days, but then if gangrene developed from a wound it was almost surely fatal. But now the surgeons have many antispetics that enable them not only to prevent infection, but also those that will cure after infection has begun. The antiseptics that have been discovered within the past thirty or forty years enable surgeons to perform wonderful operations that would not have been even attempted then. Thousands of our soldiers died from gangrene and lock-jaw that might have been saved if the doctors had had the curative agents that are in common use now.

Fifty years ago no one, so far as I know, had ever heard of appendicitis, or thought that the appendix could be removed. Then it was called "inflamation of the bowels" and nature either cured or killed the patient, but now the removal of the appendix is a common everyday operation, and is nearly always successful if the disease has not gone too long; and the queer thing about it is that the person gets along just as well without that organ as he did with it, and there are other seemingly important organs that can be taken away from the body apparently without doing any harm to the patient in his after life; and so the query arises as to why they were ever put into the human anatomy if they are necessary to the welfare of the body. It is supposed that these unnecessary organs were of real use at same far distant day in the past when our ancestors wore tails and were living and climbing around in the tree tops, but now since we have become civilized and have adopted an entirely different way of living, they have become useles and can be dispensed with just as

well as not, and when these parts become diseased they are easily removed and no harm follows to the patient.

Sewing Machines

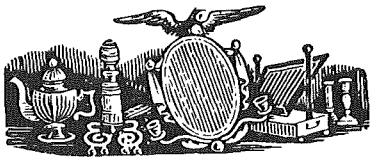
Before closing this list of recent inventions I would like to mention a few others. Many of them are so very common now that we almost forget that people have not always had them to use, but, comparatively, they are of very recent origin. The invention of sewing machines goes back beyond my day, but at first they were extremely crude affairs and not many people owned one until within the last fifty years. But now there is hardly a house but that the wife has her machine, and they have been simplified and perfected until they seem nearly human in their operation, and where electricity is in use nearly all have small motors attached to run them, thereby relieving the lady from the drudgery of pedalling it. A good machine can be bought so cheaply now that there is no excuse for any house to be without one. A machine can be bought now—even in the extremely high prices for everything—for $20 or $25, that fifty years ago would have cost at least $90 or $100, and so much better machine that there is hardly any comparison between them.

Typewriters

Now we have type-writers, and scarcely a person that has any writing to do but has a writing machine. The first typewriter that I ever saw was at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and it was thought to be a wonderful invention. Some one had a booth in one of the buildings with counters around a small square, and inside were a number of girls operating typewriters. On the counters were placed a lot of old fashioned slates with pencils attached. You paid in 25 cents and then wrote out a short letter on a slate to some one back at your home, and then a girl typed it on a machine while you watched her do it, put it into a stamped envelope and mailed it for you, and the folks at home thought that it was a great curiosity to get a letter from you written by a machine in plain print that could be read easily—which was not always the case with handwriting. A typewriter is as far ahead of a pen for writing purposes as the sewing-machine is superior to the old needle for sewing.

Phonographs

About this time came the phonographs or talking machines, but now they are everywhere and in constant use. They have been perfected until it is now possible for almost every family to have the music of the greatest artists in their own homes, and not only that but the records of these same artists can be preserved and reproduced hundreds of years in the future. Great speeches can be recorded in this way and reproduced in later years in the very voice of the original speaker. What would we not give if President Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, or Patrick Henry's defiance to the English king could have been saved for us in this way and repeated now? But talking machine records had not even been dreamed of at the time they were spoken.



Gas Engines

The first gas motor that I ever saw was also at the Centennial. This engine instead of being the small and compact piece of machinery that gas motors are now was about as large as a small chicken house, and every time it exploded it made a noise like a cannon and fairly shook the building. They had it attached to a printing press and it seemed to be a very complicated piece of machinery. Now gas motors are in use everywhere and in all kinds of places—on farms and in shops—and they are so small and compact that they can be used in places where it would be impossible to put a steam engine. They do not need water or fire to run them and are only a fraction of the weight of the old style engine. Flying machines could never fly without some such motor for their power. Farm tractors are coming more and more into use every year and taking the place of horses, and nearly all of them depend entirely upon gas motors to operate them, while nearly all autos use them.

Warships

In the spring of 1862 occurred the first battle that was ever fought between iron vessels of war. This was the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac near Fortress Monroe, Va., and it demonstrated the fact that all war vessels constructed by all the nations of the whole world up to that time were perfectly worthless and would be thrown away and rebuilt on different principles. Either the Monitor or the Merrimac alone could have destroyed the greatest navy that sailed the oceans then. But now all the nations that possess navies have dreadnaughts beside which the Monitor and the Merrimac were only toys. We have machine guns that throw a perfect hail storm of bullets. Immense cannon that throw shells of half a ton in weight from twenty to fifty miles and destroy almost a whole city at one shot. Our recent war in Europe is said to have employed on both sides twenty million of armed soldiers. Armies are counted by the million now instead of by the thousand.

But where is this all to end, for surely we cannot go on forever as we have been doing the past fifty or sixty years. Every year more and more new inventions are perfected and put into common use, and no one can say what will be the next new thing to be brought forward, but how far can the human mind go along this road? No one can say. The impossibility of today is in common use tomorrow, but will this always be so?

There are a few things that not even the smartest of men have been able to penetrate even the outskirts of, and principal of these are Life and Death. No one has been able to produce life artificially. Nature has just one way for that and one only, and man cannot produce it in any other way. We can cause death but no one can bring life back to a body that has once died. No one can say what becomes of the life and inteligence after it leaves the body. Does it go out like the flame of a candle, or does it live again in some other form. We have many theories and beliefs about this but no certainty. What becomes of the intelligence or soul when death takes possession of the physical body and brain and leaves it only fit to be buried in the ground? The life that we are born with surely comes from nothing, and that being the case why should it not go back to the same place, when the body dies? Everything that we know has to be acquired after birth, and where do we get it from? It has to be learned from the experience of those who have lived before us. The human mind is incapable of comprehending anything that has neither beginning or end. All life and intelligence, even of the very lowest animals, surely has a beginning. We can see that plainly without any chance for dispute about it, and if it begins why should it not end? But where or what the end may be is very uncertain.

There are many theories and beliefs about it, but no one can really know the truth yet. Some believe the human mind or soul lives on through all eternity in some unknown condition. Others think that it dies with the death of the physical body, while many more believe that our life passes on to inhabit another body—either human or animal—when the present body dies, but the smartest men that have ever lived really know nothing more about it than a child does.

Perhaps in the ages to come the human mind may advance in knowledge to a point where they will be able to know and demonstrate that fate that awaits us at the death of the body, but we are a long way from that state of knowledge yet. No one will dare to say, after seeing the many wonderful things that have been accomplished during the past fifty or sixty years, that anything is impossible to do. We may yet travel to the moon, or the sun and stars. The thought of being able to make such trips seems no more strange to me than of the utterly impossible things that have been done. It is an accepted fact that we have progressed farther in knowledge during the past seventy-five years than we did in all the years of human history before that time; and we are still going on at a more and more rapid pace all the time, and who can say where it will stop.

What of the Future?

I have seen such wonderful changes in my life of seventy years that I would like very much to see what the world will become in another seventy years, but I have not much hope of being here then, and where I will be or whether I will be able to see and know anything about what comes to pass at the end of that time is extremely doubtful. One thing is very sure—we will either live after the death of the body or we will not. There can be no half way place. If our mind or intelligence does still live after our bodies are buried in the ground then possibly we may be able to know what goes on here on the earth the same or better than we do now. But if we die all over when the body passes away, why then that will be the end of it, and we shall neither know nor care about whatever takes place after that. The subsequent proceedings will interest us no more. The people left on earth may fight and kill each other, and destroy property that has taken hundreds of years to build up, to their heart's content, but we shall sleep quietly on until the Judgment Day dawns—if there be such a day—and we all come forth from our graves to be judged and punished for our sins, or rewarded for our virtues and good deeds.

(The end.)

WAS DRUMMER IN CIVIL WAR

"BILLIE" BULLARD, WELL KNOWN IN DECATUR, AND BROTHER OF STEPHEN BULLARD OF HAMILTON, PASSED AWAY AT NILES JUNE 27.

"Billie" Bullard passed to the Unknown Beyond at his home in Niles, Friday morning, June 27th, 1919, of a cancer of the ear. He was born in Auburn, New York, April 23rd, 1842, and came to Paw Paw, Mich., with his parents in 1855.

He was a resident of that village, learning the trade of wood turner later on, until the war of the rebellion, when he enlisted the first day of May, 1861, in the Lafayette Guards in company with his old friend "Dell" Cumings of Paw Paw, he as a drummer and "Dell" as fifer.

The company went to Staten Island, New York, to join the 70th N. Y. Infantry, Sickles' Brigade. These two comrades stuck together during those four years of fighting, and were bosom friends since that time. They have played together on every Decoration day but two since they were mustered out of the Civil War service. Mr. Bullard is a citizen of Niles, honored by the entire community in which he lived.

He leaves besides a devoted wife, two sisters, Elizabeth Farnsworth of Hamilton, Mrs. Sarah Barages of St. Cloud, Florida, and two brothers, Stephen of Hamilton and James F. of St. Cloud, Florida, besides numerous distant relatives. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Presbyterian church of Niles, of which Mr. and Mrs. Bullard were members.

Mr. Bullard was well known in Decatur, having visited here on different occasions. He was a comrade of the late Edward Carney, and attended a reunion of the Lafayette Light Guards here several years ago, on which occasion he and Mr. Cumings furnished the music.

FRANK TUCKER

BORN AT DECATUR 1859—DIED AT ST. JOSEPH, MO., 1919.

Frank Tucker, son of William Henry and Cornelia Foster Tucker, passed away at St. Joseph, Mo., following an operation, the last week in March. He was born at Decatur, Mich., in 1859, and his youth was spent in this village.

Early in life he developed talent as an actor, and chose the stage as his life's work. After appearing in amateur theatricals successfully for a few years, he organized a troupe of his own, and since that time has been constantly employed on the stage, traveling over different parts of the country, until his name at the head of a bill guaranteed the success of the entertainment.

In 1881 he was united in marriage with Miss Ella Carpenter of this village at Morris, Ill., and for a number of years she traveled with him as a member of his company. After the death of her father, the late Lewis Carpenter, it was necessary for her to come home and care for the aged mother, who passed away just last fall.

Mr. Tucker is survived by his wife, two uncles, Frederick Tucker of Battle Creek and Charley Tucker of Grand Rapids, and two aunts, Maud and Anna Tucker of Chicago. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Tucker, passed away many years ago at Newfield, New Jersey, and a brother Clyde died in South America a number of years ago.

The past few years Mr Tucker has traveled much in the south and west. When stricken with the final ailment, he had started for the north, and would have come to Decatur, had not his illness made necessary the operation at St. Joseph, which resulted fatally. He was a member of the Actor's Society of New York, and of the Elks and Woodman's lodges. Mrs. Tucker has the sympathy of many Decatur friends in her bereavement, which followed so closely the death of her mother, and an aged aunt, the last of her mother's family.

HISTORY OF THE CORNER STORE

WAS ONE OF FIRST STORE BUILDINGS BUILT IN DECATUR—REPLACED LOG STRUCTURE THAT BURNED

The old store building on the northwest corner of Phelps and Delaware streets was almost completely destroyed by fire Thursday night, January 2. This building must have been one of the very oldest in our village, and there has been more or less speculation as to when and by whom it was erected. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is not a single person now living in Decatur who was here when its timbers were hewed out of the solid trees with a broad-axe, unless it may be Mr. George Nesbitt, who was a boy living in Hamilton at that time.

Mr. Albert Abbott seems to think that it was the old Tucker building that had been moved from the corner across the street, but that is a mistake because I watched the Tucker building—with several other buildings—burn to the ground one night in 1869. I have an old Decatur Republican giving a full account of that fire. That was the time when the old English Veterinary surgeon jumped or fell out of the front window of his room above the post-office next door to the Tucker building, and fell on the sidewalk and slowly roasted to death because it was so hot that no one could get near enough to help him. It was an awful sight .

My own recollection of the burned building goes back to about 1856. It was certainly standing on the corner then. I think that Mr. Abbott must be mistaken as to his first remembrances of Decatur. He says that he first came here sixty years ago last summer. That would go back to 1858. At that time I was a boy of ten years, and was living here with Miss Libbie Thomas in her millinery store and going to school in the "old red school house" and surely there were many more than two stores here at that time. C. N. Poore had a hardware store in a low one-story building about where Van Antwerp's harness store stands now.

Decatur's Main Street in 1856

Mr. Ingalls kept a store in a wooden building where the Fletcher building is located. The Dixon building on the corner—just burned—was there, but I do not remember who occupied it at that time. Ira Nash had a general store in the building now used by George Roberts as a hardware store, but then standing on the Durkee corner. Col. Phelps had a store near the Brigham corner. Henry Canoll had a drug store on the Mosier corner, and C. T. Tucker occupied a long wooden building on the Wood corner; while the old Decatur house stood on the Duncombe House corner. There were other small buildings on Phelps street, but I cannot recall them all. Bob. Willis kept a saloon and was supposed to be the richest man in the town, but he lost his money and died in poverty. I am quite sure about the date but I believe that the Duncombe House was built about this time on the corner of St. Mary and Phelps steets—not later than 1859, anyway. Decatur was a lively village in 1858 and lots of business was done here because there was no other railroad except the Michigan Central where they could market their produce. The farmers in those days drew their wheat to Decatur from 25 miles away, both north and south of us. C. N. Poor was appointed postmaster in 1857, and the postoffice was in the hardware store that I have spoken of.

I have a large Van Buren county history published about forty years ago, and this book, in its account of the beginning of Decatur, says that 1851 the Main street of the village consisted of the store buildings of A. H. Dixon & Co.—the building just burned—Theodore Phelps, E. Ingalls and Willis bar-room; and in 1854 there were Canoll's drug store, two general stores, and the Decatur House on the Duncombe House corner. When it was built the Dixon store was said to be altogether a large and finer building than Decatur would ever need. Not many years ago one could still see through the overlying coats of paint, close up under the eaves on the Delaware street side, the sign, "A. H. Dixon & Co.," that had been painted there so long ago.

True Story of the Building

Now I am going to give the history of this building as I have heard it some time or other in the past. I cannot give any authority for the same because I do not know when, where or how I learned it, but I believe that it is nearly a correct statement. The story went that the very first store in our village was located on this corner in a building constructed partly of logs and partly of boards, and the very first fire that Decatur ever had burned it up one night in 1849, and then Dixon & Co. at once put up the building that has just gone up in smoke. When the water mains were laid in our streets about twenty-five years ago, it was said that the workmen came upon some of the half burned logs that had belonged to Decatur's first store, and that had lain there in the ground for so many years. I have no way to actually prove it but I believe this to be a true history of the burned building. Men almost without number have occupied the old building, but now it has gone the way of all earthly things and is no more.

Ira Nash did have a store near the railroad in 1862-63, but it did not stand on the livery barn lot. It was on the west end of what is now the R. R. park at the foot of Phelps street and south of Sherwood street. Many years before that he had a general store in what is now the Roberts' hardware then located on the Durkee corner. Mr. Nash was one of Decatur's first merchants. There was an old fashioned gallery in the rooms above this building. This must have been about 1854-55. The Roberts' building is surely one of the oldest left in Decatur.

The old "History of Van Buren Co." that I have spoken of gives many interesting incidents connected with early Decatur and the old time residents. It was published about forty years ago, and everything relating to those early days had not then been so nearly forgotten as they have now. A few years more and all of the original inhabitants of this vicinity will be gone and forgotten, and there will then be no one left to know—or care—anything about those far away days when our village was struggling into existence. So be it.

RAWSON WAREHOUSE HAS INTERESTING HISTORY

BUILT IN .EARLY .DAY .BY L. T. RAWSON, WHO MADE DECATUR LEADING GRAIN MARKETAFTER CIVIL WAR.

The old Rawson warehouses standing so many years across from the depot west are moved back from their long home to give place to a spacious storage plant built by the enterprising Sol Schpok, costing around $25,00, a building much needed for many years in the interest of the muck farmers of Decatur.

History.

The memory of no one now living in Decatur goes back to the building of the first of the two warehouses. The records show that Lyman T. Rawson acquired the lots in the spring of 1859, and other evidence indicates the first building was erected that summer. Several, though, remember the building of the second and larger warehouse but cannot fix the year. It was built likely between 1864 and 1867. The old buildings have done duty continuously for sixty years—for about forty years personally conducted by L. T. Rawson. Several parties doing business there in the last twenty-years among whom was the son of the elder Rawson, E. J. Rawson, who owned the property since the passing of his father and sold it to Mr. Schpok recently. Mr. Schpok has carried on his business in them for the last ten years succeeding Ed. Rawson.

Personal and Reminiscent.

Looking back over the 60 years we cannot think, talk or write about those warehouses and the activities emanating therefrom without according their founder a larger place in our thoughts. Lyman T. Rawson was a compelling force in the history and progress of Decatur—a man of tireless energy, and pre-eminently a man of action and above all a man of vision.

He put Decatur not only on the map, but in the limelight as the best wheat market on the line of the M. C. R. R. From the small beginning in the little first warehouse the business grew by leaps and bounds until every product of the soil found a ready market at the Rawson corner. All the cereal grains, lumber and shingles and the planing mill furnished everything in wood for building. From field and forest a constant stream of products poured into Decatur for nearly twenty miles each way north and south and for many miles east and west.

This large area tributary to Decatur was more than cut in two in the early 70's by two railroads, one twelve miles south and one about sixteen miles north.

Mr. Rawson built the first mint still in Decatur back of his warehouse and on his swamp the first mint was grown. He also raised the first celery and made the first real development of the Decatur muck. He promoted the first draining of the swamp. His vision of the possibilities of the old Decatur swamp was not realized in his lifetime but today his judgment is doubly vindicated and the vast tonnage of product from that same old swamp of ooze and mire and pestilential odor is why the old warehouses lost their home for the erection of the storage plant on their site, with a storing capacity of 125 cars—or to visualize it better, a line of cars a mile and a quarter long.

If the old warehouse could talk would it not tell an interesting story? How they paid out more money and did more business than anyone else in town. How they were doing business long before Joseph Rogers started his private bank in the middle of the sixties. That ox-teams were a common sight on the streets, and people went to the circus in lumber wagons with boards across the box for spring seats. How even the Deacon took his family—just to see the parade of course—educational feature for the children to see the animals. When once in the sixties the lady to buy clover seed could not get through the wide doorway—her hoops were so big. And what is now the park would be closely packed with wagons to unload wheat and thousands of pounds of wool came in on hay racks and men all wore boots with pantlegs tucked in the top. And in the winter great loads of pine lumber, shingles and tanbark came on sleighs from Breedsville big as loads of hay, and when wheat was $3.00 per bushel in '65 they said it would never go down to a dollar and long years after in Cleveland's time when it sold for 50c, then they said it would never go up to a dollar. Men, we think, are funny animals. They have shoved us off in the back ground, but they have not junked us as we are yet well-preserved. But sad for our prestige they use us for a junk and rag shop.

In putting L. T. Rawson in the forefront in the development and progress of Decatur we detract nothing from many others whose names and activities are familiar, as Lyscom Brigham, Thos. Brownbridge and Hon. A. B. Copley.

Danny.

Miss Mabel Willison has gone to Chicago for a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. N. Moulton.

WILLIAM H. TUTTLE

BORN AT MENDON 1848—PASSED AWAY IN DECATUR THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1919

William H. Tuttle, one of Decatur's oldest and best known residents, passed away at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts Thursday, November 6, aged 71 years, two months and 29 days.

Mr. Tuttle was born the son of Jack and Elizabeth Tuttle, at Mendon, Michigan, August 7, 1848. At the age of six years, with his parents, he came to Hamilton township, where the family made a home in the then wilderness, and the father engaged in the lumber business, being the proprietor for several years of a saw mill located in the Nesbitt district.

It was there Mr. Tuttle received his early education, which was later supplemented by a course in the Decatur high school. After attending the local school for a year or so he entered the office of the Decatur Republican and learned the printing trade which he followed for several years, serving for a short time as foreman of the office. He later entered the telegraph office and learned to be an operator. This was his life's work, and for twenty-five years he followed that calling, here and at other stations.

In 1877 he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Sutton of Battle Creek, who preceded him in death in June, 1915, leaving no children. A niece living in California, the daughter of an only sister of M. Tuttle, is the only survivor of the family.

Completing twenty-five years in the service of the telegraph company; Mr. Tuttle retired from that work, and spent his time at the pleasant home on the south side, which was his residence for thirty-eight years. After Mrs. Tuttle's death he went to the home of his nephew, George Roberts, where he was made comfortable and cared for in his declining years.

Mr. Tuttle was a student and spent many of his leisure hours in reading. He had an excellent memory; could recite incidents that occurred in this vicinity during his childhood and youth, and derived much pleasure during his last years in writing historical sketches for publication.

Mr. Tuttle was a public spirited citizen, and interested in things that made for the betterment of the community and country. He had many close friends who cherish his memory.

Funeral services were held at the Roberts' home Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Geo. B. Rogers of Kalamazoo read the funeral sermon. In-

terment was in the family lot at Lakeside.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation of the many kind acts and assistance of friends and neighbors at the time of Mr. Tuttle's death and burial. Especially do we thank the owners of the autos and those who sent flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Roberts.

RESIDENT OF EAST DECATUR FIFTY YEARS

MRS. ORPHA JANE LEWIS PASSED AWAY SATURDAY AT THE AGE OF NINETY YEARS.

Mrs. Orpha Jane Lewis passed away at the home of Mrs. Addie Michels at South Haven Saturday, May 10, at the age of 90 years, 11 months and 11 days. The remains were brought to the home of her son, John L. Lewis in East Decatur, Monday, and funeral services were held there Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. Wm. A. Taylor, officiating. Interment was in the family lot at Prospect Hill cemetery near Paw Paw.

Mrs. Lewis was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Edward Lyman and was born in Oneida county, New York. At the age of 23 she was united in marriage to John Lewis, with whom she lived in comfort and happiness until his death in 1910. They were the parents of three sons, Millard E. of Boston, Mass.; Henry P. of Bridgeport, Conn., and John L. of East Decatur, all of whom survive. She is also mourned by three granddaughters and one great-granddaughter.

In 1868 the family moved to Michigan and established a home in East Decatur where she continued to live until a few months ago when she went to South Haven to make her home with Mrs. Michels, an old neighbor and friend.

Mrs. Lewis was a direct descendant of one of New England's oldest families. An ancestor, Richard Lyman, landed in this country in 1632, and built for himself a home in the heart of the present city of Hartford, where he passed away in 1640. The Lyman family was one of the 200 oldest American families represented at the St. Louis fair, and a printed record of the family was produced from an official New England history at that time.

Mrs. Lewis was converted when 19 years of age and joined the Methodist church in Oneida county, New York. She joined the Decatur M. E. church by certificate in September, 1866, and was an active worker as long as health permitted.

VILLAGE INSTALLS NEW ELECTRIC WATER PUMP

A new electrically driven water pump, received and put into operation last week, is the latest improvement at the light and water plant. The machine is one of the best of its kind, and demonstrates one of the uses to which electricity has been put in recent years.

It is a small machine, considering its capacity and a great improvement over the steam pump. The motor develops 25 h. p. and runs at a speed of 1750 revolutions per minute. The pump is directly connected to the motor as can be seen by the picture above, runs at the same speed and pumps 300 gallons of water per minute against 63 pounds pressure, which is the pressure at the bottom of the pump pit when the stand pipe is full. Should the stand-pipe become empty the pump could handle 450 gallons per minute and the tank could be filled in about 2½ hours.

The old steam pump which was taken out had been in use about 16 years and was worn out. The pump that was put in at the time the water works was built is still in working condition, and while it is wasteful of steam it will be kept for emergency use.

The new pump fully complies with the contract specifications and pumps the water with about one-half the coal required by the steam pumps.

The installation is in line with the policy that is being followed, to operate the power plant more economically and help it pay its way for the good service it gives.

Later, when the efficiency of the pump has been demonstrated a slightly larger one may be bought. The two pumps connected with the two new 10-inch wells drilled last summer will furnish all the water Decatur will need for years to come.

As the power house belongs to the people they should take an interest in its welfare and are invited to call and see the new pump in operation.

HINKLEY MILL BUYS BIG LOG

The Hinkley Measure Factory has bought one of the largest elm trees that was left in this part of the country of Jesse Kelsey. It was cut in the woods of the late Hobart Millard. The tree measured five feet at the stump, but it was old and the first log had decayed. The logs scaled over 4,500 feet and there were ten cords of wood. The three largest logs were drawn to market by Frank Lanning. The largest one was brought in Tuesday afternoon on two wagons chained together and drawn by four horses. It attracted a great deal of attention by all who saw it. Several pictures were taken of the load.

FIFTY YEARS SERVICE WITH DECATUR BAND

RECORD OF BIG DRUM COVERS HALF CENTURY OF PLAYING WITH LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The Decatur band has found the big bass drum that was reported as lost last week. It was stored in the rooms over the Carney drug store, having been placed there by some one at the time the G. A. R. changed the location of their hall.

The big drum has an interesting history covering a half century of service with the local band organizations. It was bought by the Decatur band in 1876 or '77 and the first man to play it was Harry Russell. The band was composed of young fellows at that time and they were a lively bunch. The only members of that organization who still reside here are J. I. Huff and Charlie Pritchard. Mr. Huff is still a member of the band and enjoys his part as well as he did in former years.

When Mr. Russell left Decatur, the drum was turned over to Holly Keables, and from him it went to Neal Rasmusson, who played it several years. Will Clark was the next to preside at the beat end of the band, and he was followed by Charlie Tase, the genial proprietor of the Duncombe House.

When the K. of P. lodge was organized here the Decatur band was hired to play a concert and meet the Kalamazoo delegation that was coming to install officers of the Decatur order. Tase developed a sudden dislike for the drum part and secured Willard Van Antwerp, then a new comer here, to play the drum.

That was Willard's first experience as a band man, but he bluffed it through and developed into a good player. From that time on he played the drum for twenty-five years, resigning his position to Fred Rafter the present drummer, only when ill health compelled him to give it up.

But few instruments have a record comparable to that of the big drum and although it is at present out of repair, and cannot be used owing to a broken head, it will be placed in condition as soon as possible, and will doubtless continue its service with the Decatur band for another half century.

FIRE DESTROYED THE BIG HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING TUESDAY NIGHT

TWO STORY BRICK STRUCTURE THAT HAS SERVED DECATUR FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES SINCE 1864 IS COMPLETE LOSS

ORIGIN OF FIRE UNKNOWN—INSURANCE $12,000

PUPILS OF HIGH SCHOOL AND SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES LOSE ALL BOOKS AND EQUIPMENT

A midnight fire of unknown origin destroyed the big brick Decatur high school building last Tuesday night and the structure now lies in complete ruins.

The blaze was discovered by Bert Smith at about 12 o'clock, when he was passing the building on his way to his home on the north side. It had gained some headway and was breaking out of the basement on the north side when Mr. Smith noticed it and turned in an alarm.

Fire Chief Elmer Woolfe was one of the first to reach the scene, and forcing an entrance at the south door, he crossed the main hall to the rear of the building, and located the fire in the rooms directly underneath. Smoke and flames forced him to beat a hasty retreat, and after that time no one was able to gain an entrance.

Within a very few minutes after the alarm sounded a stream from the chemical engine was playing upon the flames, but they had gained such headway that the effect was not telling, and that effort was abandoned for the more effective water hose.

Three streams of water were brought to play on the fire, but its location in the basement made the fighting difficult and hazardous. After the flames broke through the first floor it was impossible to keep them in check, and all soon realized that the building was doomed.

Origin of the Fire Unknown

Mystery surrounds the origin of the fire, and no one is able to offer an explanation of its cause. The building was closed at about 6:30 o'clock by G. H. McDole, the janitor, who left everything in its usual order.

Superintendent E. R. Washburn went into the basement at 4:30 to secure a plane from the janitor's work bench, which is located in his work room, the place where the fire was first seen, and states that everything was in good order there then. He is positive that a smouldering blaze could not have existed without detection, and will not accept the theory that the fire might have been burning for some time.

Defective electric wiring and spontaneous combustion are also mentioned as possible causes, and of course the nature of these admits of no definite denial. Smoking about the building has been been prohibited, and it is not thought that the careless handling of matches may have been a cause of the fire. L. A. Olmstead, manual training instructor, left his rooms in the west portion of the basement soon after the closing of school, and is sure that everything in his part of the building was in a safe condition.

Loss Estimated at $40,000

The building destroyed was estimated worth $30,000. The equipment which it contained had an estimated value of $10,000. Among the things that contributed to the loss were—

Well equipped chemical and physical laboratories, with the expensive apparatus necessary for study of these subjects.

A manual training outfit that cost to install four years ago over $600.

A large library containing 1437 catalogued volumes.

All of the books and equipment.. that was the personal property of students of the school, and contained in their desks.

Many pictures and valuable works of art, as well as a piano and victrola owned by the school.

The above are replaceable, and their loss will be felt but temporarily. Items that are not replaceable, and the loss of which will be felt for years to come, are the records of the school, none of which were saved. The grade records, and class records of the teachers as well as the records of the whole school, kept by the superintendent, giving the standings of pupils of the school for years past, and those of the present year.

Mr. Washburn had felt the necessity of preparing a duplicate of the records and at spare times the past months has been working on the second set, which he proposed to place in a bank vault for safe keeping. The fire came too soon, and the records are lost for all time.

The building and contents were insured for $12,000 which is a much as has ever been carried and more than was carried up to a year or so ago, when the amount was increased. The smaller building on the school grounds, which was not touched by the fire, is well insured, the Board of Education say.

School Will be Held in Other Buildings

A meeting of the School Board was held Wednesday morning to determine upon a course of action in keeping up the school work. Mr. Washburn was directed to secure other buildings in which to hold classes, and later in the day he reported that the 7th and 8th grades would meet in one of the vacant rooms of the primary school, while the Chas. Upfield house, formerly the home of Theo. Trowbridge on school street, will be used by the high school students.

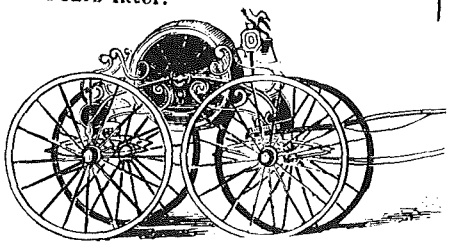
Decatur book dealers very kindly agreed to secure books to replace those lost. A meeting of the scholars was held in the town hall Thursday morning at which a list was made of all books needed and orders were sent into Chicago at once. It is expected that they will be here at least by the first of next week.

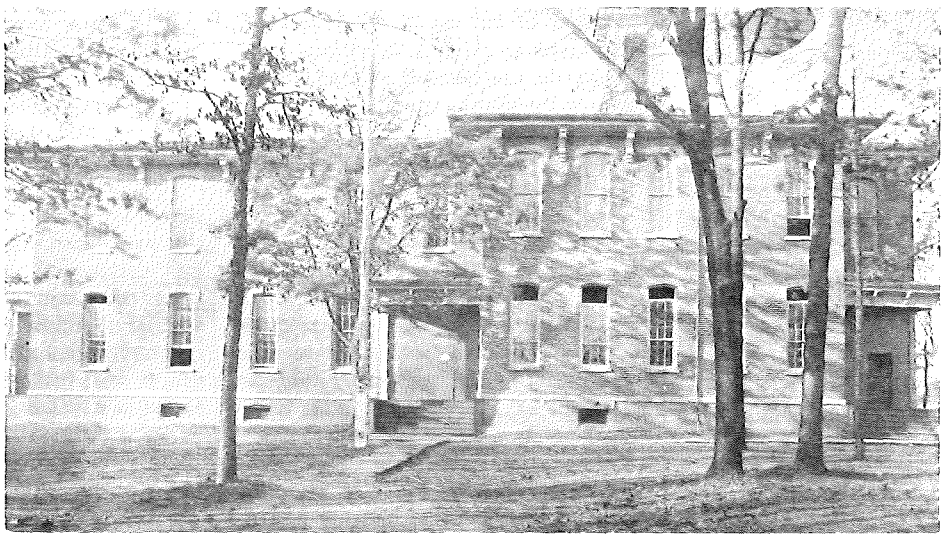
Building Was Built in 1864

The history of Van Buren county published in 1880, gives the following account of the Decatur union school:

"The school in school District No. 4 (embracing Decatur village) was organized in 1862 as a graded school. In 1863 work on the new school building was begun and in Sept., 1864, sessions were held in the edifice. It is of brick, of handsome and substantial appearance, cost $12,000, employs seven teachers, has an average attendance of 400 and requires for its annual support about $4300."

The east half of the building was built in 1864, but the addition on the west was not constructed until about 20 years later.





ANOTHER LANDMARK GONE

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle.

Decatur seems destined to lose all of its ancient buildings at the rate they are being destroyed by fire lately. First the old Presbyterian church was burned something over a year ago. That place of worship was completed just fifty years ago last summer. Next went the old store building on the north-west corner of Phelps and Delaware streets. This building was erected about the year 1850 by the Dixon family, and since those faraway days it had been occupied by almost unnumbered business men below and by families living above. I think that was the very first business building of any size in Decatur, but it passed away in flames and smoke just after New Year's day this winter, and is now only a memory.

Now our school house has gone in the same way, and is only a ruin. When it was built in 1864 my father moved into the village almost purposely to send his children to this school because it was supposed that it would be much better than any other school around here. I was one of the first scholars when it opened on November 6, 1864. I take this date from an old algebra of mine where I wrote it down so many years ago. I remember that my seat was near the north-east corner of the upper room, and of all those boys who sat near to me there I do not know of one that is left in Decatur except myself; all of the others that I know anything about—Dick Lyon, Thompie Riddle, Walter Arnold, Marvin Hinkley, Morris and Riley Foster, Stryker Noble, Ad. Noble, Merritt Manley, and many others—are dead. Many of them I have utterly forgotten, and some have gone to other places and I do not know whether they are still living or not.

Some of the young ladies that were in my classes I know to be still living, but only three that I am sure of are still living in Decatur—Mrs. Emma Dodge Parkhurst, Mrs. Ella Dodge Sanborn and Mrs. Fannie Trowbridge Stewart. I take these names from the circular of our first school exhibition given in the spring of 1865. Other names of the ten young ladies I know to be still living, but many I know to be dead. Fifty-four years make great changes. Those who were alive then and full of hopes and expectations are now either old grey-headed grand mothers, or else they have passed away from the earth.

Our first principal was Prof. Bellows, a good and a smart man. He was always just to the scholars, and was ayways just to the scholars, and was well liked by all. He was an excellent mathematician, and wrote several text books on that subject that were used in schools fifty years ago. Our immediate instructor in nearly all the classes was Miss Annie Abrams, and she was an excellent teacher. I do not know whether she is alive yet or not, but think it unlikely, as the last time that I ever saw or heard of her, more than twenty years ago, she was an old, old woman with a thousand wrinkles on her face, and her mind seemed to be badly unhinged, but fifty-four years ago she was the perfect picture of health and full of life, although she was then past her first youth.

I believe that at first the school had only four teachers—two upstairs and two in the lower rooms—but it would be hard to tell how many it has been considered necessary to employ of late years to do almost the same work. I believe that I only remained in the school about one year and then I considered it necessary that I should go to work and earn some money to pay my own way in the world. So I never graduted. But I have been brought into close contact with many of the graduates, and had a chance to find out just about how much they really know.

How many scholars and teachers must have passed through this old building since it was first opened for use. The scholars, without doubt, would number thousands, and the teachers hundreds. But, to me, the queer thing about it is that so very few of the scholars ever graduate. While several hundred attend the school every year the graduating clases contain only less than a dozen so far as I have noticed. Why is this? Can any one explain? The school certainly costs enough money to produce more than that number of graduates each year.

Well, the old building has gone the way of all earthly things, and like the others will now become only a memory. Which will be the next landmark to disappear?

CARPENTERS UNEARTH RECORD OF DEPOT

GLASS JAR TAKEN FROM WALL OF DEPOT, FILLED WITH PAPERS GIVING HISTORY OF BUILDING — WILL BE PRESERVED.

From the wall of the depot building under which they are placing a new foundation, carpenters found last week a jar containing papers that give the history of the structure from the time it was built up to the last time the wall was opened.

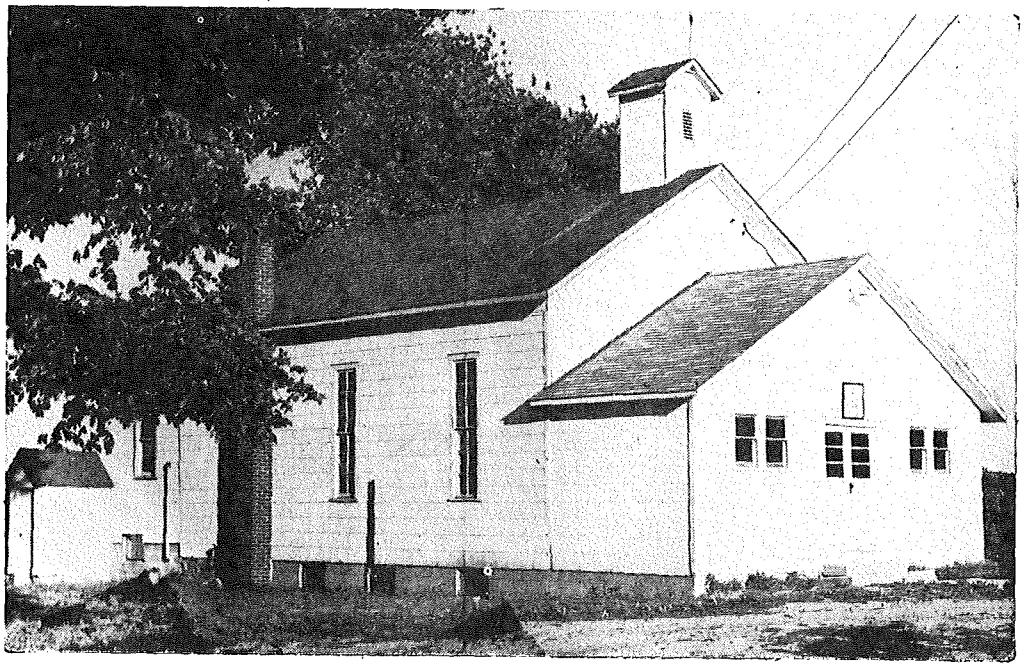
The jar was placed in the wall when the building was built in 1886 by W. H. Tuttle, then manager of the telegraph office and day operator. Among the things that were then placed in the jar were train orders, time card then in use, telegraph blanks, a piece of ground wire, used 15 years in the old building, an office pencil and train tickets.

All later records placed in the jar have been written with the office pencil, and it will again be used to make note of the present improvements to the building before the jar resumes its resting place within the wall.

At the time the depot was built, N. B. McKinney was the station agent. Telegraphy was used entirely for train orders, and Decatur had orperators on duty all of the twenty-four hours. A few years ago the system of train dispatching was changed, and the operators done away with, the telephone being adopted for the transmission of train orders.

May 11, 1894, a new floor was laid in the depot building, and those who signed the record at that time were W. H. Tuttle, telegrapher and manager of that office, J. E. Foster, night operator, Chas. Dine, student ojerator, M. V. Barron, station agent, S. O. Van Hise, freight clerk, A. L. Pickard of Niles, foreman carpenter gang.

Other improvements that have been made since that time are a new foundation in 1898, and the installation of a double arm signal block in 1907. The depot building which was replaced by the present structure, was moved across the street, and is now being remodeled into a storage house by the owner, Sol Schpok.



RALLY DAY AT BAPTIST CHURCH

SPECIAL SERVICES SUNDAY JUNE 8TH AT CHURCH THREE MILES NORTH OF DECATUR—KALAMAZOO PASTORS TO SPEAK.

A big rally will be held at the First Missionary Baptist church three and one-half miles north of Decatur, on Sunday, June 8th, for the purpose of raising funds to pay for repairing the church building. Some of the repairing has already been accomplished, but there is still some left to do, and funds must be raised for this purpose.

The Rally begins at eleven o'clock with a song service by the home choir and preaching by Rev. J. Burden of Kalamazoo. The afternoon service opened at three o'clock with singing by a Kalamazoo choir and preaching by Elder J. Hunter of that city. Evening service at 8 o'clock, with singing by combined choirs, and followed by preaching by Rev. J. W. Sanderd, pastor of the A. M. P. church of Kalamazoo.

M. U. Bradley and Robert Lennox are the deacons of the Decatur church and Mrs. Gertrude Hamilton the clerk. R. Sutton of Kalamazoo, is the pastor, and for the past few months has been coming to Decatur every Sunday to conduct services at the church. It is the only church owned and controlled by colored people in Van Buren county.

MENDING THE OLD FLAG
By Wil Carlton

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With the cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay —
A veteran worn and sleeping,
Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form,
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day twilight
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd,
Had carried its colors gleaming;
Stained with mold were the braids of gold,
That had flashed in the sun's rays kissing
Of faded hue was of faded blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the southland weather
With glances kind and their arms entwined,
Came up the stair together.
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them
With clinging holds they grasped its folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together
Three northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the Southland weather;
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky
On the birthday of our nation

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light,
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun ray's kissing;
Red, White and Blue were of deepest hue
And none of the stars were missing.

1919

NEWS ITEMS

The tax rolls for 1919 show that the state, county, school and local taxes spread upon the township of Decatur was the sum of $66,829.73. This was an unusually high tax on account of the excessive school tax caused by the Decatur high school building having been destroyed by fire and the consequent necessity of replacing it with a new and modern structure. The amount of taxes above stated is by the village authorities.

The taxes in the township of Porter for the year 1919 was the sum of $24,381.75, making a total taxes for the two townships of $91,211.48 as against $263.60 for the same territory in 1837, or a trifle more than four cents per acre; had the entire tax of 1919 been levied on real estate it would have been at the rate of about two dollars per acre for the 46,080 acres included within the boundaries of the 2 townships. There are but three townships in the county, Bangor, Hartford and Paw Paw, that are assessed at a greater figure than Decatur.

According to the census of 1910, the latest figures we have, Decatur had a population of 2,106, being fifth among the townships of the county, exceeded only by Antwerp, Bangor, Hartford and Paw Paw. It is probable that the 1920 census figures will show an increase in the number of its inhabitants, but it is doubtful if its relative position among the townships will show any change.

Agricultural

The township was originally largely covered with what was called "oak openings," interspersed with other valuable timber, such as walnut, whitewood, basswood etc., but a considerable area in the southwestern part of the township consisted of low and swampy ground, but which has been effectually drained and is now its most valuable land, growing large quantities of vegetables, especially celery, which rivals in quality the famous Kalamazoo product. Mint growing on these low lands is also a large and profitable industry, while the uplands of the township have been converted into profitable farms producing all kinds of grain and other crops, such as are usually grown throughout our state. Instead of the primeval forests we see elegant farm houses whose occupants possess all the comforts, even the luxuries, of life. The timber that was originally standing and growing on these farms was largely destroyed by logging and burning in the process of clearing and preparing the land for cultivation. There are now some of the finest and most valuable lands upon which the standing timber had it been left in a state of nature, would be worth more than the land with all its modern improvements and fine buildings, but there was no other way by which the pioneers and their successors could convert the wilderness into the rich and prosperous country which their descendants now occupy and enjoy.

[My next story will relate to the village of Decatur.]

If

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter —
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

[illegible]ship Supervisor

George S. Freeze was the first supervisor of the township, having been chosen to that office at the first town meeting held on the first Monday of April, 1837. The records do not disclose the names of the supervisor for the years, 1838 and 1841. John McKinney was elected supervisor in 1840. With the exception of the two years noted, the following is a complete list of the names of persons who have filled that office: George S. Freeze, John McKinney, Joseph Van Hise, Lyman Sanford, N. Le Fere, William O. Van Hise, Jeremiah Teed, George Bennett, O. T. Welch, E. Parker Hill, C. Hollister, Erl Beebe, Ransom Nutting, Marvin Hinkley, William K. Van Hise, David A. Squier and Emory H. Squier, the present incumbent. Of the above named officials Lyman Sanford held the office seven years, possibly longer; E. Parker Hill served seven years; William K. Van Hise, ten years; Ransom Nutting, fifteen years; David A. Squier was elected nine times in succession and died in 1902 while still holding the office. His son, Emory H. Squier, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death, and has ever since been continued in the office.

Lakes and Streams

There are several small lakes in the township, the principal one being Lake of the Woods (the woods have pretty much all disappeared). This lake is within sight of the village of Decatur and lies partly in the township of Decatur and partly in Hamilton. It was originally a beautiful sheet of water, but its beauty has been materially marred by its having been partially drained in order to obtain a few acres of tillable land around its shores. This lake was formerly a fisherman's paradise, and judging from the number of fish houses the writer recently observed on the ice as he was passing by there must be enough fish still remaining to furnish sport for the local disciples of Izaak Walton. A small lake just south of the corporation line of the village is dignified by the uneuphonious name of Mud Lake. Pickerel Lake, a short distance southeast of the village, was originally well stocked with that variety of fish from which it takes its name. Swift's Lake on section thirty-six, in the southeast corner of the township, covers about one quarter of the section.

Several small streams have their source in the northern and western part of the township uniting to form the west branch of the Paw Paw river, and in the southern part of the township other similar streams, the principal one being the outlet of Pickerel Lake, form the Dowagiac creek, which flows southeasterly into Cass county.

Statistics

The total amount of taxes levied in Decatur in 1837, and this included the present township of Porter, was $263.60. No assessment of personal property appears on the tax roll and the tax on real estate was uniformly four cents per acre. In 1919 the township of Decatur was assessed as follows: Real estate, $1,855,226; personal, $170,866; total, $2,026,100. This sum was reduced on equalization by the board of supervisors to $1,870,000. The township of Porter, which was included in the assessment for 1837, was equalized at $1,153,000, a total for the two townships of $3,023,000, a marvelous increase in wealth in a little more than eighty years.

Civil and Political History of Decatur Township

Written for the Republican by O. W. Rowland.

Michigan was admitted to the sisterhood of states, being in number 26th, by act of Congress in 1837, and in the same year, the township of Decatur was organized embracing within its limits the present townships of Decatur and Porter, the latter having been set off and organized into a separate township in 1845.

The first township meeting was held at the school house near Little Prairie Ronde. At this election George S. Freeze was elected supervisor, John D. Compton township clerk and Joseph Van Hise, John D. Compton, George S. Freeze and Tinker R. Smith justices of the peace. The official records of the county do not disclose the names of the other officers, if any, who were chosen at this election.

At the first general state election, held on the fourth and fifth days of November, 1839, (the statute at that time provided that general elections should continue two days) forty ballots were cast, twenty-four of these being for William Woodbridge, Whig, and sixteen for Elon Farnsworth, Democrat. Woodbridge was elected governor and was the only Whig that ever occupied the chief executive office of the state. The election board of the township must have had a couple of hard (?) days work receiving, recording and canvassing those forty votes.

To show the difference between then and now, there were 533 gubernatorial votes cast in the township at the general election held in November, 1916, 319 being for Sleeper, Republican, 200 for Smith, Democrat, and fourteen divided among the Prohibition, socialist and labor parties. This being a presidential year called out a comparatively larger number of voters. At the general election held in November, 1918, that being what is commonly called an off year, there were but 346 votes cast for governor, 245 being for Sleeper, Republican, 98 for Bailey, Democrat, and three scattering. This does not include a decrease in the voting population, but simply a lack of interest in what was a foregone conclusion. According to the census figures of 1910, the latest we have, Decatur ranked fifth among the townships of the county in point of population.

The Township Supervisor

George S. Freeze was the first supervisor of the township, having been chosen to that office at the first town meeting held on the first Monday of April, 1837. The records do not disclose the names of the supervisor for the years, 1838 and 1841. John McKinney was elected supervisor in 1840. With the exception of the two years noted, the following is a complete list of the names of persons who have filled that office: George S. Freeze, John McKinney, Joseph Van Hise, Lyman Sanford, N. Le Fere, William O. Van Hise, Jeremiah Teed, George Bennett, O. T. Welch, E. Parker Hill, C. Hollister, Eri Beebe, Ransom Nutting, Marvin Hinkley, William K. Van Hise, David A. Squier and Emory H. Squier, the present incumbent. Of the above named officials Lyman Sanford held the office seven years, possibly longer; E. Parker Hill served seven years; William K. Van Hise, ten years; Ransom Nutting, fifteen years; David A. Squier was elected nine times in succession and died in 1902 while still holding the office. His son, Emory H. Squier, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death, and has ever since been continued in the office.

Lakes and Streams

There are several small lakes in the township, the principal one being Lake of the Woods (the woods have pretty much all disappeared). This lake is within sight of the village of Decatur and lies partly in the township of Decatur and partly in Hamilton. It was originally a beautiful sheet of water, but its beauty has been materially marred by its having been partially drained in order to obtain a few acres of tillable land around its shores. This lake was formerly a fisherman's paradise, and judging from the number of fish houses the writer recently observed on the ice as he was passing by there must be enough fish still remaining to furnish sport for the local disciples of Izaak Walton. A small lake just south of the corporation line of the village is dignified by the uneuphonious name of Mud Lake. Pickerel Lake, a short distance southeast of the village, was originally well stocked with that variety of fish from which it takes its name. Swift's Lake on section thirty-six, in the southeast corner of the township, covers about one quarter of the section.

Several small streams have their source in the northern and western part of the township uniting to form the west branch of the Paw Paw river, and in the southern part of the township other similar streams, the principal one being the outlet of Pickerel Lake, form the Dowagiac creek, which flows southeasterly into Cass county.

Statistics

The total amount of taxes levied in Decatur in 1837, and this included the present township of Porter, was $263.60. No assessment of personal property appears on the tax roll and the tax on real estate was uniformly four cents per acre. In 1919 the township of Decatur was assessed as follows: Real estate, $1,855,226; personal, $170,866; total, $2,026,100. This sum was reduced on equalization by the board of supervisors to $1,870,000. The township of Porter, which was included in the assessment for 1837, was equalized at $1,153,000, a total for the two townships of $3,023,000, a marvelous increase in wealth in a little more than eighty years.

The tax rolls for 1919 show that the state, county, school and local taxes spread upon the township of Decatur was the sum of $66,829.73. This was an unusually high tax on account of the excessive school tax caused by the Decatur high school building having been destroyed by fire and the consequent necessity of replacing it with a new and modern structure. The amount of taxes above stated is by the village authorities.

The taxes in the township of Porter for the year 1919 was the sum of $24,381.75, making a total taxes for the two townships of $91,211.48 as against $263.60 for the same territory in 1837, or a trifle more than four cents per acre; had the entire tax of 1919 been levied on real estate it would have been at the rate of about two dollars per acre for the 46,080 acres included within the boundaries of the 2 townships. There are but three townships in the county, Bangor, Hartford and Paw Paw, that are assessed at a greater figure than Decatur.

According to the census of 1910, the latest figures we have, Decatur had a population of 2,106, being fifth among the townships of the county, exceeded only by Antwerp, Bangor, Hartford and Paw Paw. It is probable that the 1920 census figures will show an increase in the number of its inhabitants, but it is doubtful if its relative position among the townships will show any change.

Agricultural

The township was originally largely covered with what was called "oak openings," interspersed with other valuable timber, such as walnut, whitewood, basswood etc., but a considerable area in the southwestern part of the township consisted of low and swampy ground, but which has been effectually drained and is now its most valuable land, growing large quantities of vegetables, especially celery, which rivals in quality the famous Kalamazoo product. Mint growing on these low lands is also a large and profitable industry, while the uplands of the township have been converted into profitable farms producing all kinds of grain and other crops, such as are usually grown throughout our state. Instead of the primeval forests we see elegant farm houses whose occupants possess all the comforts, even the luxuries, of life. The timber that was originally standing and growing on these farms was largely destroyed by logging and burning in the process of clearing and preparing the land for cultivation. There are now some of the finest and most valuable lands upon which the standing timber had it been left in a state of nature, would be worth more than the land with all its modern improvements and fine buildings, but there was no other way by which the pioneers and their successors could convert the wilderness into the rich and prosperous country which their descendants now occupy and enjoy.

[My next story will relate to the village of Decatur.]

Decatur Township's First Settlers

WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN BY O. W. ROWLAND.

The township of Decatur was so named in honor of Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of our country's naval heroes, in the war of 1812. By government survey it is officially designated as township number four south, of range number fourteen west. Originally it comprised not only its present territory, but also that now embraced by the township of Porter, which, by the way, was named in honor of another noted naval officer of the same war, Commodore David Porter.

The western boundry of the township was what was then known as Covington, consisting of the present townships of Hamilton and Keeler, and on the north it was bounded by the townships of Lafayette (now Paw Paw) and Antwerp, which latter township is the only one in Van Buren county that has never had a change, either of name or boundary.

To Decatur belongs the distinction of having the first white settlers within the borders of Van Buren county, Dolphin Morris and wife. Mr. Morris was born in the state of Virginia, where on the 29th day of March, 1825, he was married to Miss Nancy Beaver. In the fall of 1828 he started with his wife and all his personal effects in a lumber wagon for Sumnerville, Cass county. After a long and tedious journey through dense forests, fording many streams and overcoming obstacles, they eventually arrived at their destination and there they spent the winter with Joseph Gardner, a cousin of Mr. Morris. During the winter he filed a claim on the south half of section thirty-five, of the present township of Decatur, and early in the spring of 1829 he erected the first white man's residence in the county and made the first improvements.

First White Man's Home

His home was a typical pioneer cabin, built of logs, notched together at the corners to hold them in place, the crevices were chinked with split basswood and daubed with clay as a protection from the elements and to make the cabin warm and comfortable; the roof was of oak stakes held in place by heavy poles; the floor was of split basswood puncheons several inches in thickness, slightly smoothed on the upper side with an adze or axe. There were three windows below and one in the gable, the chimney was made of sticks, thickly plastered inside with clay, the fireplace was capacious and wide, admitting huge logs in front of which the cooking was done; the chamber was reached by a ladder. The door was put together with wooden pins, hung on wooden hinges and provided with a wooden latch with a latch string on the outside. It was truly a case of "pull on the bobbin, 'twill open the door." An axe, a saw, an auger and froe were all the tools required in building this pioneer residence.

We wonder how many of the rising generation have ever seen a froe or know what kind of an implement it is? Or how many of them have ever seen a dwelling like this pioneer residence? The writer still retains a vivid recollection of having lived in his boyhood days in just such a cabin as the one above described.

The log cabins of the pioneers were built without regard to section lines; in fact, such lines were not run when the first settlers arrived and their claims were located by guess or "stepped off." The field notes of the township say that its boundaries were first surveyed in 1827, by William Brookfield, and the section lines by E. H. Lytle in 1830. Roads were laid from one settler to another as nearly in a direct line as the conformation of the ground permitted, continually changing as new settlers arrived as as farmer desired to extend his domain. Very few of those primitive roads remain and but few of the original building sites are now occupied as such.

The first white child born in Van Buren county was Lewis Creighton Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dolphin Morris. He was born August 4, 1830, but lived only a few months, dying on the 20th day of the next December. This babe was the first person buried in what is known as the Morris-Anderson cemetery.

First Religious Services and Schools

The first gospel sermon preached in the county was delivered in the Morris cabin by Rev. William Sprague, a young Methodist clergyman who afterward became a presiding elder and later a congressman, winning that office over Charles E. Stewart of Kalamazoo. Not long after that first sermon came the ubiquitous Methodist "circuit rider," preaching wherever a place could be found, either in the Morris barn or elsewhere. Buggies and carriages were not then in use among the hardy pioneers and people would come to these services for miles on horseback, sometimes riding double and sometimes "riding and tieing." This latter method of travel was as follows: One person would ride for a certain prescribed distance, then halt and tie his horse and go forward on foot. He was followed by another person on foot, who, when he came to the horse, would ride forward on the journey, passing the footman, and reaching a prescribed distance ahead would, himself, dismount and walk, and so on alternating each would ride half the distance and walk the other half. This was known as "riding and tieing." It would hardly be practicable in these days of rapid transit.

Preaching at these meetings was extemporaneous, the singing was congregational and consisted mostly in making a "joyful noise" with little regard for time and melody. Hymn books were scarce and the preacher would "line out" the hymns a couple of lines at a time and when the people had sung them the process could be repeated. It is needless to say that they had no instrumental music to accompany the singing. Indeed, it is quite likely that such music would have been considered a sacrilege.

The first school in the county was taught by one William Alexander, in this same pioneer cabin. This cabin in which the first birth and death occurred, and where the germ of our present magnificent school system was planted; this cabin that served for both school house and church and in which the first family altar was erected, surely ought to be kept in remembrance and a suitable monument should be erected on its site to commemorate the beginning of civilization in this beautiful and prosperous county of ours.

Writing concerning those primitive days the late Alexander B. Copley said: "My father left Dayton on horseback to make a trip to that part of Michigan called the St. Joseph country, the home of Dolphin Morris, September 4, 1832. Up to that time there had been entered sixteen eighty acre lots in the township of Decatur. There were then six families in Van Buren county, Dolphin Morris, Samuel H. Morris, H. D. Swift, George Tittle, David Curry and Le Grand Anderson, but for nearly two years Mr. Morris and his wife were the only settlers in the county. In the cabin erected by Mr. Morris, Daniel Alexander and Margaret Little, the second couple married in the county, began housekeeping here. Elias Morris, the second son of Dolphin Morris, was born and who, up to the time of his death was the oldest person born in the county."

Six Pioneer Families

The six pioneer families mentioned by Mr. Copley located lands as follows: H. D. Swift, who came to Michigan with Mr. Morris, located a claim on section thirty-six, which he sold to LeGrand Anderson in 1831. George Tittle, a brother-in-law of Mr. Morris, came from Ohio in 1831, and settled on section thirty-five, where he lived until his death in 1866. Samuel Morris, Dolphin's brother, came to Cass county in 1829, where he resided for a couple of years when he settled on section thirty-five, near his brother, and where he spent the remainder of his days. LeGrand Anderson, also from Ohio, came to Michigan in 1831, and purchased a tract of 400 acres on sections twenty-six and thirty-six. He brought his family to their new home in the summer of 1832 and they became permanent residents of the then wilderness. Mr. Anderson remained on his Decatur farm until his death which occurred October 14, 1909. David Curry came from Indiana in 1830 to Cass county. A couple of years later he entered a quarter section adjoining the Morris land and built thereon a log cabin eighteen by twenty feet, quite a sumptuous residence for those early days, although it was without floor, door or window. His young wife would not have a "puncheon" floor preferring to tread on "mother earth" until she could have something better. The next winter

her husband procured some upland boards from Cass county with which he laid the floor of his primitive residence and Mrs. Curry enjoyed the distinction of having the only "sawed" floor in the settlement and that she lived in the best house on the "prairie." Mr. Curry died in 1846, while in the prime of life, killed by falling from a wagon. Joseph Van Hise, John Eckenberger and Thomas Scott were among those who settled in Decatur during the later thirties.

The Indians

The Indians who inhabited the county in those pioneer days were as a rule, friendly; some of the squaws were exceptionally kind. There was, however, an occasional exception. One Indian, known as Old Shavehead, who was somewhat of a terror to the community, was looked upon with suspicion and regarded as a treacherous red-skin. It was generally believed that he was shot by some white man, as he suddenly disappeared and was never heard of afterward. His name is borne by a lake in the southern part of Cass county, Shavehead Lake. The pioneers, however, found that all good Indians were not dead Indians. Treated with kindliness and friendliness, they were found ready to respond in a similar manner and quite generally the whites lived peaceably and amicably with their red neighbors.

At the time Mr. Morris settled in Decatur there were Indian traders at Bronson (now Kalamazoo), at Grand Rapids, (now the second city in the state), and a trading post at St. Joseph; nothing else except the aborigines, east, west or north. To the south was the Carey mission, near the location of the present city of Niles. This was established in 1820, and was instrumental in opening the valley of the St. Joseph river to permanent settlement.

THE VILLAGE OF DECATUR

Written for the Republican by O W. Rowland.

The original plat of the village of Decatur was surveyed in the spring of 1850. Samuel Sherwood and Joseph D. Beers of New York had become owners of a large tract of government land in which was included the present village. These gentlemen donated the sight of the depot buildings, which were erected in 1848, the same year in which the railroad was completed as far as the present city of Niles.

When the Michigan Central Company began to extend its line westward from Kalamazoo Messrs. Sherwood and Beers conceived the plan of laying out and platting a village which plan they carried out, naming the town Decatur, after the township in which it was situated. Since the date of the original plat of 1850 there have been numerous additions thereto, the last one being the Hastings addition, which was made and recorded ten years ago. These several additions had rendered the descriptions of village property somewhat uncertain and complicated and in 1905 the Common Council caused a resurvey and a new plat to be made covering the original plat and the greater portion of its various additions. This is commonly designated as the supervisors' plat.

As at present constituted the village embraces portions of sections seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty, and according to the census of 1910, contained a population of 1286, being exceeded by no village in the county except Paw Paw.

There had been some indications of a future town before it was actually platted. Hiram Lee purchased the first village lot in 1848. A highway was completed across the swamp south of the village in 1849. This opened up communication with a considerable tract of country that had theretofore been practically inaccessible, thus giving to the prospective village a decided impetus. During the same year C. S. Lucker opened a boarding house and stores were established by A. H. Dixon, Goss & Dixon and Theodore Phelps. Prior to the opening of these places, people did their trading either at Paw Paw or Kalamazoo.

In 1851 there were three general stores in the village, kept by A. H. Dixon, Theodore Phelps and E. Ingalls. Henry Carroll had a drug store and the boarding house started by Mr. Lucker had been converted into a hotel which later was called the Decatur House and was operated by L. R. Barker.

Forests on All Sides in '51

At that time Decatur was literally "in the woods," being enveloped by the forest on all sides, in which various kinds of wild game was to be found in great abundance. A steam saw mill was erected by Messrs. Sherwood and Beers in 1850, near the town. A distillery subsequently took its place, but it was short lived.

During the first five years after its beginning the village increased in growth moderately and at the expiration of that period there were about seventy-five buildings within its boundaries.

The first wedding solemnized in the new town was that of U. T. Olds and Miss Mary Elliott, who were married on the 18th day of May, 1850, by George Sherwood, a justice of the peace.

Mr. Olds, who settled in the village in 1849 was its first carpenter and joiner. The first village physician was Dr. Geo. Bartholomew, who erected a small building in 1848 and occupied it as an office and drug store. He afterward removed to Keeler, where he died September 20, 1887. Dr. John T. Keables located in Decatur in 1851, where he continued the practice of his profession until his death about forty years thereafter, November 1, 1891. A postoffice was established a couple of years after the platting of the village, George Sherwood being the first postmaster.

The village was first incorporated on the 11th day of October, 1859, by action of the board of supervisors. It was reincorporated by the state legislature in 1861 and again in 1883. This last act of incorporation has since been twice amended, the last amendment being in 1905 (Local acts of 1905, p. 297). The first village officials were E. Parker Hill, president; Charles Shier, recorder; Hiram Cole, father of H. A. Cole, Paw Paw's present postmaster; Myron Hinkley, J. H. Wallace, Charles N. Poor, Carlton Wheeler and John Tarbell, trustees.

The first school house in the village was built in 1848 and the first school was taught therein in the winter of 1848-9 by Miss Sarah Cook, whose pupils were twenty in number. The M. E. church was organized in 1860. Their house of worship was built in 1861. The Universalist church was organized in 1868 and their first church building was erected in 1881. It was afterward destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1895.

The Christian church was organized in 1885. Many of the leading citizens of the place have been members of this church. Its house of worship was built in 1887. The Presbyterian church was organized in 1852 by Rev. Marcus Harrison. It consisted of three members, Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich Rich and Joseph McClintock. Their church house was dedicated in 1856, the dedicatory service being conducted by Rev. A. C. Tuttle of Paw Paw. This building was recently burned and been replaced by a modern structure.

The Catholic church, known as the Church of the Holy Family, began about 1885, when Rev. Father Koopman of Marshall visited the place and arranged to meet his parishoners once in three months. Services were held in private houses or public halls for twenty years or more, when the society purchased the building formerly occupied by the Universalists.

Of secret orders the town has its full quota, Masons, Eastern Star, Grand Army of the Republic, Relief Corps, Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Maccabees, Lady Maccabees, Gleaners and others.

A prosperous ladies' literary club, known as the Every Tuesday Club, is one of the institutions of the town.

The village has the usual quota of mercantile places, stores, shops, banks, factories, garages, etc. It owns and operates a municipal system of electric lights and water works. It also has a commodious town hall.

The village maintains one of the best high schools in the county, although at the present time it labors under some disadvantages by reason of its principal school building having been destroyed by fire, but, nothing daunted, the tax-payers of the district promptly voted the necessary means for the erection of a new building, which will probably be ready for occupancy some time during the coming

summer. It is to cost the sum of $93,000 and when completed the town can boast of having the finest school building in the county, complete, modern and up-to-date in every respect, a building that will be a credit to the place and an honor to its patriotic, liberal-minded citizens.

Retrospect

Four score and ten years have elapsed since Dolphin Morris, the first white man to seek a home in Van Buren county, erected that first pioneer log cabin in the township of Decatur, near its southern boundary, but what wonderful, antonishing changes have taken place since that early day. Had Jean Nicolet, the first white man to set foot within the limits of the peninsular state returned to earth after the lapse of one hundred and ninety years and had he visited Van Buren county, he would have found no change; the land would still have been covered with the primeval forest, tenanted by untutored red man and wild beasts, just as it had been for ages upon ages, and for aught he could have seen, just as it would remain for ages to come.

But should he again have visited Michigan, only ninety years later, he would not have recognized it; he would have thought himself in a different world, on some other planet. Not the most vivid imagination could have kept pace with the reality of the marvelous changes that have been wrought within that period of time. Uncivilized and warlike Indian tribes have given way to modern civilization, those once wild and uncultivated forests have been transformed into a beautiful, prosperous country, into vineyards, farms and orchards such as no man had ever even dreamed of at that date. Telegraphs and telephones both with and without wires, those marvels of the modern world, have been invented and have become necessities of every day life, thriving cities and villages almost within a stone's throw of each other; school houses on every hand; churches with their spires pointing heavenward in recognition of the Great Giver of all good; automobiles instead of the ox team; the country gridironed with tracks for the iron horse; factories without number; flocks and herds dotting the hills and valleys; the vision of Darius Green, an accomplished fact, flying machines a factor both in peace and war; both time and distance almost annihilated; the plow, the sickle and the cradle succeeded by the farm tractor; the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther given place to the click of the reaper, the hum of the thresher, the whir of machinery, the screech of the locomotive; and the rude wagwam of the red man supplanted by the palatial residence of his white brother.

Today, instead of the wilderness he first visited, Nicolet would have found a state of more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, its metropolis, the City of the Straits, where Cadillac, in the summer of 1701, with a company of fifty soldiers and fifty civilians made the first settlement, now a city of a million souls, the fourth city of the American continent and one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the world.

The people of the British Empire take just pride in the great things accomplished by their ancestors from the reign of William, the Conqueror to the reign of the kindly Queen Victoria, but here in our own Van Buren, to say nothing of our wonderful Michigan, we have a county redeemed from a savage wilderness, transformed into ideal perfection, rich in the means of happiness and enjoyment, and abounding in advantages and privileges of which, less than a century ago, the world had no knowledge. Improvements have been boundless, progress limitless, and yet no man can foresee or even imagine what lies beyond in the marvelous years of this wonderful 20th century, which has just closed its second decade.

Every true American will set his face like flint against every effort to undermine or weaken our free institutions, resolved under all circumstances and at all hazards to maintain them and to uphold our beautiful banner, the stripes and stars, OLD GLORY.

HISTORY OF HAMILTON CEMETERY

Hamilton cemetery is a small country cemetery, located on the Decatur and Keeler road about half way between the two towns. There is between six and seven acres of ground in the cemetery and it is enclosed with a heavy woven wire fence, all No. 9 wire, and steel posts.

The line posts were bought in Hartford and Jake Fritz drew them all at one load. There were 100 of them. They are about 7½ ft. long with about two feet of cement on the bottom of them. The corner posts and fence were bought of Frank Cole and were erected by Frank Cole and Henry Richmond in 1910.

According to history the cemetery was laid out in 1840. At this time there was about 2½ acres of ground and William Bartlett says that he can remember being there when his father was clearing the ground. The writer can remember when there was a nice board fence around the cemetery and there were two flights of stairs that led to a platform at top of fence. This platform was about 4x6 feet. One flight of stairs led from the west and one from the east to the platform and one led from there down into the cemetery. These flights of stairs and platform were located between the two trees that stand near the cement platform that is there now, that is, as near as the writer can remember. There are between 400 and 500 lots in the cemetery, the size of each lot is 24x9½ feet and contains from four to six graves and monument.

There are about 740 monuments and markers of several different shapes, sizes, materials and colors. There are about 127 graves without any sign of a mark on them. There are 43 soldiers buried in this cemetery. These soldiers were in the Civil war, Spanish-American and the late World war.

In these grounds there are several nice pine and evergreen trees, also a fair-sized white oak. There used to be a sasafrass tree that stood just south and west of the white oak. This tree was struck by lightning in the top and split clear to the roots. There are a lot of good monuments in this cemetery for a country place. Some of the best are as follows: In the gray granite is the Nesbitt, which is the largest. It stands about 21 or 22 ft. high. Others not so large are the Barney, Langley, Durkee, Knoll, Corwin, Stover, Geer, Cady, Maxon, Millard, White, R. Sloan, Bowen, Hager, J. Neville. Red granites—Conway, Comley, Hill, G. Sloan, Phelps, Byers, Disbrow, two Stenrs and Packard, Parmater.

There are several other granite that cannot mentiond on account of space.

The oldest date observed is 1842 on an old fashioned white marble slab.

There have been several improvements in the cemetery in the last few years and there is a chance for more.

—By One Who Has Been There and Knows.

A WILD NIGHT IN DECATUR

(When Richmond Surrendered)

By W. L. Tuttle

One evening in April 1865, nearly all of the scholars in the Decatur high school were at the school house rehearsing for the first exhibition that was ever given in the present school building. How many were there that I remember well, and some I have utterly forgotten their names. There were Dick, Libbie and Alice Lyon, Morris and Riley Foster, Wesley Critenden, Thompie Riddle, Etta Van, Beuna Poor and so many others that it would take too much space to name them all.

We were all busy going over our parts for the "big show" when we were startled by hearing the old Stove Factory whistle begin to blow and all the church bells ringing out. We thought the town was burning up and all started for Main Street as fast as we could. On the way we met several men running for their lives and yelling at the tops of their voices, "Richmond has surrendered! Richmond has surrendered!"

When we reached town we found the news had just been received by wire, everyone was simply going crazy. I will guarantee that men and women who have been

born and have grown up since that time never saw such a night as that was. Everyone knew that it was virtually the end of the war. And what a dreary sorrow filled the four years it had been, especially to those who had near relatives or friends in the Army!

Men had been going away constantly to join the troops at the front. Other men had been coming home, either all shot to pieces or just ready to die from sickness in the camps and hospitals. And there were many more who never came home at all. But the most pitiable of all were the men who reached home from the southern prisons. Such wrecks as they were! And the women at home, waiting and dreading to hear from the front. But we knew now that all this was over, except the finishing up.

The town was full of soldiers and in those days any man that wore a blue uniform was a privileged character and did whatever he saw fit to do, so long as he didn't actually commit some serious crime.

Oh, my, what a night that was! Everyone was simply delirious with joy. I do not believe that a person in town slept a wink that night. I know that I didn't. The young people went about the streets in crowds singing war songs. S. N. Thomas had in his hardware store a great pile of cow bells and tin horns and every kid, and some older ones, got a bell and a horn and all were kept going.

The factory whistle was tied open and steam kept up to blow it all night. The two church bells and school bell were rung hour after hour.

The town was filled with saloons in those days and it was a crime not to drink that night. I saw some of the best men in town, on horseback, ride their horses into the old Duncombe House bar room, drink themselves and then pry open the horses' mouths and pour whiskey down the poor beasts' throats. Then out they would go and into the next saloon they could get the horse into and repeat the performance until the horses were as drunk as the men.

And so it went all night. It is a great wonder that some one wasn't killed, but no one was — here. It was said that in the larger places, Kalamazoo, Jackson, Detroit, etc., the saturnalia was worse than it was here but I do not see how it could have been. I have never seen anything to begin to compare with it since and never expect to. It is all very fresh in my memory and always will be.

Then a few mornings later came the news that President Lincoln had been shot. I well remember the remark my father made when I went to the house and told him about it. He burst out, "The d - - - fool had no business to be in a theatre at such a time." And I have always had some such feeling about it. And what a change then. From delirious joy, everyone fell to the deepest mourning in an instant. In a few hours the streets were hung with mourning and everyone went about with sad faces.

But this is only history now.

—From the Republican files.

Popular Songs Of Long Ago

The following two songs were sent in by Mrs. Nellie Sibley. She wrote them down from memory, but she sang them many times when a young girl and probably has them correct:

THE TRAMP

I long for a place by the fireside,
The nights are so cold and so damp;
Many places I see, but there's no room for me,
For they call me a poor old tramp.

Chorus:
Only a poor old wanderer,
With no place to call my own;
No one to pity me, no one to love me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With dear loving friends ever near,
But now they are gone, and I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.

I tramp, tramp along tho' I'm weary,
No rest through the long, long day;
Through the rain and the snow I must tramp to and fro,
For I've no place to go or to stay.

MOTHER'S GRAVE

In that dear old village churchyard,
There I see a grassy mound;
There is where my Mother's sleeping,
In the cold and silent ground.
Looking at the stars above me,
Mourning one so tender, true,
Wondering if some day I'll meet her,
With our Lord, beyond the blue.

I was young but I remember
Well the night my mother died;
How I saw her spirit fading,
As she called me to her side.
Saying, darling, I must leave you,
Angels guard your little bed,
Don't forget the words I tell you,
When I'm numbered with the dead.

May you e'er be pure and honest,
Ever to your friends be true;
May you never be ashamed, dear,
Of the deeds that you will do.
I have always tried to follow,
The advice my mother gave;
Words she said still gently haunt me,
As I stand by Mother's grave.

DECATUR'S EARLY DAY RESIDENTS

Fred Stern was 83 years old the first of last July and enjoys good health for his years.

He has been a resident of the United States 58 years, coming from Germany to the village of Lawton in 1873. He lived there 10 years with his Uncle Levi Stern and family and worked in the general store of L. Stern and Company.

He went from Lawton to Juanita, Nebraska, and was there 3 years. He then went into partnership with Ben Desenberg in a drygoods store in Dowagiac. In 1888 they sold out the firm of Desenberg and Stern and bought the well established drygoods store of Charles Schuster. Fred Stern bought out his partner in 1892 and continued the business until 1912 when he sold to Fred L. Mosier and retired.

Mr. Stern has a copy of the Van Buren County Gazetteer and Business Directory, published in Decatur in 1869. One day he sat down the names of Decatur people listed in the directory who were still living in the village when he came here twenty years later. They are now all gone, but our older residents well remember the most of them and it may interest them to recall acquaintances and friends of the past. Following is the list:

Henry Brown	George McKay
A. A. Abbott	Eugene Nicholson
Edward Arnold	Wm. North
Chas. T. Baker	Ranson Nutting
Orange Beach	John O'Leary
Thos. Brownbridge	Thomas O'Leary
Thomas Browning	Peter Pardonette
Edward Carney	J. G. Parkhurst
Wm. DeBolt	John Parsons
Joseph Dodge	Jacob Prieste
A. E. Dwight	Judson Rawson
John Eckenberger	Lyman T. Rawson
James Ellis	Reuben Rawson
Charles Galligan	L. D. Roberts
Fred Gantz, Sr.	Lyman A. Robert
Geo. H. Greenman	Joseph Rogers
Theodore Harlan	Henry Rogers
E. L. Hawks	Henry Rosenberg
Joseph H. Haynes	Walter Russell
John G. Haynes	John Shaad
E. P. Hill	Patrick Shaen
L. Dana Hill	George Smith
Marvin Hinkley	David A. Squier
J. H. Humphreys	Charles Steele
Andy B. Johnson	William Stoddard
Joe Johnson	David Sutfin
Dennis Jordan	Aaron Sweet
J. D. Keables	Nathan Thomas
Anson B. Knight	Sela N. Thomas
Adelbert Kurtz	Gridley Toof
Charles Labadie	Theo. Trowbridge
Daniel Lee	Wm. H. Tucker
Hiram Lee	Wm. H. Tuttle
Levi Lisk	J. H. Tuttle
Henry Lurkins	Josiah Warner
Richard Lyon	Norman Webster
James Mahoney	Joseph P. Warner
Michael Mahoney	Eleanor Wheaton
Thos. Maxham	Perry M. Young
Geo. McCormick	

J.G. HIRST

No single enterprise in a town or community takes a more active substantial interest in its upbuilding and trade expansion than do the lumbering concerns. They are usually among the

first to take the initiative and by their example and enterprise pave the way for other industries and encourage capital.

The Decatur Hoop and Lumber Company owned and managed by Mr. J.G. Hirst, is no exception to the above general statement.

His yard, which is advantageously located on East Sherwood Street near the M.C.R.R. is completely stocked with all kinds of rough and finished lumber, doors, sashes, cement, brick, wood, slate and composition shingles, etc.

Mr. Hirst has in connection a well equipped hoop and planing mill. He manufactures hardwood lumber of all kinds, lengths and varieties of finished building material, which he supplies from his own plant. He also is an extensive manufacturer and dealer in barrel hoops, potato and celery crates and boxes.

1920

KERN HOME SONG

The old Kern Homestead was located on the prairie between Decatur and Marcellus (Near Saddlebag Lake).

"Grandma" Kern was the mother and grandmother respectively, of Frank L. Kern and Bess M. Kern — who wrote this song.

By Frank L. and Bess M. Kern

I am dreaming all the day, of that
land so far away,
Where I spent the days of childhood
long ago;
There's no spot so dear to me, as the
place I long to see,
Tis the only home my heart could ever know.
I can see my mother dear, toiling on
from year to year,
As by faith she made the sweetest
blossoms grow!
Now I sing her this refrain, while my
heart must there remain
In that happy home of childhood long ago.

REFRAIN:
Then, oh, let me go, to the dearest
spot I know,
To the place where sweetest fruits and
flowers grow;
By the prairie far and wide, near the
woods and lakes beside,
Stands the happy home of childhood long ago.
Oh, some lovely spots, I've found,
searching this old world around,
But no matter where my tired feet may roam;
That one place of all the rest, I shall
always love the best,
For 'tis there I found my childhood's happy home.
Over on the golden shore, loving
friends have gone before,
We shall join them when our final day
appears;
But while waiting here below, 'tis a
pleasant thought to know
That we loved them in our childhood's
happy years.

WHERE SWEET ROSES ARE A BLOOMING ALL THE WHILE

Dear old California stretching down across the west!
Where all nature greets the tourist with a smile;
The land of life and beauty, peace, happiness and rest —
Where sweet roses are a blooming all the while,
They are blooming in the garden and climbing o'er the wall,
Red, yellow, white and pink of every style;
You may gather them in summer, in winter, spring and fall —
For our roses are a blooming all the while.

Yes, the heart goes back to loved ones where the frost king rules today,
And there's a genial warmth around the old tile hearth,
But we've found an earthly paradise and here we long to stay
Where sweet roses are a blooming all the while.
O, land of genial sunshine, along the sunset sea!
O, Golden State, your flowers and fruits beguile;
Here happy birds are singing to bind our hearts to theirs
Where sweet roses are a blooming all the while.

F.L. Kern

TEACHING INDIANS TO LIVE LIKE AMERICANS

NATIVES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAVE MANY QUEER BELIEFS—SPANISH THE PREVAILING LANGUAGE, BUT FEW CAN READ OR WRITE IT

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS DWIGHT AT SANTA YSABEL

Santa Ysabel,
San Diego Co.,
Jan. 26, 1920.

Editor Republican,

Dear Friend:

I am enclosing check for my subscription, and will say that we are very glad to get the paper each week and learn all about what is going on in and around Decatur. It has been nearly 17 years since we lived in that vicinity, but we get news of lots of our friends through your paper.

We are still in the land of the Indian, trying to teach him the white man's way of living; sometimes it seems discouraging, and then again we think we can see some improvement occasionally, and get at it with increased vigor. These Indians are much different from those of the Great Plains, they all live in houses and wear the clothes of the whites and mingle very freely with white people. They all speak Spanish at home, and are not supposed to speak it at school, but they do get their English twisted pretty badly sometimes. But here is a curious thing, when the children go away and want to write back home, it has to be in English, for I think there is only man on the reservation who can read and write Spanish.

These Indians try to be like white folks, but they have some queer tastes and beliefs. They eat lots of the wild plants that grow on the mountain sides that taste horrible to us, but they seem to relish them. Their favorite dish, however, is beans—pink beans. They can eat them three times a day, and never seem to get tired of them. One of the Indian women made some tortillas for us one day while making a call; they are made somewhat like pie-crust, but are flattened out by hand, and baked on top of the bare stove. We liked them very much.

Indians Afraid of Large Cemeteries

The Indians have strange beliefs about their cemeteries, they will not lay out a large one, for fear they will all have to die presently to fill it, so they make a small one, and when it gets full, they do not dare to enlarge it for the same reason. So they keep on burying their dead in the same place, and the fact that the diggers frequently dig up the bones of some other Indian does not disturb them in the least. On the night of November 1 they burn candles over the graves all night long, providing it is not too windy.

When a person dies, he is taken to the church as soon as possible, and all the Indians gather there, children, dogs and all, and keep a vigil all night. The women stay in the church with the body, and keep up a continual wailing, but the men generally stay outside and keep the camp-fire burning. The next day the burial takes place. Generally some Indian says the service, and when it is over the hat is passed for him, and sometimes he gets as much as $45. But the nearest of kin have to provide food for the whole crowd, and generally a whole beef is consumed. On the anniversary of the death a mass is said by the priest, and again the relatives are called upon to feed the crowd. We never have any school on such occasions.

We were telling one of the Indians about the ice in Lake of the Woods a foot thick, and he could hardly believe it. We have some ice here, but nothing like that. In fact we have a little of nearly all kinds of weather here, and some kinds that others do not have. On Thanksgiving morning we awoke to find five inches of snow on the ground, and this "Sunny Southern California," where roses are supposed to bloom the year around. But "this was very unusual, I assure you."

We have travelled the whole length of this state, bu auto and team, from Oregon to Mexico, and have heard this same formula wherever we have

chanced to be when a spell of nasty weather occurred, but just as sure as some bright days came along, "Now this is typical California weather" was what the song was. We have had no snow since Thanksgiving, however, and that storm lasted only a few days, and then it was cold (for California) for about a week. We had to have a stove put up to get warm by, the fireplace did not throw out enough heat. By Christmas it had warmed up and we sat out on the porch in our swing, with the doors all wide open. One day I counted of the 20 children that came to school that day only four were not bare-foot. And they all have shoes, too.

On the evening of the last day of the year we had an earthquake, (but I am not supposed to tell that). It made the house creak and groan for a few seconds, but did no damage. If some of the native Californians knew I sent such news out of the state, they would be sending a viligance committee after me.

East Wind Worst Enemy of Crops

We have a special curse in this locality known as the East wind. It comes with considerable force right off the desert, and dries up things in a hurry. If this wind starts blowing right after a heavy soaking rain, the dust will be blowing in 12 hours. It will blow all the loose dirt off the road, leaving it as bare as a pavement. The farmers do not like to plow when the east wind blows, because the ground is dried out before they can harrow it, and moisture in this part of the country is something that has to be conserved.

Carrie and I took a trip up to San Francisco in our Willys-Knight last September, and had a very enjoyable trip. We went by way of Riverside, Los Angeles, Santa Barabara, San Luis Obispo, etc. over what is known as the coast route. After we got to Temecula, 45 miles from here, it was payment all the rest of the way, except about 40 miles in all. We stayed two or three days in Pasadena with an old schoolmate of mine, Hubert Odell, and his sister Myrtle. They were very glad to see us, and we were glad to see them, too. We also saw their brother Lou, but did not have a chance to visit with him much.

Decatur Friends in California

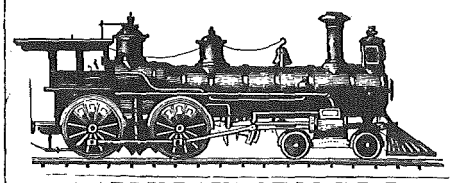
We got up to San Jose the day before the fleet came into San Francisco harbor, but we had already seen it come into San Diego, and as we knew what it was to be in a crowd in the metropolis, we did not bother to go up to the city. We stayed in San Jose several days with another old Decatur friend, Flue Bartholomew, and had a very pleasant time with him and family. He sold his ranch of 14 acres nearly a year ago for $19,000. It was all set out to fruit, or he could not have gotten such a price. I think this will beat anything around Decatur.

We came back the same way we went up, only came by way of San Diego instead of Riverside. We were gone about two weeks, and travelled 1700 miles. Had very little trouble on the whole trip.

Of course we all went down to San Diego when President Wilson was there in September. He spoke at the high school stadium, which seats 40,000 people. Every seat was taken, and it was estimated that at least 10,000 people stood up. I think it was the largest crowd I ever saw. They had an arrangement called a magnavox, that intensified his voice so that everybody in the stadium except those in the extreme end could hear what he had to say. It was only a few days after this that he broke down and had to give up his trip.

Well I think this is about all that I can write of interest for this time, so will close.

Very truly yours,
Louis D. Dwight.



EARLY DAYS OF M.C.R.R.

The Michigan investor says the M.C.R.R. was chartered June 29, 1832, under the name of the Detroit and St. Joseph railraod. Six years later in 1838, the railroad was opened for traffic to Ypsilanti, and an excursion was run from Detroit. On the return trip the engine gave out and as the railroad had but one engine, teams were procured to draw the train back to Detroit.

In 1839 the freight receipts averaged upwards of 300,000 per day, and it took until 1846 to complete the railroad to Kalamazoo. In the latter part of that year, the state, having expended $1,954,308 on the railroad, sold the railroad to a corporation for $2,000,000, and it required 6 years of further struggle to reach Chicago.

In fact, it took the railroad many years longer then that. The original charter called for the railroad to reach some point on the lake, and the state intended to go to St. Joe. When the company bought it they deflected to New Buffalo, their objective point being Chicago, but when they reached Michigan City they found the Michigan Southern strong enough with the legislature to keep them from getting a charter from the state of Indiana, and it was years before they finally did get one. They went into Chicago upon leased lines in the meantime.

1920

Chas. W. Tucker

(Ancient History About Decatur Written by Ace Norwood Twenty Years Ago and Revised.)

Chas. W. Tucker was a Decatur merchant in the days of the Civil War and before. He occupied a frame building where Brigham's hardware store now stands.

He sold dry goods and groceries, hardware, crockery, drugs, fruits and vegetables, in fact almost everything known to the buying public in his time.

He also bought everything that was brought to him to be sold and did some shipping. He did a heavy credit business and this probably hastened his financial downfall.

When things went against him he began to borrow money in small sums, striking a friend for from $25 to $100 according to his ability to lend. In the course of time his store went by the boards and Tucker went west.

He was an odd, strange and eccentric character. He was reckless in his business and a prey to sharp practice strangers.

A stranger called one evening and showed him a piece of yellow metal, said it was gold and worth $100. He needed $20 at once and wanted to pawn it to Tucker for that amount. Tucker gave him the twenty but the stranger never returned.

Late one evening another stranger called and inquired if he bought furs. "Bet yer life," replied Tucker, "Buy everything." The stranger had what appeared to be a mink skin, a large one and nicely fixed for market. Mink skins were dear and Tucker gave a good round price for what the next morning proved to be a cat skin.

His knowledge of mathematics was limited and when he got into trouble he would call his son William Henry, the late lawyer. William Henry was his clerk in those days and he often called, "Bill Hen, Bill Hen, here quick."

He was always on the alert for customers and when anyone would enter his store he would meet him, salute and then commence,—"Well, friend, what can I do for you today?"

If the customer asked for an ax handle or anything else he had, Tucker would reply, "Yes, sir, you don't think we would be here without them, do you?"

In those days people burned wood buying 4 foot wood and cutting it in lengths to suit their stoves. There were "corporation fiddlers" who made a business of bucking wood, but Tucker didn't hire them. He had a clerk and in the mornings before trade commenced his clerk was compelled to put in time on the wood pile in the back yard.

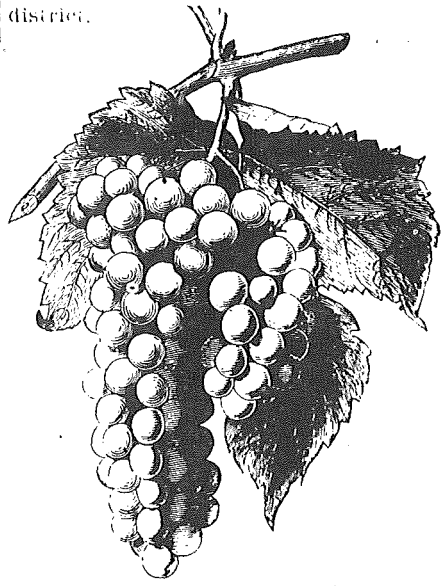
"TOM" LYON VISITS DECATUR

Dr. T. E. Lyon has been a visitor to Decatur, his old home town, the past week. He came to Decatur for Memorial Day, leaving his wife at a Wisconsin town, where she visited the graves of her parents on that day. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon are enjoying an extended trip through the north and expect to [illegible] most of the summer [illegible] Dr. Lyon will go to Chicago to be in attendance at the National Republican convention. He is an alternate delegate from New Mexico and may be seated as a delegate in the convention if the regular delegates should fail to appear.

Dr. Lyon left Decatur many years

ago, to begin the practice of his profession in the South. The memories of his boyhood days in Decatur, however, are fresh in his mind, and he has spent a delightful week, visiting with the few "old boys" who lived here, and went to school with his crowd. One of the most pleasant memories, Dr. Lyon says, is of the old Decatur band, of which he was a member. Under the instruction of Chas. Pritchard, and with the Russell boys, Charlie Rawson, and others as players, the band was an essential factor of political campaigns, and made the village ring with music and noise, at the time of presidential elections. Chas. Pritchard and Chas. Rawson are the only members of that band who are at present residing here. Mr. Russell, who now lives at Battle Creek, spent Memorial Day here.

Dr. Lyon has been very successful in his work at Raton, having charge of the miners' hospital. Raton is located in the center of a coal mining district.



DECATUR SHIPS 130 CARS OF GRAPES

IMPORTANCE OF INDUSTRY TO THIS VILLAGE BECOMES APPARENT WHEN HARVEST TOTALS ARE STRUCK

One hundred and thirty cars of grapes were shipped from Decatur this season. Forty-five cars were billed out through the Southern Michigan Fruit Association, Ward McKee shipped fifty-six, nineteen went to the Hungerford-Smith Grape Juice Company at Lawton and B. F. J. O'Dell shipped a number of cars, but his figures are not available at this time. It is estimated that Mr. O'Dell's shipments aggregated more than ten cars.

Ray Bowers, local manager for the Fruit Association, went to Lawton last Thursday to complete a settlement and file his report. The Association announced that day that over a million dollars would be distributed to Association members for grapes this fall.

Two hundred and twenty-four tons were sent to the juice factory from Decatur. Grapes prepared for shipment average twelve tons to the car, which brings the total of nineteen cars as stated above.

Decatur's increased importance as a shipping point for grapes is not entirely due to increased yields at local vineyards, shippers say. Growers residing at some distance from the village found here a convenient and satisfactory market, and avoided many of the difficulties experienced at larger shipping points.

The total number of cars of grapes shipped from this section runs over 1500. Figures secured at Lawton last week give the number of cars loaded at that station on the Michigan Central tracks as 487. At Mattawan on the Michigan Central 291 were loaded. Approximately 660 were loaded at the stations along the Fruit Belt railroad. These figures do not include grapes received by the grape juice factories, of which there are two at Lawton, and one each at Mattawan and Paw Paw.

The price of grapes advanced steadily during the closing days of the harvest, the quotations on jumbos reaching $135 per ton.

SEVENTEEN TO GRADUATE NEXT WEEK

COMMENCEMENT NEXT WEEK THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 10—PROGRAM BY CLASS AT TOWN HALL, 8 O'CLOCK

BACCALAUREATE SERMON AT TOWN HALL SUNDAY EVENING

A class of seventeen seniors have completed the high school course and will graduate with all honors. The commencement exercises will be held at the town hall next week Thursday evening, June 10, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp.

Members of the class will give the program this year, the high school orchestra assisting with the music. Following is the program as it will be given:

20 Minute Prelude by H. S. Stringed Orchestra.

S. I. L. A. (March)

The First Smile (Waltz).....Lagye

Maritana (Selection).....Wallace

Independentia (March)....R. B. Hall

Class March.

Invocation.....Rev. D. D. King

President's Address and Salutatory
Enia Lawrence

Class Essay (School Spirit)
Marian Lyle

Declamation (The Nation's Need of Men).....Alice Buys

Piano Solo (Bubbling Spring)...King
Helen Griffin

Class Song (Class of 1920, words by Ethel Gillesby.....Senior Class

Class Story.....Esther Lawrence

Prophecy.....Marion Creagan
Kathryn Creagan

Valedictory.....Olive Barnum

From Shore to Shore (Overture)...
..... Bennett
Orchestra

Presentation of Class.E. R. Washburn

Presentation of Diplomas D.E.Brigham

Benediction.....Rev. King

Gavotte Souvenir.....Lincke
Orchestra

Reception—Alumni Banquet
Central Knoll

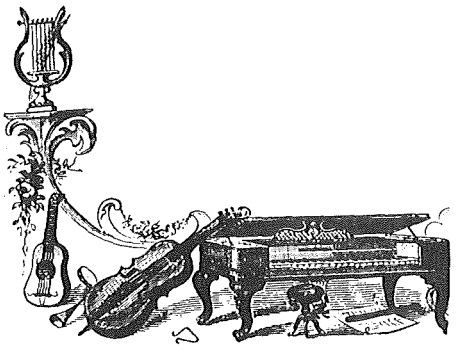
Music Director...Mrs. Ailee Bennett

Baccalaureate Sunday Evening

[illegible] Baccalaureate sermon will be [illegible] Sunday evening [illegible] Rev. [illegible] from [illegible] Special [illegible] rendered by the Presbyterian [illegible]

[illegible], June 11th

[illegible] follow [illegible] evening. Aside [illegible] the banquet [illegible] [illegible] at the town [illegible] [illegible] by Ladies of St. Joseph's [illegible] will be present to act as toastmaster [illegible] Kalamazoo, Pres. of Michigan [illegible] will be present to make a talk, and a number of other good speakers have been secured for the program.



REPORT OF ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE CONVENTION

By Rev. D. D. King, Decatur's Delegate.

Everyone of us must give an account of himself before God. Some of us should give an account before men. I chance to belong to both groups. I count it a high privilege to be commissioned to attend the 20th Annual Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America at Washington, D. C., December 6, 7, and 8, 1921. I take a special pride in this service because I represented the first town of the first county of the state to go and stay dry. I do not, however, consider that I was in any way best fitted nor in any way deserving of this honor. There are others who could have qualified much better than myself. I beg, however, to thank the kind friends who entrusted so great a trust to me. I attended all services and tried to get the line on the real message in each address. As we had three addresses each evening and six both morning and afternoon, it would be unwise to try to report each address as an item in this heavily loaded and big-gunned artillery, for the speakers were Bishops, governors, chief justices, senators, attorney generals, U. S. commissioners and state officers from all parts of the U. S. I think all will agree with me that such an array of talent on such an occasion can not be designated in any other terms than "big guns" and that in military language is an artillery.

Then to think of a country guy with hay seed in his hair and moss on his back, figuratively speaking, having all this fired into him in so short a time. One gentleman, yes he is just that, took my hat off my head and examined it to see if the band was broken or if I had been obliged to get a new one. He did not suspicion that there was so much empty room before I went where all this could be stored and no bulge caused. But what did happen was even more serious. The facts there were verified respecting the real situations had near broken my heart. It may make a radical change in my life for the future. No man can go to such a convention and be the same man that he has been.

What Prohibition Has Accomplished

The plan then I shall attempt to follow in giving out a report will be to bring the representation of facts regarding conditions under prohibition in all parts of this great country of ours. Prohibition is not a failure. It is a huge success. It has eliminated 85 per cent of drunkeness. Has produced thrift and efficiency. Reduced accidents in shops and mines. Has made marvelous increase in savings deposits. Increased the ownership of homes among the laboring class. Health conditions vastly better. Has demonstrated its wholesome effect upon individuals, communities and states.

We do not want to lose sight of this important fact that these statements were made by authorities and were taken by reporters of the press and cannot be refuted by any denials, nor minified by any incredulous individuals. The benefits of prohibition have filtered to all forms and phases of life. Even distillers and brewers have frankly acknowledged that they were wrong. And several cases were cited where they were engaged in other legitimate business while they declare they would not think of going back to the former business. Some even have become Christian men and with families may be found in church worship on Sunday. As the South would not have slavery return, so the better part of the brewers and distillers would not have license return.

But there is violation of law everywhere, too. Small distills and brewing or numerous and importation is coming into the country from all sides. Bootlegging and moonshining are rampant. Lax law enforcement is evidenced in many quarters, open and blatant violation in some places. There are many types of law breakers. It does not seem to have occurred to many people that to break this 18th Amendment to the Constitution was to traduce the sacredness and dignity of the nation and trample upon stars and stripes of our liberty. To prohibit is the high duty of the government when it is for the protection of the innocent and the home. And the government cannot with impunity fail to do so even though she be offered a bribe of billions or even at a cost of billions to enforce such protection.

Wet Forces Still Fighting

There has been a note missing in the appeal chorus of the wet forces. It was a star play in the former combats of the west. They sang, "t is unconstitutional." Now it is constitutional forever more and can never be taken out of the constitution nor recalled.

But that is exactly what they are trying to do and they are openly declaring themselves that they are going to do this. They are putting ads in some newspapers that have a large circulation—display ads and bold headlines—"End Prohibition." I copied such an ad from a Detroit paper. It reads as follows, "End Prohibition (in large type). You must register your protest now against it. Become a part of this organization that is adding 20,000 new members every day, operating in 38 states and 216 cities. New branches forming everywhere. Somebody had to start this to bring back the freedom for which our fathers died. Saying to yourself, yes I am going to join is like winking to a girl in the dark; you know what you are doing, but no one else does. Every citizen of the state is welcome. The association against the prohibition amendment is incorporated at Washington, D. C., and is endorsed by the pulpit and the press. It is a patriotic organization of men and women in protest against the evils of prohibition. It is working toward the repeal of the Volstead act."

I will not quote further, but seek to impress the trenchant and covert sophistry of the enemies' argument and methods to make plausible this effort for annulling prohibition. Now we have to allow that others have a right to views different from ours. But to put their case in such construction as to deceive or mislead is the right of no one.

There are evils that have developed under prohibtion. But for which the principles of prohibition are in no sense responsible. The worst of all and most dangerous to any government is the disregard for law. Prohibition as such is not a reason for the disregard for law but it furnishes an opportunity for the disloyal citizen to show himself. Now we know who he is. He is the one who allows open violation. He is the judge who imposes so light penalty that the offender goes out to offend again. He is the high-honored citizen who has an appetite and uses and serves it in bon ton society. He is the officer who warns the dives before he makes the raid. He is the citizen who brews, distills or bootlegs or secretes—contary to the laws of the land and the state. Now there can be nothing worse than a citizenship which makes our future as a nation more dubious.

Now may we take a look at these leaders in this agitation for repeal. Leaders! mind you. These leaders have by some scheming or strategy associated with them a few names that astonish and disgust us so they can claim even "the pulpit and the press" to be with them. As to the leaders, who are they? They are the men who have made large fortunes from the business; debauching the manhood and womanhood of our nation, blighting childhood and blasting homes; corrupting politics and influencing legislatures to their favor. These men who when our nation was in war were agents of our enemy against us and represented a propaganda that cost us millions of money and great loss of life. This same crowd has put up, we are told, millions of money to get back into their old occupation. Do we want them back? A little chorus was sung often at the convention with words—

"We'll never let the devil win
We'll never compromise with him
Though he tries to give us beer and
call it medicine,
We'll never let the devil win." ?

Wets in For Biggest Battle

The facts are that the wets were never better organized and never better financed than they are now. They are in for the biggest battle of their lives and it is up to the temperance

people to make it the last great battle any way that they will ever be able to make. They now have to put up money out of their savings as we have always had to do, and are ready to do again. There are two familiar battle-fronts; one is on enforcement lines and the other on legislative lines. We must stand up close to our officers for enforcement. So close, one speaker said, that we can whisper encouragement when he does well and kick him when he does not do his full duty and kick him out if he refuses to uphold the law. The greatest danger is that we have thought that law enforced itself, which it never does. Or we have left the enforcement to Uncle Sam, forgetting who Uncle Sam was. Why Uncle Sam is just U.S. written with capitals—WE, US, YOU, ME. The federal government is to be heeded and dreaded but he can do little without all citizens co-operating who honor the government and are law abiding.

No violator of law ought to be shielded for personal friendship, nor even relationship. To have prohibition fail now would be a national calamity; for the world is looking at us. We are many times better situated to win now than formerly. We have the law now and the government is back of us. Our worst enemy now is indifference. Buffalo, N. Y., had just elected the worst type of an excuse as its next mayor by a majority vote of 5,000. Then it was found that 20,000 people who had registered failed to vote whose votes would have been against him. Our state of mind seems to be about like this when prohibition was ratified—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the law strict watch to keep,
If I should wake before I die
I expect the country to be bone dry."

Yes sir, I composed that all myself. Then Muse came upon me and here it comes again:

"It is time for you to 'wake,
And give yourself a violent shake,
The law is not our Uncle Sam,
It is us—every woman, every man."

Now that the Muse has gone let us come back to sombre poise. There are two mighty forces to be overcome in the enforcement of prohibition that we have not reckoned with, according to their merits and importance. The first one I mention is appetite. Had you thought what a man will do and what he has done to satisfy his appetite. When you think, you realize as I do that we could easier tell what he has not done. What a criminal, what a friend, what a brute has man not been for this reason? And appetite has been cultivated for so long a time; any way since Noah, be that 4,000 or more years. What struggles men have with appetite! They have been locked up, Have locked themselves up and thrown the key away. Have sworn on bibles and at altars, but appetite has still won. Did we delude ourselves so much as to think men with appetites were going to be very submissive and yielding because prohibition had become a law? We have left it largely there. Let us just wake up and be very much awake to difficulties in the way of enforcement and swear by High Heaven no more appetites will be gained by our permission in the youth of our land.

The other force we must meet is the greed for gold. So long as violation of law is profitable it will prevail in our country. So long as bootlegging makes big money it is sure to do business. And this will be as long as people will pay big prices for the goods and little or no fines are imposed. The first will continue so long as men can get the price and the latter will continue until sentences will become bankrupting, instead of profitable. Also until the violators of law will be promptly condemned by imprisonment commensurate with the gravity of the offense.

But can prohibition be enforced? Why you are just jesting, why can it not be enforced? It is like any other law and there will be violations here and there, but that is so of all laws. But it costs so much! No it yields ten dollars for every one of cost in Ohio, the commissioner of that state told us; and the proceeds are more than the cost throughout the country now. Then suppose we get to doing business in the right way, it will be highly remunerative, until it ceases to struggle over honorable and profitable occupation.

How are we to meet all the conditions that are upon us? Organize, educate, vote! As we might expect there are many holding office upon whom enforcement falls who do not sympathize with the measure. If they had the right spirit they would uphold the law to the last measure of enforcement, even though personally they do not like the law. They have taken oath to do that. But many will not, though it be said to their credit, some do. Our duty and opportunity is plain in this matter. We must see to it that men are in these positions who will uphold the law. You will find a marvelous change in attitude if this purpose becomes clear and strong.

The matter of law enforcement is fought out with difficulty and danger. More than 20 lives have already been sacrificed in performance of duty, and many others doubtless will be, sacrificed. The cause is worthy and none but heroes are needed. It should be enough for us to know that murder is plotted deliberately and brutally carried out by our enemy. Commissioner Isaac R. Hitt of Washington, D. C., asked that great audience to stand with him to pray God's protection for those who should be called to enforce the law. Mr. Hitt was introduced as a lineal son of Isaac the first. A most impressive scene, a Jew noble, splendid looking man, calling a company of 2,000 gentiles to pray for God's protection and help in upholding a law that Mr. Hitt said proved that as a nation we were growing "wise and good." God said thou shalt not at an early date in dealing with man. It was not a limitation of his freedom, but the measure to larger freedom and greater good. And prohibition is just that—more men, more comforts, more homes, more happiness. Prohibition now and forever!

NORMAN EARL WEBSTER

WAS RESIDENT OF DECATUR FOR MANY YEARS—PASSED AWAY AT KALAMAZOO NOVEMBER 23 AT THE AGE OF 89 YEARS

Norman Earl Webster was born October 3, 1832, at Elba, Gennessee county, N. Y., and died November 23, 1921, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. He was the son of Earl Webster and Mary Howe, who moved from New York state to Michigan in 1835.. He was the eldest of five children, and the last surviving, the others being Luman Edward Webster, Mary Webster Simpson Dennis, Frances Elizabeth Webster Allan and Sylvia Abiah Webster Maxham.

His boyhood was spent in Calhoun county and as a young man he learned the carpenter's trade with William Knowlton at Coldwater, whose memory he always cherished, both as employer and a Christian gentleman.

On December 23, 1863, he married Jennie L. Chevelier at Decatur and for nearly fifty-eight years their home was in Decatur and Kalamazoo with shorter residence in Coldwater and Sturgis. and in Findlay, Ohio. At these places and others he was employed in the operation of wood working machinery, most recently with the Michigan Buggy Company of Kalamazoo, where he was employed for twenty years until he retired at the age of seventy-seven.

Mr. Webster and his wife united with the Presbyterian church while living in Coldwater, being received by the Reverend G. L. Foster, who afterward supplied the church in Decatur for a time. Later he was a member of the churches in. Decatur and Kalamazoo and in Decatur he was for many years a member of the choir and superintendent of the Sunday school.

He is survived by the widow and their only son, Norman Edward Webster, who resides in New York City.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. W. Dunning, at the Truesdale Chapel in Kalamazoo, and Rev. B. L. Bergstrom conducting the funeral services at the Presbyterian church, Decatur, on Saturday afternoon, November 26,, interment being in Lakeside cemetery.

Old friends of the family acted as pallbearers as follows: Lewis G. Stewart, Theodore Trowbridge, Perry M. Young, Malcolm S. Carney, John Shaad, Emory H. Squier.

REPUBLICAN NOT DECATUR'S FIRST PAPER

O. W. ROWLAND, ONCE DECATUR PUBLISHER, SAYS TRIBUNE WAS FIRST NEWSPAPER HERE, AND CLARION FOLLOWED, BUT BOTH WERE SHORT LIVED

"Mr. Bellows is a son of the late Professor C. F. R. Bellows, first principal of the Decatur schools, and one of the founders of the Van Buren County Republican, Decatur's first newspaper."

Absolutely correct, except as to the statement that the Van Buren County Republican was Decatur's first newspaper. Some seven years prior to founding of the Republican, one C. P. Sweet began publishing the Decatur Tribune, which lived about four years and then was permitted to depart in peace. In the summer of 1865 Moses Hill, a Kalamazoo man, launched the Decatur Clarion, conducted about six months, and then disposed of it to A. W. Briggs, who continued its publication for another half year, when it quietly and peacefully folded its pinions and stole away. Instead of being the first the Republican was the last newspaper to be started in Decatur.

It was founded under the name of the "Van Buren County Republican," in 1867, and has, with but a brief intermission, been continuously published ever since, being known by the above name or as the Decatur Republican and for a short time only as the "Decatur Independent."

The following named gentlemen have the honor of being its editors and publishers: Prof. C. F. R. Bellows, E. A. Blackman, H. C. Buffington, A. M. Wooster, Hon. Robt. L. Warren, Andrew Johnson, O. W. Rowland and his son M. O. Rowland, Messrs. Secord & Dewey, under whose management the paper bore the name of the "Decatur Independent," and lastly A. N. Moulton, under whose administration it has become an institution in which Decatur people have a just degree of pride and which is one of the best equipped print shops in Van Buren county.

O. W. Rowland.

GRANGE FAIR PLANS PROGRESS

EXPOSITION IN NEW GRANGE HALL OCTOBER 18, 19, 20, TO BE BEST IN YEARS

Plans are rapidly progressing for a successful Grange fair this year. The dates announced are October 18, 19, and 20. Farmers are urged to save the best of their produce for display at this exposition, and a department is to be devoted to poultry and rabbits.

An extensive premium list is now being compiled, and will be published within a short time. The hearty co-operation of farmers and townspeople generally is invited to make the Grange fair of 1921 the best ever held here.

The fair this year will be held in the new Grange hall on St. Mary street, where ample room will be allowed for displays of farm and garden products, and for mercantile displays by the local merchants.

A SOLDIER IN THE BRITISH ARMY

Horace Wright of North Hamilton was a pleasant caller last Saturday. Mr. Wright bought the Gla Brown farm some ten years ago and has done fairly well there, but now like other farmers he is having his struggle to make both ends meet. He is not disheartened, however, and says that one good thing about farming is that he can always get enough to eat.

Mr. Wright is 68 but hardly looks 60, and he has seen more of the world than most farmers of this community. He is a native of England and served 15 years in the British army. Five years of his service were spent in India and three years in South Africa. He served in the Boer war under General Kitchiner.

One day his regiment marched all day through the rain in South Africa and when camp was made at night a young boy was among the number chosen for outpost duty. He was the youngest in the regiment and not strong and rugged like the seasoned soldiers, but he went without a murmur.

During the night the Sergeant making the round of inspection found him asleep at his post, marched him into camp and sent another soldier to take his place.

The next morning the boy was taken before the Major, tried and sentenced to be shot.

Some of his soldier friends pleaded for him before General Kitchiner and after an investigation the General remitted the death penalty and sentenced him to two years in prison.

The soldiers all loved General Kitchiner.

1921

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN VAN BUREN COUNTY

Mrs. Gertrude Jewell Phillips of Richland, Kalamazoo county, sent the Republican a newspaper clipping of the story following. It is not dated as to the year, but is faded with age and is probably about forty years old.

Elias Morris was a son of Dolphin and Sarah Morris, the first settlers of Van Buren county. Upon retiring from his Cass county farm he and Mrs. Morris bought the Upton home on School street opposite the school house, now the home of members of the Van't Zelfde family. Mrs. R. J. Huyck is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Elias Morris.

The clipping:

Decatur, Mich., Feb. 12. — Elias Morris was born in Decatur township, Van Buren county, May 11, 1832. He holds the distinction of being the first white child born in Van Buren county, and is therefore the county's honored pioneer. His early years were spent upon his father's farm, and during his youth the family traded at LaGrange and Paw Paw. He had many thrilling experiences with the wolves and wildcats that roamed the forest, which frequently made great inroads upon his father's flock of sheep.

Mr. Morris' education was obtained from the country schools, supplemented with two years' work at the then Wesleyan seminary at Albion.

Mr. Morris was happily married March 12, 1857, to Charlotte Dunning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Dunning of Edwardsburg, Cass county. To them were born five children, three of whom are dead. Raymond C. was graduated from the Rush Medical school in 1897, and now looks after his large stock and farming interests at Keeler. Carlton D. was graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan in 1894 and is a practicing physician at Pontiac.

Mr. Morris moved upon his 240 acre farm in Volinia township, Cass county, in 1857, and resided upon the same farm forty years. Besides his Cass county interests he owns 290 acres in Decatur township and 160 acres in South Dakota. He is a member of the board of directors of the First National bank of Paw Paw.

TAN BARK USED EARLY FOR ROADS

OLD CESSPOOLS ON MAIN STREET ALSO OCCASION MUCH COMMENT AND DISCUSSION OF REMINISCENCES AMONG OLDER RESIDENTS

Preparation of the roadbed for the

pavement on Sherwood street near Main last Friday brought to light the material which was first used for paving purposes in this village. It was tan bark found two to two and one-half feet below the surface of the old roadbed.

Decatur once had a tannery. It was destroyed by fire years ago. Older residents say that the pulverized tan bark, after its value as a coloring material had been destroyed, was placed on streets to make the roads better. The fact that the bark was lying below several courses of gravel and just above sand leads one to belive that it was the first material used in an attempt to improve the highways in the village.

Reminscences have filled the air this week since the discovery at the park end of Main street of an old cistern, one that was used as a fire cistern in the days when Decatur had no municipal water pumping system, and fires were fought by bucket lines from these cisterns to the conflagration.

The cistern had become buried and many of the older residents had forgotten its existence. Another larger cistern, in the center of the Delaware and Main intersection was also uncovered. The existence of the latter well has been known and an attempt was made a few years ago to have it filled up. It was filled with dirt from the street last week, and this old landmark passes into history.

The cistern at the park end of the street, however, will be preserved, as it becomes a catch basin for surface water from Main street. Before discovery of the cistern engineers had planned the construction of a catch basin near the park, but with the old cistern already built, it can be used for the purpose.

One of Decatur's best informed older residents hos promised the Republican a story of the old tannery and its tan bark by-product, which we hope to print within a week or so.

Twenty Years Ago In Decatur

Taken from the files of the Republican, 1901.

"A Debt of Honor," a drama in four acts, home talent, will be given at the new town hall Thanksgiving night. Admission, 25 cents; children, 15c. In the cast given in full are found these names, R. S. Howland, H. A. Pierce, J. R. Creagan, John Wassman, Otto Van Hise, S. Fay Beach, Roy Gillum, Miss Bernice Harris, Miss Beatrice Harris, Miss Clare Barron.

H. W. Kenoyer, who was in this vicinity at Hamilton Fair time taking subscriptions for the Kalamazoo Gazette, has started another paper at Lawton, named the Tribune. The outfit was purchased of the Breeze, which expired at Bangor a few weeks ago.

Newton Gard and his wife, Nancy, celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Volinia, where they have lived ever since they were married, November 12, 1851.

Brickmaker George Kruse of Volinia, has made and sold 500,000 white brick this year, and has orders for half as many more. He will have to enlarge his plant to meet the demands of his customers.

George Kern has purchased the Anderson property on South George street, formerly owned by Dexter Brigham, and will move into it this fall.

The Knights of Pythias ball recently postponed because of the illness of Dr. Hooper, will be held at the new town hall Thursday evening, December 12. Fischer's full Pan-American orchestra will play.

G. B. Browning, the veteran druggist, is suffering with a long and serious illness.

A sacred concert will be given the evening of Sunday, November 24, in the Universalist church. Edward M. Minor, pastor, will give a talk. Solo by Ward Collins; duet, Mr. and Mrs. G. Adams, duet, the Misses Harris; voluntary, orchestra.

I have leased the Nichols saw mill and will pay a good price for sawlogs. J. M. Price.

John Wassman, proprietor of the Hamilton mills, advertises to do custom feed grinding every day except Friday, when he will grind buckwheat.

Fred Mielke, fashionable tailor, has a new line of fall and winter samples. Second hand clothing always in stock at various prices. Shop over Shaad's store.

John Brigham has purchased the Miss Mollie Brown residence, south of the railroad.

Livery and Feed Barn. I can furnish first class rigs at reasonable prices. Corner Main and St. Mary streets. Dell Adams.

The marriage of Fred A. Webb of Chicago to Miss Gertrude Lyle at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lyle, occurred Tuesday, November 5.

Some names are not very common, and the same can be said in compliment of the people who bear them.

Take the name 'Eckenberger,' for instance. We were discussing the subject of names with our old time friend and fellow citizen, Sela N. Eckenberger.

He stated that his name is not listed in the city directories of Detroit or Chicago. Those two cities represent a population of about five million souls without an Eckenberger, while in this village of fifteen hundred there are two, and in years past there have been as many as a dozen.

The family originated in Switzerland. In the Swiss language 'Ecken means corner, 'Berg,' mountain, and 'er' dweller, the literal translation of the name being, 'Dweller on the corner of a mountain.'

The members of the family who immigrated to America first located near Philadelphia and were of the pioneers known as 'Pennsylvania Dutch.'

From Philadelphia members of the family moved to Marietta, Ohio, and from there to Cass county, Michigan

---

John Eckenberger, father of our townsman, was born in Volinia township, near the farm now owned by Ezra Rutherford, in 1832.

REPRINTED FROM MIAMI DAILY NEWS

"Consider Poor Lo"

Consider "Lo, the poor Indian." Untutored and uncivilized "poor Lo" goes his thoughtful way and keeps his mouth shut tight.

He soars not on a crazy boom nor sinks into a deep depression. He revels in no revolution nor is sucked into a World War. He supports no standing army, nor builds million-dollar battleships to go on the junk heap in a few years.

He does not send several hundred Big Indians to the Big Wigwam in Washington to make much big talk, 99 per cent of which counteth not to the value of a hill of beans. The Big Chief administers the law and the gospel, from which there is no appeal and no repeal.

If he raises more stuff in his little garden than he can eat, he does not proceed to destroy it so as to make his brother Indian, whose garden dried up, pay more for what he has to have, nor give him some wampum to buy it with.

Consider also Lo's poor squaw. She chases not after the fleeting fashions, nor quarrels over bridge, nor bothers about divorce and alimony. Verily, thrice blessed is Mrs. Lo.

Poor Lo believes in a Great Spirit. Are the white man's doctrines any more sensible or logical?

F.H. Chesebro

BOCA RATON, FLA., APRIL 2, 934

EVERGREEN BLUFF
An Ideal Place for
Rest and Recreation
SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

SHOWS IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day
You don't have to say if you work or play;
A tried true barometer serves in the place.

However you live, it shows in your face.

The faults, the deceit that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got its start;
For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace.

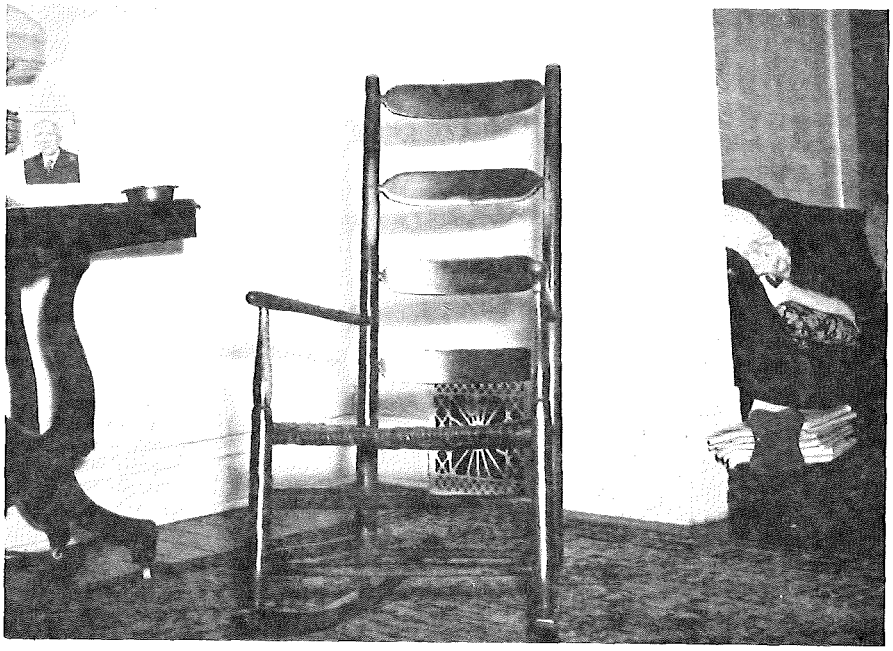
What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live,
For not what you get, but how much you can give;
If you live close to God in His infinite Grace,

You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.

unknown

Great Grandmother Hoppin



Great Grandmother Hoppin's Rocking Chair

GREAT GRANDMOTHER HOPPIN'S CHAIR AS SHE AND HER ROCKER WERE CONNECTED WITH OUR FAMILY

Written by her oldest great-grand daughter – Carrie Vanderhoof Hall

When grandfather Hoppin's second wife died and left him with three small children, he also had three boys and two girls by his first wife — He owned and operated a hotel in South Haven (Michigan) and the future looked none too bright.

The oldest daughter, Ann, was about 16 and the second girl, Eliza, about 14.

The girls were too young to care for three small children and help their father with the hotel management, so, his mother Rebeckah Hoppin, and, his sister Ruth, came to live with him — Ruth taught school, and also went to school — Grandmother took over the management of the household, and, as she was not able to do much of the actual work, she sat in her rocker and directed the girls as to what was to be done, and she also supervised the "hired help."

She planned the meals, taught the girls how to care for the little children, the care of household linens; the rooms in the hotel, the preparation of foods — and things were always clean and food good.

The girls were taught to make the clothing for the family and, it was all handmade under her supervision.

She was the only *mother* the children ever knew. She was strict — yet very kind and they all loved her dearly, as they also loved their Aunt Ruth.

Grandmother sat in her rocker a great deal of the time and sewed or embroidered or did patch work quilts as she supervised the work of others —

For my mothers birthday one year she embroidered an "underskirt," and drew her own design — mother said she was so surprised and so happy to receive a gift which took so many hours to make.

I, the oldest great grand daughter, have a piece of that embroidered skirt which was made for my mother, her oldest grand daughter — Ann Hoppin. It is a treasured possession.

When grand father traded the hotel for a farm in Hamilton Township (on part of which his grandson, Amos Vanderhoof now lives and owns 160 acres of the old farm) the two girls, Ann and Eliza, were old enough to manage the

home for their father, and care for the three small children — Ruth, Bessie and R.D. thanks to the careful training their grandmother had given them, so, when the trade was made and the family moved and settled on the Hamilton Township farm, great grandmother and Aunt Ruth returned to either Three Rivers or, to Parkville and took up their life together again but I think it was then that Aunt Ruth went as preceptress of Three Rivers High School.

When great grandmother became ill, Aunt gave up teaching and cared for her until the end came at Aunt Martha Reeds home — More Park.

The daughters had their mothers belongings, as is usually the case, and on my mothers return from Dakota, where she lived eleven years as a pioneer in that country, her Aunt Eliza Hoppin Kellogg thought she should have something which had belonged to her beloved grandmother and Aunt Ruth thought so too as did Martha Reed so, the rocker which was great grandmother's and in which she sat during those years in the home of her son Rossiter, and helped him to carry on, was given to my mother, his oldest daughter — Ann Hoppin Vanderhoof.

It so happened that the day father and mother went home from Aunts, was a cold stormy day and father did not like to risk tying the chair on the back of his "top buggy" so, in spite of mother's insistance that he do so he would not, but said they would come again when weather was warmer and there was less risk of losing or harming the chair — So, the beloved old rocker was left to be carried home another day.

Time went on and Aunt Eliza and Aunt Ruth died before they returned to get it.

Aunt Eliza's daughter knew of the gift but she never offered to give the chair to my mother and mother hesitated to ask for it and died without receiving it — and grieved over it as long as she lived.

After Emma's death her niece, Florence, (grand daughter of Eliza Hoppin Kellogg) learned the true story of the rocker, which already carried with it the story that great grandmother sat in it and drove a team of horses from New York State to Michigan about the year 1835 or 36 — as well as the story I have related above, she, very graciously decided that I was entitled to the rocker and was kind enough to bring it to me.

Nothing she could have given me would have made me as happy as that old rocker. I have spent hours and hours in that old rocker, doing the kind of fancy work my mother told me that my great grandmother used to do when she sat in it, and I love it and the comfort of it and my mind goes back to the stories my mother told me, and as my own grandmother died before my mother could remember her, grandmother was like a mother to her, and to me, she is the only grandmother I ever knew anything about, and, as I sit here alone in her old rocker, I feel that I really am not alone — memories of her are with me as I recall the stories my mother told me.

Aunt Ruth was a mother too, to the motherless children and was very dear to them, and to me, her oldest great niece.

I hope for a few more years to enjoy my great grandmother's old rocker, and — I hope with all my heart that my son will cherish it and pass it on to someone directly in line who will also love it — *not* — because it is "antique," but, because it has meant so much to the former owners, and, for the memories it brings to us, as a family.

A pioneer mother who rode in a covered wagon — drove a team of horses from New York state to Michigan — and grandfather drove the other team — and my mother, rode in a covered wagon to Dakota Territory in 1880 — and cared for brother Amos and I and did her best as wife and mother, just as her grandmother did — no other grandchild did as grandmother did — and so the aunts said she, my mother, should have the rocker — (I rode 700 miles in a covered wagon). I *love* the old *rocking chair*.

Samuel Hoppin — Born — 1789 in Lanesburo, Mass.

Married Rebecca Eddy Hunt — Born — 1792 in Bryan, New Jersey.

Wed — in Eden, New York — June — 1816

CHILDREN

* 1. Ruth Hoppin ..... Born — 1833
2. Martha Ann Hoppin Reed . Born — 1829
3. Eliza Hoppin Kellogg .... Born — 1826
4. Pamelia Hoppin ..... Born — 1817
5. Curtis Hoppin ..... Born — 1818
**6. Rossiter Hoppin ..... Born — 1820
7. Samuel Hoppin, Jr. ..... Born — 1822
8. Thaddeus Hoppin ..... Born — 1823
9. Gideon Hoppin ..... Born — 1827
10. Lavina Hoppin ..... Born — 1831
11. John Eddy Hoppin ..... Born — 1836

* Ruth Hoppin, a great educator in Michigan, is a great aunt of Louis G. Hall. At one time she taught in Three Rivers and one of the grade school buildings is named for her. She also taught in Oberlin College, Ohio. She was nearly blind before she died.

**Louis G. Hall's great grandfather.

HOWARD GIRARD HALL
1867—1921

Claim to be direct descendants of Hugo de Maltby who was in the train of William the Conqueror (1060).

All American Maltbys belong to John Maltby of Kexby Hall, Lincolnshire, England, who was born about 1550.

He had a son Richard who was born in 1592 or 1593.

Richard had a son John (did not find his date of birth).

This John had a son William, who was born on March 16, 1644 or 1645 in England and it is this son William that your great-grandmother's family Maltby descended from. William evidently came to Branford, Connecticut from England in 1664 and he also lived in New Haven, Conn.

All American Maltbys descent directly from William, for while he had brothers, they had or left no offspring.

The earliest New England record of Maltbys is dated June 1664, so you see how real American you are on your father's side of the family.

Here is the line of lineage —

William your great, great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather (born 1644 or 1645)

Daniel (his son) great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather (born May 19, 1679)

Capt. Joseph (his son) great, great, great, great, great grandfather (Born May 31, 1712) (Capt. Joseph had a brother Benjamin who fought in the Revolutionary War)

Joseph (son of Capt. Joseph) your great, great, great, great grandfather

Rev. Joseph (son of Joseph) your great, great, great grandfather

Lois Maltby your great, great grandmother

Hannah E. Hall your great, grandmother

Your grandfather Hall, Grove Maltby Hall

Your father Howard Girard Hall

You Louis Girard Hall

COPIED FROM THE SOUTH HAVEN SENTINEL
MARCH 18TH, 1872

Good morning, sir! By your looks I see
That you are a stranger in Number Three.
Just step this way for a quiet talk,
And tell me as onward slowly we walk,
If Nature's garb could more lovely be,
Than here in District Number Three.

O, a lovely district this Number Three;
Birds gaily carol in happy glee;
Flowers blossom, and fruits in plenty grow;
And music's sweetest melodies flow;
And our children, happy as youth can be,
Go to our school in Number Three.

And, with your leave sir, we'll go to-night
To our school house which is just in sight,
And you shall see that the truth I tell,
When I say that in learning our youth excel;
For with your own eyes you shall see
That we keep no dunces in Number Three.

Our officers, stately and stern, but true;
(Some of them wore the "Loyal blue";)
Perform their duties as they should,
For they punish the evil, but praise the good;
And so we are well behaved you see—
For why? We live in Number Three.

Then, too, our teacher; some folks say
"He's very quiet in his way";
I'll tell you in confidence; he's got grit,
Which is quite to his pupil's benefit;
And a very orderly school have we
Who live this winter in Number Three.

Our people are modest, and quiet, you know;
For to whisky saloons we do not go;
The consequence is, we are all quite steady,
And ever to do a kind deed are ready;
So I'm sure with me you will quite agree,
That I'm glad I live in Number Three.

Then the grand old Lake in summer time,
Fills our hearts with thoughts of things sublime
Who, seeing each day this lovely view,
Would not seek to be noble, good, and true.
O, yes, the Creator's hand we see
Who live in District Number Three.

So, because we're not rich, we do not fret,
Nor seek by treachery, money to get;
But labor patiently day by day,
To earn our bread as best we may;
Grateful for mercies past are we,
And content to live in Number Three.

Then hail to District Number Three!
And long may we live in harmony;
Long may our people with children be blest,
And long may our teacher teach his best,
And soon may the world our prosperity see,
Who live in happy Number Three.

And do you ask why I spend my time
In writing this useless, silly rhyme?
In putting this jingle of words together
In this beautiful and fair spring weather;
My answer is plain, as plain can be,
I *live* in District Number Three.

80th Anniversary of the Deerlick School District No. 3.

Written by Mrs. Katherine A. Hoppin

Recalling Former Days

Cecil Mahoney brought a cancelled check to the Republican office. He said he found it on the street but where it has been hiding for the past 26 years has not been disclosed.

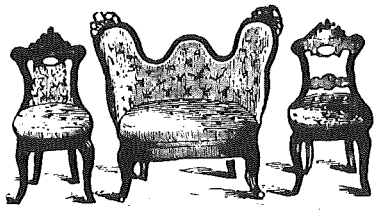
The check is dated at Decatur October 10, 1915, is drawn on the Citizens' State Bank in favor of Butler Brothers by W. H. Fletcher, and the amount named is $13.12. It has been stamped 'paid' by the Citizens State Bank so is not now holding against the maker.

Will Fletcher spent his early years in Decatur. He clerked in Decatur stores and was for a while in the grocery business with his father. For the past 20 years he has been employed in the Parchment Paper Com-

pany and has risen to a position of responsibility and importance. Mrs. Fletcher also had her origin in Decatur and is well remembered by older residents as Edith Howe, an unusually efficient trained nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher rent an apartment in Kalamazoo through the winter months, and own a summer home at Gull Lake where they reside a large proportion of the time.

Butler Brothers is one of the oldest and largest wholesale merchandising establishments in the middle west.



SUPERVISOR DAVID A. SQUIER

Born Nov. 22, 1834, Died Nov. 19, 1907

David A. Squier, who passed from this life on the nineteenth day of November, as was recorded in the Republican last week, was born in Volinia township, Cass county, November 22, 1834. His seventy-third birthday was the day of his funeral.

He comes of a New England family which was founded in America in the early colonial days. His grandfather, William Squier, was born in New Jersey in 1756, and farming was his life's occupation. He moved to Pennsylvania where his son Daniel C., father of our deceased townsman, was born in 1800.

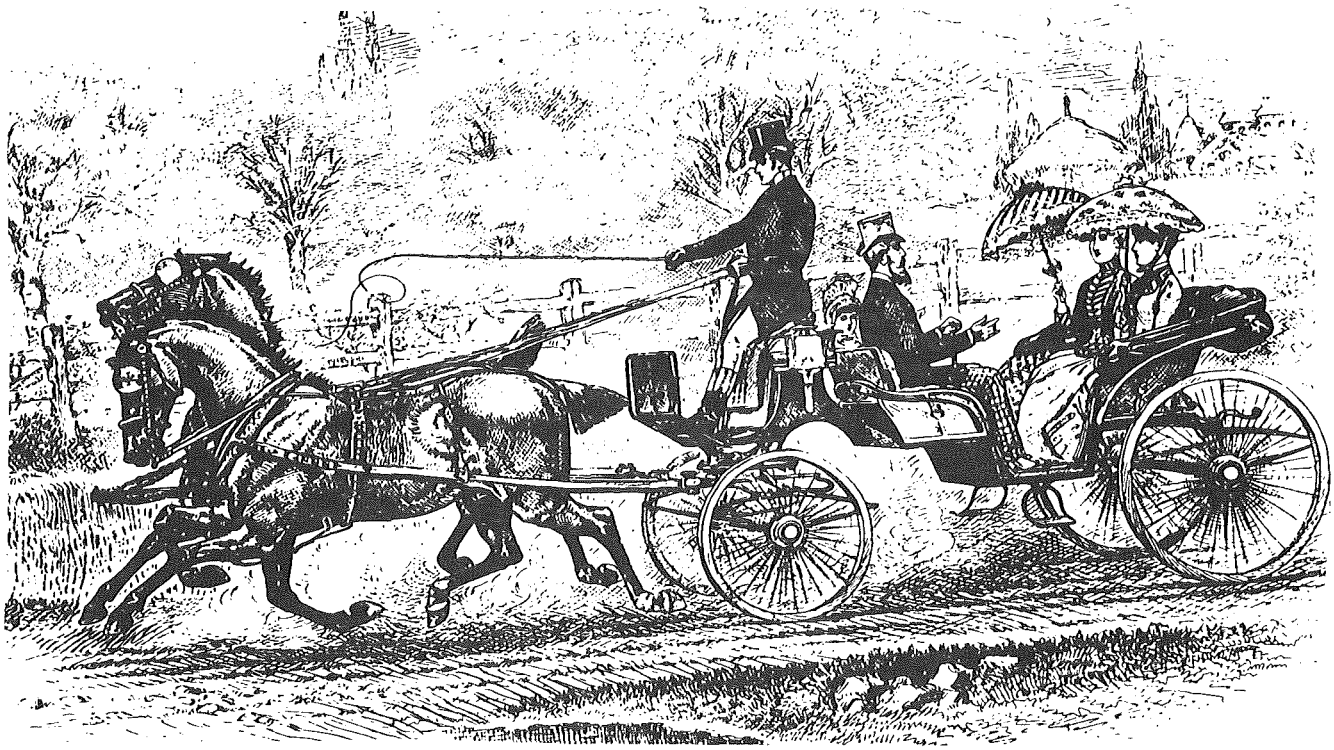
Daniel C. Squier emigrated to Volinia, Cass county, in 1831, and his father, who was with the family on a visit, died there in 1832. He was the first to be buried in Crane cemetery. Daniel C. Squier died in 1873 and his wife, who was Elizabeth Case, a native of Northumberland county, Penn., followed him in 1881.

David A. Squier was one of nine children, of whom but one, Mrs. Susanah Morlan, survives. He spent his boyhood days on the farm and was married November 18, 1860, to Miss Mary A. Rich, a daughter of Samuel A. Rich, who settled in Volinia in 1833.

Mr. Squier purchased forty acres of land which is now a part of the Lewis Morlan farm, and resided there until 1868 when he moved to Decatur. For ten years he was in the grocery business in this village, being associated for two years with Isaac B. Higgins. Since then he has been actively engaged in farming and his farm on the northern village limits is one of the finest in the county.

He was one of the stockholders of the Hinkley Stave Company, in the days when it was Decatur's best industry. He always found time to devote to public interests and in the years past has served as township treasurer, member of the school board, village assessor and village president. Fourteen years ago he was elected supervisor for the first time. The next year he did not run, but twelve years ago he was reelected and served continuously until his death. He was a Democrat in politics, but the people elected him year after year to a strong republican township. He was the oldest supervisor in point of service in the county and had twice been elected chairman of the board.

Mr. Squier was the father of two children, Harley E. and Eddy H. They and their mother survive him.



Danny's Thinker Goes 'Way Back

By Danny

I want to tell you a lot about the Decatur high school of the long ago—back 50 years and over—but leading up to that I want to tell you a "bunch of pioneer stuff"— mostly about the boys and girls of which schools are made. I wish I had the gift of words potent to make you visualize—to get a vivid mental picture of those early days so radically different from the present. Boys and men were "backwoodsens"—pants tucked into the boot tops. Boys' boots had copper toes; men's boots red facing at the front trop of boot leg. Fancy? Of course! A man with shoes on was a sissy or a tenderfoot.

The principal amusement of the young people was the country square dance with two fiddlers, but one would do. "Arkansas Traveller" and "Money Musk" were some of the few tunes the fiddlers sawed on cat-gut and the stentorian voice of the caller, who was usually one of the fiddlers, kept us on the jump--and jump is right. There was a "heap o' action" in even a little dance when the company got warmed up; some of the girls could double shuffle to queen's taste, and the boys, they would "stomp" hard enough and jump high enough to make the plaster fall—if there had been any plaster, which there wasn't, only whitewash.

You notice we don't have fiddles any more; they have graduated from college and are violins, and the performers are all violinists now even if they flat or sharp every note. Fights were not uncommon at those dances.

If the lie was passed, the fireworks began without useless waste of words, and usually we danced all night till broad day-light and went home with the girls in the morning. And those dances held mostly in log houses where the old elevated oven cook stove was set out in the snow to make room for one set, dimly lighted with a few tallow candles, was full of joy to us, not exceeded if held in the grand hall of the king's palace. And the girls, pretty? Sure, with glassy hair done up in nets, calico dresses with three thousand pearl buttons, more or less, up the back, long hoop expanded skirts; the bigger the hoops the more stylish the lady—and underneath, to keep those expensive skirts in proper form was a wealth of hand stitched lingerie—so I've been told. Say! Silk stockings, abbreviated skirts, bobbed hair, the lip stick and the eye-brow specialist hold no points over those girls of 60 years ago.

Fetching? I'll say so. They were spell-binders! Glorious eyes that told so much that meant so little—those carmine inviting lips—the bewitching smile, with a thousand little seductive arts and mannerisms common to the sex ever since Eve beguiled Adam, on down to A. D. 1922 in Decatur, Mich.; and they worked wonders and our girls with our new fads and frills are doing business at the old stand in the identical same old way. Yep! and we are mighty proud of them, too.

Barn Raisings Big Events

The pioneers were building barns. Barn raisings were many every summer and an event of neighborhood interest when all the men turned out to raise the heavy timbers and the women to prepare the supper; and often at raisings and logging bees whiskey was in large evidence with plenty of tin cups to drink "Your health, Sir," and often the connival spirit was stirred to dizzy heights.

The rivalry among the ladies of the different neighborhoods was who could get the best supper and finally this took form in pie. Other things being equal the one who had the most count and said it his stomach was India rubber he could eat the other piece. He was only sick two weeks, and had the doctor three times, and the neighbors had to get in his hay.

Hard continuous labor from sun up till sun down was universal and the big man of the community was the one that could do the biggest day's work, and sometimes one with a vivid imagination would tell how, when, and where he cradled ten acres of wheat in a day and it took two good men to "take it up" after him—about five acres was his limit in our neighborhood.

Jumping and wrestling were common pastimes. The little old red school house specialized in "reading, riting, rithmetic"; anything much outside of the three R's was superfluous and a waste of time and effort. Spelling schools—lots of them every winter; often a little neighborhood dance after.

The lumber wagon was the almost exclusive vehicle, going to mill or to meeting. A farmer with a buggy was a noted man for miles around. Peaches and apples rotted on the ground for lack of a market. Men, women and children worked overtime and by candle light drying fruit and every housewife made some "preserves," but there was no canned stuff in those days, and no sewing machines.

Horace Greely's Tribune in Pioneer Homes

If the best room had a carpet, it was a rag carpet. Our house had such a carpet, on the center table, made of plain boards, covered with a chenille spread, reposed the old family Bible. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the New York Weekly Tribune, edited and published by Horace Greely, and these three for a long time prior to and during the Civil War held about equal sway in our family, and each was read every evening. You of today will say our whole scheme of life was narrow and monotonous. So it was, but it had its compensations—in good health, strong nerves and peaceful, restful slumber.

One great outstanding yearly event that broke the monotony was the circus. Every year the front side of Sammy Cole's barn was covered with those grogeous, impossible, mammoth pictures of men and animals in lurid coloring and a line of seductive talk, detailing the wonders of the greatest show on earth in such glowing terms that you read it with abated breath. Those stunning pictures stopped everybody unless going for the doctor. Even the deacon studied them—of course with a frown—lamenting that the circus was a cunning device of the Devil to slide people into Hades—only in those days they used another word —and while the deacon thus expressed his mind about the circus he admitted the menagerie was a fine educational feature and likely he would take the boys to see the parade and the animals. He told his wife when he got home that this circus was different; it was all right. How do you suppose he knew? Yep, one 50 cent ticket admitted to both the menagerie and circus. Everybody wanted to hoe corn and every girl wanted to pick berries as soon as those pictures were posted, and any kid, ten or over, that failed to go to the circus was an object of pity in the country side. We planted corn one year on new ground with an ax. We harvested a fine crop of corn from that field—we mean the squirrels and us. The black squirrels harvested their full share. Most boys of a dozen years or more had a rifle and we shot oodles of black squirrels every year, but for many falls they made great havoc in the cornfields.

Those days have gone forever.

Well, Danny, you sure are some rambler—a long way from Decatur High. Have patience, I'm coming back.

In my last I told you mostly about the social and educational life of the young people with the little red school house the community center, the barn raisings, logging bees, and the lure of the circus. Now I want to tell you so

much of that long, long ago, covering twenty odd years, in fact, nearly thirty years, which closed with the resumption of specie payment on January 1, 1879. The next cycle taking us from 1879 to 1900.

All too little has been written revealing and picturing the pioneer thought of that period—religious, political and financial. Their main purpose we well know—to hew a home out of the forest, gain a competency for old age, educate and provide for their children. Those old pioneers were intensely loyal, not only to the nation, the state and the fireside, but to their convictions and purposes. They were intensely frugal and thrifty, intensely progressive in thought, intensely active; in fact, as a whole, in-

As witness the birth of the Republican party under the oaks in Jackson July 6, 1854, whose object was to keep slavery from spreading, from entering the territories. It was founded on faith in the right, with not a ray of hope in sight. Its following so insignificant that the press of the country predicted it would die in the borning. What transpired during the next eleven years to the close of the Civil War is history with which all are, or ought to be, familiar, and I cannot refrain from quoting here the inscription on the bronze inset on a huge field stone that marks the spot, where our fathers pledged their faith in the right—

"Here under the oaks July 6, 1854, was born the Republican party, destined amid the throes of civil strife to abolish slavery, vindicate democracy and perpetuate the Union."

And it was our pioneer fathers and grandfathers of this Van Buren county and Berrien and Cass and most of the organized counties of southern Michigan. Those sturdy ancestors of ours could work from sun till sun, eat hog and hominy and wear coarse homespun, drink sassafras tea and bran coffee—go to mill with an ox team, and have the vision and faith to launch in action what they believed right—yes, they were men of action—to think was to act. Are we proud of them? Yes, of course, but how often do we think of it and really do we give them proper credit and consideration? I guess not. Their achievements are the heritage which we now enjoy.

And many an ample fortune was founded in those days by the most rigid economy and self denial. I'll tell you a true story to illustrate the point. One night in the early spring of 1856 B. A. Olney woke up his neighbor, Mr. Easton, living some three miles away, saying, "Vet, I want to borrow your best pants, as I am on the road to St. Joe with a big load of potatoes, and I can trade the potatoes for goods and I'll get a pair of good pants. Mine are not fit to wear on the street."

Coming back the next night he woke up Easton and gave him back his pants. Easton asked to see the new pants. Olney said, "I didn't buy any pants, potatoes were scarce and higher and I sold them for cash, so I could not afford the pants."

B. A. Olney died many years ago the richest man in three counties, if not in southwestern Michigan. He drew those potatoes 18 miles with an ox team, taking the most of two nights and one day. But for the last twenty years of his life B. A. Olney wore a silk hat and tailored clothes. One pioneer old lady told me some years ago that the paper of pins bought when they began housekeeping lasted 17 years. Another said their first box of matches lasted five years.

Only wheat, hogs and wool would bring money and before the Civil War wheat was less than a dollar a bushel and labor on the farms around seventy-five cents an hour! O, no seventy-five cents a day. An eight or ten hour day? No, a day was from sun-rise till sun-set, with a short hour for noon, haying and harvest a dollar to ten shillings. There was no granulated or white sugar, except loaf sugar, which was expensive. Maple sugar was cheap and plentiful in the timber, but every housewife had some "muscavado" sugar for company, and she had to give two pounds of maple for one of the "muscavado," which was a light colored brown sugar. Berries, when you could sell them, brought about four cents a quart—in trade. No boxes or crates. Those merchants took scripture measure, too, when buying. In those early days the merchandise was rather poor—poor quality, but high in price. But little ready made apparel was on the market. All women's wear was made in the home or neighborhood and most men's wear.

A merchant in a fair-sized town would not sell a dozen ready-made shirts in a year, but might sell a hundred bolts of "hickory" shirting, nankeen for boys' Sunday summer pants, and plenty of denims. Men's under clothes? Nix, nobody wore 'em, winter or summer. I never wore any 'till I went into the army the summer of '64.

The clothes—socks, stockings, and mittens—were made by the girls and women and the sewing was all done by hand; sewing machines were rare in 1870. I bought the first machine in our neighborhood in 1871, and was severely criticised by some of the able, forehanded farmers at my reckless extravagance for fooling away $75.00 for what they, their grandfathers, and so on back to the fig leaf never needed and the women folks better off without. Why you could buy a pretty good horse for $75.00.

In less than ten years they all had sewing machines and in less than twenty years men were buying all their clothes and footwear ready-made and the women to quite an extent, 'till now with women's wear it is also mostly shop-made.

I bought a riding cultivator about the time I got the sewing machine. Two of my neighbors, best corn raisers in the community, warned me against that cultivator. The double shovel was the one and only tool to raise good corn; cleaned twice with the hoe—couldn't possibly grow good corn without a double shovel plow—and twice hoeing, and besides that cultivator cost $40 and you can buy the double shovel for $3.50. But in less than ten years they had quit hoeing corn and used riding cultivators and the double shovel was sold for $1.50 at the neighbor's auction.

The use of the reaper in England was retarded many years—the people broke up the machines, labor would starve. Now there, as elsewhere, everything possible is done by machines, and since that day the population of England has doubled and there is less idleness now than when they destroyed the reapers.

Sure I've lost prestage for truth and veracity. Many say it's conceivable that a paper of pins might last a family 17 years, but a box of matches lasting five years; never! About a dozen have accused me of drawing the "long bow" or I am in my dotage, or a cog is missing in my head gear, and of course I'm writing all these reminiscences from memory, and am very liable to make mistakes as to dates; otherwise it's the truth. Now Mr. Doubter, listen! A box of matches 50 years ago contained probably 500 or more matches and cost 25 cents. Both of my grandfathers were grown up men and had families before there were any matches. If the fire went out they struck a flint stone with a piece of steel, making a spark that ignited a piece of punk and often it was a long, tedious process before they got a blaze and often in damp weather the punk would not ignite, and then what? Why take an iron skillet and go to the neighbor's and borrow some fire. Now just imagine a cold drizzling morning in the fall—no live coals under the ashes, punk damp—going half a mile and borrowing fire to cook breakfast. The fire never went out in cold weather. From force of habit matches were very precious for many years. The old lady who told me the match story reared a large family and said they usually kept a candle burning all night on account of getting up with the children; saying also that now, living in her son's family they only used one match in the evening to light the first lamp or candle; paper strips did the rest. Now why not a box of those old fashioned square matches last five years? Say, have you ever thought what we would do now if there were no matches? Just think it over.

The Neighborhood Radio

With no telephones or radio we had the near radio—locally—the neighborhood quilting bee. No women missed that unless sick or dead, and if one lady was not invited, it was a stigma on her and her family, and she was a social outcast in the community for many moons. And how fast those 15 or 20 quilters worked, marvelous! And as the needles speeded up, so did the ripping, tearing and rending of the absent lady's character—motives, actions, beliefs and after the big supper in solemn whispers they would all agree not to mention a word about the lambasting given Mrs. Taylor and in less than three days it was known in all its detail for miles around. But they made some beautiful quilts.

The religion of those early days was mostly the "Old Time" religion. The preaching mostly hell fire and brimstone or doctrinal sermons that continued into the forthly and fifthly and lastly.

Everybody went to meetin', which was never oftener than once in two weeks—sometimes only every four weeks. Every school district carried on a Sunday school only during the summer in the little red school house. No lesson leaves or Sunday school papers—lessons from the Bible, first commiting to memory the Ten Commandments—and two of the songs we often sung were "I Want to be an Angel and With the Angles Stand," and "Happy Day," and most people of the country-side, far and near, whether professed Christians or not, believed the Bible, and why not?

They had seen and felt, day by day, the influence of the simple implicit faith of their mothers and grandmothers through all the stresses of an arduous and self-sacrificing life. Had heard their prayers to the Father when in sore need of what the world could not give. Had seen those old wrinkled faces radiant from the simple unquestioned faith that never failed them in life, and finally with joy and perfect trust carried them through the Valley and Shadow, home to the better land, and my friends, that homely simple religion is just as good today to live by and die by as it was in the pioneer days of our grandmothers.

There was once a year when for a brief hour or so most of the men, to my notion, took off their religion and laid it on the shelf, and that was at the annual school meeting. Five minutes after coming to order the argument was on—ten minutes they were quarrelling and indulging in personalities—fifteen minutes all on their feet shaking fists and all yelling at once. The cause, the new general tax law, supporting the schools of the state by tax levied on all the property in the district instead of paying teachers by rate bills, which meant parents paid a flat rate for each scholar they sent to the school. And this is the way it works out: John Jones, a poor man with six children of school age, would keep his younger children out of school till they were eight or nine years old and likely not send any over, say fourteen, because he could not pay the two or three dollars apiece for tuition. The well-to-do men who had no children to send paid of course nothing. So you see the rate-bill method of paying teachers was really a premium on ignorance and being no compulsory attendance law the discretion of the parents and poverty or often avarice kept many children from school.

New School Tax Law Denounced

The new law was severely criticized throughout the state, in some instances by the press, and the taxpayers without children of school age denounced it unconstitutional and gross class legislation.

It happened in our district the heaviest taxpayers and most prominent men had no children of school age and they resented the depletion of their pocket-books to school other folks' brats. It was worse than highway robbery—a lot of poor, worthless devils the next thing would vote them out of house and home. So after quarrelling over what was already the law, while in the heat they quarrelled and jangled to cheapen the school—and they did. Teachers' wages were $20.00 to $25.00 per month for men in winter schools and less for women. Fuel, 4 foot wood, $1.00 to $1.25 per cord, but the old box stove was a great wood eater.

The big tax payers always tried to have a woman teacher in the winter as well as in the summer—cheaper. The teachers "boarded around" in those days and taught every other Saturday. But few women could handle a winter school, which was usually only three months—especially our school. Jud. Dyer went to be examined for a certificate to teach our school. He had been farming and was a little rusty and fearful he might not pass. The old Squire was quite short on book education, but long on good practical horse sense. Young ladies said the Squire was a terror on examinations, asking such unusual questions as "If an apple and a half costs a cent and three-quarters, how much will ten cost?" or "How much will two pounds of hay cost at ten dollars a ton?"

"Squire," says Mr. Dyer, "I hearn tell you're quite a 'rassler.'

"Who have you rassled with?" asked the Squire.

"Mr. Avery, Polk Everett and Pitt Bass."

"Well, did Mr. Avery throw you?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I've examined you on the principal branch for the Olds school, so I'll give you a second grade certificate, but if Avery had thrown you it would be third grade."

Jud. Dyer taught the best district school I ever attended. He jerked the coat collar off one husky, unmooring one end of the long desk in front. The husky stood on the floor and Jud held the fort.

WAS BLACKSMITH MAN OR WOMAN

MASQUERADED IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND CONDUCTED BLACKSMITH SHOP WITHOUT HELP

Workmen on the Dixie trail this summer will pass near Osborne's corners, six miles north of Dowagiac the farm on which 60 years ago was located Ann Farcey's blacksmith shop, writes Abner Moon in the Democrat. This strange woman came into the community in the fifties from no one knew where, and bought 40 acres of land. She was a powerfully built woman, silent and uncommunicative, probably through a misfortune which had befallen her—the loss of one of her limbs. She supplied this loss with a wooden one.

She established a blacksmith shop on the place, and for a great many years operated it, always alone, and doing any kind of repair work which came to the shop, as well as shoeing horses, making wagons, sleds, etc. Owing to the location she was always busy. She was a good workman. On Sundays, she seldom missed one, she walked from her home to the Catholic church in Silver Creek, a distance of four miles, and she was an exemplary, valued member of that faith. She was as exemplary in other ways as she was in religious matters—courteous, but never sociable and talkative. In her Sunday attire she was attractive, but she made few friends. Many stories were told by the older residents of her great strength and skill, and when she finally sold the property and moved away she was missed. Later came the news that she was dead, and came rumors that Ann Farcey was really a man.

Just why this mysterious person should pose as a woman if really a man, could only be explained on the theory that he, or she, might be a fugitive from justice. The place was owned by the Holliday family over 40

years. Nelson Phelps later bought it, and it is now owned by Lewis Wright. The blacksmith shop long since disappeared, and there are but two or three persons in that vicinity who, as a child, remember Ann Farcey, the woman blacksmith, and the only one the state ever had, probably.

'Red' Woolfe Going Strong After 'Century' of Service

By RON McCREA
Gazette Staff Writer

DECATOR — Add up Elmer E. "Red" Woolfe's time with the Decatur Fire Department and his years with the Van Buren County Sheriff's Department and you come out with a total two years short of a century.

But for "Red," the record is tallied only in terms of people and projects.

Like the time he and his department convinced women to man cross-cut saws in a project to construct ballpark floodlights.

Or the time he and a lifesaving team consisted of a number ing team he had coached demonstrated first aid to the Marines. The team consisted of a number of Paw Paw boys during the 1940's who had requested instruction. A group of Marines asked that they show the newest methods of artificial respiration, and the group complied.

Or the times he and other Decatur firemen put on weekly shows for the public.

"When I joined the fire department in 1914, we fought fire the hard way with very rude equipment," he said. "We had an old hose cart that is now in the Henry Ford Museum, rubber buckets for the brigade, and hand pumping wagons."

He recalls with some pride the Decatur department's role in helping to extinguish the great stockyards fire in Chicago in 1934. Equipment was sent from Decatur to help out in the Windy City.

He also recalls with some embarrassment the time his own fire hall burned down and all the town's firefighting equipment was destroyed.

"Kalamazoo's Chief Russell helped us out then with loaned equipment until we could buy more," he said.

If Red is prouder of anything than the department he led as chief for 41 years, it is the people he served.

"People have always been so helpful," he said. "I recall when we used to put on our weekly shows. I told the people, "if you will stay here and be in order if a fire calls us out, I can stay and the show will go on. But if I have to leave to handle a crowd at a fire, there won't be any more programs.' "

"I never had to leave the stage," he said.

Woolfe, who has answered more than 1,000 fire calls, feels firefighting is more hazardous than police work, since "there are more chances of danger at a fire."

He speaks highly of the men who have served on the volunteer department under him.

"They were men of good ability, they liked their work, they were loyal. And I never asked any man in my department to do anything I wouldn't do or anything he couldn't do," he said.

Yet Red today maintains that the "kids were my best friends."

He said he "made quite an issue" of having every school child in the area come to the fire station, see the polished equipment, and talk to the firemen.

He served as advisor to many children.

"Once I picked up a 10-year-old boy and took him fishing after we got his granmother's permission. The boy later went to Arkansas.

"Then one day, 40 years later, he turned up in town to see me. I visited him a few years later in his state. He was a state senator—Gather Johnson.

Red returned from the visit with a certificate signed by Gov. Orval Faubus. It proclaims "Red" to be an official "Arkansas Traveler," an Ambassador of Good Will from Arkansas to the People of Other States, People of Nations Beyond the Borders of the Unites States, or Whereever this Ambassador of Arkansas May Reside."

Red served as deputy sheriff for 45 years, taking a three-year leave of absence for health reasons from 1959-64. He admits, "I have taken home more than I have arrested."

"Especially the young people," he said. "I used to give them a choice of who I could take them to for counseling — their parents, their clergyman, a teacher, or even me."

In addition to his roles as counselor, fire chief, law enforcer, community promoter, and first aid instructor, Red has taken on other tasks.

He as Decatur's first softball coach, and he says he prays "every time I go to a pro game that somebody will ask me to be umpire!"

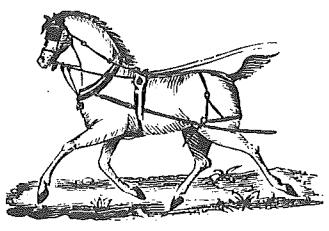
With all of this behind him, Red — who picked up the nickname when his hair was the color of flame — still puts in a four-day shift as a deputy in the lake patrol and telephone standby man for the fire department.

While his present work is not as rigorous as it was in other years. he confesses that the thrill of fire action is in his blood.

"Every time I hear the fire signal, I feel as important as anyone else. I want to get to the fire and start helping hook up hoses and work ladders," he said.

"But I know I can't do it. So I get out and direct traffic and help keep the people back."

Red and his wife, who have been married for 56 years, were recently honored at a dinner by more than 100 firemen from Decatur, Paw Paw and Keeler, members of the sheriff's depart-



Twenty Years Ago In Decatur

The following historical sketch of the Universalist Society is taken from the Decatur Headlight, a church paper published by the ladies of the Universalist church in 1901. The article is taken from the edition of August 3. A copy of the magazine was preserved by Mrs. L. D. Roberts, a member of the society, and loaned to the Republican.

The First Universalist Parish of Decatur, Michigan, was organized May 27, 1868. The following year the society purchased for a house of worship the church which had been occupied by the Presbyterians and is now owned by the Catholics. Rev. J. Merrifield was the first pastor and organized the church in January, 1869 with twenty-four members—Mrs. Elias Morris is the only one now living here of that number. The society continued services for a few years with Mr. Merrifield and Mr. Queal as pastors.

On account of deaths and removals the society was dormant until 1880, when services were begun in the town hall and Rev. A. J. Chapin was called as pastor to preach once in two weeks; she coming each time from her home in Eden, Michigan. The parish was reorganized January 2, 1881, and it was decided to build a church, Father Trowbridge donating the lot for the purpose. The church was dedicated free from debt November 22, 1881. Miss Chapin remained as pastor two years and was much respected and loved by the socity. Rev. Mr. Headle followed with a short pastorate and then Dr. Weaver came for a year from Chicago to preach once in two weeks. The pastors who succeeded him were Revs. Alcott, Colegrove, Marsh, June and Estey. The last one reorganized the church and organized a Young People's society. After his resignation there was no regular pastor for the next three years and only occasional preaching. The Y. P. C. U. held its meetings every Snday morning and the Snday school was held immediately after.

In March, 1895, a great disaster came to the faithful few in the loss of their church by fire, but, undaunted, the next Sunday morning found them in a hall holding Y. P. C. U. and Sunday school. To the insurance of $900 they decided to add enough to build a $1,500 church which was soon begun and was ready for dedication the next December.

The following June, in 1896, through the influence of Rev. W. E. Gibbs of Concord, Mich., who had taken a great interest in the society, Geo. B. Rogers, a student of Lombard Theological school, came to preach through his vacation of three months. The society was so pleased with him that when he returned to college it was with the understanding that he should be the pastor after he graduated the next year. He settled here in July, 1897, and remained as pastor till November, 1900. He was ordained in September, 1897, and in July, 1889, was married in the church to Miss Fannie Collins, who has been a faithful worker with him. Mr. Rogers' health compelled him to retire from preaching and pastoral work, but he still lives in the place and is of great help in all branches of the society.

This chuch is fortunate in having another ex-pastor, Rev. R. Queal, who has been a resident of Decatur twenty-nine years previous, but failing health and a failure in voice compelled him to retire from active pastoral work and he located here and devoted himself to the culture of fruit. * * *

The church is particularly fortunate in its present pastor, Rev. E. H. Minor, who was a classmate of Mr. Rogers and who came here upon his recommendation.

The Sunday school was organized in 1881 as soon as the new church was completed. It has been in active operation ever since. Although never large its members have been interested and faithful. L. D. Roberts has been for many years the efficient superintendent.

The Y. P. C. U. was organized in April, 1892. It took the place of the church service when there was no pastor, and it is believed that this society and the Sunday school kept the parish alive in days of discouragement.

The Ladies' Aid society of the church is an important auxiliary. It meets the first Wednesday in every month and plans an entertainment to raise money. It helps on the pastor's salary and sustains all incidental expenses. The latest and most enthusiastic organization at present is the Junior Y. P. C. U., which was established last April with Mrs. G. B. Rogers as superintendent. There are over twenty members and the meetings are conducted by the children, and enlivened by the use of the Junior song book. The officers are, president, Paul Squier; vice president, Myron Hinkley; secretary, Mary Vining; treasurer, Myra Lawrence.

MARRIED IN LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS CULVERHOUSE WILL CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY WITH FAMILY REUNION SUNDAY

Fifty years ago today, May 18, 1872, in the great city of London, England, Thomas Culverhouse and Susan Williams marched to the altar and were united in marriage.

Today, after fifty years of life together, years of joy and sorrow, happiness and hardships, Mr. and Mrs. Culverhouse are quietly celebrating the event at their comfortable home south of Decatur. Next Sunday, members of their family from Kalamazoo and Benton Harbor will come here to attend a golden wedding celebration and enjoy a family reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Culverhouse have lived forty-eight of their fifty years of married life in Decatur. The former came to America soon after his wedding, and after working a year in northern Michigan, went back to England for his wife and a little son, who had come to live with them. South Bend was their first home in this country, but they lived there only a few months, before coming to Decatur.

Mr. Culverhouse bought a small tract of land just south of the village, which he cleared, and in 1880 built the house that has since been the family home.

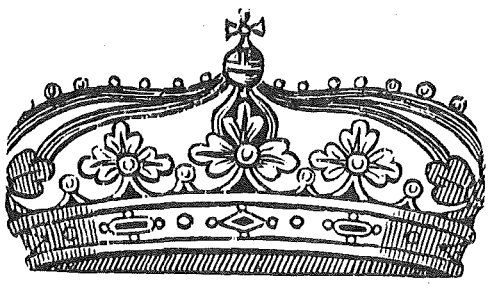
Mrs. Culverhouse's father followed the business of shoemaker. She was born in Lambrook, Somersetshire, but the family moved to London when she was ten years old. Mr. Culverhouse's father was a grower of herbs just outside the city of London, and the boy was born there. As he grew up the parents were ambitious that he should be a jeweler, and he was bound out to a London jeweler for a term of apprenticeship. Tom learned the trade, but followed it only a short time after being released. He liked building better, and after coming to Decatur worked for Dan Carney to learn the trade of stone mason, which he has followed the most of his life. There is scarcely a building in Decatur that he has not had a hand in building or repairing.

In addition to his work as mason, Mr. Culverhouse has found time to till the gardens which surround his home, and much fine produce finds its way

onto the Decatur market from these fields every year.

Mrs. Culverhouse has been busy rearing the family of three children, and keeping up the home. The children, George, Mabel and Bert, have long since gone out into the world and to homes of their own, but there are ten grandchildren and a little great grandchild, who frequently visit the old homestead, and liven things up with their laughter and funmaking. George, the eldest, passed away several years ago.

Mr. Culverhouse is now 71 years of age and his wife is three years his senior. Both are enjoying fairly good health. They are happy in the love of their children and are honored and esteemed by many friends. The Republican joins their friends in wishing them many more happy anniversaries together.



WAS OLD LANDMARK

PARDONET BUILDING TORN DOWN BY CHAS. UPFIELD, ONE OF THE OLDEST OF MAIN STREET STORES

One of the oldest landmarks of the village was torn down last week by Chas. Upfield. It was the old Pardonet building located just south of the village fire station.

This building was erected in an early day, and was occupied for many years by Peter Pardonet, a Frenchman, and harness maker. Pardonet had a shop in the front part of the building and lived in the rear. While he owned the building it was remodeled, to make more room. Pardonet died about twenty-five years ago, and his store passed into other hands. It has since been owned by a number of merchants, and been used for a number of different kinds of business, including shoe shop, meat market and machine shop.

L. G. Stewart, one of Decatur's oldest merchants, says that the building was standing when he came to Decatur in the late sixties, but cannot remember who was occupying it at that time. A saloon stood to the south of it and the Baker hotel, with a man by the name of Galloway for proprietor, stood south of that.

On of the corner where the McCook & Brigham hardware now stands was a frame grocery store owned by Trowbridge and Hill. Our townsman, Theodore Trowbridge, was clerk in this store, and his uncle, William Trowbridge, was one of the proprietors. This store burned one night, and the two buildings north of it were also burned. Mr. Trowbridge says he was a good sleeper in those days and did not know of the fire until the following morning, when he went to the store to sweep out.

The oldest building standing in Decatur at the present time is the building occupied by the Springet restaurant and the Roberts electric shop. This building is also the property of Mr. Upfield, and it is rumored that he intends to raze it also in the spring.

This building was years ago located on the corner where the Decatur Shoe store now stands. When L. D. Roberts and L. G. Stewart built the brick store now on that site, they sold the frame building to A. B. Copley for $500 and delivered it to the site where it now stands. The moving at that time cost $50. It was used for various purposes, and a few years ago fitted up for a hardware by George Roberts, and occupied by him as such for a number of years.

SPENT SEVEN MONTHS IN LIBBY PRISON

JAY SHERMAN, WHO PASSED AWAY AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., MAY 23, LIVED HERE MANY YEARS AGO

Died at [illegible] May 23, 1922, aged 77, John [illegible] Sherman well-known to old settlers of this vicinity.

As a boy of seventeen in Batavia, N. Y., he saw Lincoln on his way to be inaugurated at Washington and ran away from home to enlist in the 64th New York Infantry, but was taken home because under age. The following year he re-enlisted in the 8th New York Heavy Artillery. This regiment ranked second in the Union army in number of battle deaths and with them he served at Cold Harbor and elsewhere until mustered out on June 20, 1865. In the meantime he had spent seven terrible months in Libby and Salisbury prisons. During that time he had no change of clothes, no bath, no bed, no shelter but an old tent, water with green frog spittle upon it and for daily ration a lump of cornbread the size of a fist, made by grinding corn and cob together, moistening the meal with water and baking the cakes in the sun. If in the morning one could drag the corpse of a comrade to the deadline, he received extra rations for that day. Mr. Sherman lost ninety pounds in six months and suffered terribly with scurvy afterward.

In spite of these experiences he never regretted his service for his country and did a man's work until near the end of his seventy-seven years. When the United States entered the World War, his patriotism encouraged younger men to do their duty.

But those who knew him best will remember him also for his quaint humor, always to the point and reminiscent of the "early days," but even more for his kindliness. "To know him was to love him." He leaves a son, Robert, of Pekin, Ill., and two daughters, Florence and Mrs. Caroline Rickey, both of Minneapolis, Minn. A true gentleman has left us. The world is richer for his life and poorer for his death.

NINETEEN YEARS IN RURAL MAIL SERVICE

STEPHEN CALBETZOR STARTED ROUTE THREE AND IS STILL THERE—GUY CALBETZOR SENIOR MEMBER OF DELIVERY CREW HERE

Nineteen years ago the first of October Rural Routes Nos. 3 and 4 were established and started from Decatur. The carriers were Stephen Calbetzor, No. 3, and Arthur Brigham, No. 4. Mr. Calbetzor is still on the job, having served the district south of Decatur steadily for nineteen years. During the time he has lost very little time outside of vacations, and there were but few days during the time that the roads made it impossible for him to get the mail to the most of his patrons.

Guy Calbetzor, brother of Stephen, is the senior member of the rural mail crew in the Decatur postoffice. He has been carrier on Route No. 2 for over twenty years. This route and No. 2 were established March 1, 1902, and Guy and Maynard Thomas were the first carriers appointed. Route No. 5, with Harry Jones as first carrier, was established about fifteen years ago.

Frank Brigham was appointed carrier for Route No. 1 to succeed Maynard Thomas. When Mr. Jones left No. 5, Mr. Brigham was transferred to that route, and Elmer Graham was appointed carrier for No. 1. Fred Rafter succeeded Arthur Brigham as carier for Four, and when he was appointed postmaster, Dick Klinkers succeeded him.

Womanless Wedding

TOWN HALL, DEC. 12, 8 P. M.

Mr. Hakes—uncle	F. Buys
Mrs. Hakes—aunt	Lyle Graham
Miss Glenwood—college chum	W. Mosier
Mr. Spiffy—bachelor friend	L. Upfield
Miss Gallagher—jilted sweetheart	G. Pomeroy
Aunt Dinah White—nurse	O. Newell
The Baby	J. Overley
Mr. Winton, Sr.—bride's grandfather	F. Brigham
Mrs. Winton, Sr.—grandmother	R. Bowers
Mr. Winton, Jr.—father	R. Hunt
Mrs. Winton, Jr.—mother	C. Ellsworth
Mr. Ford, Sr.—groom's father	D. Wickett
The Twins	J. Ring, J. Lawrence
Miss Fordson—guest	Ross Hudson
Miss Winton—bride	Ted Borst
Mr. Ford—groom	R. Harper
Mrs. Knowall—neighbor	M. Hinkley
Bridesmaids . Messrs. St. Germaine, Polglase, Copley, Woolfe	
Flower Girl	Bert Kidman
Ring Bearer	C. Hinckley
Train Bearer	R. Hirst
Best Man	H. Dwight
Minister	W. Phillips
Master of Ceremonies	E. J. Rawson
Butler	H. Creagan
Mme. Galli-Curci	L. O. Hoxie
Mr. Alger—bachelor friend	F. Flagg
Miss Winnie Winkle—guest	D. Knight
Mr. Billiken—guest	Tom Mahoney
Miss Maria Hopkins—country cousin	Dean Flagg
Miss Martha Hopkins—country cousin	Edw. Conway
Mme. Samaroff—organist	R. Rudzinski

AUSPICES PREBYTERIAN WOMAN'S SOCIETY

WOMANLESS WEDDING PLEASING SUCCESS

BUSINESS MEN LAY ASIDE CARES AND DON WIVES' APPAREL FOR AN EVENING—FUN, BUT WOULDN'T LIKE IT REGULAR, MEN SAY

There are about fifteen or twenty men in Decatur who will hereafter have a lot more patience with friend wife, or best girl, while waiting for her to get ready for an evening out. Pinched, pinned and sewed into their wives, or in most cases, some other larger, woman's garments, spending minutes that seemed hours, having the last clever touch to the hair, and walking up and down the room like a Paris model to get the right skirt effect. Once is enough, they say. Let wifey have her clothes and all the time she wants to put them on.

The "Womanless Wedding," staged Tuesday evening under the direction of Mrs. E. J. Rawson for the Woman's Society of the Presbyterian church, was a pleasing success. The big town hall was filled beyond seating capacity, in spite of the fact that the weather had turned suddenly cold, and roads were bad.

At 8:15 the guests began to arrive. A ripple of amusement passed through the audience when Mr. and Mrs. Hakes, uncle and aunt of the bride, were escorted to the stage by two well [illegible]ned ushers. The ripple grew [illegible]ch when Madame Samaroff arrived, and [illegible]he open merriment when Aunt [illegible] heeling the baby (a squalling [illegible] followed by two mischievous [illegible]big) youngsters, made her

But the audience could contain its mirth no longer when the bridal party, headed by four beautiful (hand painted) bridesmaids, wended its way slowly and impressively down the center aisle and took its position around the altar. The ceremony was read by Dr. R. W. McCook of the First Corner Hardware, who took his text from a bible familiar to many. The bride was the first to kiss the groom, lifting the little fellow a full foot and a half to effect the act, but she refused to accept the affections of a disappointed group of relatives and close friends.

Before the ceremony Madame Galli-Curci sang very impressively, "I Left My Heart in Ireland," and later in the vening the Faculty "mixed" quartette gave two much appreciated numbers. Madame Samaroff presided at the piano, and was given an opportunity to display his talents when the wedding party engaged in a Virginia reel to close the event.

The bride informs the Republican that he is very sorry he forgot to throw his bouquet before the curtain went down, but it was thrown and caught by a well known young bridesmaid, of more than usual proportions, whose engagement may be expected at any time.

A New Problem

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age exceeded hers as much
As three times three does three.
But when ten years and half ten years
We married life had seen,
Her age came up as close to mine
As eight does to sixteen.
Find age when married and age now of each one.

E. Eckenberger.

CHAUTAUQUA OPENS HERE ON JULY 22

FIVE AFTERNOON AND EVENING PROGRAMS TO BE GIVEN LAST OF NEXT MONTH—GUARANTORS CALLED TO ORGANIZE

A meeting of the guarantors of the Chautauqua course which is scheduled to open here July 22 for a five day program, is called for Friday evening of this week at 7:30 at the Council rooms. Organization of an association as early as this is necessary to insure the success of the venture and to secure exemption from payment of war tax, if that privilege can be obtained.

Thirty local persons signed the Chautauqua contract which will bring these inspiring entertainments to Decatur. They are I. E. Roots, H. D. Wickett, Fred W. Read, J. E. Renne, Frank Flagg, J. C. DuBois, Orrin A. Isham, C. A. Hendricks, J. M. Ring, F. C. McWilliams, C. H. Lindsley, Albert Dwight, A. A. Kevan, Fred B. Buys, Calvin D. Mallard, O. W. Newell, John Vanderplough, R. W. McCook, M. A. Hinkley, W. E. Phillips, F. G. Rafter, Florence L. High, L. O. Hoxie, L. C. Gillesby, Carl N. Wickett, James McLeese, W. G. Lindsley, John F. Brigham, Lyle Graham, F. E. Lindsley.

The Chautauqua course this year contains features that promise much in the way of entertainment, the principal one of which is "The Shepherd of the Hills," Harold Bell Wright's popular novel, played by a large company.

Chautauqua patrons of last season will remember with considerable pleasure the program given by J. Lani Pa's Hawaiians, and other entertainers. This summer's program is certain to be as attractive, if not more so, than that of 1921. The Mutual Morgan Company, who furnish talent for the Chautauqua here, will give the programs in Dowagiac this season.

COUNCIL FIXES 1922 TAX RATE AT FIFTEEN MILLS

June 13, 1922.

At a special meeting held on the above date, there were present at roll call President Stapleton, Trustees

Buys, Newell, Knoll and Crifield.

Purpose of meeting was to fix tax rate in the village of Decatur for the year 1922.

Assessment roll completed and presented by Assessor Squier. Moved and supported that the tax roll be accepted as given by the assessor and Board of Review. All voting yes, carried.

Tax Resolution Adopted

Whereas, The tax roll of the village of Decatur has been presented to the Council by the village assessor;

Be It Resolved, That the assessor be authorized to spread a tax of fifteen mills on the real and personal property of the village and same to be placed in the general fund for village expenses and street improvements.

Moved by Trustee Buys and supported by Trustee Crifield that the resolution be adopted. On roll call, all voting yes, carried.

Moved and supported to adjourn.

E. L. Knight, Village Clerk.

Don't be Penny Wise and Pound Foolish

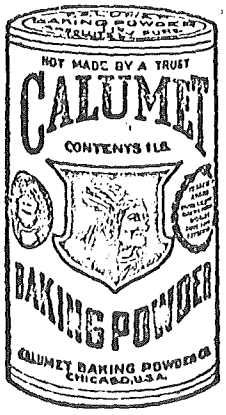
Don't think because you can get a big can of Baking Powder for little money that you are saving anything.

There's Only One Way to Save on Bake-Day

USE

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

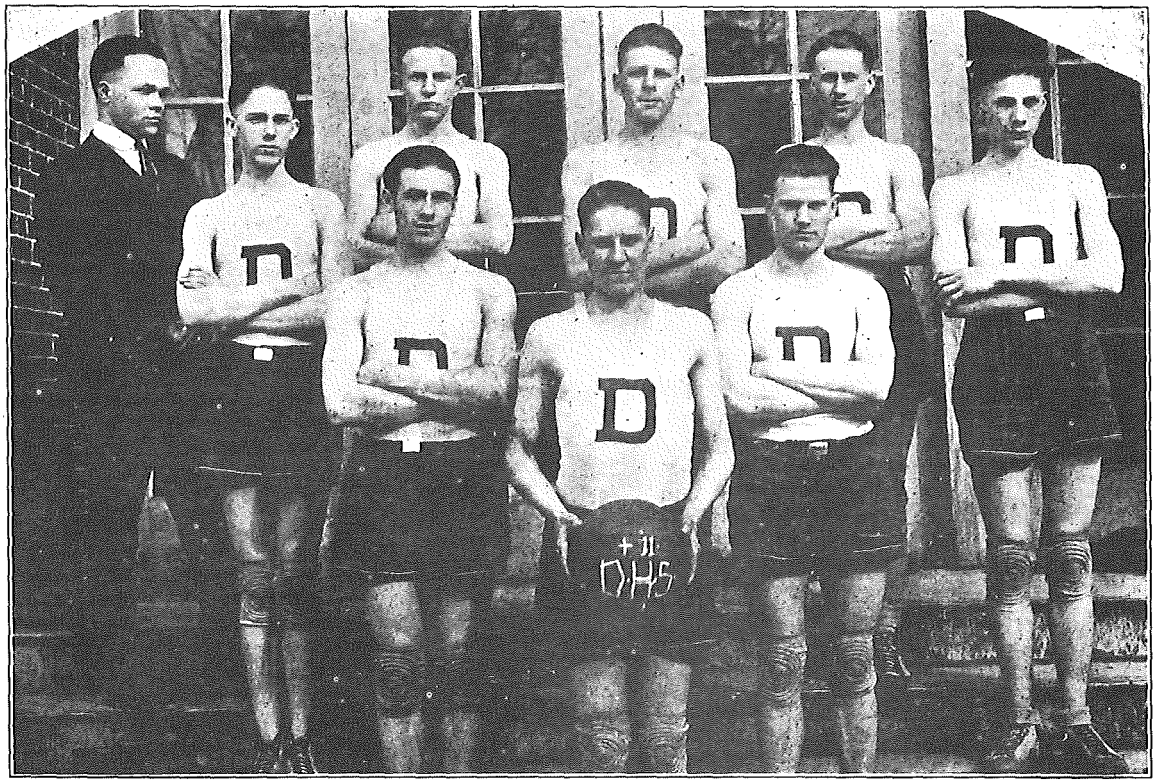


—It costs only a fraction of a cent for each baking.

—*You use less* because it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength.

BEST BY TEST

The World's Greatest Baking Powder



'22—BASKET BALL—'23

Top Row, left to right—Coach J. M. Ring, John Lawrence, Lyle MacKellar, Herbert Coburn, John Gillesby, Harry Nutt. Bottom row—Edward Conway, Capt. Byron Stover, Rex Stroh.

BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Position and Name	Nick Name	No. of Letters Received
R. G.—Byron Stover	"Stonewall Stover"	3
L. G.—Harry Nutt	"The Nutt'	1
C.—Herb. Coburn	"Dutch"	2
R. F.—Rex Stroh	"Bearcat"	4
L. F.—Edward Conway	"Spark Plug"	3
C. & F.—Lyle MacKellar	"Mac"	1
F.—John Lawrence	"Johnnie L."	1
G.—John Gillesby	"Johnnie G."	2

Decatur basket ball boys led over their opponents by a good margin last season. Stroh was high point man with a credit of 42 baskets. Ed. Conway chalked up 39 during the season and John Lawrence 21. Coach Ring, who developed this successful team, will go to St. Joe next season. His place will be taken by Ralph Wagner of Sturgis.

CUTTING ICE AT LAKE OF WOODS

HANEY CUTS SEVEN INCH ICE TO MAKE SURE OF A PORTION OF NEXT SUMMER'S SUPPLY

Fearing that the present winter may prove so mild that it will not be possible later to secure a supply of thick ice for his summer trade, Marlin Haney started last week the cutting of ice and filled his small ice house on the shores of Lake of the Woods.

The ice cut was of splendid quality, but only seven inches in thickness. If the weather continues below freezing, Haney will begin soon to cut for filling his large house at the lake with a view of having his own harvest completed by the time the ice gains a thickness of ten inches. The Decatur ice man has again secured the contract for filling the big Michigan Central ice house here, but the railroad company will not accept ice thinner than ten inches. The filling of this big house has for several years furnished a week or ten days of lucrative work for men, teams and motor trucks, and it is hoped that the weather will continue cold for at least a month longer. If the ice in the local fields does not reach the required thickness, the house will be filled with ice shipped here from northern Michigan lakes.

Back row, left to right—Miss Grace Irey, coach; Crystal Kidman, l. g.; Marion MacKellar, j. c.; Thelma Neidlinger, r. g. Front row, left to right—Monica Howland, r. c.; Capt. Arline Howe, r. f.; Hilda Payne, l. f. Decatur girls made a remarkable showing in basket ball last season, winning nine games and losing but three. Four of the young ladies graduated in June, but others who have played on the girls' second team and served as first team subs will step into their places and Decatur should make a good showing again the coming season.

THE PACT

Written by Alfred Noyes for Armistice Day, 1923.

Alfred Noyes wrote a prophetic poem, The Pact on Armistice Day:

"They have no pact to sign—our peaceful dead;
Pacts are for trembling hands and heads grown gray.
Ten million graves record what youth has said,
And cannot now unsay.
"They have no pact to sign—our quiet dead;
Whose eyes in the eternal peace are drowned.
Age doubts and wakes and asks if night be fled;
But youth sleeps sound.
"They have no pact to sign—our faithful dead.
Theirs is a deeper pledge, unseen, unheard,
Sealed in the dark, unwritten, sealed with red;
And they will keep their word.
"They have no pact to sign—our happy dead.
But if, O God, if we should sign in vain,
With dreadful eyes, out of each narrow bed,
Our dead will rise again."

Last "Leave"

It was his last... his final leave,
He had a week or more,
The days seemed different somehow
Than they had been before.

I tried to fill each hour each day
With memories I could keep;
I must seem happy, too, for him,
Nor let him see me weep.

I watched each little move he made,
I must remember all
'Til he comes back again to me
Or... answers his last call.

No need to fool each other now.
Said he: "Well, this is 'it';
I'm leaving, Mom, for overseas;
The army says I'm fit.

Be sure to write real often, Mom,
And I will, too, you bet;
Take care of everything for me;
Remember... don't forget.

Well, Mom—goodbye—chin up old dear.
It won't be very long.
Oh God, whatever happens now,
Help me and keep me strong.

Give me the confidence he has
That I may see it through.
We've done our bit... we've done our best,
From now on it's up to you.

—Cousin Lou.

—Contributed by A. N. Benn.

TIE TO DECATUR

Mrs. Truesdell of Kalamazoo writes in a personal letter:

"Sometime will you tell your fire chief, Mr. Woolfe, that I am the aunt of Maude Burger who at one time was in the telephone office in Decatur and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Woolfe while there. She is now Mrs. C. A. Beardsley and lives in Plainwell.

"I enjoy your column, 'This Week.' I notice that you like quotations, so am sending these that I like:

"A crowd of trouble passed him by
As he with courage waited.
He said 'where do your troubles fly
When you are thus belated?'
"'We go,' they say, 'to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say 'good-bye' to hope,
We go where we're expected."

Francis Allison.

"Lord, let me carry where I go
Some little joy to all I know.
Let these into my life be wrought—
A little faith, a little thought,
A little mirth, a little grace—
To glorify the common place.

The members of the orchestra are Royal Hirst, Dorothy Kinney, Duane Clark, Cheridah Graham, Vivian Flagg and Lynwood Bope, violins; Frank Lindsley and Jerry Prachar, cornets; Kermit Washburn, trombone; Bernice Washburn, double bass; Naida Foster and Mr Dean Flagg, cellos; Arthur Howe, clarinet; Mr. R. W. Harper, baritone; Beatrice Kidman and Elsie Flagg, pianists.

13 MILLION POUNDS CELERY BY EXPRESS

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY EXPRESS CARS LOADED WITH CELERY HERE THE PAST SEASON AND MANY TONS MORE HANDLED OVER PLATFORM TRUCKS

More than thirteen million pounds of celery have been billed out through the local express office the past season, according to a report of celery shipments prepared for the Republican by Expressman France Goble this week.

A total of 41,493 shipments of express were forwarded through the local office during the last six months of 1922. Of this number at least 90 per cent were celery. The number of cases in each celery shipment ranged from one to two hundred, but the average is conservatively estimated at twelve. With 37,344 celery shipments, averaging twelve cases to the shipment, and the cases averaging in weight (box and all), thirty pounds, it is found that over 13,443,000 pounds of celery were shipped during the six months.

Carlot shipments by express will reach a total of one hundred and fifty cars before the end of the season, February first, the report says. During the fall months up to January first, 128 cars were loaded here. Since the first of the year one car has been loaded each day except Sunday, and this car a day shipment will continue at least until the first of February. Besides the carlot shipments, many tons of celery have been handled over platform trucks into waiting trains. At the present time from two to four large truck loads are loaded through the express office into the eastbound passenger train each forenoon, besides the car that is shipped west in the afternoon.

Over 44,000 Shipments Handled in Six Months

Expressman Goble adds that he received 2,721 express shipments from July first to January first, making a grand total of 44,214 shipments handled through the local express office during the six months. At holiday time he found it necessary to employ three men besides himself to handle the work of the office, but at other times during the celery season, only two helpers have been needed. He has found the cost of handling express here for that period to be as low as 2 7-10 cents per shipment. Another noteworthy fact concerning the business is that the great mass of shipments have been so correctly and carefully billed and routed that up to date only 100 claims for damages have been filed by shippers.

It is doubtful if any town in Michigan the size of Decatur is a heavier shipper of express than Decatur. The above report clearly indicates that this village is rapidly assuming first place among the celery shipping stations of the state.

Facts and Reminiscent Thoughts

By Danny

The 58th annual reunion of the 19th Michigan Infantry held at Dowagiac last week was a grand success in interest, but practically small in number. Only twenty-two of the regiment were present—a small and feeble remnant of the thousand sturdy virile boys in blue that entrained for the front at Dowagiac on that beautiful September day sixty-one years ago.

Pause and reflect a moment. Yes, a lot of water has gone under the bridge in sixty-one years. The pension records show only 87 of that thousand living on May 16, and fourteen answered the call the preceding year and three have gone since then. The pension records show the average age of the Civil War veterans is 81 years, and that more were under 20 than over 20 years old when enlisted.

The 19th was in 12 battles and general engagements, besides numerous skirmishes. In the first real fight at Spring Hill Mar. 5, '63, part of the regiment were captured and sent to Libby prison. 3,000 boys in blue held Van Dorn's whole army (estimated at 20,000) in check for hours and only surrendered when surrounded. The regiment covered itself with glory at the battle of Rescaca, Georgia, May 15, 1864, and also at Peach Tree Creek July 20-21, where McPherson was killed.

Our bridgade under Col. Coburn were the first troops into Atlanta to whom the mayor made a formal surrender. The siege at Atlanta began July 22 and closed with the fall of the city September 2, '64. The 19th Michigan was under arms skirmishing or fighting almost every day during the siege.

The 19th never was in the lime-light like the 12th and 13th and Michigan Mechanics and Engineers, but it was one of the most dependable regiments in the 20th Corps and was commanded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," on the Atlantic campaign. Officers ambitious for promotion kept the 12th, 13th, and Engineers recruited to full strength all during the war; consequently they had a full quota of officers from colonel on down. We never had men enough in the 19th to entitle us to a colonel after the battle of Resaca when our Colonel Gilbert was killed, and Major Anderson was in command from Atlanta to the Sea and on to the end of the war. Our regiment had the distinction of furnishing two Major Generals, Frank Baldwin and Wm. B. Shafter, who commanded our troops in the Cuban War and who later for many years was Commander-in-Chief of the army. He was born and grew up near Augusta, between Kalamazoo and Battle Creek and was major in the 19th until promoted and put into command of colored troops.

The Southern Confederacy put a price upon his head but their bitter vengeance failed and the colored troops under "Bill Shafter" fought side by side with the white troops with equal bravery, winning many victories and covering themselves with glory at the battle of Franklin in December, '64, when "Pap" Thomas annihilated Hood near Nashville, Tenn.

My personal relation to the 19th was that of "high private in the rear ranks." I enlisted in the regiment three times before I made it "stick." I was sixteen years old, weighed 114 pounds and served to the end of the war. Of the boys who enlisted with me none came back. One lies on Look Out mountain, some are in nameless graves beneath the soughing pines of South Carolina. They were my boyhood friends and school mates; as I write this they come back to me vividly. In fancy it seems they lived but yesterday and I reach back and grasp their hands and look into their sad and weary eyes. And then comes night. When the great day comes and the search-light of God's eternal morning reveals those pale young boys in blue they will shine forth in honor and glory. They died for right, for humanity. They died that their country might live. Honor to their memory; peace to their ashes.

Twenty Years Ago In Decatur

Taken from the files of the Republican, 1903.

Mrs. Jessie Knoll died at her home near Paw Paw Monday morning.

Rev. L. H. Manning will deliver the Memorial day address at Hamilton cemetery this year.

Mentha is the name of a new town on the South Haven division of the Michigan Central. It is the creation of A. M. Todd, who recently bought 3,000 acres of land on which it is located.

From South Haven Tribune—Mrs. Dave Reid of this city has the honor of selecting the name for the new steamer now building for the Michigan Steamship Company. Over a thousand names were submitted, but the name "Eastland," offered by Mrs. Reid, was the one selected. The steamer will be launched Saturday, May 3.

Adam Dine's residence east of the village was destroyed by fire Thursday.

Market Report—Wheat, 70; rye, 49; corn, 32; hay, $8 to $10; butter, 15; eggs, 13c; potatoes, 40c.

The frost last Thursday night killed early cherries and strawberries, and damaged apples, peaches, and plums.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Candee of Chicago have moved into their new home, the Marvin Hinkley residence, on Wheeler street, and the Hinkley family have moved into one of the Shockley houses on George street.

Miss Minnie Perkins entertained the teachers at Dr. Maxwell's home Tuesday evening.

The House of Representatives has appropriated $37,000 for a new normal school in western Michigan. The state board of education will select the location.

The Decatur Hoop and Lumber Company commenced the manufacture of barrel hoops last Friday. It has a capacity of 18,000 hoops daily. J. M. Athey is manager. Others interested are J. G. Hirst, D. I. Carey and R. Glover. The company employs 15 to 20 men.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

D. W. Broadhead has sent twenty men from Pearle in charge of his son Fred to replant sixty acres of mint on the Todd farm near this village.

E. J. Gilson, proprietor of the Decatur Steam Laundry, states that he will be ready for business next week.

War News—It is reported here that Manila has surrendered.

The old Cass county court house at Cassopolis was sold at auction and will be removed. Work will soon commence on a new building.

The Hamilton Grange hall grounds have been improved by the planting of some fifty trees, as an observance of Arbor day.

Jasper O. Warner passed away May 2, aged 61 years.

METHODIST CHURCH SWEPT BY FIRE

SUNDAY NIGHT BLAZE STARTS AROUND CHIMNEY AND RAGES FOR THREE HOURS, DOING DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT $4,500

A heavy fireproof roof, plenty of water and the determined efforts of Decatur firemen saved the big Methodist church from complete destruction by fire Sunday evening. Flames roared through the upper parts of the building for more than three hours, causing damage estimated at $4,500.

A chorus choir was singing the opening song of the Christmas cantata, repeated Sunday evening by popular request, when someone noticed smoke pouring into the auditorium from the side walls. Pastor Calow's attention was called and he asked the people to quietly leave the church. The building was emptied within a few minutes and without confusion.

An alarm was given, and the new chemical motor truck was rushed to the church. One charge after another of chemicals was poured into the rear wall where the fire was raging behind an outside chimney. The blaze had seemingly been checked, and the church people were congratulating themselves that it had been no worse, when flames were noticed working along under the roof. They spread rapidly and in spite of the streams of chemicals and water, advanced to the front of the church and broke through at the belfry.

Tons of water, and repeated charges of chemicals were thrown into the burning building, but it was eleven o'clock before the "out" signal could be sounded. Firemen worked for two hours around the blazing belfry, unable to throw enough water into the small square coop to stop the flames. Taking their lives in their hands a small group of firemen entered the balcony of the church and fought the flames from beneath, in spite of the many cries of danger from the outside, when people believed the bell was about to fall. Water pressure was the best it had been in recent years. Engineer Hallock operated the electric water pump throughout the fire and part of the time the steam pump was in operation.

A number of times during the fire it seemed that the church must go. A high wind from the north fanned the flames, and blew the streams of water wide of their mark. Spray blown into the street formed a glary sheet of ice over the pavement, and a number of tumbles and severe bumps were received by firemen and spectators. All contents of the building were removed to the street, and the household goods of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McWilliams, just east of the church were carried from the house. The church property was later moved into the Church of Christ for temporary storage.

New Fire Truck in Action

The new fire truck, delivered last Thursday afternoon, was first seen in action Sunday night. The truck proved a splendid help in checking the fire at the start, and many believe the church would have burned had it not been for quick response to the alarm made possible by the motor apparatus.

More than $4,500 is the estimate of damage done by the fire, and this loss is covered by insurance on church and contents of $9,500. The building will have to be largely rebuilt at the front and rear ends. The belfry is almost entirely gone, and the roof and west side are badly charred and unsound as a result of the flames. Tons of water poured into the building ruined the interior finish, and filled the basement to a depth of two or three feet. The small addition built two years ago at the east side to serve as a choir room, was the only part that escaped damage.

Church Remodeled Two Years Ago

Two years ago the church was remodeled, the high steeple removed and a basement dining room constructed. This improvement is stated to have cost about $6,000. Most of the amount has been assumed by members of the congregation, and the church society is free of debt.

There is little doubt that the fire started from an overheated chimney. A good fire was built just before the evening service, and church people believe the chimney burned out, setting fire to the wood siding to which the outside brick chimney is fastened.

The Board of Trustees of the M. E. church wish to thank the firemen and citizens for their splendid work at the church fire Sunday evening.

H. L. Sutton, Chairman.

PASSING OF PIONEER RESIDENTS

JOSEPH QUINTON CURRY

Joseph Q. Curry was born October 6, 1834, in Decatur township, Van Buren county, Michigan, and departed this life February 9, 1923, at his home in Marcellus, Cass county, Michigan, aged 88 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Although he had passed the four score mark, he was active until a few months ago, when he suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never fully recovered.

He was the second child of David and Elizabeth Gard Curry. The father passed away in 1846, leaving the mother with nine children, the eldest not yet 13 years of age, the youngest four months. The country being a wilderness at the time, the mother had to endure the trials and privations of pioneer life. Seven children lived to maturity. At the age of 20, Brookfield passed away. Mary Jane, the only one of the family who married, became the wife of Jacob High in 1860. The mother departing this life in 1878, three brothers and two sisters were left at the old homestead, which was known for miles around for its kind hospitality. Juliette passed away in 1880, leaving Jonathan, Quinton, Lib and "Doc."

Several years ago the three former moved to the Marcellus farm; "Doc" remaining on the old home place, where he passed away in 1906. Jonathan died January 4, 1905, at Bird's Arrow, Indian Territory, where he had gone for his health. Elizabeth followed in 1911; Mrs. Mary Jane High being the only survivor of a once large family.

The Curry Bros. were numbered among the leading agriculturists of their community, and were well known for the fine stock they raised. The Curry family from a very early day have been connected with the history of Van Buren county. Quinton liked good horses, and his favorite trotter, "Nettie Curry," he depended on to carry him safely where he wished to go after he had nearly lost his eyesight, and she never failed him.

Although he never married he was known by children far and near as "Uncle," and many a one who has now reached middle life will recall with what pleasure they anticipated a visit to Uncle Quinton's home. No one enjoyed the "Gard" reunions like he did, and he was one of the first to arrive. He will be missed. Let us perpetuate his memory by attending and recalling to mind our pioneer forefather. He leaves to mourn their loss one sister, one niece, two grand nephews, and a host of other relatives and friends.

The funeral was held Monday, February 12, at the Baptist church, Marcellus, with interment in the family lot in Crane cemetery. Marcellus business places closed during the hour of the funeral out of respect to Mr. Curry.

Pale, withered hands, that more than four-score years
Had wrought for others, soothed the burst of tears,
Now stirless, folded, like wan rose leaves pressed
Above the snow and silence of his

breast;
In mute appeal they tell of labors done,
And well-eraned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the line of care has swept
As if an angel's kiss, the while he slept,
Had smoothed the cobwebs, wrinkles quite away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day;
And "Welcome home," they cried, and grasped his hands—
So dwells the brother in the best of lands.

E. B.

Ring Out Oh Christmas Bell

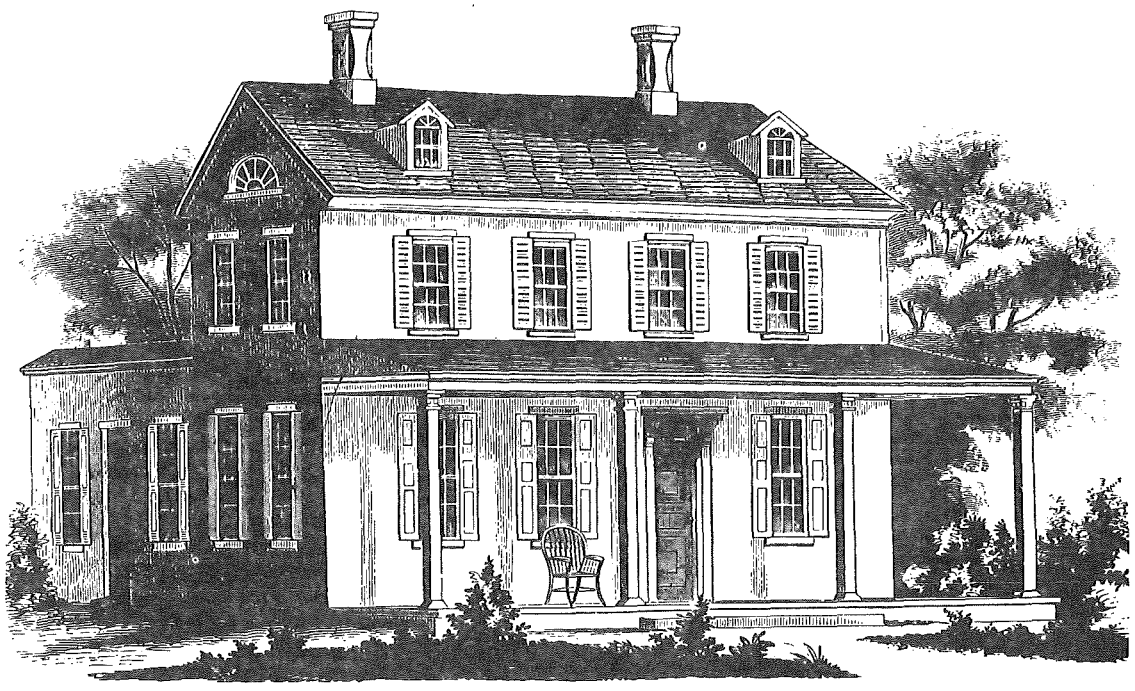
Ring out, ring out Oh Christmas Bell
The story of Christ's birth to tell
Of how in a manger He lay
His little head upon the hay.

Ring out, ring out Oh Christmas Bell
His message to the whole world tell
Of how upon this earth He came
To heal the sick, the blind, the maim.

Ring out, ring out Oh Christmas Bell
The story of His love to tell
How willingly His life He gave
That we thru Him our souls may save.

Ring out, ring out Oh Christmas Bell
Then let it softly toll and knell
Again the song the angels sang
As on that midnight air it rang.

—Joanna H. Abshagen



DECATUR AND PORTER TWPS. SEPARATED IN 1845

DECATUR WAS PIONEER TOWNSHIP OF VAN BUREN COUNTY IN POINT OF EARLY SETTLEMENT — DOLPHIN MORRIS FIRST SETTLER

(Many of those who have become residents of Decatur within the past few years are not acquainted with the history of this township. They perhaps do not know that Decatur was the pioneer township of Van Buren county in point of early settlement and that at one time Decatur and Porter townships were united in one government. The following interesting historical sketch is one of several taken from the "Van Buren and Berrien County History," published in 1880 that will be printed in these columns from time to time.)

Decatur, known as town 4 south, range 14 west, lies in the southern tier of townships bordering upon Cass county, and enjoys the distinction of being the township that received the first white settler in Van Buren county. Its boundaries are Paw Paw on the north, the Cass county line on the south, Porter on the east, and Hamilton on the west. Originally covering a territory six miles in width by twelve in length, half of its area was set off to Porter in 1845, so that it remains today six miles square.

Decatur is a fine wheat-growing township, and in general agriculture will compare favorably with any township in the county. The wheat shipped at Decatur station for the six months ending December 1, 1879, aggregated 84,000 bushels. The business of sheep raising is likewise an important and profitable feature of farming industry. Farmers who pay especial attention to sheep-raising own flocks numbering from 500 to 1,000.

County's First White Settler Locates Here.

Decatur bears the palm as the pioneer township of Van Buren county in point of early settlement, and until 1831 contained within its limits only the family of the man who led the way into Van Buren county as its first white settler,—Dolphin Morris, a resident of Deer Creek, Scioto county, Ohio, who, accompanied by his father, Henry D. Swift, and Jacob Morlan, came to Decatur, and on the 27th day of March, 1829, began to cut logs for a cabin, which he built upon section 35, near the center of its southeast quarter. During the first week in April he moved his family into the cabin, and from that time forward remained a settler in the township. Morlan settled in Cass county, while Swift, although he worked for Mr. Morris, did not become an auctual settler until 1831. For two years, therefore, Mr. Morris was the only settler in Van Buren county, although he was not without neighbors in Cass county.

Dolphin Morris' log cabin was a historical structure and deserved preservation among the pioneer relics of Van Buren. It not only sheltered the first family of white settlers in the county, but beneath its roof occurred the first birth and first death. Within its walls the first sermon was preached and the first school taught, while it enjoyed likewise the minor distinction of being the first hotel in the county. The material structure has passed away, but the spot upon which it stood is well remembered.

Dolphin Morris continued to be a resident in Decatur until his death, in January, 1870. His son Henry lived on the old place until September 28, 1879, when he and his wife were murdered in a mysterious manner. Dolphin Morris split with his own hands the first rail, and turned the first furrow in Van Buren county. Mr. Morris' sons now living are Samuel, Elias, and Amos, the latter residing in Lawton and the two former in Cass county. Elias Morris is now the oldest person living of those born in Van Buren county.

Others Come From Ohio.

H. D. Swift, who came to Michigan with Dolphin Morris, located a piece of land on section 23, and being without funds to purchase it, held it as a "claim," and selling the claim to Le Grand Anderson in 1831, was enabled with the money thus obtained to buy a tract near at hand, and upon that place he lived until his death.

George Tittle, a brother-in-law to Dolphin Morris, came from Ohio in 1831, and settled upon 80 acres on section 35, where his son Dolphin now resides. George Tittle died on the old farm in 1866.

Samuel, a brother of Dolphin Morris, came to Cass county in the spring of 1829, and after a residence there of two years settled in Decatur in 1831, upon section 36, where he lived until his death.

Le Grand Anderson came from Ohio to Michigan in the spring of 1831, and bought 434 acres of land in Decatur township, on sections 26 and 36, there being in the tract 80 acres of prairie land. Instead of working his own lands, he rented 40 acres in Cass county, on Young's Prairie, and broke it. He returned to Ohio in the summer, and in October of the same year came back to Michigan to close his land purchases. Journeying once more to Ohio, he came back in the spring of 1832 to Michigan, bringing with him on this occasion men and teams, with which he worked his land and put in crops. In the summer of 1832 he brought his family from Ohio, and in November of that year they became permanent members of the infant settlement. Mr. Anderson lived on section 36 which was his home, until his death in 1869, and which is now the home of his son, L. R. Anderson. His other children living in the township are William and Jane. The only settlers in November, 1832, in what is now Decatur were Le Grand Anderson, Dolphin and Samuel Morris (brothers), George Tittle, their brother-in-law, H. D. Swift, and David Curry.

MANY REMEMBER BIG MILL FIRE

OPINIONS DIFFER AS TO WHEN IT OCCURRED—DIARY RECORD OF MRS. ANDERSON GIVES DATE AS APRIL 24, 1881.

MILL WAS BUILT IN 1868, SAYS D. W. BROADHEAD

Only one Republican reader has so far produced written evidence to establish the date the big flour mill burned. Mrs. Robert Anderson of Marcellus (well known here in former years as Miss Dora Christie) states in a letter to the Republican that in a diary kept by her mother, the 24th of April, 1881, is given as the date of the fire.

Mrs. Anderson's letter follows:

The date the big mill burned was Sunday night, April 24, 1881. About 10:30 the cry of fire was heard. My people were living across the street from the David Squier home at that time. The fire lighted up so we could see to read a newspaper on our porch. My mother kept a diary at that time. I found the date in her diary.

Mrs. Dora Christie Anderson,
Marcellus, Mich.

D. W. Broadhead writes from Jackson, where he is spending the winter with his daughters, Mrs. Munger and Mrs. Treat, that "The big mill was built in 1868 by A. A. Abbott. The tall stack was put up by Daniel Carney, father of our townsman, M. S. Car-

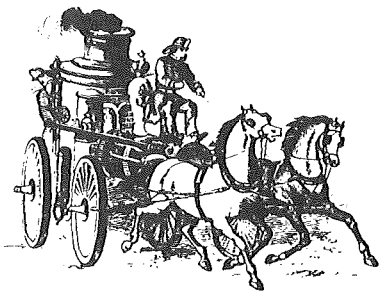
ney, and the mill burned about the 25th of April, 1881, on a Sunday evening. It was a damp evening as it rained during the day but did not rain during the fire. The alarm was given about 10 p. m.

Mr. R. Acton of Jackson remembers the big fire and writes as follows: "I remember the night the old mill burned. It was Sunday night, 1880. We were living in Dr. Keable's house on E. Sherwood street. At 12:30 a. m. it was burning."'

Mill Standing in '80 When He West

William Vanderhoof, a pioneer resident of Decatur and Hamilton, remembers the big mill and believes it burned after the fall of 1880. He went west that fall, locating in South Dakota, where he lived seven years. He received letters from home folks telling of the big fire and he believes it must have occurred in the spring of 1881. Mr. Vanderhoof came to Decatur sixty years ago this month. He came first from New York state to Kalamazoo, but after stopping in that city a short time came on to Decatur.

Mrs. Geo. E. Smith was living with her family near the school house when



the fire alarm was given one Sunday night, and it was announced that the big mill was afire. Her husband was away at the time and she and a daughter, who was with her, were somewhat startled by fire. She thinks it was the last of May or the fore part of June, 1881.

Harry Calbetzor fixes the date of the big fire in '83 or '84. His boyhood chum, Frank Beebe, died just about a year before the fire on his fifteenth birthday. The boys attended the Warner school in Volinia. While Harry did not see the fire, he remembers the excitement caused at the time, and in his memory has connected the burning of the mill with the death of his chum.

Mrs. Chas. Rosevelt of Keeler was boarding in the home of Professor Upton in the spring of 1881, and teaching in the Decatur schools. She remembers that the mill burned that spring.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnum say they really believe the old grist mill to have burned in the year 1881. As they were married on December 6, 1880, and the old mill either burned the spring following or the next fall, they cannot remember which. They had been to visit a family by the name of Leits, who were ready to go to Dakota and were returning when they saw the blaze.

Only One Left Who Worked in Big Mill

Walter Brown writes that he is the only one left who worked in the big mill at the time it burned. Walter was the fireman, Josiah Hopkins was the miller, and his son Luther and Charlie Brown also worked in the mill. Walter remembers the circumstances leading up to the fire—how Hopkins discovered smouldering headlinings in one of the machines while the mill was running late one night, and other circumstances concerning the fire are still fresh in Mr. Brown's memory.

Peter Slick was miller for A. A. Abbott, Mr. Brown states, and after him a man by the name of Bartlett had charge of the mill. The brick chimney that still stands and is in daily use by the measure factory was built by Dan Carney Sr. He used 50,000 brick in its construction.

Neil Rasmusson was a resident of Decatur when the big mill was burned, but he cannot fix the date. He is inclined to believe the fire occurred after 1881. Mr. Rasmusson and his brother, the late Mortimore Rasmusson, came to Decatur in 1876. They boarded for a time at the Mrs. Teed rooming house, which was located on the site of the Lytle livery stable. At that time Cal. Parker was in charge of the big mill nights. Mr. Parker may remember the date of the fire. We would be glad to hear from him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Huff are certain that the big flour mill burned the first or second Sunday evening in April of 1881. They were married January 31 of that year, and Mr. Huff was playing with the Decatur orchestra at the Presbyterian church the night of the fire.

IN THE SPRING OF '67

A Heart-rending Episode By an Old Timer

Dear Mr. Hinkley:—

You should be patient with us old back numbers while we ruminate about the old days, the many fine things we had and the high-grade, sturdy people who were the children of the splendid pioneers who made southern Michigan. We enjoyed life because we did not know any better and now like to recall some of the funny experiences our children are lucky to escape. The first hundred years of life are usually the hardest.

We had a big Country Club in those times. It was hickory and used to lambast those old slow oxen. The hardest thing to learn about farming is getting up in the morning at five o'clock when too stiff and sore to pull on those stogy cowhide boots. After feeding the cattle and hogs, did we breakfast on buckwheat cakes, maple syrup, pork tenderloin and steaming coffee? Not often, if memory serves me, it was johnny-cake, boiled potatoes, gravy, fried salt pork and a drink of concocted from parched grains flavored with a little chicory. Later we got the genuine Arbuckle 4X, 3 lbs. for a quarter. Could get a nice fat hen for a dime, had we the dime.

Grubbing done, we hitched two ox teams to a big breaking plow, and that is why I go about humped over so badly. Brother said my language was too mild, so he drove while I held the plow, or tried to. Those oxen seemed to understand him for when he spoke it took the hide off in spots. Being only five thousand nautical miles away, I dare not repeat those lurid, purple and sulphur-colored adjectives, that's why he is billed for Fiddlers' Green. Scar on my shin? Oh, that's nothing. A big root flew back and hit me there and made me cry a little. We might have plowed (in places) nearly a half acre a day but were bothered by agents wanting to sell us lightning rods, wind mills and cabinet organs. Then too, it took a lot of time punching chipmunks out of the hollow stumps. Of course we had to knock off early enough to go spearing by torchlight on old Saddle Bag.

That poem I wrote about "Plowing Among the Stumps with an Old Ox Team," was never printed. The publishers said those vigorous epithets might start a forest fire. Brother got mad because I beat him at checkers—when he wasn't looking, and went off to shoot passenger pigeons with old kicky army musket. That is why those wonderful birds are extinct. Yet Thorpe was to blame for those pesky fish laws.

Then along came Liza Ann, a neighbor girl. What, driving her classy, blue roadster No, she came cross-lots a-foot, but oh Lineus, how she trigged out! Humped over like a kangaroo and wearing a bustle big as a dishpan, and a set of steel hoops that held her skirt out like a pork barrel. Must have had something up her sleeves for above that wasp waist was a ploka dot Dolly Varden puffed up enough to float the big Shenandoah to the north pole. Sniff, sniff, Pachoula. Her mop of auburn was enclosed in a net and on top was a broad flip-flop Leghorn hat. Mentioning "Leghorn" recalls that I was sent out to chase a chicken for dinner. Don't chase 'em any more, am too slow. Stand back there, Charlie, and the rest of you

boys, get in line and don't crowd so. Don't you see the lady is embarrassed? I rushed down to the swamp and tore my jeans climbing a tamarack for gum and picked some young wintergreens and berries for her and later when I told her she was the most wonderful girl, she turned up her little nose and said, "I don't like boys with freckles and who cry so easily.'" So we have lived happily ever since.

The last time I saw Liza Ann she was tripping down the street in high-heeled shoes, short skirt and double-V waist. She was leading her great grandson and they were going to a fancy tonsorial parlor to get her grey hair bobbed. It was once a bright Titian color. I knew what she had in that fancy vanity bag for her complexion was lovely, pink cheeks, ruby lips, arched eyebrows, 'neverything.

Reports have just reached the middle of the Pacific that many Michigan farmers are abandoning their farms

THEM GOOD OLD DAYS

Dear Mr. Hinkley:—

Some of us living far away from the old home, like best in your paper, references to people and events a generation or so ago in the dimming past. I like those things and often feel like writing a little foolishly about the old days while trying to carry on to the end of the rainbow.

A man approaching old age, has usually a good forgetter and is apt to recall mainly the things for which he had a keen appetite and relish when younger and when life consisted largely of physical indulgencies and material realizations. Later in life he is apt to ruminate, theorize and criticise, more particularly the things he has not been able to keep up with. "New times demand new measures and new men."

But would we wish to go back to those good old times whose many aspects are still dear to our memories? Not for a single day. They will do to talk about and laugh at and even dream on. Silly songs, "Shoo Fly," "Captain Jinks," "Little Brown Jug," and oh those rotten, bald-headed musty jokes! Think of the low-lived country toughs who lived in those days after the war, and the pitiful lives we lived chopping, grubbing, mowing until backache made it impossible to sleep. Say son, put in twelve hours of that kind of toil and then turn the grindstone another hour before tramping off three miles through the mud to a dance where George played second fiddle and prompted, "Right chassez and allemand left."

Progress in the aggregate since 1860 has been far greater than all the achievements of mankind prior to that date. We have marched forward at such pace that no one dares to set a future limit. There was one boy who worked from daylight till dark at heavy work with stubbed toe and stonebruise, b'guess and b'gosh. Paid Joe Cohn a month's wages for a Sunday suit of dark-blue "doeskin." Now when that same fellow is old enough to know better, he sweats his brains from nine till four before a mahogany desk with only an hour and a half for luncheon and cigars and draws a pay check that will buy six suits costing three times as much as what Joe guaranteed to be "genuvine doe-skin." We wore reversible paper collars and say boys, what was the color of the shirt behind that paper bosom?

Did we travel? Yes, three times "East" along the swamp hunting for the cows. Divorces? No, just fussed and fought it through. Any jealousy, intolerance or petty gossip? Well I should say not. We named our girls Patience and Prudence but now we call them Extravagance and Hysteria and get a bigger run for our money.

Early in May, 1866, I saw a lad lug a gallon jug of red whiskey that cost fifty cents from Potter's bar in Nicholsville up to the Little Bridge where they washed 200 dirty sheep until black and blue. A quart of high-grade deadly moonshine now brings ten smackers, We believed ourselves great people in those good old days but any modern school boy thinks we were just insects.

When a boy I flew, from the end of a springboard. Backache ever since. Now we fly easily two miles a minute, up over the mountains we go and way out over the sea and it is life, more life than we could get out of a whole year back yonder in those dark ages of buckwheat cakes, maple syrup and sausage made of pork tenderloin.

People are wiser and wealthier now but the real and only question is, are they healtheir, happier and better? Are they satisfied and really enjoying the brave fight that must now be made to win the many things craved and required in this wonderful progressive age? Are we bravely and hopefully working up through the flux, refining and purifying our souls? Are ignorance, superstition, intolerance, jealousy and hate giving way to a world of wisdom, peace, joy and love. Education, preaching, entertainments, social life, business methods and personal service; our homes, dress, language and general conduct, do they all point to optimism, altruism and idealism?

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age of ages telling,
When to be living is divine."

F. L. K.

• JOHN VANDERPLOUGH •

CELERY MAKES YEAR-AROUND BUSINESS

GROWERS WHO RAISE EARLY AND LATE CELERY BUSY THROUGHOUT THE TWELVE MONTHS PLANTING, HARVESTING AND GETTING READY

Decatur celery growers who raise both early and late varieties have a year-around business. Plants for early setting are started in hot beds about the middle of March, and setting in fields begins about the first of May. Late celery plants are started as soon as it is suitable weather for field beds, and setting takes place in June. The harvest of early celery begins the last of July or first of August, according to the season, and then there is celery to harvest until the first of the following March unless extremely cold and unfavorable weather damages the crop.

There has been a great deal of discussion here in years past as to the need of a factory to give celery growers winter employment. The need for such an institution exists at the present time, and will continue to exist, but growers who are raising both early and late celery would find little time to work in a factory or do anything besides attend to their crops and make the necessary preparations for raising them.

Only Few Raising Early Crop Here

Only a small number of growers have as yet taken up the raising of early celery. To start this business requires a considerable investment in hot beds, lumber and other special equipment. Once equipped the grower finds himself in possession of an early-money crop and a business that pays well. More growers are raising the early crop ever year.

The market for early celery is improving here. Last season there were a number of shippers bidding for early celery and there is no reason to doubt that the number of buyers will increase. Invading the early market, Decatur celery comes in direct competition with the Kalamazoo product, but there is no indication as yet that the market cannot assimilate all the celery that can be raised in both fields.

Early Shipments Doubled in Two Years

All early celery is shipped in a washed condition by express. Express records show that the number of consignments of early celery have doubled in the last two seasons. There are prospects that it will double again the coming season. A dozen or more farmers have bought bleaching lumber and hot bed equipment this fall and are planning to raise the early as well as late varieties of celery.

George Schuur, Kalamazoo shipper, shipped here two carloads of bleaching lumber for local growers who will produce early celery for him. Schuur states that he will start shipping as soon as celery is ready next summer and will do the major part of his business in Decatur. Heretofore the Decatur business has been a branch of his Kalamazoo shipping business. Other Kalamazoo shippers will be here for the early shipping. DeLoof shipped some early celery last year, and Al. Schuur did some business with the early product. Decatur's shippers, Chas. Brigham, Isham and Carl Haefner, have shipped early celery for several years.

A careful canvas by Mr. Carney, one or two others and the writer shows an average of nearly 1200 acres tributary to Decatur, a small fringe of less than a hundred acres of this is in Cass county.

150 Growers Here

There are about 150 growers of celery in this area and very few have less than five acres and the average is seven to eight acres. Instead of 126 carloads in freezers shipped from Decatur in 1923 we shipped 351 cars to December 1, as shown by the railroad records, and besides we sent over 50 cars from Glenwood, most of which was grown in Van Buren county; also 99 loaded express cars of celery went from Decatur.

In the aggregate hundreds of truckloads with 400 to 600 dozen each went to Detroit and many places in every direction, except north, for a radius of 150 miles, besides the local shipments

DECATUR LEADS IN PRODUCTION OF CELERY

DANNY TELLS HARTMAN, DIRECTOR OF FOODS AND STANDARDS, HE'S WAY WRONG ON CELERY PRODUCED IN DECATUR

351 CARS BY FREIGHT; 99 BY EXPRESS TO JAN. 1

The following misleading item appeared in Kalamazoo Gazette Sunday, January 13: "Kalamazoo still leads all counties in Michigan in the production and shipment of celery. This is brought out by by W. P. Hartman, director of foods and standards, state department of agriculture, Lansing, Mich."

Mr. Hartman then gives the acreage of each county and the carload shipments from each county. He then says, "This does not include less than carload, express or mixed car shipments, nor celery that is now transported by trucks. If these items were taken into account it would easily increase Kalamazoo county's total by 75 per cent.

He gives the average of—

Kalamazoo county at .....1055 acres
Carloads shipments 282
Van Buren county .....800 acres
Shipments .....126 cars

Now we do not accuse ore ven insinuate that the M. A. C. reporter meant to be unfair, but of course it looks like he has a bias in favor of Kalamazoo, because he asserts that Kalamazoo still leads in acreage and shipments.

Now, Mr. Hartman, listen, Van Buren leads in both acreage and shipments.

CELERY FIELD OF LOUIS VANDERPLOUGH

by express, which began in July, and at this writing we are still shipping celery by express and trucks, one truck taking two loads per week to Indiana points. Over 30 per cent of our '23 crop of celery went to market, outside of the 491 cars in freezers and express. Decatur leads.

Danny.

SUDDEN PASSING OF L. L. LAWRENCE

COMMUNITY SHOCKED BY UNEXPECTED DEATH OF PROMINENT DECATUR CITIZEN AND FORMER VOLINIA FARMER — FUNERAL TODAY

The people of Decatur and vicinity were surprised and shocked Monday evening to learn of the sudden passing of Linneus L. Lawrence, prominent Volinia farmer and local resident.

The unexpected end came while he was working at the Co-operative elevator between five and six o'clock Monday evening. Missed by Manager D. A. Griffiths and the cashier, Howard Haney, when they needed his help, a search was instituted and the body was found where it had crumpled in a corner as the final summons came.

Death must have come with little warning. Only a few minutes before Mr. Lawrence had remarked to a friend that he was feeling good. He had been absent from the elevator for several weeks suffering from an attack of heart trouble. Returning Monday morning he expected to be able to carry on through the summer, and was pleased that he felt well enough to work.

Mr. Lawrence was one of southwestern Michigan's most progressive farmers, and was recognized all over the state as an expert in the production of seeds. The farm in Volinia, which he sold to F. G. Pollock last fall, when failing health compelled him to seek less strenuous labors, was one of the best equipped properties in this section of the state and was the scene of continuous experimental work, in which the owner found his greatest pleasure.

Funeral services will be held at the home in this village this (Thursday) afternoon at two o'clock. Interment will be made in the Nicholsville cemetery, in charge of the local Masonic order of which Mr. Lawrence was a member.

4% ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

PROVE YOUR WORTH

The ownership of a savings account is a mark of distinction, for the man who saves has a standing in his community that cannot be denied---he commands respect---while he who cannot and does not save money, cannot and will not do anything else worth while.

ORIGINAL PERSONAL SERVICE

Citizens State Bank

DECATUR, MICHIGAN.

ANOTHER OF THOSE GOOD TIME

Grange Dance

WILL BE GIVEN AT GRANGE HALL, DECATUR,

Wed. evening, April 2

Two-steps :: Waltzes :: Fox trots :: Quadrilles

A Good time for everyone

DANCE BILL 50c

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

FORTY YEARS ON THE STAGE

FRANK TUCKER PASSED AWAY MONDAY NOON AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-TWO YEARS—HAD BEEN GREAT SUFFERER

Frank Tucker, at one time widely known as the Joe Jefferson of Michigan, passed away at his home here Monday noon at the age of sixty-two years. Death came to release him from years of intense suffering, brought on as the indirect result of injuries received thirty years ago.

Mr. Tucker was oneof the two sons of William Henry and Cornelia Foster Tucker. A brother, Claude, passed away while in South Ameriac fifteen years ago. The afther met a tragic death while traveling on an excursion train in New Jersey years ago and the mother passed away there a few years later.

Mr. Tucker was born in Decatur and his youth was spent here. He was married in 1881 to Miss Ella Carpenter, who survives him. He early developed a talent for acting on the stage. When a very young man a traveling troupe came through the village and needed an extra actor to replace one of their men who was ill. Tucker took the place and that was the beginning of a stage career of nearly forty years. He traveled to all parts of the United States, and was popular wherever he went. On some of the trips Mrs. Tucker was with him.

A few years ago ill health compelled him to give up the active stage work, and he located in a city in Missouri, where he followed the business of training troupes of amateurs. He returned to his home here a few months ago badly broken in health and a great sufferer. The end came as a relief to himself and the good wife, who had given unsparingly of her strength to make his last days as comfortable and pleasant as possible.

Funeral services were held this (Thursday, afternoon at two o'clock at the home on North Phelps street. The Christian church pastor of Dowagiac officiated. Interment was in Lakeside cemetery.

EARLY HISTORY OF DECATUR

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS TAKEN FROM VAN BUREN AND BERRIEN HISTORY PUBLISHED IN 1880

The Swamp Road

In the year 1848, when the growth of Decatur village was sluggish, the subject of a road through the great swamp was agitated, and in a little while it became apparent that such a road was a vital necessity, since without it there could be no communication with the district on the south and southeast. Beers & Sherwood undertook the construction of the road, which was estimated to cost $2,000, the railroad company giving $500 and the villagers $300 towards it. Except for one-fifth the distance, which was planked, the road was built of split puncheons about ten feet in length, laid on pole stringers, and being but a single track, had turnouts at intervals. It was a rough thoroughfare, but a great convenience. The first person to cross it towards the south was Miss Hathaway (now Mrs. A. B. Copley), who arriving at Decatur November 6, 1849, was conveyed by Mr. Goddard, station-agent, over the road to her home, the roadway having been completed three days before. A new road, west of the old one, was built in 1856, and in 1865 material improvements were put upon it, the total expenditures upon the road then amounting to $15,000.

Township Organization and Civil List

Under the act of Legislature approved March 11, 1837, dividing Van Buren county into seven townships, Decatur embraced the territory now occupied by Decatur and Porter, and received its name in honor of Commodore Stephen Decatur, a naval hero of the War 1812. In 1845 the township of Porter was organized from the eastern half of Decatur, each afterwards having a territory six miles square, as at present.

Decatur had in 1874 a population of 2306, and in 1879 an assessed value of $523,300.

Decatur Village

Until 1847 the present site of the village of Decatur was simply a hunting-ground, and a favorite place of resort it was for the nimrods of the time as far back as 1834, while near at hand, on the banks of Pickerel lake, anglers gathered from far and near, for the waters of that lake were in the olden time very abundantly supplied with fish.

In 1847, Beers & Sherwood, of New York City, had acquired government grants for 5,000 acres of land, in which was included the site of the present village of Decatur, and when the Michigan Central railway began to push its way westward from Kalamazoo they determined to lay out a village on the line and call it Decatur. They donated land for depot buildings, which were put up in 1848, in which year also the railway was completed from Detroit to Niles. October 7 of that year an excursion train from Detroit to Niles, in celebration of the opening of the road, passed through Decatur.

The village did not, however, begin its growth until 1849, when it was platted according to the original design, and christened Decatur. C. S. Tucker, who had been boarding railroad hands in a shanty south of the depot, opened a boarding-house in a building previously used by Beers & Sherwood as an office, which stood upon the place now occupied by the Duncombe House. In the same year a number of village lots were occupied, and stores were opened by A. H. Dixon, Goss & Dixon, and T. E. Phelps, in the order named. Hiram Lee, now living in the village and resident longest therein, bought the first village lot, in 1848, before the village was platted. It was designated as the third lot west of the public square. The completion of the swamp road, in November, 1849, opened communication with a hitherto unapproachable tract of country, and gave to the village a decided impetus. The first village school house was built in 1848, and school was taught in it during the winter of 1848-'49 by Miss Sarah Cook, whose pupils numbered 20.

Trade, Past and Present

In 1854 the present business center of the village was occupied by a drug-store, two general stores, and one dry goods store. January 1, 1880, the village population was closely estimated at 2,000, and, in the matter of mercantile trade, there were five general stores, two hardware stores, two drug stores, five grocery stores, one furniture store, and various small business stands. Ten brick store buildings of some pretensions embellished the main street, and bestow upon the town an air of substantial thrift. Decatur is famous as a great "trading town," and is likewise an important grain-purchasing point, and makes large annual shipments by railway.

In the earlier history of the village, when no man dared venture upon opening a store, trading was done at Kalamazoo or Paw Paw. Dixon's store, which stood where Hathaway's store now is, was esteemed a fine establishment for that day—indeed, some thought it rather finer than was needed. Theodore Phelps' store stood on "Chadwick's Corners," and was ultimately converted into a hotel, known as the Downs House. In 1851 the main street of the village boasted the stores of A. H. Dixon, Theodore Phelps, and E. Ingalls, and a bar-room kept by Robert Willis. Willis was then known as the wealthiest man in Decatur, but subsequently his prosperity declined and he sank to poverty.

Henry Carroll was keeping a drug store in the building put up by Dr. Bartholomew, and on the corner now occupied by the Duncombe House L. R. Barker was keeping the Decatur House. Barker had taken the place originally set up by Charles Tucker as a railroad boarding house, added a front, named it the Decatur House and made it a reputable hotel.

At that time the spot now occupied by the thriving village of Decatur was literally in the woods, and the sight of deer and wolves in the very heart of the village is said to have been no uncommon one.

George Sherwood, an employee of Beers & Sherwood, was one of the first justices of the peace in the village, and with William N. Pardee practiced law whenever occasion required, but occasions of that sort were not plentiful enough to call for extraordinary exertions on their part.

In 1850, Beers & Sherwood engaged Nathan Wilcox to put up a steam sawmill near the village. A whiskey-distillery subsequently took the place of the mill, although its career was brief.

The first carpenter and joiner to locate in Decatur village was L. T. Olds, who came July, 1849, and who was for five years one of the only mechanics plying their trades in the village. In July, 1849, the railway depot, the kitchen of what was afterwards Barker's Hotel, and three dwellings comprised all there was of Decatur village.

Village Physicians

Decatur's first physician was Dr. Bartholomew, who put up in 1848 a small office and drug shop on Railroad street—the building now doing duty as Shetler's Hotel. Dr. Bartholomew remained but a short time before taking the California fever, and went away to the Pacific slope. He now resides at Keeler. During Dr. Bartholomew's time, and subsequent thereto, Dr. Wells of Little Prairie Ronde visited Decatur frequently to teach a singing school, and occasionally practiced also the healing art in the town. In 1851, Dr. J. T. Keables opened an office in Decatur, and since that time has practiced medicine in the village continuously. Dr. Foster of Climax Prairie made a location in Decatur about 1855, but made his stay a short one. For some years Dr. Keables had the field to himself, and, like all physicians of the day, practiced over a wide extent of territory. The physicians of Decatur now number six—Drs. Baker, Broderick, Dillon, Keables, Rogers and Rose.

Town Hall

One of the most imposing architectural features in the village is the town hall, in which the post office has roomy quarters, and where the township and village authorities have their offices. A commodious public hall gives accommodation for public entertainments, as well as town meetings. The structure is of brick, measures 37 feet front by 72 feet deep, was erected in 1870, and cost upwards of $11,000.

David Curry, one of the Decatur's foremost pioneers, was a young unmarried man when, in 1830, he migrated from Indiana to Volinia township, Cass county, Mich., in search of a new home. He lived in Cass county two years, and marrying, determined to settle in Decatur, where, upon section 34, he entered 160 acres adjoining Dolphin Morris' farm, and whither he removed with his wife in 1832. At that time there were already on the ground Dolphin and Samuel Morris, George Tittle, John Eckenberger, LeGrand Anderson, and H. D. Swift. Mr. Curry's cabin measured 18 by 20 feet, but had neither floor, window, nor door. Puncheon floors were common enough, but Mrs. Curry preferred to have no floor until she could have a better one, and accordingly in the January following their settlement Mr. Curry hauled from Whitmanville, twelve miles distant, some rough lumber with which a floor was laid. Mrs. Curry then enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that her floor, even if rough, was the only "sawed" floor in the township, and that she lived also in what was then conceded to be the best house not only in Decatur, but on the "Prairie."

Mr. Curry lived until 1846, when he was killed by a fall from a wagon. Five of his children still occupy the old homestead, to-wit: Jonathan, Joseph Q., Juliette, David Q., and Elizabeth. David Q. served through the war of 1861-'65 as a member of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, and participated in the capture of Jefferson Davis, his souvenir of that incident being a pair of saddle-bags taken from General Reagan of Davis' cabinet. David Curry's old log cabin, which stood near the present Curry home, has passed from view, but the old "lean-to" is yet preserved although in a state of decay.

Eckenbergers and Van Hises Come

Joseph Van Hise, a resident of Butler county, Ohio, came to Decatur in 1835, located 80 acres on Section 13, and then hired out to work a year for John Eckenberger, a settler then in Decatur. After serving his year Van Hise went back to Ohio, and in the fall of 1836 brought his family out, put up a log cabin on his 80-acre farm, and lived on the place until his death, in February, 1873. His widow and son Jared are now living on the farm. Another son, William K., lives on a place adjoining it on the west. With Joseph Van Hise came also to Decatur in 1836 his brother, William O. Van Hise, and his father (Oakey) and mother, the parents living with William O., on section 24. The latter subsequently removed to Cass county, where he now resides.

John Eckenberger, of whom mention has been made, lived two miles south of Joseph Van Hise. He sold his farm to Jacob Charles, of Cass county, and moved farther west, but returning again to Decatur, died in the township, as did Mr. Charles.

A Mr. Iantrekin, who lived with his family on section 23 in 1836, moved away soon afterwards and was heard of no more. Thomas Scott and family lived in that year on section 13, in a cabin put up by one Johannet. Scott went to Schoolcraft, and becoming afterwards a resident of Antwerp and later of Illinois, died in that state. John W., a nephew of Thomas Scott, came from Ohio to Decatur in the spring 1837, and worked as a farm laborer until 1842, when he returned to Ohio, married, and in 1844 came back to Decatur and located upon the farm he now occupies.

Only Three North of Lake in '48

In the northern part of the township settlements were not made until a comparatively late date, and until even the beginning of the history of Decatur village that section was sparsely peopled. Joseph Van Hise used to say that when he was town treasurer, in 1848, there were but three taxpayers north of Lake of Woods, and to reach them required from him a day's journey, which in the end gave him cash collections to the amount of fifty cents.

The first white child born in Van Buren county first saw the light in

Dolphin Morris' rude log cabin, August 4, 1830. The child was Lewis Creighton, a son of Dolphin Morris, and the little fellow gave up his young life, under the same roof, December 20 of the same year, this being the first death in the county. In that log cabin, too, May 11, 1832, was born Elias Morris, now living in Cass county; the second white child born in Van Buren, and now the oldest of all natives of the county. The first marriage in the county was that of Elijah Goble, of Cass county, to Eliza Tittle, of Van Buren. John Shaw was the justice who performed the ceremony, and September 28, 1833, was the date on which the knot was tied. Daniel Alexander and Margaret Tittle were the second couple married in the county, and set up housekeeping in the old Morris cabin.

Seed Corn Shortage

Among the trials of the settlers in 1831 was the failure of seed-corn, which threatened much distress, but Dolphin Morris was equal to the occasion. He dispatched one Kirkendall and John Tittle, a lad of fifteen, to Fort Defiance on the Maumee River, one hundred miles distant, for a fresh supply. They made the distance with a pack-horse, returned one Saturday night with two bushels of seed corn, and on Sunday morning the settlers turned out and planted it. The crop raised from that planting was about all the corn they had that year. June 20, 1835, was memorable because of a severe frost, that destroyed almost all the crops except those near the small lakes.

It is told of Dolphin Morris that in 1832 he started for Niles to mill, and encountering a terrible snow-storm as well as very bad roads, he was fourteen days making the trip, and when he got home it was with but the fore-wheels of his wagon, his team, and a bag of flour.

A stage-route was opened through Decatur between Cassopolis and Paw Paw in 1838, and was for some years thereafter a much-traveled thoroughfare. Along that line, now covered in part by the Valley road, was erected the first telegraph road put up in the state. In Decatur there were on the road no wayside inns, although Jacob Charles, who lived near "The Spring," kept at times a house of public entertainment.

The Union School

The school in School District No. 4 (embracing Decatur village) was organized in 1862 as a graded school. In 1863 work on a new school building was begun, and in September, 1864, sessions were held in the edifice. It is of brick, of handsome and substantial appearance costs $12,000 employs seven teachers, has an average attendance of about 400, and requires for its annual support about $4,300.

Postoffice

A postoffice was established about 1852, and George Sherwood appointed postmaster. W. N. Pardee succeeded Sherwood, and Charles N. Poor in turn followed Mr. Pardee. After him Theodore Phelps was the incumbent. Upon his death his widow was appointed his successor, and following her Eri Beebe filled the place, which he relinquished to J. W. Rogers, the present occupant. The office receives and delivers four daily mails, and twice a week receives and delivers a stage mail. The sale of stamps, envelopes, etc., average about $600 each quarter, money-orders issued average $1300 each month, and money-orders paid about $600 during a like period.

The Village Press

Decatur's earliest newspaper was called the Van Buren County Tribune, and its earliest publisher, T. O. Sweet. The Decatur Clarion, edited by Moses Hull, was the successor of the Tribune. These and other newspapers will be found mentioned more fully in the general county history.

Village Incorporation

The village of Decatur was incorporated by the board of supervisors October 11, 1859, and reincorporated by Legislative act approved March 16, 1861. The first president of the village was E. P. Hill, and the first recorder Orrin S. Welch, both of whom were elected in 1859. The earliest records of the village are somewhat imperfect.

Railway Shipments

Decatur is an important wheat and lumber shipping point, and as a matter of interest a table is presented showing the shipments at the station of the three leading articles of grain, lumber, and stock for the six months ending December 1, 1879, the figures in each case representing carloads:

	Grain	Lumber	Stock
June	31	23	2
July	10	22	..
August	70	15	9
September	58	22	12
October	68	19	17
November	3	13	13
Totals	240	114	53

During the year 1878 the shipments of apples at Decatur station aggregated 10,000 barrels.

Manufacturers

There is at the village of Decatur a manufacturing interest of considerable importance, which contributes in no slight degree to the prosperity of the town.

M. Hinkley & Co. occupy about two acres of ground for a barrel and stave manufactory, and employ 25 to 40 men. They turn out about 3,000,000 staves yearly, and an equal proportion of barrel-heading, besides making about 10,000 apple barrels and 5,000 packing barrels. The works were established in 1858 by Jones & Chapin, and since 1871, Mr. Hinkley, of the present firm (which was organized in 1876), has been interested as a partner.

Daggett & Percey of Chicago are doing a very flourishing business at Decatur in the manufacture of wooden butter plates, fruit packages, fruit baskets, etc. They occupy a building formerly used by R. Hoppin & Son as a tannery, and have been engaged since January, 1879, in the present enterprise. About 20 men are employed. The manufactory is in charge of Charles King, who is representative at Decatur of the owners.

John M. Conklin & Brother carry on a foundry, which was built in 1870 by Mason & Herring. The present firm took possession in 1876, and since then have been steadily employed in the manufacture of plows and iron castings of all kinds.

The other manufacturing industries are Charles Duncombe & Co.'s grist mill (with five runs of stones), built in 1867 by Abbott & Matthews; J. J. Balcomb's custom grist mill, with two runs of stones; H. B. Babcock's planing mill, and the saw mills of Bull & Ackley and Enoch Hopkins.

Bank

Previous to October 15, 1870, Decatur village had enjoyed only such limited banking facilities as were furnished by the private banks of John Tarbell and Joseph Rogers. On the date above noted the First National Bank of Decatur was chartered, with a capital of $75,000, the first directors being Messrs. Charles Duncombe, C. W. Fisk, A. B. Copley, Levi B. Lawrence, E. P. Hill, O. S. Abbott, and A. S. Hathaway. A. B. Copley was chosen president and E. P. Hill cashier. The capital of the bank is now $50,000; its circulation, $45,000; deposits, $45,000; loans and discounts, $55,000. In 1873, Charles Duncombe put up a fine brick building for the use of the bank, which the institution subsequently bought. The president of the bank is A. B. Copley and the cashier, L. D. Hill.

VETERANS

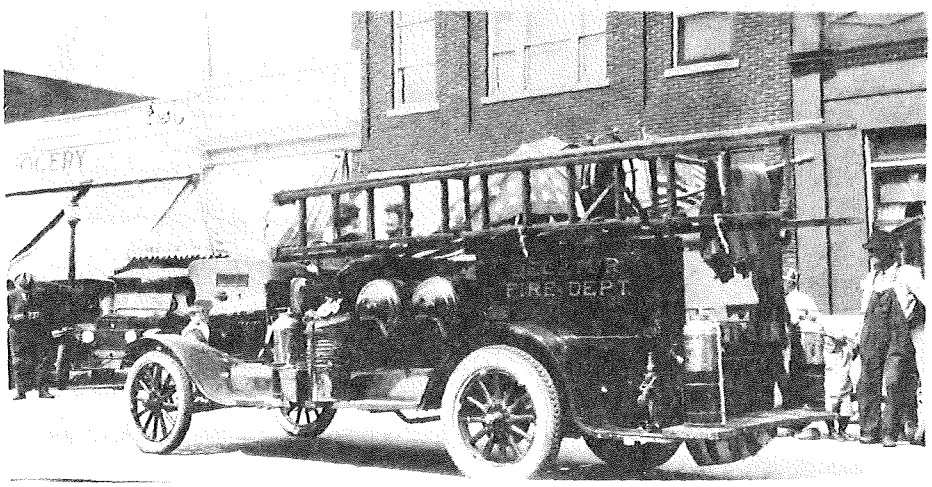
Decatur-1894 (Spanish American War)

Lights in the car window fell in thousands of pieces when the big cannon in the park was fired in a farewell salute to the soldiers leaving their regiment. Streets were thronged with people, and a troop of Sons of Veterans fired volley after volley with their rifles. Those who left were Bret H. Crockett, S. Adams, Emil Stern, James Hall, William Pike, William McIntyre, Richard Abrams, Earl Simpson, Robert Oaks, William Labadie, Henry Mahoney and John Conkright.

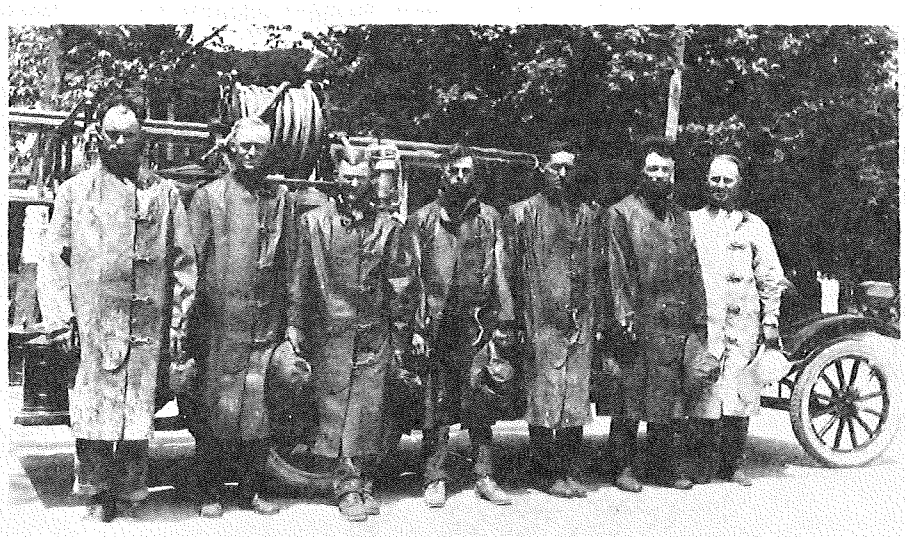
1924

1924

Decatur's Fearless Fire Fighters Of 1924



Ivan Keyes and son admiring the new fire truck



Decatur Fire Dept. 1924
(1) Ivan Keyes (2) Fred Woolfe (3) Archie Woolfe (4) C. Bachman
(5) J. Myers (6) Harley Karnes (7) Chief Elmer Woolfe.

TWO OF CLASS OF '77 LIVE HERE

Two of the D. H. S. Class of 1877 still reside in Decatur—Mrs. Eda Wise Youells and Mrs. Ida Lurkins Yeckley. The others that are living are scattered to various parts of the country. Prof. Thomas Conway is in Arizona, Sumner Sherrod is at Kalamazoo, Mrs. Satie Lumbard Schmidt at Corvallis, Oregon, Amelia Smith Keables, Illinois,; Nellie Rowley Cruson, Jackson; Nellie Briggs Dunn, California. The others, Rose Johnson, Elma Fields, Belle Thomas and Anna Shaad, have passed on.

Mrs. Youells found programs of Class Day and graduation exercises among her posessions recently and permits the Republican to print them:

Class Day Program at High School
June 15, 1877

Aide toi, et le Ciel t'aidera.
Latin Anthem.
History of the Class.....T. Conway
Recitation—"Sometime" .....E Wise
Essay—"Our Schoolroom"...A. Shaad
Recitation—"Les Hiroudelles"
R. Johnson
Marsailles Hymn.
Recitation—"High Tide"...N. Rowley
Recitation—"Cicero" .....N. Briggs
Poem—"School and I Are Out"
S. Lumbard
Recitation—"Wounded" ...B. Thomas
Prophecies .....A. Smith
Song—"Our Barque upon the Stream"
Advice to Undergraduates....E. Field
Reply of School.....A. Olds
Doxology.
President .....I. Lurkins
Musician .....S. Sherrod

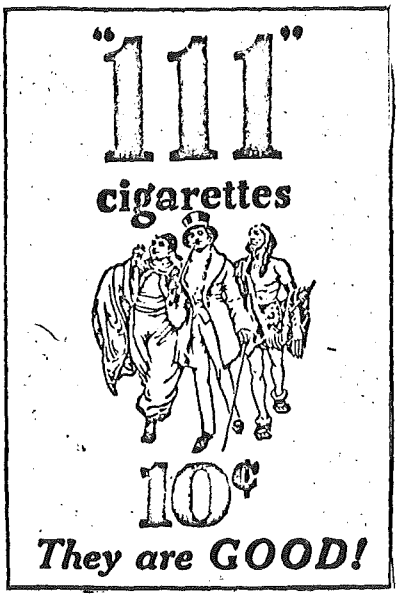
Commencement Program
June 21, 1877

Prayer
Music
Salutatory, with Essay—"The Tongue"
[Rose Johnson
Essay—"The Aim of Life"
[Satie Lumbard
Essay—"Velvet".....Isabel Thomas
Essay—"What Will People Say" .....Anna Shaad
Essay—"Verbs" .....Nellie Briggs
Music
Essay—"Where There's a Will There's a Way".....Amelia Smith
Essay—"Never Too Late to Learn"
[Nellie Rowley
Music
Essay—"Beyond the Als Lieth Thine Italy" .....Eda Wise
Oration—"Influence of the Press"
[Sumner Sherrod
Essay—"Echoes" .....Elma Field
Music
Essay—"Improvement of Time"
[Ida Lurkins
Oration and Valedictory—"Labor and Its Rewards"..Thomas Conway
Music
Benediction

Board of Education

Newton Foster, director; A. B. Copley, moderator; John L. Harrison, treasurer; Wm. E. Trowbridge and Lyman Rawson, trustees.

Teachers—H. Upton, principal; Allie Ward, preceptress.



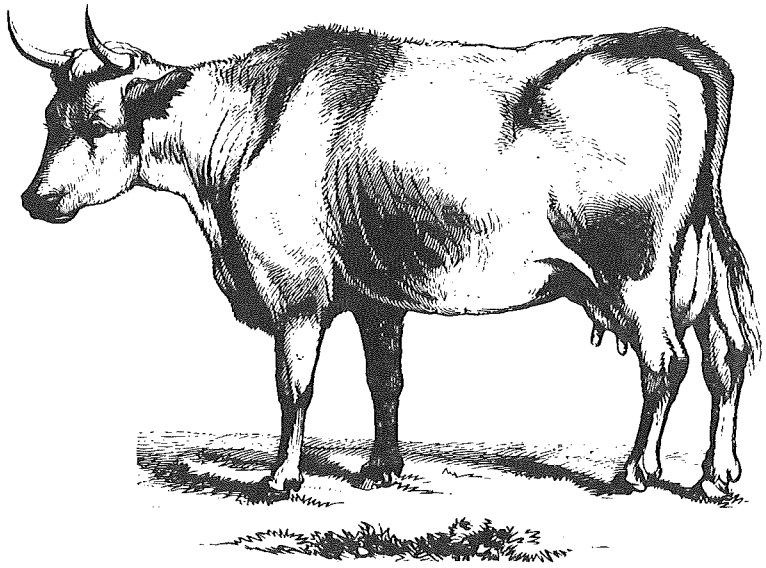
BEGINNING OF CELERY GROWING IN DECATUR

THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF BUSINESS MEN ORGANIZED TO ASSIST IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MUCK LAND

While going through some of the old files of his store, Fred Sterns discovered the records of the first Decatur Celery Ass'n and brought them to the publisher.

This Association was organized twenty-four years ago and at that time seemed to be a failure. The money was advanced and never returned and several merchants also lost heavily on book accounts.

Great industries sometimes build up slowly and thus it was with this muckland industry. A quarter of a century has passed and we are just beginning to realize that it is great. It is still in its infancy and those who live another quarter of a century will see the number of the workmen doubled several times and every acre a garden.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA WINS STATE CONTEST

DECATUR ORGANIZATION, PLAYING IN FIELD OF SIX ORCHESTRAS, GIVEN FIRST PLACE BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF JUDGES AT MOUNT PLEASANT

McKEE TRIO WIN STRING ENSEMBLE

Home Folks Stage Rousing Celebration Saturday Afternoon To Welcome Return of Young People After Long Trip.

Decatur is on the map.

For the first time in the history of the village the local school has entered a state contest and secured first honors.

Winning the district music contest at Kalamazoo last week Tuesday, the orchestra, accompanied by their director, Mrs. Bennett, Superintendent and Mrs. Dwight and Principal Harper, journeyed Thursday to Mount Pleasant and secured first place in Class C in the state contest for orchestras and string ensembles. The latter event was won by the McKee Trio, who had secured first in the district contest at Kalamazoo.

The local orchestra competed in a field of six, representing the schools of Wyandotte, East Lansing, Eaton Rapids, Fowlerville, Marine City and Hesperia. East Lansing won second in both orchestra and ensemble contests and Eaton Rapids third.

Stage Celebration

A telegram announcing the success of Decatur's musicians, which arrived here at about four o'clock Friday afternoon, created much joy and excitement. Expression to pent up feelings was given Saturday afternoon when the big Carey and Leach bus, in which the trip was made, arrived here, bringing the victors home. A crowd of three or four hundred people had gathered at the Main street corners to greet the musicians. A large banner bearing the words, "Welcome Home, D. H. S. Winners of State Music Contest," had been suspended in a conspicuous place across the pavement.

Two miles north of the village the bus was met by the fire truck, decorated for the occasion, with Fire Chief Woolfe, master of ceremonies, at the wheel, and others working the noise making devices. Escorted into the village and through the streets during a blare of whistles and bells, the musicians were made to feel that their efforts and accomplishments were much appreciated by the home folks.

Boys Sleep in Jury Room

Mrs. Bennett and her orchestra left early Thursday morning for the two hundred trip to Mount Pleasant. Arriving in that city late in the evening, it was discovered that Kalamazoo officials had failed to notify the Central Normal that Decatur would be represented in the state contest, and accommodations had not been provided. The boys of the orchestra were forced to find sleeping quarters in jury rooms of the county court house, while the girls went with their directors to a neighboring town.

Friday afternoon the orchestra made its appearance before a large audience and the judges. State Director of Music Beattie, in announcing the winners, stated that it was the unanimous decision of the judges that Decatur's orchestra be awarded first place. The local orchestra was the largest entered in Class C and some of its members were among the youngest musicians at the meet.

First State Contest for Orchestras

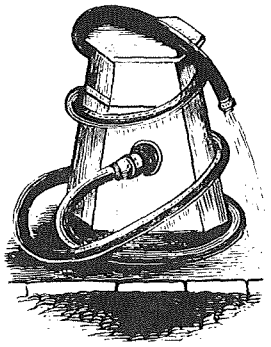
The State Music Contest of the present year was the first to be held in Michigan. Within a year the office of State Director of Music has been created and Mr. Beattie, formerly director of music for the schools of Grand Rapids is first to fill that position. [illegible] were held under his direction. Michigan is one of three states to employ a state director for school music. While a state school band tournament has been held annually for a number of years past, the music contest just closed is the first in which orchestras, string ensembles, boys' and girls' choruses were represented.

The contest at Mount Pleasant is the last this season so far as Decatur is concerned. Mrs. Bennett does not know of a national contest that would take our young people out of the state, as has been rumored here the past week. She and her orchestra are well pleased with the success they have had in the state contest, and the people of Decatur and vicinity are elated over their victory.

The future of the orchestra is assured, as Mrs. Bennett has been engaged for another year as director of music in the schools, and only four of her players, Misses Irma Osborn, violin; Leta Bailey, violin; Frances Toof, cello, and Elbert Hemenway, clarinet, retire through graduation this year.

MRS. AILEEN BENNETT

Instructor of Music in the Decatur schools and director of the school orchestra, who won the state championship in Class C at Mt. Pleasant Friday. It is pleasing to the patrons of Decatur schools to know that Mrs. Bennett will remain in the schools another year and that only four of her musicians will leave the orchestra by graduation.



MYSTERY FIRE DESTROYS KIBBY GENERAL STORE

STOCK OF KIBBY GENERAL STORE AND DR. HUYCK DENTAL EQUIPMENT LOST IN MONDAY MORNING BLAZE

The most disastrous fire that has occurred here in a number of years, destroyed the store building at the corner of Main and Delaware streets that housed the dry goods and grocery business of B. W. Kibby and the dental offices of Dr. R. J. Huyck early Monday morning.

The total loss will run to better than $20,000 with a little more than half that amount of insurance. Destruction of the store was so complete that not a single thing of value could be taken from the ruins. Besides the stock of the Kibby store and the dental office equipment, the household effects of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Eckenberger, former Decatur residents, who have lived in Detroit and Chelsea for a number of years, were lost. These goods had been stored in the rooms back of the dental office.

So far as can be learned the loss will be recorded as follows:

The Loss

Mrs. P. T. Woodnorth, building, $6,000. (This was the cost of erecting forty-one years ago, and the cost now for such a building would be much more.) Insured for $2,500.

B. W. Kibby, dry goods, shoes, rubber goods, grocery stock and fixtures, $14,000. Insured for about two-thirds of value of stock.

Dr. R. J. Huyck, dental and office equipment, $2,500. $1,000 insurance.

S. N. Eckenberger, household goods stored on second floor, $1,000. $600 insurance.

John Shaad, shoe and boot stock

damaged by water and smoke, and damage to building, $1,000.

Elmer Steele, household effects and clothing damaged by water, smoke and removing, $50. No insurance.

Geo. B. McOmber, jewelry stock damaged in moving, $50.

Lytle Watson, damage to tire shop and stock stolen and d maaegdby,R and stock stolen and damaged in moving, $150. No insurance.

F. L. Mosier, plate glass window, broken by the heat, $200. Insured.

Fire Discovered by Nurse

The fire was discovered by Mrs Mamie McCotter, who was up taking care of her mother, Mrs. Wood. Mrs. McCotter heard loud pounding in the direction of the Kibby store, two doors away, and she went to the window. Looking out in that direction, she saw the store to be in flames. Through a window that was commonly tightly covered by a heavy board blind she could see flames raging in the store. The blind was gone.

Mrs. McCotter called at once to Mr. Smith, in whose home she lives, and also to her niece, Miss Ada Walker, who was lying down in another room. Miss Walker ran to the Read home nearby and telephoned the alarm to the phone central and Miss Smith, the night operator in turn phoned to the home of Fire Chief Woolfe, giving him the alarm.

Visitor Has Thrilling Experience

Miss Walker, who is a resident of Olivet and is here to help in caring for her aunt, Mrs. Wood, tells a thrilling story of her experience in arousing the town. "I could not tell from the window whether the fire was in Kibby's store or the one next to it. I told central that I would let her know, and started out of the Read house on a run to Main street. As I passed the Kibby store I at once saw that this building was full of fire and as I passed the door at the rear the glass fell out at my side.

"I ran at once to the telephone office and informed Miss Smith that it was Kibby's store, and then returned to Main street. Not knowing what else to do I ran to the fire station and looked for a bell rope to sound an alarm. In Olivet we sound the fire alarm by ringing a bell. Seeing no rope, I felt around for some other signal, and finally discovered the alarm box. Smashing this I fussed with the buttons until the siren started off. While I was in there the fire chief went by and the night watch came along and flashed a light on me."

Awakened by Smoke

At about the same time that Mrs. McCotter saw the flames at the back window, Elmer Steele, who had rooms over the Shaad store adjoining the Kibby store, was awakened by the smell of smoke. He lay in bed for several minutes, trying to make out just what it was. When the siren sounded he wasted no time in getting dressed and getting his son up. The two made four trips down the stairway between the two buildings, carrying out clothing and bedding, before smoke and flames stopped them.

Mr. Steele lost very little except from water and smoke. A mattress was ruined and a new $40 overcoat was badly burned. Tuesday Mr. Steele found another place and moved out of the shoe store rooms.

Three Big Trucks Came to Help

When he perceived the start the fire had made, and the stream of burning embers that were flying over among wooden homes and business places to the south the fire chief called for aid. Dowagiac and Paw Paw were requested to send trucks, and within a few minutes fire apparatus had arrived from both places. The Dowagiac truck is said to have made the run in 21 minutes. Paw Paw's big Reo truck arrived after 18 minutes on the road, and brought along the village president, Murl Young, and city electrician Vay Morlan. A few minutes after these had arrived a big truck came from Benton Harbor to give assistance, but it was not needed.

The Isham celery packing house was seriously threatened. A stream of live sparks fell on the building, which was formerly the Hinckley livery barn, but Mr. Isham and a crew of helpers carefully guarded it and fire did not catch there. Homes in that vicinity were also carefully guarded.

Thieves Among Rescuers of Stock

The Watson tire shop at the rear of the Kibby store was badly scorched, and all of the stock and equipment were removed. Considerable damage was done to Mr. Watson's desk and machinery, but the owner says he does not care for that. The intentions of those helping him were honest. He does, however, feel the imposition of thieves who carried off about $50 worth of tires.

Heat became so intense that a large plate glass window in the Mosier store across the street was badly cracked. As soon as the glass became cracked, Mr. Mosier and other merchants along that side put down their awnings, which afforded protection to the other large plates. The owner of an automobile in Woolfe's garage across Delaware street from the fire, became so excited that he crashed through a window in the side to get ready to drive his car out if it became necessary.

Village Feels Loss

The fire removes one of Decatur's principal business blocks, and halts the trade of a well stocked general store. With a large Christmas stock on his shelves and counters, the loss comes at a time when it is most keenly felt by the owner and by the store's customers. Mr. Kibby's safe is in the cellar and covered by several tons of bricks and debris from the side wall. In the safe are the store records, accounts and insurance papers. Dr. Huyck's safe also went into the basement under the sidewall.

Left standing is a part of the south wall, but in such a position that it will probably have to be torn down before workmen will dare to go into the basement to take out the safes.

The cause of the fire is a complete mystery. No one was on the street to see it start, and the building was all in flames and the windows cracking when it was discovered. The blaze had even invaded the upper story when the first fire fighters arrived on the scene. No fire had been built in the store furnace since early Saturday evening. Mr. Kibby was in the store at four o'clock Sunday afternoon and everything was all right then. Nightwatch Henwood patrolled the business district at about two o'clock, passing the Kibby store shortly after that hour. He looked into the store and saw nothing unusual. A light burning in the store would have revealed smoke if there had been any. The officer then went a block east on Delaware and then south to the cold storage and measure factory. He was at the storage when the fire siren sounded. That was about 2:45.

The fact that the fire was first noticed through a window that is usually tightly boarded, and that pounding was heard directly before gives credit to the theory that thieves might have invaded the store and used the means of fire to cover up their work and gain time in their escape.

BURNED STORE BUILDING WAS BUILT IN 1884

L. G. STEWART AND L. D. ROBERTS PUT UP TWO STORY BRICK STRUCTURE AT CORNER AT COST OF $6,000

The two story brick building at the corner of Main and Delaware streets, occupied by the Kibby store and Dr. Huyck offices, destroyed by fire early Monday morning, was erected in 1884.

It was built and first occupied as a grocery store by the firm of Roberts & Stewart, the partners being the late Lewis D. Roberts and L. G. Stewart. The latter recently retired from active business after more than forty years as a merchant here.

The building was of solid brick construction, costing when built about $6,000. It replaced a two story wooden building that was sold for $500 to A. B. Copley, who had it moved across the street to the middle of the north block where it stood for many years, serving last as a hardware store. It was torn down several years ago, and replaced by a cement block one-story building now occupied by the A. & P. store.

Roberts & Stewart continued in business in that building for six years. The partnership was then dissolved, Mr. Stewart taking the grocery stock and Mr. Roberts the building. Stewart rented the store of his former partner for eight years longer, at the end of that time purchasing the Chadwick block, where he moved his stock and continued in business for thirty years.

Had Many Tenants

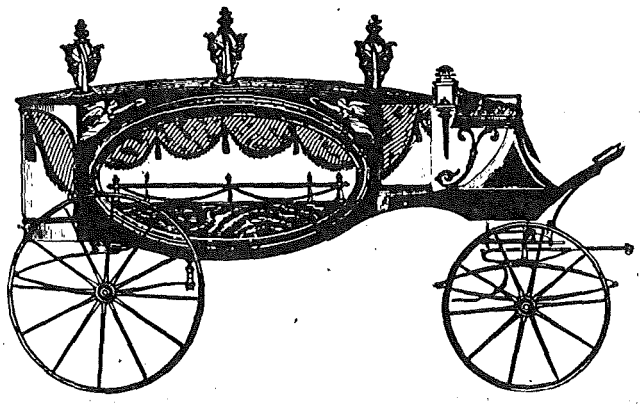
After Mr. Stewart moved from the building it was occupied for a num-

ber of years by Mamie Shaad, who had started in the dry goods and millinery business in the Brigham building at the corner of Main and Sherwood, and had later moved to the store now occupied by the Fox grocery. When the Stewart store moved away from the corner she moved her stock there. Her father, the late John Shaad Sr., had previously bought a wooden building on the first lot south and had improved it by veneering with brick.

The corner store continued in possession of Mr. Roberts throughout his life, passing to his wife by will, and now to Mrs. P. T. Woodnorth of Saginaw, a granddaughter. The estate of Mrs. Roberts is still in probate and it is understood that Mrs. Woodnorth is to have possession at the close of probate proceedings.

The offices over the store were occupied first by Doctors Hooper, dentist, and G. L. Rose, physician. Dr. Hooper continued in this office until his death a few years ago, when the business was taken over by his partner, Dr. Huyck, who has continued his work there. Dr. Rose occupied the middle space for a number of years, moving later to the offices now owned by Dr. Bope.

The store space was tenanted after Miss Shaad's leaving by several different firms, Ed. Luce, Luce and Burlington, Durkee & Lammond, B. K. Durkee, Decatur Shoe Co. Mr. Kibby bought the Shoe Co. stock and came here from Bangor three years ago.



O. W. Newell

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

This sketch embraces one of Decatur's foremost commercial enterprises; conducted by O. W. Newell. This store is the center of attraction and delight for those establishing a home. To the lover of the home it offers a haven, for here is the mecca for fine furniture and complete house furnishings, including phonographs, pianos and a full showing of the celebrated Atwater-Kent Radio sets and supplies. There is absolutely nothing that will make a "home" out of a house as efficiently as good furniture artistically arranged. In addition to being one of the most complete stores in this section, this firm is also in a position to quote prices that others find difficulty in competing with. One of the main reasons for this is low overhead and operating expenses as compared with larger city stores. This enables them to sell at a much lower margain, thereby saving their patrons many dollars on furniture. Compare the quality and price of merchandise at Newell's with that of mail order houses and out-of-town concerns, and become convinced. Enjoy the use of your furniture while paying for it. Newell does a conservative credit business. Your patronage is solicited upon the merits of the goods offered for sale. O. W. Newell conducts a dignified undertaking business. A service that inspires confidence. Office phone 56-J, residence phone 56-W. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

The South Side Store

THEO. BORST, Prop.

This store embraces one of Decatur's noteworthy commercial enterprises; offering the farmers and residents of this community a fine assortment of high grade groceries at close margin prices. If your needs pertain to groceries. The South Side Store will have it. This is the sort of enterprise that draws trade through the continual efforts of the management to supply the people with the best in commodity, at money saving values. Why go elsewhere to trade when Theo. Borst can supply you with the best at real economy prices. Spend your dollars at home and boost the community in which you live. Every thrifty buyer realizes the advantages of purchasing at this store. Why? Because this dealer has been satisfactorily serving this community for the past fourteen years. The South Side Store does business upon the principle of "Live and Let Live." For complete satisfaction deal with Borst. New merchandise priced low is this dealer's slogan. This store is local headquarters for the famous GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. Every housewife is familiar with the quality of this nationally known flour, which has long been the choice of particular bakers and housewives the country over.

INVENTS MACHINE TO SET CELERY

GROWER NEAR HOLLAND WORKS OUT SUCCESSFUL MOTOR DRIVEN DEVICE TO AID IN PUTTING PLANTS IN GROUND

HOLLAND—The labor problem of the celery grower has been solved through the invention of a celery planter, which has passed the experimental stage and now is being successfully operated by the celery growers of Hamilton, Ottawa county. This machine was invented and patented by a celery farmer, a man who spent days in the field planting celery by hand and saw the necessity of building a machine that would plant celery.

Due to the efficient work of the machine some of the growers in Hamilton and vicinity with the co-operation of skilled mechanics and a good machine shop, have started the manufacture of this machine under the firm name of the Hamilton Manufacturing Co. In addition to the planter, celery washers and cleaners and onion toppers will comprise the output of the plant.

The Hamilton celery planter is fitted for either one or two operators, planting either one or two rows at a time. The operators sit in comfortable seats and plant the celery as the machine slowly moves along. The distance that the celery is planted apart in the row can be controlled by the operators. The distance is adjustable from two to five feet.

The planter is propelled by a small gas engine of about one and one-half horse power and almost any make of engine can be fitted on the planter. A small engine used for pumping water and such purposes can easily be mounted upon the machine. The planter is equipped with a clutch controlled by a foot pedal by which either one of the operators can quickly stop the machine. It has an automatic steering device by which it is possible to plant the rows nice and straight. The steering device is entirely automatic and all that is necessary is to make the first mark or groove across the field which the front steering

wheel of the device will follow. The mark or groove for the next row is made by a marker which is placed on the side of the machine. It can be turned around at the end of the rows in a small space, equivalent to the length of the machine.

The operation of the planter is simple and can be operated by anyone. During dry weather a barrel of water can be placed on the machine and hose attached to each row that will water the plants as fast as planted.

LAST RELIC OF NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD GONE

(From Lawton Leader)

With the burning of the old railroad car north of the Welch grape juice factory on April 13, one of the last signs of the old narrow gauge railroad days passed out of existence. This was the first dining car between Lawton and South Haven on the narrow gauge road known at that time as the Toledo, South Haven and Eastern Railroad, which was under the management of Robert England. It was used in connection with Mr. England's private car, the Idlewild, when a special train was used to make official inspection of the road.

On account of its railroad history, this car attracted the attention of the Field Museum in Chicago, which was seeking a car to be entered in the museum for exhibition purposes, but a car in Paducah, Ky., having a few more years of service, was eventually accepted.

For a number of years the car has been used for a residence by Dell Blanchard.

POKAGON IS DROPPED BY MICHIGAN CENTRAL

TRAINS WILL FLY THROUGH VILLAGE FROM NOW ON; COMES AFTER HOT FIGHT BEFORE COMMISSION

After about 70 years as an active railroad station and at one time one of the leading shipping points in this district along the Michigan Central right of way, the station in Pokagon is being abandoned.

The Public Utilities commission has granted permission to the railroad company to drop the station off its calling list, and it is expected that the company will take action immediately.

The matter of abandonment has been before the commission several months, owing to strenuous objections on the part of interested people, and the move will necessitate the handling of freight through Dowagiac or Niles. Competition of these larger towns, together with the auto and good pikes, have brought about the disaster to the village.

Right of way for the land where the village is located was granted the company by Uzziel Putnam, Cass county's first settler, in 1847. It was a straight deed, with nothing said about a station there, and probably at that time none was contemplated. It was not until in January, 1847, that William Baldwin platted "the Village of Pokagon" and from that time stores began to appear and this may be the time the station came into being. In those days it was a great wheat and stock market, and an elevator was soon built to take care of the grain which came in. A thousand acres of timber land have been sawed into lumber at Phillips' mill in the past, and its shipment was a great source of revenue to the company. The mill was abandoned, however, before the station was.

A Family of Eleven Reduced to Two

Being a Sketch of the Life and Work of My Sister, Maria S. Evans.

By Chas. C. Evans

One hundred and sixteen years ago, in the vicinity of Roxbury, North Carolina, a pious character made his appearance upon the earth and was given the name of Thomas S. Evans.

He grew from babyhood to manhood in his native state and when he was of the age of 24 he took unto himself a wife, whose maiden name was Emily Harris.

To this union there were brought into the world four sons,—H. V., J. W., R. N. and George E.

In 1859 Thomas Evans migrated to Philadelphia where he remained for a brief period. Thence to Richmond, Ohio, where the remainder of the family was born,—Mary A., Maria S., Thomas B., Frank M., Joseph M., Sandy A., and Charles C.

In the spring of 1861, shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln called for volunteers for the Union Army. My father left his maple sugar camp and joined the 27th. Ohio volunteers. That fall, November 12, the subject of my sketch, Maria S. Evans, was born.

After living in Union county, Ohio, over a period of years my father moved in the spring of 1875 to Van Wert county, Ohio, where he engaged in the pursuit of agriculture, making wheat and corn his principle crops.

Here on the old estate known as the King farm, directly opposite the J. J. Vorpe estate, Maria S. grew to womanhood. She became a great helpmeet to our busy mother, and as time wended itself away and she traveled along the meandering pathway of life she was always desirous of facilitating the pleasure and happiness of father and mother and all with whom she came in contact.

As a consequence she became so cemented to home affairs that she never married, but devoted her entire life to ancestral and kindred welfare.

Howard Hall

Although Mr. Hall, who won acclaim as an actor, was not born in this community, he married a Decatur girl, the former Carie Vanderhoof and they called the farm on Territorial Road, their home when they were not traveling with a company.

Mr. Hall, was conceded by both the press and the public to be one of the best elocutionists in the northwest, where he began his stage career. One of his first public billings was in Madison, South Dakota.

Later Mr. Hall played with such great actors as Robert Mantell and David Warfield. The critics said of Mr. Hall, "His free and easy graces makes everything assume life-like proportions. The most common pieces made laughable and the magnificent more grand."

Mr. Hall was acclaimed an actor of renown. He played the star — Abraham Lincoln, in the play, "A Man of The People," written by Thomas Dixon. He played the part for several seasons in opera houses in many of the large cities.

However, he later condensed the long play into a vaudeville act and at the time of his death in 1921 was playing the part of the star, Abraham Lincoln, in Long Beach, California. He was also waiting for the play to be made into a moving picture.

Among other plays, Mr. Hall played in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and with David Warfield in "A Good Army Man," presented in the David Belasco Theater, New York's newest and finest playhouse in 1907.

He was an actor who was in great demand and won wide acclaim by fellow actors and from his audience.

Not only was he a fine actor but he also wrote many plays. In talking with Mrs. Hall at her home on Pine st., she showed the writer several plays published in book form and explained that they were sold at the box office as the play was presented. Mr. Hall was also a producer.

Mr. Hall first won wide recognition when he played in "Monte Cristo" with the players organized by Horace Lewis.

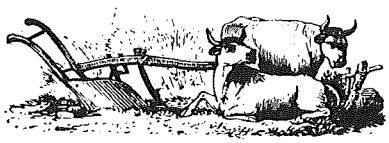
It was his role as Abraham Lincoln that brought him world wide

recognition. He was Mr. Lincoln not only in makeup but also in voice. He was the great Mr. Lincoln come to life.

In a recent issue of a popular magazine, Mr. Hall's picture was included among a group of six men who at one time played the part of Lincoln. Others named were Walter Huston and Ray Massey.

He is remembered as one of the most famous portrayers of Lincoln that has ever appeared on the stage or screen.

Mrs. Hall, now 88, lives alone in her home on Pine Street. She has a son, Louis, who is an Agricultural Agent at Adrian, Michigan. He and his wife visit her often and her brother Amos stops in nearly everyday to see her.



EARLY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

By: David Woodman

The process of improving the land called plains or barrens, differed from that of the timbered openings. In place of timber and grubs, there were bushes with immense roots, which had continued to grow for ages, the tops being kept down by annual fires.

The ground was full of these obstacles, and it required a powerful team with an immense plow to eradicate them. Therefore, twelve, fourteen and even fifteen yoke of oxen were used. I have seen twelve yoke of oxen attached to one of the great breakers that was used in Hamilton and Keeler townships in an early day. What a pity that one of those immense plows had not been preserved and placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. It would not only have "astonished the natives," but also, people from every nation represented there.

Daniel Webster's old plow exhibited in the New Hampshire section of the Agricultural Department, World's Fair, would have been only a baby beside one of our immense breakers. The beam of one of those plows would compare favorably with the beam of one of our old barns. Then the great plow share, three or four feet long, was kept almost as sharp as a knife. There was the ponderous coulter with its appliances that gaged the depth of the furrow. The oxen were attached to the huge cleaver and heavy chain, the latter reaching between them.

Then the three or four drivers with their long whips, a stalwart man at the handles and the procession was ready to move. When it did move, it left its mark. Nothing but trees could stop its progress. If the plow became fast, oxen and hand spikes were necessary to liberate it.

After awhile the land was harrowed with a great V-shaped harrow, the grubs piled up and burned, and in the fall the ground was sown to wheat.

The Land Breakers

Captain Barrett was the earliest and most noted land breaker in the vicinity of Paw Paw. He owned nine yoke of oxen at one time. All were named and well trained in the business of handling the great plows of that day. The Captain had a large bell strapped to the back of one of the oxen which could be heard two miles away, and he claimed it often brought the wearer to his knees, its sound was so heavy.

Of course, all breaking teans had to be turned loose at night and their range was unlimited; therefore, large bells were necessary in order to find the oxen the next morning. They might be found one or two miles away, or not found for haln a day, as often was the case. To gather up the teams by tramping miles through wet grass and bushes was no desirable job. Some of the old residents remember the mammoth bent grass that grew extensively on the plains. When small it was relished by stock but soon outgrew its usefulness. Bunches of that kind of grass are occasionally seen each season but it has lost its former prestige and now it is only an insignificant plant.

At the Centennial a bundle of this grass was on exhibition. When an eastern farmer quizzed J.J. in regard to Michigan's great products, especially about their raising ten tons of hay per acre, J.J. took him to this bundle of grass standing twelve feet high. The man then said he would give up and admit that Michigan was ahead in the grass line at least.

The Early Pioneers

But about the early pioneers, as I have before stated, that though their first residences were rough and humble, they had to answer the purpose. If they had to climb a ladder to reach the loft in their humble dwellings, it was all the same though they had had winding stairs. If they slept on wildcat bedsteads, their sleep was just as sweet as though they reposed on black walnut. If they warmed their cabins by means of huge fire places and cooked their frugal meals over a blazing fire, or in a Dutch or tin baker, the food tasted just as good as though cooked on a sixty-dollar range. If their children were rocked in a home-made cradle, or toted about in a vehicle costing a couple of hours work, they were fully up to the average of those of the present day in intelligence and vigor. If the kitchen had to answer the purpose of sitting room, parlor or often sleeping room, it was satisfactory and necessary.

Our musical instruments were of God's own invention. Our wives and children and their music was the sweetest and most cheering that the early settlers or the late settlers ever listened to. Our wives were their own cooks, chamber maids, dress makers and milliners and were able to make up all light family clothing. Though they never did bang their hair or a piano, they did bang a broom, mop and other household utensils around in a lively manner.

1925

DECATUR'S WATERWORKS BUILT IN 1895

OLDER RESIDENTS REMEMBER BUILDING OF PLANT FOLLOWING BIG DUNCOMBE HOUSE FIRE

To the best of my recollections the waterworks plant was installed in 1895. In the fall of 1893 the village voted to bond for $20,000 to put them in and the contract was let to J. I. Pearl of Benton Harbor and work was started in the spring 1894. The wells, power house and stand pipe were built and the water main pipes were strewn on the streets, but not laid at the time of the big fire that started in the Duncombe House, March 23, 1895. The completion of the plant was celebrated Labor day, 1895.

Mrs. E. W. Lee.

John Shaad remembers that Decatur's water system was built in 1895. The Duncombe House and the north end of Main street was destroyed by fire the night of Saturday, March 23, 1895, and to the best of Mr. Shaad's memory work on the new plant started the following Monday, the 25th. He is quite certain that the first digging to lay mains was done at the corner of St. Mary and School streets and proceeded east toward the Free Methodist church. Work was completed in the fall.

Mrs. O. A. Roberts believes the plant was built in 1893. The Roberts family moved into Decatur that fall in December, and she remembers coming to the village in September to a celebration when the waterworks was completed. The event closed with a fireworks display in the evening.

D. W. Broadhead was managing the big Todd farm in Allegan county at the time the waterworks was installed here and had not at that time started his scrap book by which the dates of many happenings in the last 30 years have been proven. Mr. Broadhead remembers that the big Duncombe house fire occurred in the spring of 1895. He believes the waterworks were being built at that time, and were probably completed that fall. That spring he dug five hundred bushels of potatoes out of pits and loaded them into the basement of the Arnold building, which stood then where the printing office is now. When the big fire destroyed the building the potatoes were ruined and were left in the basement.

Chas. Fry has discovered an old diary kept by his father, the late John Fry, which states that the waterworks was completed in the fall of 1895. John Fry's son-in-law, Jack Johnson, was the first waterworks engineer, and for a number of years was the faithful attendant at the water plant. Mr. Johnson was proud of the neat appearance of the lawn at the plant, and he set out the row of soft maple trees that line the School street side of the plant.

Friendly Indians, Plentiful Game —

Speaks of the Days of Long Ago

★

Elias Morris, notable member of one of Decatur township's pioneer families, tells of the early days of this area, when the first settlers were arriving. He describes the pioneer life as he knew it and heard it, in an article printed in the June 13, 1895, edition of the Decatur Independent, the weekly newspaper published in Decatur at that time. We are reprinting it as follows.— Ed.

★

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

When Our Prosperous County Was a Howling Wilderness

TALES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS

Elias Morris Tells of This Region When the Red Men Ranged The Forest.

Mr. President and Pioneers of Van Buren County, Ladies and Gentlemen: In response to a request by your executive committee, to prepare a paper on pioneer life for this occasion, I am happy to meet you here to-day. It affords us pleasure to be permitted to go back over a period of more than sixty years and contemplate events pertaining to the early settlement of Van Buren county.

Every county has its first settler, closely followed by the second, third and fourth, and so on, from year to year, all laying the foundation for social, religious and educational systems and in various ways preparing the way for the generations that follow.

It would be arrogant to claim for anyone or any particular number of settlers all the credit for developing this part of our noble state. Each and everyone are entitled to a share of praise.

Preceding the advent of the first settler Van Buren county was in a state of nature or nearly so, with dense forests and swamps filled with bears, wolves, lynx and wildcats ready to prey upon domestic animals on first appearance.

There were other large tracts of oak openings comparatively free from underbrush, kept so by the Indians burning them over every year to facilitate the hunting. Numerous swamps and marshes filled with malaria waiting only for a subject to get in their work; also numerous lakes well stocked with fish. In certain localities wild fruit, crabapples, plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries and huckleberries were abundant. Here too was the home of the red-man reluctant to surrender possession of his favorite hunting ground. Here in this (Decatur) township on the borders of Little Prairie Ronde might have been seen the smoke from the wigwam as it curled upwards to mingle with the clouds, or be heard the tinklings of the bells on the necks of their ponies indicating the near presence of their owners.

On the west bank of Swift & Anderson lake was an extensive burying ground or cemetery. The long rows of graves side by side around which a circle similar to a circus ring, suggestive of the pow wow or war dance, or whatever might have been the customary ceremonies of the race. The ground was strewn with all sorts of trinkets and relics. I have often picked up handful of silver broaches, beads, etc. Here too were the indians' cornfields, where tracts of several acres had evedently been planted and cultivated to corn, the small hillocks each representing a corn hill. Pits or holes dug in the ground lined and covered with bark and on top of that covered with earth, were supposed to have been receptacles for their corn and other products.

To cut leave from friends, to sever family ties, to abandon the native home with all its endearments, to say good-bye to all the heart holds dear and start with wife and small children to seek a home in a comparative wilderness, requires a brave heart, a strong arm and determined will.

Dolphine Morris, the first settler of Van Buren county was born in London county, Va. Here he grew to manhood uneducated and without means, his father being poor unable to render any assistance. March 29, 1823, he married Nancy Beaver. To them were born August 17, 1824, Samuel, July 30, 1826, Zerilda, June 4, 1823, Amos. In the fall of 1828 he started with his family and all his personal effects in a lumber wagon destined for Summerville, Cass Co., Michigan. The route was through dense forests, fording streams and meeting with many obstacles to impede his progress, arriving however, safely at his destination. Here he spent the winter with Joseph Gardner, a cousin. During his stay at Gardner's he located in the S ½ of section 35 of Decatur township and early in the spring of 1829 erected the first residence in the county and made the first improvement. The residence was a typical pioneer log cabin, made of round logs 8 by 10 inches in diameter, about 24 ft. long, notched at the corners to hold them in place; the cracks were chinked with split basswood and daubed with clay to make it warm and comfortable. The roof was made of oak shakes held in place by weight poles; the floor was of split basswood puncheons 3 or 4 inches thick smoothed slightly with an adz or ax. There were three small windows below and one in the gable, the chimney was made of sticks and mud and thickly plastered inside. The fireplace was long and capacious admitting the huge logs 4 or 5 feet long, in front of which our mother used to cook the meals for the family. The chamber was reached by a ladder and constituted our large sleeping room with 2 or 3 beds in it. The door was put together with wooden pins and hung on wooden hinges and provided with a wooden latch with the latch string on the outside. The cooking implements were not numerous, a tea kettle, one iron pot for boiling meat and vegetables, a bake kettle with iron [illegible] ners, in which the bread was baked by covering the kettle with coals of fire. The cabin was located near the trail leading from Niles to Grand Rapids and often furnished food and shelter for the weary travler.

The first sermon preached in Van Buren county was in this cabin by the Rev. Wm. Sprague, a young Methodist preacher in the year 1829, who afterward became presiding elder; also a member of Congress, defeating the Hon. Charles E. Stewart for that office.

August 4, 1830, Lewis C. Morris, the first white child born in the county, and died December 20th of the same year and the first person buried in the Morris and Anderson cemetery.

May 11th, 1832, occurred the most important event of my life. Born in the old log cabin within a mile of my present home and am now the last representative of my

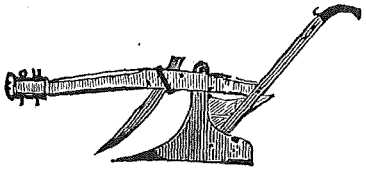
father's family out of eleven children. I know something of pioneer life, I know what it was to eat plain food and wear scanty clothes and early in life learned to mend my own clothes and repair my own shoes. Have often listened to the howling wolves that warned us of their near approach and intended raid on the domestic animals, especially the sheep. It was one of my duties to bring in the flock and secure them within a high rail pen or corral built so high that a wolf could not get in. I know something of the ague or chills, fever, the many shakes and the burning fevers, we have endured of the sickly season, when nearly the entire family were sick at the same time and some of the neighbors' children were also sick at our house. I also remember the old log schoolhouse, with the slab benches, the birch and ruler too, have left a lasting impressiohn.

The clothing for the family was made from the wool shorn from the backs of the sheep, washed and scoured by hand and then hand picked to free it of all foreign substances, carded by hand into rolls then spun by hand on the old fashioned spinning wheel into yarn, colored and then sent to the loom. It would be amusing now to see the ladies and misses dressed in home made flannel or linsey woolsey dresses and thick calfskin shoes and old fashioned scoop bonnet, or the men and boys with their suits of blue jeans and brass buttons and nondescript hats or caps. The shoes for the family were made from the hides of animals, slaughtered or that had died and been tanned at the local tannery. The shoemaker would take his kit and go from house to house and remain until the family had all been shod or material exhausted; generally one pair of shoes was all we could have for the year.

Game of all kinds was plentiful and contributed largely towards the family supplies, besides amusement for the hunters or trapper. The lakes were well stocked with fish and contributed liberally towards the family larder.

The nearest mills were at Three Rivers and Niles, 25 miles distant, where all the supplies of flour were obtained.

Crabapple and wild plums were abundant. The latter were of excellent quality. Our mothers used to make use of the crabapples for preserves and some times the plums. People used to come 8 to 10 miles to my father's farm for wild plums and on one occasion a man and several boys came on Sunday and found several of us boys enjoying some very fine



plums. They asked permission to gather some, so certain trees were designated, one of which contained a hornet's nest and as this tree was well loaded the boys were soon near the top and began shaking the tree vigorously, a scream, an oath or several of them and some tall running were in order; they however, were permitted to take a supply from other trees to recompense them for the fun they had furnished.

Owing to the unorganized condition of the territory, schools had not yet been in operation; however as soon as practical a school was organized. The person proposing to teach would visit each family and ask, "how many scholars will you subscribe or agree to send to school," the patrons subscribing one, two three or four as the case may be and when a sufficient number were obtained school would begin. The first school taught in Van Buren county was taught in my father's old log house by a Mr. Alexander. A few years later a tolerably decent log school house was built, where now the Morris and Anderson cemetery is, and as I remember G. N. Copley, now of this village was the first teacher. In the winter time spelling schools afforded a large share of amusement for the young people in the vicinity and many a time the old house would resound forth the eloquence of the young orators in trying to determine the important question whether man was an animal or not?

Soon as suitable places could be provided the circuit rider came. Preaching generally at school houses throughout the vicinity, sometimes on special occasions at my father's barn. The inhabitants generally would attend services, coming 5 or 6 miles on horseback, sometimes two on the same horse. Buggies or carriages were not then in use. The minister would generally speak extempo and sometimes with elegance and effect. The singing consisted in the congregation making a joyful noise, chords were of little consequences. Whenever there was a lack of hymnbooks the minister would line the hymns by repeating two lines and waiting until more copy was needed.

The Indians were as a rule friendly. Some of the squaws were very kind and would assist my mother with her household duties. Often they would bring their jerked venison, maple sugar or berries to exchange for salt pork or flour; the berries were always nice and clean, but the sugar was horrid stuff, having a greasy, sickening taste and offensive smell. One lone old chief, Shavehead, was somewhat a terror to the community and regarded as a treacherous fellow. The last time I saw him was at my uncle's barn raising; he had his bow and quiver full of arrows and smoking an old pipe. There is a lake in the southern part of Cass county, bearing his name (Shavehead Lake). It is generally believed that some white man shot him a number of years since as he disappeared very suddenly and was never heard from afterwards. On one occasion an indian called at our cabin and finding no men folks around, commenced some demonstrations, with his knife to frighten my mother, she seizing the gun hanging overhead and said "now, indian, marche." When he found that she would not frighten he commenced to laugh and departed.

The indians have disappeared from our midst. Wild animals, once a terror to the settlers, are all gone. Forests have been converted into lumber and the land into beautiful farms. The old log cabin, is supplemented by the modern farm house: the fire place, to the furnace, the old cooking utensels to the range and gasoline stoves. No longer the farmer cuts his grass with sythe or grain with sickle or threshes, flails or tramps his grain with horse or ox. The mower, reaper and steam thresher and stacker have taken their places. No longer people take long journeys on horseback or are compeled to draw provision long distances. All over our state beautiful villages like mushrooms after a warm shower in May have sprung into existance. Railroads have been built for the accommodation of the people. Electric lights, telephones, phonographs, Audiphones, all suggest that a new era has dawned.

TEACHERS AND WAGES

Our first school houses were rough, log structures, often located in the dense forest. The teachers' salaries were two dollars per week and they boarded around the district. (Room and board) The students made good progress in their studies in spite of adverse conditions.

Those humble school houses were also used for places of worship or for holding township meetings. No doubt the worship of those early pioneers, made them just as acceptable to our Heavenly Father as though they worshiped from golden pulpits with $10,000 organs.

The early pioneers stood upon one common level; they were all neighbors, though miles apart, and the latch string was always out. They had no tramps, cranks, bums or loafers in those

days. There were no deadly cigarettes to ruin the boys, although liquor was almost as free as water. There was little drunkenness, thieving or robbing, as there is at the present time.

Salaries of officers, school teachers, wages of farm help, and the price of supplies for the family were governed by the prices of the products of the farm. I once sold 100 bushels of wheat for $40.00 and bought a yoke of oxen with the money.

I do not believe there is a farm in this township whose entire products the past year would pay the salary of one county officer, or the profits of three or even four farms, would pay the salary of some lady school teachers. Think of our selling wheat at sixty cents a bushel, wool at seventeen cents a pound and other products in proportion to this, and continue to pay war price salaries, which is unjust and uncalled for. It takes three or four thousand bushels of wheat, or four thousand pounds of wool, to pay the salaries of some of our county officers. Now why this disparity? Why this inequality? Why not make one hand wash the other? Why overburden taxpayers unnecessarily and especially the producing class?

David Woodman
1925

Benjamin Hathaway, Unrecognized Genius

George R. Fox, ardent and painstaking student of Cass county history, has made a study of the life and works of Benjamin Hathaway, whom he calls "an unrecognized genius." In the following article, Mr. Fox discusses Hathaway's genius, versatility and eccentricities. This article was first published several years ago, but the Republican does not have the exact date.

Benjamin Hathaway, if living today, would be over 130 years old. He was one of the early pioneers of Cass county, arriving in Volinia township with his parents in 1837.

Mr. Hathaway, Sr., owned and operated a line of canal boats in New York state. Due to several causes he was forced out of business and came to Michigan to recoup his fortunes. Although at that time there was still land in Volinia township open to homesteaders, apparently and very wisely, he was satisfied only with the excellent soil of Little Prairie Ronde. He became possessed of 275 acres lying in a strip 160 rods wide on the west side of sections 2 and 11, and extending into section 14 beginning at the middle of section 2. This was bought from John Curry, who located on it in 1830.

On the death of his father, Benjamin inherited 110 acres lying half on each side of the road entering the middle of section 11 on the west. On this he spent his life, handling the farm so successfully that it was one of the show places of Michigan and the smallest farm ever awarded a prize by the Michigan State Agricultural society. The award was made on three counts—its handsome surroundings, its well-kept appearance, and the excellence of its cultivation.

This award was made in 1866. The Hathaway farm was first in the state among small farms—those of 160 acres or less—and second in all farms of whatever size in Michigan.

In the report recommending the giving of the award and prize, the executive committee of the society described the Hathaway place. They state that the income from this farm "equalled $29.60 per acre," 33 per cent larger than any other competing farm and more than double that of the Jervis D. Adams farm of Kalamazoo county, awarded first place.

The committee was particularly struck by the Hathaway fencing. At that time, 1866, hedges predominated on the farm. "The fences were composed for a large part of the Virginia thorn (Crataegus Virginiana) and were the best specimens of thorn hedge we have seen in the state."

Ben Hathaway was a genius, a skilled worker at a trade demanding perfection; so good a farmer and nurseryman that for many years he was a regular correspondent for many farm journals and appeared often before the Michigan State Agricultural society, the Michigan Pomological society and the Michigan Horticultural society, and had many articles in the publications of these organizations; proprietor of a nursery in which he produced many new fruits including raspberries, a cherry and the Michigan strawberry; a botanist specializing in arboriculture and woodland lore; a man of vision who planted a miniature forest with the evergreens found in this clime and row on row of deciduous trees. This "plantation" has passed maturity, although the majority of the trees still stand and may be seen in the Hathaway woods northwest of Bunker lake.

Poet Above All

Above all Hathaway was a poet. In 1876 his first book, "Art Life and Other Poems" appeared bearing the imprint of H. H. Carter and Company of Boston. In 1881 his remarkable poem on the traditions of the Indian, "The League of the Iroquois," issued from the press of Donnelley, Gassette and Lloyd of Chicago. "Finished Creation" was a later poem.

Further marks of his genius appear in his peculiarities—the daring to be different from the common run of mankind. Among these was the planting of a chestnut on his farm which he carefully watched and tended until it reached maturity when he had it cut and sawed into lumber. This he stored with instructions that on his death this should be worked up into his casket. When he died a friend, one of his neighbors, followed his orders and he was buried in a chestnut casket.

He also objected to the use of a hearse and his body was drawn by one of his own fine teams, to the Huycktown school, where the services were held. He is buried in the Rose Hill cemetery at Nicholsville.

Another of his peculiarities was his love of walking. It is reported that although he had fine driving horses in his stable it was his custom to walk to Dowagiac and back once a week or oftener.

A Cooper, Too

Hathaway also was a cooper. Where he learned the trade is not known, but he was a skilled artisan who made not only the barrels for the fruit from his own extensive orchards but for the other fruit-growers of the region in and about the prairie.

He was a typesetter and compositor of skill and artistic touch. He purchased type and himself set up the matter appearing in his books. When they were ready for printing he took the forms to the publishing houses and personally supervised every detail of publication. The works are excellent specimens of the printer's art. Copies of these works are now very rare and are collectors' items.

PREACHER OFFERED MONEY

For Proof That the Bible Says Anything Against Gambling.

Gainesville, Fla., Feb. 18.—"I will give $100 to any man who will show me where the Bible states in a single instance that any person was ever immersed or dipped under water. I will give $100 to any man who will show me in the good book where a woman ever took the sacrament and will make it another $100 to any person who can point out to me where the scripture says a word against gambling."

This was the declaration made by Rev. M. J. Carpenter from the pulpit of the Kavanaugh Methodist church last night.

Too Literal.

A teacher, instructing a class in composition, said: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy; be yourselves, and write what is in you." The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy; rite what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mince pie, three sticks of candy, a hull lot of peanuts, and my dinner."

Rev. T. C. Trowbridge Presents to the University the Skeleton of a Camel.

ANN ARBOR, March 23.—The Regents did not find much business to transact during the present meeting, their recent extra session having removed most of their work.

President Frieze read the following letter from Rev. T. C. Trowbridge, class of '52, of Aintab, Turkey:

SKELETON OF A CAMEL.

AINTAB, CENTRAL TURKEY, September 27, 1880.

Dr. H. S. Frieze:

DEAR SIR—On Saturday last I sent to your address, for the museum of the University, a box containing all the bones of a camel. I trust the box will reach you in good order; it was addressed to the care of Chas. Hutchins, Esq., rooms of the A. B. C. F. M., Cong. House, Boston. The animal was a female, 4 years of age. The freight and other expenses will be charged to me. The set of bones was complete when it left here, and I trust it will be so when it reaches you. Possibly you have such a skeleton already, but I doubt it. The camel was killed for food.

With many wishes for the prosperity of the University,

I remain, dear sir,
Yours most truly,
T. C. TROWBRIDGE.

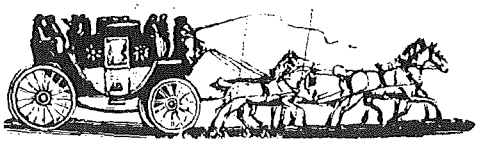
The skeleton has arrived uninjured and will be set up in the new museum building. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Trowbridge for the valuable present.

Fallacies About the Moon.

The moon is the most powerful agent in producing the tides on the variations in the earth's magnetism, says St. Nicholas. As far as science has been able to investigate there is

absolutely no change in the weather which can be attributed to the moon, although half or more of mankind seem to believe that the moon does have some control over the weather. All such beliefs, including the time for planting gardens and for going fishing, are mere superstitions—the survivals of an age of ignorance.

Documents are displayed in the Norse department of the American Exhibition at London, with the object of showing that the continent of America was discovered in 985 by an Icelander named Ceif Erikson. A collection of maps built by the Royal Geographical Society show the route said to have been taken and the parts of America explored and named by the Icelander.



BROWN'S TAVERN.

Old Land Mark in Hamilton Township Being Removed.

BOUGHT BY LON PHELPS.

One of the oldest buildings, perhaps, in this section of the state is being removed from the site where it has stood for so many years and is being placed on the farm of Lyman Phelps in Hamilton township.

Brown's Tavern as it is more generally known was built in 1873, the year that Michigan became a state, by Henry Coleman, father of Jerome Coleman, who before his death was a prominent lawyer in Decatur.

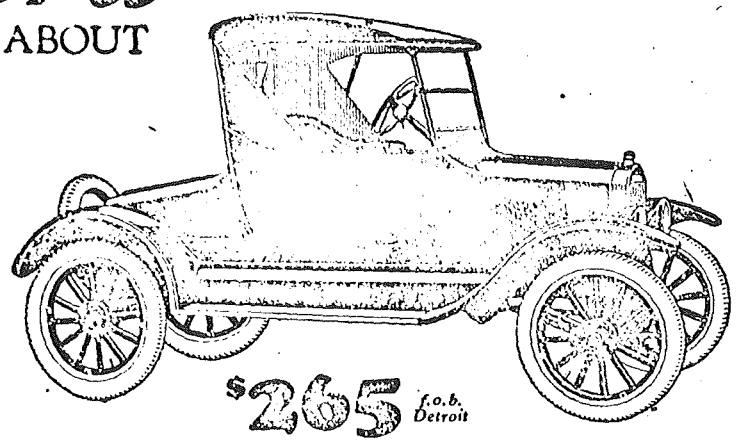
The building was called at that time "Coleman's Stand." It was located on the stage road between Detroit and Saint Joseph, and as from five to seven stages passed there every day it bore considerable distinction. It was a stopping place for all stages and also one of the places where the stage horses were changed.

The tavern passed from Mr. Coleman into the hands of Isaac Hall and from him to John Brown, who had charge of it for a number of years. It was from this change of proprietorship that it received the name of "Brown's Tavern," by which it has been known to the younger generation. After this the building was owned by a man named Bartholemew and also by Kirk Stearn, an uncle of Messrs. Frank and Bine Stearn of Hamilton township, but eventually passed into the hands of Mrs. Tampson by whom it was owned until purchased by Mr. Phelps a short time ago. It was abandoned as a tavern a number of years ago and up until the last two years has been used as a dwelling house, but has of late been unoccupied.

There are many weird stories told of the old place by some of the older residents of the community, but still there are few places left in this locality which can boast of a history equal to that of Brown's Tavern.

The building will be used as a barn by Mr. Phelps.

Ford
RUNABOUT



$265 f.o.b. Detroit

Starter and Demountable Rims $85 extra

Order Your Ford Runabout Now!

Each spring the demand for Ford Runabouts is far in excess of the immediate supply.

Fast in traffic, easy to park and fitted with ample luggage space, the Ford Runabout is especially adapted for the work of salesmen and others who must conserve time and energy in making their daily calls.

If you do not wish to pay cash for your car, you can arrange for a small payment down and easy terms on the balance. Or you can buy on the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

E. E. Copley, Agent DECATUR, MICHIGAN

Ford
CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

57C

WHY SHE ENJOYED IT

"I like to go to church," announced Dottie, aged five, "because they sing nice hymns about flowers and insects and things to eat, and the man in the nightgown talks about birds."

"Why, Dottie," said her mother, "I don't think there are any hymns about insects and things to eat."

"There is so," insisted Dottie. "Last Sunday we sang a beauty hymn about 'Bringing in the Cheese,' and to-day we sang one what began, 'Just As I Am Wishing one Flea,' and when we got through the man talked about a hawk and two pigeons."

Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the text had been, "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

Christian Reformed Church Hit by $8,000 Fire Saturday Afternoon

The Christian Reformed church, one of the oldest in Decatur, was extensively damaged Saturday afternoon when a fire broke out in the basement furnace room.

Firemen from Decatur and Paw Paw spent two hours extinguishing the blaze.

Fire Chief Mike Mahoney said the fire could have been caused by an overheated furnace or a defective blower. There was extensive damage from the flames, and the main floor of the brick structure was badly damaged by water and smoke. Efforts of the local firemen to control the blaze were hindered by high winds, and firemen from Paw Paw were called to help fight the fire.

The Rev. Dykstra and his wife were conducting children's religious classes in the church when they noticed smoke in the building about 2:15 p.m. The 28 children were herded out by the Dykstras.

An electric organ purchased just a year ago was destroyed. The fire also consumed the flooring and caused heavy smoke damage.

The loss, estimated at $8,000 was partially covered by insurance.

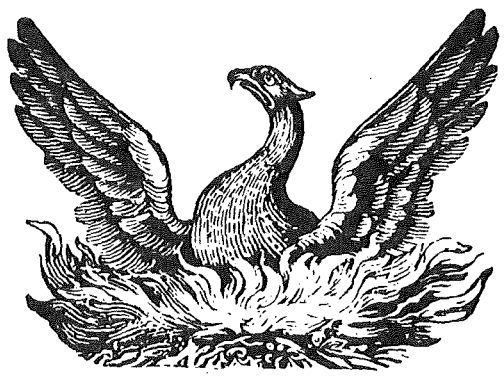
The Rev. Dykstra said the fire was first noticed to the rear of the coal furnace in the basement.

Firemen played water on the house just west of the church to prevent the blaze from spreading.

Monday evening a committee of Christian Reformed parishioners were chosen to seek a new site for their church in case the congregation decides not to rebuild.

The committee consists of John Brooks, Andrew Broekhulzen, Henry Penning and Lawrence Broekhulzen.

They will check into possible locations and cost, and will see what the present site on West Delaware Street would bring if sold.



IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

WHEN OUR PROSPEROUS COUNTY WAS A HOWLING WILDERNESS

TALES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS

Elias Morris Tells of This Region When the Red Men Ranged the Forest.

(From Decatur Independent, June 13, 1895.)

Mr. President and Pioneers of Van Buren County, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In response to a request by your executive committee, to prepare a paper on pioneer life for this occasion, I am happy to meet you here today. It affords us pleasure to be permitted to go back over a period of more than sixty years and contemplate events pertaining to the early settlement of Van Buren county.

Every county has its first settler, closely followed by the second, third and fourth and so on from year to year, all engaged in establishing homes and laying the foundation for social, religious and educational systems, and in various ways preparing the way for the generations that follow.

It would be arrogant to claim for settlers all the credit for developing this part of our noble state. Each and everyone are entitled to a share of praise.

Preceding the advent of the first settler Van Buren county was in a state of nature or nearly so, with dense forests and swamps filled with bears, wolves, lynx and wildcats ready to prey upon domestic animals on first appearance.

There were other large tracts of oak openings comparatively free from underbrush, kept so by the Indians burning them over every year to facilitate the hunting. Numerous swamps and marshes with malaria waited only for a subject to get in their work; also there were numerous lakes well stocked with fish. In certain localities wild fruit, crabapples, plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries cranberries and huckleberries were abundant. Here, too, was the home of the red-man reluctant to surrender possession of his favorite hunting ground. Here in this, Decatur township, on the borders of Little Pririe Ronde might have been seen the smoke from the wigwam as it curled upward to mingle with the clouds, or might be heard the tinkling of the bells on the necks of their ponies indicating the near presence of their owners.

On the west bank of Swift & Anderson lake was an extensive burying ground or cemetery. There were long rows of graves side by side around which was a circle similar to a circus ring, suggestive of the pow wow or war dance, or whatever might have been the customary ceremonies of the race. The grounds were strewn with all sorts of trinkets and relics. I have often picked up a handful of silver broaches, beads, etc. Here, too, were the Indian corn fields, where tracts of several acres had evidently been planted and cultivated to corn, the small hillocks each representing a corn hill. Pits or holes dug in the ground, lined and covered with bark and on top of that covered with earth; were supposed to have been receptacles for their corn and other products.

To cut leave from friends, to sever family ties, to abandon the native home with all its endearments, to say good-bye to all the heart holds dear and start with wife and small children to seek a home in a comparative wilderness, requires a brave heart, a strong arm and determined will.

The First Settler.

Dolphine Morris, the first settler of Van Buren county, was born in London county, Va. Here he grew to manhood uneducated and without means, his father being poor and unable to render any assistance. March 29, 1823, he married Nancy Beaver. To them were born August 17, 1824, Samuel, July 30, 1826, Zerilda, June 4, 1828, Amos.

In the fall of 1828 he started with his family and all his personal effects in a lumber wagon destined for Summerville, Cass county, Michigan. The route was through dense forests, where they were compelled to ford streams and meet with many obstacles to impede their progress, arriving however safely at their destination.

Here he spent the winter with Joseph Gardner, a cousin. During his stay at Gardner's he located in the S. ½ section 35 of Decatur township, and early in the spring of 1829 erected the first residence in the county and made the first improvement.

The residence was a typical pioneer log cabin, made of round logs 8 by 10 inches in diameter, about 24 feet long, notched at the corners to hold them in place; the cracks were chinked with split basswood and daubed with clay to make it warm and comfortable. The roof was made of oak shades held in place by weight poles; the floor was of split basswood puncheons 3 or 4 inches thick smoothed slightly with an adz or axe. There were three small windows below and one in the gable. The chimney was made of sticks and mud and thickly plastered inside.

The fire-place was long and capacious admitting huge logs 4 or 5 feet long, in front of which our mother used to cook the meals for the family. The chamber was reached by a ladder and constituted our large sleeping room with 2 or 3 beds in it. The door was put together with wooden pins and hung on wooden hinges and provided with a wooden latch with the latch string on the outside.

The cooking implements were not numerous. They consisted of a tea-kettle, one iron pot for boiling meat and vegetables, a bake kettle with iron corners, in which the bread was baked by covering the kettle with coals of fire. The cabin was located near the trail leading from Niles to Grand Rapids and often furnished food and shelter for the weary traveler.

The first sermon preached in Van Buren county, was in this cabin by the Rev. Wm. Sprague, a young Methodist preacher in the year 1829, who afterward became presiding elder; also a member of Congress, defeating the Hon. Charles E. Stewart for that office.

The First White Child

August 4, 1830, was born Lewis C. Morris, the first white child born in the county. He died December 20th of the same year and was the first person buried in the Morris and Anderson cemetery.

May 11th, 1832, occurred the most important event of my life. I was born in the old log cabin within a mile of my present home and am now the last representative of my father's family of eleven children. I know something of pioneer life, I know what it was to eat plain food and wear scanty clothes and early in life learned to mend my own clothes and repair my own shoes. I have often listened to the howling wolves that warned us of their near approach and intended raid on the domestic animals, especially the sheep. It was one of my duties to bring in the flock and secure them within a high rail pen or corral built so high that a wolf could not get in. I know something of the ague or chills, fever, the many shakes and the burning fevers, we have endured of the sickly season, when nearly the entire family were sick at the same time and some of the neighbors' children were also sick at our house. I also remember the old log school house, with the slab benches, the birch and ruler, too, have left a lasting impression.

The clothing for the family was made from the wool shorn from the backs of sheep, washed and scoured by hand and then hand picked to free it of all foreign substances, carded by hand into rolls, then spun by hand on the old fashioned spinning wheel into yarn, colored and then sent to the loom. It would be amusing now to see the ladies and Misses dressed in home made flannel or linsey woolsey dresses and thick calfskin shoes and old fashioned "scoop bonnets, or the men and boys with their suits of blue jeans and brass buttons and nondescript hats or caps. The shoes for the family were made from the hides of animals, slaughtered, or that had died and been tanned at the local tannery. The shoemaker would take his kit and go from house to house and remain until the family had all been shod or

material exhausted; generally one pair of shoes was all we could have for the year.

Game of all kinds was plentiful and contributed largely towards the family supplies, besides amusement for the hunter or trapper. The lakes were well stocked with fish and contributed liberally towards the family larder.

The nearest mills were at Three Rivers and Niles, 25 miles distant, where all the supplies of flour were obtained.

Crabapples and wild plums were abundant. The latter were excellent quality. Our mothers used to make use of the crabapples for preserves and some times the plums. People used to come 8 to 10 miles to my father's farm for wild plums, and on one occasion a man and several boys came on Sunday and found several of us boys enjoying some very fine plums. They asked permission to gather some, so certain trees were designated, one of which contained a hornets' nest, as this tree was well loaded the boys were soon near the top and began shaking it vigorously. A scream, an oath or several of them and some tall running were in order; they however, were permitted to take a supply from other trees to recompense them for the fun they had furnished.

The First Church and School.

Owing to the unorganized condition of the territory, schools had not yet been in operation; however as soon as practical a school was organized. The person proposing to teach would visit each family and ask "how many scholars will you subscribe or agree to send to school?" the patrons subscribing one, two, three or four as the case might be, and when a sufficient number were obtained school would begin.

The first school taught in Van Buren county, was taught in my father's old log house by a Mr. Alexander. A few years later a tolerably decent log school house was built, where now the Morris and Anderson cemetery is, and as I remember G. N. Copley, now of this village, was the first teacher. In the winter time spelling schools afforded a large share of amusement for the young people in the vicinity and many a time the old house would resound forth the eloquence of the young orators in trying to determine the important question whether man was an animal or not.

Soon as suitable places could be provided the circuit rider came. Preaching was generally at school houses throughout the vicinity, sometimes on special occasions at my father's barn. The inhabitants generally would attend services five or six miles on horseback, sometimes two on the same horse. Buggies or carriages were not then in use. The minister would generally speak extempo and sometimes with eloquence and effect. The singing consisted in the congregation making a joyful noise, chords were of little consequence. Whenever there was a lack of hymn-books the minister would line the hymns by repeating two lines and waiting until more copy was needed.

The Indians

The Indians were as a rule friendly. Some of the squaws were very kind

and would assist my mother with her household duties. Often they would bring jerked venison, maple sugar or berries to exchange for salt pork or flour; the berries were always nice and clean, but the sugar was horrid stuff, having a greasy, sickening taste and offensive smell. One lone old chief, Shavehead, was somewhat a terror to the community and was regarded as a treacherous fellow. The last time I saw him was at my uncle's barn raising; he had his bow and quiver full of arrows and was smoking an old pipe. There is a lake in the southern part of Cass county bearing his name (Shavehead lake). It is generally believed that some white man shot him a number of years since as he disappeared very suddenly and was never heard from afterwards. On one occasion an Indian called at our cabin and finding no men folks around, commenced some demonstrations, with his knife to frighten my mother, she seized the gun hanging overhead and said, "Now, Indian, march." When he found that she would not frighten he commenced to laugh and departed.

The Indians have disappeared from our midst. Wild animals, once a terror to the settlers, are all gone. Forests have been converted into lumber and the land into beautiful farms. The old log cabin is supplemented by the modern farm house—the fire place, by the furnace, the old cooking utensils by the range and gasoline stoves. No longer the farmer cuts his grass with a scythe or grain with sickle or thresher, flails or tramps his grain with horse or ox.

The mower, reaper and steam thresher and stacker have taken their places. No longer people take long journeys on horseback or are compelled to draw provision long distances. All over our state beautiful villages like mushrooms after a warm shower in May have sprung into existance. Railroads have been built for the accommodation of the people. Electric lights, telephones, phonographs, Audiphones, all suggest that a new era has dawned.

PIONEER SKETCHES

BY MRS. ERASTUS OSBORN

No. 5.

Among the earliest settlers in Hamilton were Marcus Merriman from Connecticut and Calvin Fields. If I am rightly informed it was a wedding trip for Mr. and Mrs. Fields, but the Merrimans had with them four children. They came by boat, probably only to Detroit, and I do not know how the first part of the journey was performed.

Both were among the earliest friends of my husband and he often quoted the opinions of both. When Mr. and Mrs. Fields were here on a trip from Kansas they made us a visit that we greatly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Merriman also were here several times from Paw Paw, staying one night or more and were interesting company with their narratives of old, old time.

After Mrs. Merriman's death Mr. Merriman also came. One time he told of their experience on Lake Erie. That piece of water behaved with characteristic depravity, being fearfully, and dangerously rough. In the worst of the storm, when all the passengers were greatly alarmed, Mrs. Merriman said to her husband, "Well, we are all here. If we are drowned we'll all be together." But drowning was not to be their fate.

Good Watchers

There were doctors quite early in the history of the section, but nurses, at least trained nurses, were unheard of. When sickness came neighbors took turns caring for those who were ill, especially at night, though even then there was a choice, and good "watchers" were liable to have many calls. I know by experience what a good "watcher" Mrs. James Osborn was, and no doubt there were others as competent. And in later years there was that angel of goodness, Amanda Phelps.

Of course I cannot say regarding all the different neighborhoods in the towns I have mentioned, but in this one there certainly was an excellent set of citizens. To remember the goodness and helpful kindness shown by one to another is to restore one's faith in human nature. If when we read of the crimes that even a glance at the papers brings to view, one feels discouraged, but we must remember there are millions whose names are not published, of those who lead respectable orderly lives. Those who know say the criminals are really a very small minority of the population. One loose screw can disturb the running of a machine, while every other part may be working quietly.

Winter of 1842-3

We are promised the severest winter on record, but let us hope it will not over-shadow the one in 1842-3, when it set in November 13 and lasted till the middle of May. Almost from the first there was a crust that would bear a team and loaded sleigh.

A lady told me of going from the home across from the North Wayne church, to the old Comly place where Floyd Osborn now lives, without regard to the roads, but in a bee line over the fences on the 15th day of May. There were several persons in the sleigh, but the next day the thaw began, and the immense body of snow

rapidly and harmlessly disappeared.

The house on the Comly place and Mr. Baxter's were the only two log houses with which I was familiar, but I can never forget how wonderfully attractive and pleasant they were. During that winter people had to cut browse for their cattle. Many starved and the ones that lived came through in sorry plight.

Mr. Milton J. Gard of Volinia told here about forty years ago of his recollections of that winter. On Nov. 12th his father loaded up a grist of wheat to take to Niles to mill for their winter flour. It was a four days trip with oxen, two days each way. In the morning the snow was so deep and still falling he dared not venture, and the grist was never ground till the snow went off in May.

They had fifty pounds of flour on hand, but his mother soon decided that must be saved for possible illness in the family, though she now and then made some biscuits for a Sunday treat. They had a big iron kettle, and part of that six months winter's work was to pound corn with an axe or a mallet in that kettle to make meal for their bread. So with their cow, two hogs to kill and potatoes they lived.

Sometimes I think we can never properly appreciate, we certainly cannot realize, the privations of those real pioneers. It was not all hardship of course. They had their good times too and made the most of them, and thank Heaven for that.

I do not know very much about Decatur. There was Mr. Carlton Wheeler, I guess the railroad never had a better station agent, his efficient helper, Rolla Osborn, and next Emily Barney, his wife.

One whom my husband respected and admired almost to veneration was Mrs. Phelps, postmistress, for her kindness to him when he was an almost unnoticed bashful boy.

Two of my husband's most esteemed friends were Mr. Yeckley, at one time representative at Lansing, and Joseph Bullard, brother of Stephen Bullard, living near the Grange hall. Joseph Bullard removed to Niles, where he died.

These not being intended for personal sketches, I have tried though not with entire success, to leave myself out. There are many unmentioned who really belong in them, but they are imperfect at the best, and the length has far exceeded my design, as well as probably the anticipations of the editor.

FIRE DESTROYS HISTORIC BARN AND CONTENTS

BUILDING ONE OF OLDEST IN VILLAGE—TRUCK AND AUTO LOST—BOY INJURED BY FIRE TRUCK

Fire, swift and fierce, destroyed the barn and contents on the premises owned by Mrs. Elma Bagley at the corner of George and Wheeler streets, last Sunday evening. Several nearby buildings were damaged but the timely work of the fire department saved them from destruction.

Lewis Graham, who rents the property, put his Ford truck into the barn at about five o'clock. His son Paul drove by at 8:30 in the evening and saw no sign of fire. At nine the siren was blowing and the building was a mass of flame.

Beside the truck there was in the barn a Ford touring car belonging to the Graham boys and a quantity of farm tools, all property of the Graham family. Not a thing was saved and the insurance, which was carried in the Van Buren County Mutual, will not cover a third of the loss.

The chicken house nearby was badly scorched but Mrs. Graham's eighteen chickens were rushed into the woodshed and saved. The family are very thankful that their horses, which were generally kept in the barn, were last week left at the farm.

While Fire Chief Elmer Woolfe was giving his attention to the laying of a line of hose John DeGraaff, thirteen years old, got in front of the fire truck and was knocked down and roiled in such a way that a rear wheel ran over his body. He was immediately picked up and Elmer left the fire and made another record run with him to the doctor's office. Fortunately no bones were broken nor internal injuries found. The boy was taken home and is recovering nicely.

The building which burned was one of the oldest in the village. Fifty years ago or thereabouts it was located on St. Marys street opposite the Grange hall building and was known as Wilkerson's livery stable. The late Isaac B. Bagley bought it and moved it first onto the lot now owned by H. D. Wickett opposite the water works plant, and some years later onto the lot where it burned. Although an old building it was well constructed and should have been good for at least another half century.

DR. MAHONEY HEADS CATHOLIC PHYSICIANS' GUILD

WAS ONCE A RESIDENT OF DECATUR WHERE HE HAS MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

Dr. George W. Mahoney, 701 Gordon terrace, widely known for his work in eye surgery, has been elected president of the newly organized Guild of Catholic Physicians, chapters of which are being formed in many of the larger cities. Georgetown university already has a chapter; Milwaukee and St. Louis are the next to be organized. The degree of doctor of laws was recently conferred upon Dr. Mahoney by Loyola university. He is a member of Loyola faculty and the leading medical societies and fraternities. Dr. E. L. Moorehead was elected vice president of the Chicago unit.—Chicago Tribune, August 4.

Dr. Mahoney has a large circle of friends in Decatur who congratulate him on the splendid success he has attained in Chicago. He grew up in this village, graduated from the Decatur high school and went from here to the university to learn his profession. Afterward for a short time he was a partner of the late Dr. Rose in the practice of medicine. He built the handsome residence on North Phelps street now owned by C. R. St. Germaine, for his father and mother, the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mahoney, and during their life times was a frequent visitor here. He still comes to his old home town at least once a year and always enjoys a visit with an old friend.

LAFF IT OFF

By John C. Wright
Current School Topics Poet

If a fellow says you're mean —
Smile!
When he starts to vent his spleen —
Smile!
If he wants to curse and scoff,
Give your cap a little doff,
Just say, "Huh", and —
Laff it off.

If you're sailing in a boat —
Smile;
If you think it cannot float —
Smile!
When you reach the lowest trough,
Don't get panicky and cough,
When your rising —
Laff it off.

If you find a rocky place —
Smile;
Don't let worry spoil your face —
Smile!
Don't be like a gloomy Prof.,
Be as cheerful as a Soph.,
When they knock you —
Laff it off.

1926

"DECATUR HAS IT---MICHIGAN'S BEST CELERY"

SLOGAN SELECTED BY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE COMMITTEE FOR DECATUR CELERY—MANY GOOD ONES PRESENTED

Louis G. Hall of Glendale won the prize of five dollars given by the Chamber of Commerce for the best celery slogan for Decatur. It was submitted the third of April and the writer's confidence in his success is shown in his letter which says in part, "You may mail the $5 on receipt of this slogan for Decatur—

DECATUR HAS IT!
MICHIGAN'S BEST CELERY.

The officers of the Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee composed of D. A. Griffith, Mrs. W. A. Wood and Dr. E. F. Vogt, to make the selection from the list of nearly three hundred slogans presented, and the one selected was the committee's unanimous choice.

The slogan is intended for general use. There are no restrictions. All are invited to use it to advertise Decatur and Decatur celery. It can be painted on trucks and printed on labels, stationery and cards.

Other slogans which received favorable consideration by the committee are printed herewith:

Decatur celery. The taste is the best.

There is little as good, none better than Decatur celery.

The best celery known is Decatur grown.

Decatur celery. Eat it. You can't beat it.

For a real treat Decatur celery can't be beat.

Decatur celery. Best by test. Best by taste.

Decatur, the celery spot of Michigan.

Pep up, use Decatur celery.

If it's celery, it's' Decatur.

Is it celery? Decatur has it.

Decatur celery, Few equal, none superior.

Decatur celery, None equal.

Other slogans submitted were as follows:

Decatur celery, pride of markets.

Decatur, world's largest celery.

Decatur sweetheart celery.

Decatur celery for me.

Decatur celery world leadership.

Beats 'em all, Decatur celery.

When you buy celery say Decatur grown.

Decatur celery Al.

Decatur celery first and last.

Decatur celery, choicest and best.

Sweetest and best, Decatur celery.

One very good slogan which was received after the selection had been made, came from Mrs. Camilla G. Gorman of Aurora, Ill.: Once you try, You'll always buy Decatur celery.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP'S OLDEST RESIDENT

Uncle John Comly About to Leave the Place on Which He was Born Seventy-seven Years Ago.

After seventy-seven years continuous living on the old homestead, Uncle John Comly has rented the place and will go to live with his relatives. He has the distinction of being the oldest living resident of Hamilton township. We do not mean that he is the oldest person in the township but that he has lived there the longest.

The first John Comly of Hamilton brought his family from Ohio to Michigan in a two-horse wagon in 1836. He bought three eighties in the wilderness of a man by the name of Holmes, and it is still the John Comly farm.

The Comly children who made the trip across the country from Ohio to Michigan were Allen, James, Maria, Reason, John and Lizzie. Maria was the first wife of Robert Nesbitt and the mother of our late townsman, George Nesbitt. Lizzie was the wife of Charles Osborn, and Reason was the father of our present Uncle John, the last of his generation.

Reason Comly married Sarah Sloan and they continued to live on the home farm. The children—David, Frederick, Libbie, John and Alex—were all born there. Fred and Libbie died about four years ago and then John was left alone. Walter Lipsky and family came to live with him and work the farm but they are now moving onto the Percy Harris farm in East Decatur.

Uncle John never married and his sole heirs are the children of his brother Fred. They are Lulu, wife of Charles Mott of Glenwood; Eva, wife of William Mead of Hamilton; Jennie, wife of Herman Taylor of Charlotte, and Frank of Dowagiac. They are all willing to furnish a home for their uncle, and he has decided to divide his time among them. He will spend the winter at the Mott home in Glenwood.

The auction sale held last week Tuesday brought in a little over $1,100. It was well attended considering the fact that it was a stormy day.

Clem Anderson of Niles has rented the farm and will move onto it this month.

THE DECATUR WATER WORKS IS SELF SUSTAINING

BUILT THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO, IT FURNISHES WATER TO 475 CUSTOMERS — MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN RECENT YEARS

What Would We Do Without It?

It has taken centuries of time, thought and invention to bring water distribution to its present highly specialized state of development. Picture if you can what would happen in any community if the water works should stop for a few days without warning.

You would see industrial paralysis, indescribable physical and mental suffering, conflagrations and other disastrous results. It would be the greatest of all calamities.

Yet, so accustomed are we to go to the faucet and draw as much water as we need, and generally waste as much more, that we give no heed to the tremendous importance of the most desirable and necessary gift which mankind has bestowed upon us.

A few weeks ago we accepted the invitation of Manager Jarius Halleck to visit the village water works plant on School street. It was a pleasant and profitable experience.

The plant is complete and adequate for the needs of the village for many years to come and the equipment and buildings are kept in perfect condition by the painstaking manager.

We wonder if the people of Decatur realize what a splendid plant they have, and how excellent is the quality of the water it supplies. One has only to visit other towns and cities to learn that very few of them have as pure and refreshing water as we get from this municipal plant.

On a wall of the spacious reception room in the main building is a framed photograph of the village board of 1895 which put in the water works system. The members were Marvin Hinkley, president; Frank C. Stapleton, clerk; A. L. Moulton, attorney; Dr. N. E. Hooper, Jacob Byers, Lyscom Brigham, Dexter E. Brigham, Frank Potts and Perry M. Young, councilmen.

In the fall of 1894 a special election was held to vote on a proposition to bond the village for $12,000 for a water works plant. There was strong opposition to bonding and active campaigning both for and against it, but the proposition carried by a substantial majority.

The Board got busy at once and the contract was awarded to James W. Pearl of Benton Harbor, now of Chicago. By the time of the big fire in March, 1895, when the Duncombe House, the Duncombe House livery stable, the First State Bank, the Arnold and Shaad stores, the Shulters House, the Teed House, Niels Rasmusson's shop, a blacksmith shop and the Universalist church burned to the ground most of the trenches were dug and the pipes lay on the ground beside them. This disastrous fire dispelled all reasonable doubt as to the wisdom of installing the plant. It was completed in the fall and the event was celebrated by a real gala day such as Decatur had not seen in many a day.

Three years later the electric light plant was added and the two were run under one management until 1922, when the lighting plant was sold to the Michigan Gas and Electric Company.

Jack Johnson was the first manager of the water works plant. He worked alone until the electric lighting system was installed, when I. B. Galbreath was made superintendent of both, and Jack became his assistant. They worked together until 1902 when they resigned and went to Battle Creek.

A man from Chicago was then made superintendent and Henry A. Pierce, now of Kalamazoo, became his assistant. A year later Mr. Galbreath came back with Charles Lisk as assistant and they served until 1912. Vay Morlan and Jarius Halleck then went in. Vay was succeeded in 1918 by Otis Howe. The latter served until the separation of the plants when he went with the Michigan Gas and Electric Company and is still our efficient electrician and manager of the company's local business. Jarius Halleck continues to take excellent care of the village water works plant.

In the thirty-one years since the water works system was installed its capacity has been increased about three times. In the beginning there was but one pump, now there are three which can pump 1100 gallons of water a minute if necessary. During the first ten years there were but three and one-half miles of pipe laid in the village, now there are eight miles. The standpipe holds 45,000 gallons. There are 475 customers. Throughout the village are 47 fire hydrants and thirty free public taps; one each in the Tourist and Railroad parks, one each in the engine house and town hall, twelve in Lakeside and 4 in Harrison cemeteries, three drinking fountains and one watering trough. These taps would cost the village about $2,000 a year if the plant were owned by a private company. It should be added that steam heat is supplied the school houses at a low cost.

The plant was invoiced last year at $60,000. It is kept in first class condition, pays all its expenses and turns a small profit into the village treasury each year. It is known for many miles around as the best municipal water works plant in this part of the country, and delegations from other towns frequently come to inspect it.

PIONEER DAY REMINISCENCES

I would like to say a few words about that winter of 1864 which is so indelibly impressed on my memory, though I was only six years old the November before. My sister was born in that month. We had moved into the new house the year before and the stove that heated the log house so nicely made little impression on the large sitting room with high ceiling in the new home. I remember mother sitting by the stove holding the baby that had the croup and crying because the green wood wouldn't burn.

Father taught school in our district that winter which was his profession before he was married and for some time after. Sometimes I went with him riding behind him on a horse. Will Fuller lived with us then and went to school. My father had a very large school that winter. all the big

boys and girls in the district came and even Thompson Riddle from over in the Youells district south. They wanted to take higher branches not usually taught in country schools that father could teach, as he received education at Lima College, called academy in those days.

He also taught singing school nights and played for dances. Some of those who attended his singing school here in Decatur were the Nutting girls, Nell Southwell, Flora Nash and Sue Cross. I nearly lost my life at a dance in the Decatur house, where father played. Mother went along and took me because she was afraid to stay alone in the woods. She put me in a room where she thought I would not be disturbed, but as sleighloads kept coming from towns around she thought she better look after me. She found me nearly smothered under piles of clothes and people sitting on the bed.

After my father and mother were married in New York state they came directly to Michigan, then "out west," went into a log house in the woods and made the place which was when we lived there, one of the most beautiful of country homes. I was born in the midst of clearing and breaking team days. There was no time for a baby and I received no attention more than postively necessary and seemed to understand, for I never cried, I am here to tell the tale, but I don't wonder fathers' heart gave out at 61.

These are items as I remember them. There is no one to coach me. I think Sara Sutfin and Fannie Beattie are the only ones living who attended school that winter.

Edith Wise Youells.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY AND CELEBRATION

What is the Fourth of July? It is a name which has come to mean to us a day of noise and excitement, fireworks and fun—the grand celebration of an event about which we are too forgetful of facts. With the day again so close at hand, would it not be well to know something of the history of this day and the early celebration of it?

Independence Day, as the Fourth is formally called, "celebrates the signing on the Fourth of July, 1776, of the Declaration of Independence by the members of the Continental Congress, then assembled in the State House at Philadelphia." It was the culmination of a long series of offenses and injustices on the part of the mother country toward her colonies, acts which were too severe when contrasted with the freedom which the colonies had enjoyed for practically one hundred and fifty years while Great Britain had been taken up with home troubles and her bitter struggle with France for supremacy and the world empire.

England Too Severe

England valued her colonies according to the wealth they produced, and in order to regain control of the trade she had lost during the home struggles, Parliament began in 1651 to pass navigation laws and acts of trade, which were very restricting on the colonies. Almost a century later, in 1733, Parliament passed the Sugar act which was injurious to New England trade with the West Indies, and in March, 1765, the Stamp act, requiring the use of stamped paper on all public and legal documents. Since this money was to be used to maintain a standing army for protection against the Indians or any foreign foe, and the colonists looked upon such an army as foreign, it was to them taxation without representation. The indignant colonists, roused by Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," and by Patrick Henry's fiery speech in the Virginia Legislature, began to talk of separation from England.

The Movement Begun

Richard Henry Lee of Virginia started the movement by presenting to the assembly on June 7, 1776, this resolution:

"Resolved, That these colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be dissolved."

A committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and R. R. Livingston, was immediately appointed to write a declaration of the grievances against George III. Jefferson drew up the paper but made a few changes suggested by the others. They reported June 28, but because of delay the voting was not until July 4, when it was passed unanimously by the delegates of twelve colonies, New York not yet having authorized its delegates to vote on it. The declaration was signed on the same day by John Hancock as president of the congress, and on July 9, New York bears fifty-six signatures. The average age of the signers was forty-three years and ten months, the youngest being Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, twenty-seven, and the oldest Benjamin Franklin, seventy. There were five physicians, thirty lawyers, seven farmers, eight merchants, two mechanics, one clergyman, one surveyor, one shoemaker and one printer. A strange coincidence is that Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams, one of its signers and its great supporter, both of whom became President of the United States, died on the same day, and that on Independence Day 1826,

History of Celebrations

In reference to Independence Day, John Adams wrote to his wife, "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

These words proved prophetic, for it was first celebrated only a few days later, July 8, 1776, on a "Warm sunshine morning," Marshall writes, in the yard of the State House, "where in the presence of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon. The company declared their approbation by three repeated huzzars. . . . . There were bonfires, ringing bells, with other great demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the Declaration."

One day later, July 9, the Declaration was celebrated in New York in accordance with the orders of Washington, who directed that, "The several brigades are to be drawn up this evening on their respective parades at six o'clock, when the declaration of Congress, showing the grounds and reasons of this measure is to be read with an audible voice." Not content with this, the troops tore down and beheaded the statue of George III, having long had an inclination to do so.

Army Observance

After this, each recurring Fourth of July was observed by the army. In 1777, at Morristown it was celebrated by a feu de joie and every soldier was ordered an extra gill of rum. In 1778, the anniversary was celebrated by the firing of thirteen pieces of cannon and a feu de Joie of the whole line. In 1779, the orderly book directed that "The Cammander-in-Chief thinks proper to grant a general pardon to all prisoners in this army, under sentence of death. They are to be released from confinement accordingly." The last celebration of the army in 1782 was in camp. The whole army was formed on the banks of the Hudson, on each side of the river. The

signal of thirteen cannon being given at West Point, the troops displayed and formed in line when a general feu de joie took place throughout the whole army.

REMINISCENT

EARLY DECATUR REVIEWED FROM AN EARLY NEWSPAPER 34 YEARS AGO

(The sketch of Decatur printed herewith is from an old clipping brought to this office some time ago. It is now over 64 years since the paper which inspired it was published. To reprint it will help to keep alive the memories of our pioneers and will be interesting reading to some.)

Decatur is getting to be an old town. Michigan is no longer in the wild west. When old residents think back to the extent of their recollection, they will remember that they came here a long time ago. In March, 1829, the first settlement in Van Buren county was made on Little Prairie Ronde, now in this township by Dolphin Morris and Henry D. Swift. No other settlers came into the county until 1832, when Samuel Morris, Le Grand Anderson, David Curry and George Tuttle settled in the same locality, and other settlers soon followed.

The first death in Decatur township occurred in December, 1830—a son of Dolphin Morris. Elijah Goble and Eliza Tuttle were the first to be married, and Jonathan Curry was the first white child born in the township.

The Methodists were the first denomination to start in the county, having held their first quarterly meeting on the prairie in 1834.

Decatur village sprang into being in 1848, when the M. C. R. R. went through, on its present site, on land granted by the government to Messrs. Beers and Sherwood, and rapidly grew into prominence. The village was incorporated by the supervisors in 1859, and rechartered by the legislature in 1861, E. P. Hill having been the first village president. The union school building was erected in 1863-'4, at a cost of $12,000.

No village of the pretensions of Decatur, even in an early day, could get along without a newspaper, and in 1861 the Van Buren County Tribune was started, of which paper No. 22 of volume 1 is now before the writer, bearing date February 20, 1862, with the name of Chas. P. Sweet at the head as editor and publisher. A reference to its columns will be interesting.

Under the head of "business directory" are found Hiram Cole and Chas. Shier Jr., attorneys; Orrin T. Welch and T. E. Hendrick, justices of the peace; J. Tarbell, banker; T. E. Phelps postmaster and dealer in grain; C. T. Baker, J. T. Keables, G. W. Rogers, I. F. C. Mershon, physicians; R. Rich, brick and stone mason; Ira Nash, dry goods and groceries; W. E. Trowbridge, druggist; C. Baker, livery; F. N. Chadwick, proprietor of Duncombe House; G. A. Van Sickle, carpenter; J. A. Stafford, tinner; Richland Green, tailor; Frank Wright, architect; M. Woodruff, manufacturer of cabinet furniture and coffins; E. C. Pease, barber; T. B. Bashford, blacksmith; Joseph Sallisbury, drayman; C. Lee, butcher; J. Wright, cooper.

Perhaps the most unique announcement is that "George R. McKay does all kinds of blacksmithing and has superior grub and stump extractors for sale. Horse and ox shoeing done in superior style."

Ah, well! Decatur has changed in 30 years, hasn't it? Many of the business men whose names appeared in advertisements in '62 are dead, others are old men retired from business and others have removed. Of all those mentioned above, only Dr. C. T. Baker is still here and engaged in the same vocation as at that time.

Editor Sweet, in addition to looking after the Tribune and doing job printing, found time to attend to a lumber business.

The greater part of the paper is taken up with war news. One big heading reads as follows:

GREAT VICTORY!

For Donelson Taken.

15,000 Rebels Captured.

Verily, times have changed in 30 years, and reference to an old paper shows it. Will the columns of this issue of the Republican, read 30 years hence, reveal as great changes in the ranks of Decatur business men and institutions? We think likely. But in no respect is the change more marked than the contrast between the Van Buren County Tribune of 30 years ago and the Van Buren County Republican of today, and remarkable progress will have to be made to keep up the record of local newspaper improvement the comparison reveals.

REMEMBER THE BROWN GIRLS?

Dorothy Brown Elliott of Ann Arbor and her husband Samuel Elliott who is a prominent barber in the University city, were visitors at the home of Thomas Bass a few days ago.

The Brown family were so closely identified with Decatur for many years that they will be remembered as long as their generation lasts. There were Alice and Pearl and Dorothy,—Dot for short. They are all in Ann Arbor now, the two older girls serving in a cafeteria and still single. They left Decatur 24 years ago and Dorothy had not been back since burying her mother here 16 years ago.

PASSING OF DECATUR CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

By D. A. Griffith

A little over seven years ago the Decatur Co-operative Association assumed its place as a commercial factor in the affairs of Decatur and vicinity, and bid fair to become a permanent institution. Today its patrons witness its passing.

The buildings and plant which have been a center of activity for farmers in marketing their grain and supplying their needs in flour, feeds and other commodities, are closed to business activity and the institution has ceased to function.

A plan for winding up the affairs of the Association was signed by a legal majority of the members May 18, and D. A. Griffiths was made trustee to carry out the provisions of the plan.

The real estate holdings of the association have been sold to the Decatur Produce Company, a corporation that recently filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state, the incorporators being Jay Lyle, Calvin Millard, W. G. Lindsley, and Will Young. The new corporation has not as yet disclosed its plan of operation.

The remaining assets of the old association are being converted into current funds and the trustee is working out a plan of settlement. He believes the association will be able to pay about twenty-five cents on the dollar to its creditors.

In some quarters the passing of this association will be cited as a sad commentary on a farmers' managed institution, while on the other hand it will be regarded as a worthy project hectored and handicapped by conditions quite outside its province to control. Be that as it may, its passing marks a brief struggle of criticisms and commendations, and in a few months it will be a mere memory.

BOY SCOUTS IN CAMP

Ten Decatur Boy Scouts are camping this week at Bass lake, near Texas corners. These boys are a part of a camp of 45 boys under the care of Scout Executive Barrows of Kalamazoo, and Scoutmaster Allen of Kalamazoo. Mr. Pohly, scoutmaster of Troop 1, goes to see them each day.

The Decatur boys went to camp Monday morning and will return Sunday afternoon. They are Van Stroh, Clarence Tietz, James Kemp, Arthur Kemp, Nathan Taylor, Richard Pohly, Arthur Kinney, Jack Renne, Wayne Clark and Ralph McWilliams.

Charles Brigham took the boys to the camp in his truck.

The best way to go to the camp is to drive to Oshtemo and turn to the right at the Oshtemo garage. Keep on that road till you come to the first main gravelled road to the right which goes right to the camp.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA WINS STATE CONTEST

McKEE TRIO ALSO WINNERS AND DECATUR TIES WITH GREENVILLE WITH TEN POINTS FOR THE CUP.

The Decatur High School Orchestra and the McKee Trio each won first place in Class C at the state musical contest at Lansing last Friday. The competition was strong. In this contest first place was given five points, second place two points and third place one point. Fowlerville got second place, and Eaton Rapids third.

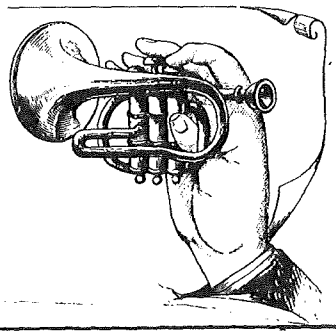
The McKee trio won the string ensemble with Bangor second and Oxford third.

Greenville won first place in boys' glee club and mixed chorus in which Decatur did not enter. This enabled Greenville to tie with Decatur for first place, each school being given ten points.

Our quartet was entered in Class B and the girls' glee club in Class C. Both did good work, but there were many entries and the competition was hard and neither was given place.

Our young people have acquitted themselves very creditably in both the district and state contests, and are entitled to much praise. Their instructor, Mrs. Bennett, has won a place among the best musical instructors in the state.

Greenville is a city of 4,500 inhabitants located northeast of Grand Rapids in Montcalm county.



DR. J. E. MAXWELL'S MUCK LAND FARM

TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF DECATUR'S RICH BLACK SOIL THOROUGHLY DRAINED AND CULTIVATED PRODUCES ABUNDANT CROPS

Dr. J. E. Maxwell is the owner of one of the best muck land farms in the entire muck land area of which Decatur is the center. Not that the land originally was any better than thousands of acres of this rich black soil which some day is destined to make this village famous, but that by draining, fertilizing and cultivating it has been brought to the highest state of production.

The farm is located on the Blade and Dine road two miles east of the village. It consists of 200 acres, all intensively cultivated and thoroughly drained. 110 acres are planted to peppermint, 35 acres to celery, 10 acres to asparagus, 10 acres to corn, 8 acres to turnips, and there is a field of sweet clover large enough to furnish pasture for sixty hogs.

Dr. Maxwell states as a result of his experience in muck land farming that the first and most important point to be considered is thorough drainage, not drainage that will dry out the land and cause it to harden and crack, but drainage sufficient to allow the water from excessive rains to escape from all of the land and make overflowing impossible. This particular section of the township is drained by the Paw Paw river drain which was dug about ten years ago. Small ditches drain into this big drain and they in turn carry away the water from ditches through the land. Running through the Maxwell farm are 2,000 rods of small ditches from ten to twenty rods apart and averaging about three feet deep. They keep the water at all times under perfect control, insuring the crops against loss in rainy seasons. In the driest time water is reached on this farm by digging less than three feet below the surface, and constant cultivation brings this water to the plants. The crops are cultivated once a week throughout the growing season.

The Peppermint Crop.

A field of 110 acres of peppermint, kept perfectly clean and growing in rows a mile in length, is a beautiful and imposing sight and it could be seen any day of the spring and early summer on this splendid farm. The planting is done in rows three feet apart and as they near the harvest time in September the foliage becomes so luxuriant that the plants touch across the rows and the straight lines of clean black soil disappear.

The average yield of peppermint this year in the Decatur muck land area will not exceed fifteen pounds. The yield of the Maxwell farm will average 25 pounds to the acre and would have been 40 pounds had it not been for the presence of the blight and flee beetle. These two pests are the cause of heavy losses to peppermint growers. The flee beetle can be destroyed by dusting, but the blight is still baffling growers and experimenters alike. The grower of peppermint has much to contend with and the price should be sufficient to give him satisfactory returns for his labor and investment. It should not be less than ten or twelve dollars a pound this year.

Celery.

Dr. Maxwell has 25 acres into celery, a mammoth acreage for one farm when the amount of work required to plant, tend and harvest it is considered. He now has twenty people engaged in gathering and crating it for shipment and says he should have as many more. The excessive rains have greatly interfered with the work.

This crop will amount to from 35 to 40 cars, and some idea of the yield can be gained when it is known that the celery is packed in crates, from four to six dozen to the crate, and that a car holds 255 crates. The Doctor ships to commission merchants in Chicago. The price paid runs from $1.25 to $1.75 per crate according to quality, loaded on the cars.

Celery seed is put in beds about the tenth of April and the plants should be sprayed once a week until planted in the field some time during the month of June. After that they should be sprayed once a week till the first of September.

The improved varieties such as Brown's and Van Dam's should be planted in the field about the first of July for winter storage. Otherwise the plants ripen too early and become soft, rendering them unfit for storage. The Golden is hardier and may be planted earlier. It holds up well in storage and if anything is better than the improved varieties. The main points in raising celery are to keep it clean, keep it sprayed and have the land thoroughly drained.

Corn.

The Doctor has a ten acre field of corn which gives promise of being a fair crop, but he does not recommend the growing of corn on muck land on account of the excessive moisture and early frosts.

Asparagus.

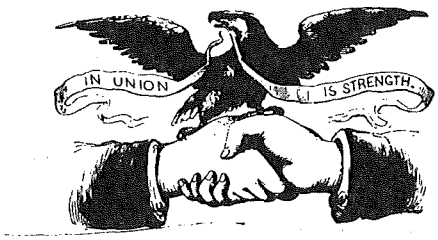
On the Maxwell farm are ten acres of asparagus planted last year. This field slopes to the south and is ideally located. Asparagus begins yielding a crop the fourth year and will run over thirty years. One field between Decatur and Paw Paw is 34 years old. The returns have been as high as $800 per acre.

Hay.

A field of twelve acres into sweet clover and timothy produced last year from two cuttings 55 tons of extra choice hay. This year the same field has produced 25 tons.

Improvements.

The Maxwell farm contains three sets of buildings and can be divided into two sixty and one forty acre farms, and one forty acre farm without buildings. There is also a peppermint distillery having ample capacity for distilling all of the oil the farm can produce. C. B. Adams, the foreman, follows the Doctor's ideas in farming and the result is a profitable as well as a model farm.



PAVEMENT DANCING AND SYNCOPATED CONCERT ON MAIN STREET NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18.

MUSIC BY ROUND OAK BAND

Begins at 8 O'clock—Come and Enjoy the Evening—Decatur Invites You.

The business men of Decatur will give a free dance on the pavement next Wednesday evening, August 18.

The plans outlined by the business men back of the event indicate that it will be the biggest of the kind ever given in this corner of Michigan.

The south block of Main street will be roped off, cleaned and prepared for dancing, and the walks will be cleaned and made inviting for spectators.

The famous Round Oak band of 25 pieces is entering heartily into the spirit of the enterprise and will play for several hours its popular concert music and the latest dance numbers.

This band has been delighting large crowds here each Wednesday evening with its splendid concerts. It is the same band that won the championship of Michigan last year and was featured last winter over the radio.

When you hear these well known numbers you cannot help but dance:

"Swanee Butterfly," Intermezzo- fox trot) by Rose and Donaldson.

"Sleepy Time Gal," fox trot, by Richard A. Whiting.

"Who?" musical comedy, "Sunny," by Jerome Kern.

"Sweet Child, I'm Wild About You," fox trot, by Whiting, Lewis & Simon.

"I Never Knew," march or fox trot, by Gus Kahn.

"Poor Papa, He's Got Nothin' at All," fox trot, by Billy Rose.

"Oh, If I Only Had You," march or fox trot, by Gus Kahn.

"O, Katharina!" one step or walk-around, by Richard Fall.

"I Love My Baby, My Baby Loves Me," fox trot, by Harry Warren.

"Don't Wake Me Up, Let Me Dream," fox trot, by L. Wolfe Gilbert.

These are but a part of the splendid program which the band will play next Wednesday evening.

Remember the dancing is free, the business men of Decatur paying all the expenses of the evening.

Come early and come to have a good time. The band will play from the band stand in the park.

Decatur invites you.

HIGH SCHOOL SORORITY HOLD REUNION AT SO. HAVEN

The Tau Delta Chi sorority of the Decatur high school held its fifth reunion at the home of Miss Marguerite Parker in South Haven last Thursday, June 24.

There are 38 members of the sorority of whom the following were present: Mrs. Myra Lawrence Stillman of Otumwa, Iowa; Mrs. Lila Rose Davidson of Iron Mountain, Mrs. Nellie Rosewarne Lawrence of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Doris Greenman Rose of Lawrence township, Mrs. Mildred Hinckley Pugsley of Lawton, Miss Cecelia Knoll of Decatur, Mrs. Mabel Toney Reeves of Lawrence, Miss Mary Rosevelt of Keeler, Mrs. Florence Roth Kinney and Mrs. Marietta McDole Taylor of Decatur, and Miss Parker.

THE OLDEST DECATUR ODD FELLOW

Last week the Republican stated that J. M. Price is the oldest member of the Odd Fellows lodge of Decatur, having been a member 46 years.

Now comes Willard Healy with a time record that beats Jot by six years.

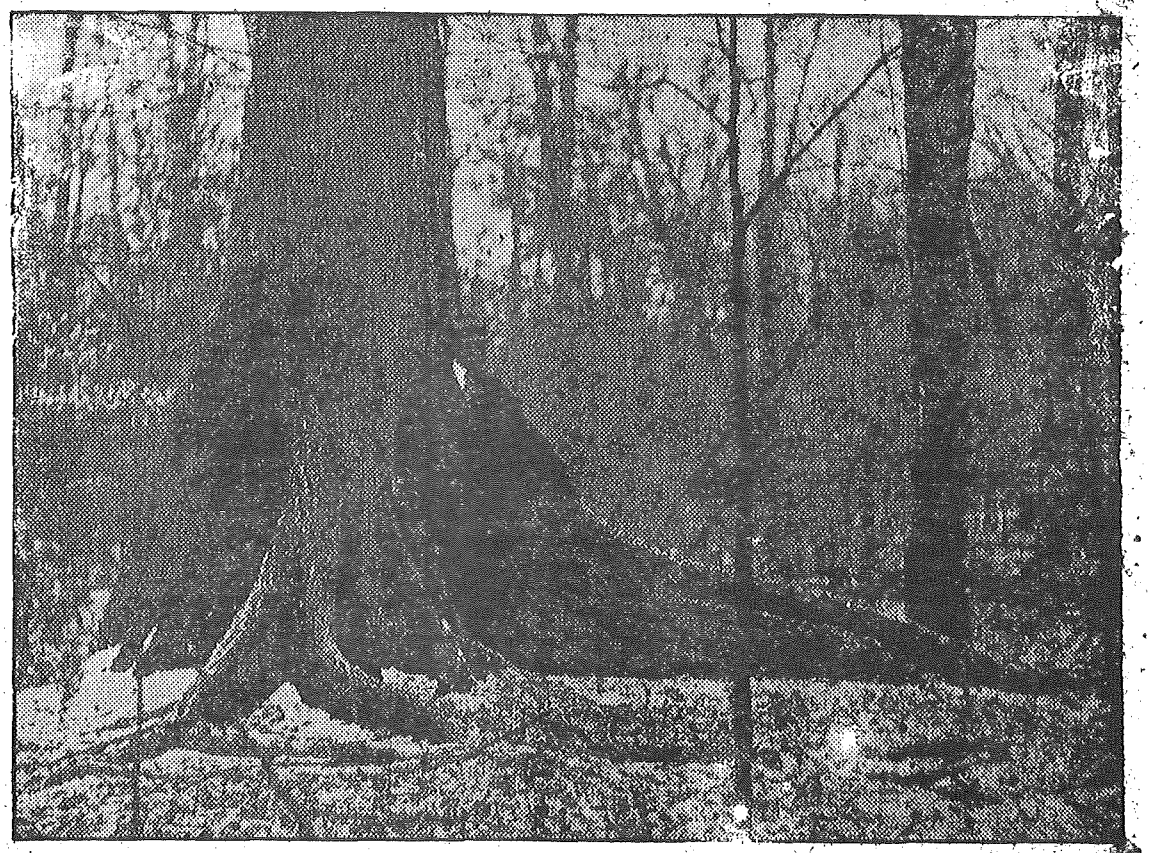
Mr. Healy joined the Decatur lodge in 1879 and has continued in good standing to the present time. When he joined he was running a saw mill south of the village. Since that time he has lived in several different places but never transferred his membership.

He returned to Decatur about 15 years ago and at present resides with his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Ballard, in the west side of the house of Mrs. Florence High.

Mr. Healy was 81 years old September 13. He is in poor health and confined to the house.

OLD TREES STILL THRIVE IN NOTED NEWTON WOODS

ANCIENT ELM IN NEWTON WOODS



This interesting elm has huge, arching roots that buttress the ancient trunk on all sides.
—Courtesy of Dowagiac Daily News.

BIG ACREAGE JUST AS IN INDIAN DAYS—NEWTON FAMILY HAS PRESERVED 350 ACRES OF ORIGINAL FOREST—PLAN STATE PARK

This article is by Arthur W. Stace, special representative of The Booth Newspaper Syndicate, who has been making a three-year study of Michigan's outdoor problem. It is the result of Mr. Stace's recent visit to Dowagiac where he spoke before the Rotary Club.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight
When the storms through his branches shout.
—Henry Fothergill Chorley.

BY ARTHUR W. STACE

Oaks of old still standing in Michigan—the Newton woods!

Oaks that were here before the coming of the white man! Oaks beneath which, perhaps, the Miamis and Pottawatommies held their councils of war and of peace! Oaks that were part of the primeval forest that stretched unbroken from the "openings" and prairies along the present Michigan-Indiana border country to the straits of Mackinac and beyond the straits to the mysterious Superior sea!

Oaks as sturdy as those under which Robin Hood camped in Sherwood forest! Oaks with hearts as brave as those which furnished the inward strength of the exploring, fighting, adventuring ships of ancient days!

Sought for State Park.

Hundreds of acres of oaks still standing in this age of continuous change, of cutting down, of building up, of shifting about. That they may continue to stand as a monument to the Michigan woods the pioneers found when they came seeking a new promised land of opportunity, the hope is held that they may be turned into a state park.

Newton woods is an almost virgin stand of original timber around 350 acres in extent 8 miles east of Dowagiac and seven miles south of Decatur. With the oaks are maples, cherries, beeches, basswoods, sycamores, and other hardwoods. The oaks and maples are predominant.

The woods are part of the Crego farm of some 700 acres lying in sections 20 and 29 in Vollnia township, Cass county. The farm is owned by Mrs. Jane Newton Crego. It came to her father, Hon. James Newton, who had inherited it from his father, Col. George Newton, the original grantee, from the United States government nearly 100 years ago.

Col. Newton, when he cleared his farm, left the noble oak and maple woods untouched. Through the years he preserved the forest, taking great pride in its virgin beauty.

James Newton in turn had a particular satisfaction in saving this part of the primeval woods of Michigan. His daughter, Mrs. Crego, has kept them as a monument to her father

and her grandfather.

Some years ago the black walnut trees in the forest were cut out, but the holes thus left have been closed in by growing timber. And a few pine oaks have been removed, but their absence is not noted. These losses are no greater, perhaps, than those which come to a forest naturally through the death and decay of mature trees and through destruction by wind, weather and disease.

As in Wilderness Days

So the woods remain today as what is claimed to be the largest area of original timber left in the southern counties of Michigan. There the people of today and perhaps the children of the future can gain an idea of what the woods were like when their forefathers came to battle the wilderness and turn it into a fruitful agricultural land.

Newton woods lies at the junction of two Cass county gravel highways—the Decatur-Cassopolis and the Marcellus-Dowagiac roads. The great trees, oak, maple, beech, form striking arbors over both avenues. The forest with its majestic oaks and its heavy growth of other timber is of impressive beauty even in winter bareness. Its summer charm rivals that of the wild, far-spreading woods of the upper peninsula.

A little school house is tucked in among the trees on the Marcellus-Dowagiac road. An unused Dunker church is also half hidden in the woods. There Mrs. Crego worshipped during the years it was open for service.

Pretty Dowagiac creek meanders diagonally across the woods on its way to the swift St. Joseph river at Niles. It adds to the attractiveness of the forest.

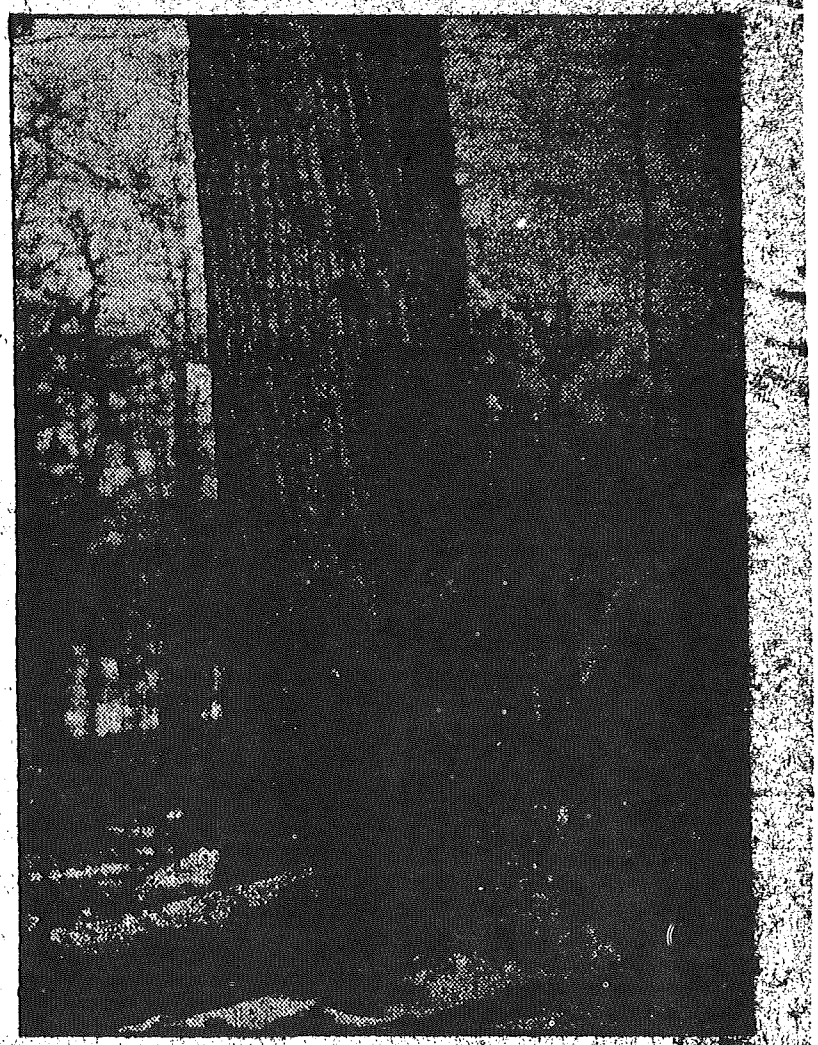
Forest Sanctuary

People of this section would like to see Newton woods made a sanctuary for all time—a timber sanctuary and a wild life sanctuary. They believe the best way to assure its being maintained as such a sanctuary is to convert it into a state park. The state park department at Lansing is known to be anxious to add it to the state park system, recognizing that it is the finest specimen extent of the original forest of southern Michigan. It would make a splendid memorial to James and George Newton, hardy pioneers, and to all the brave early builders who laid the foundations of the present-day Michigan.

There is now no state park in southwestern Michigan. And there is no opportunity to acquire such an extensive tract of the Michigan oak immortalized in such stories as Cooper's "Oak Openings," which had its setting in this region.

Mrs. Crego is the sole survivor of her immediate family. There are hopes that she may seek to secure the preservation of the historic Newton wood by turning it over to the state, either as a gift or at a price that the state may be able to pay.

MASSIVE TULIP TREE



The largest tulip tree in Newton Woods, its immense trunk rising [illegible] the first branch. —Courtesy of Dowagiac Daily

MATTAWAN MAIN STREET STARTED 99 YEARS AGO

It was back when the Michigan Central railroad was first pushing its track through this section that Nathaniel Cheseboro, bought 40 acres of land along the right of way and laid out the town of Mattawan. Its name came from a town situated on the Hudson river in New York.

In 1850 the present main street began to form as the first grocery store was erected. Slowly business began to enlarge, and a hotel was added to the village in 1855. Several such ventures were burned out, sold and changed until the present structure came along shortly after 1866. But the ravages of time have wreaked their vengeance and a gasoline station has taken over the premises.

The first grape plants were brought from New York, and the area soon began to step into the lead as a shipping point for fruit from this area. But strange as it may seem now, Mattawan first gained notice for its extensive culture of peaches. And as late as 1880 was shipping large quantities of the fruit to far parts of the United States.

The heavily wooded area around Mattawan in the 1800's gave rise to a large lumber business, and much shipping of timber was carried on, and in 1869 the population had risen to 800 persons. But with curtailing of lumber shipping and camps the population began to slide and by 1880 the recession had hit 339 inhabitants.

Of the old time buildings fronting on the main street only the imposing Congregational church stands now in all of its original splendor. Frequent fires, with inadequate fighting methods, leveled most structures from time to time.

Near where the present school stands the first instruction was started in a log cabin. Two successive fires disposed of this and its successor and finally the brick building which now houses the commercial club was erected. This gave way to a small building, which is still being used, and in turn a larger consolidated building has been erected.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Twenty Years Ago in Decatur as Gleaned from the Files of the Decatur Republican.

September 26, 1907

Dan Patch, king of harness horses, with a record of 1:55, was the star attraction at the Kalamazoo races last week. He paced a mile in 2-1¾. The horse is owned by M. W. Savage of Minneapolis.

George Kruse's home in Volinia was struck by lightning and burned to the ground Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Kruse were alone in the house but were awakened by the shock and escaped uninjured with their clothing under their arms. The fire spread rapidly and none of the housesold effects were saved.

Miss Bertha Knoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Knoll of Hamilton, and Mr. Wm. Williams, of Buffalo, N. Y., were united in marriage Wednesday afternoon.

DISTRICT NO. 5, HAMILTON

Mrs. Sophia Riddle Blades has given the Republican the following interesting account of her early experiences in Hamilton:

The electors of school District No. 5, recently organized, met at the home of Thompson Riddle in Hamilton township on a stormy evening in March, 1857, and elected Horace Flanders, Thompson Riddle and David Sloan members of the school board.

There was no time to build a schoolhouse that year so they looked about for a vacant dwelling house. They found a two-story building on the Territorial road near where the old tavern stood, the first floor of which had been fitted for a blacksmith shop with living rooms above. This second story was secured, and with the aid of some long benches for seats and two wide shelves was arranged to serve as a school room.

Sophia Riddle was installed as teacher and the pupils began their summer's work. There was no other school in north Hamilton that year and several pupils from the Haydon and Nesbitt districts attended district No. 5.

The school roll was not preserved but among those who attended were Chauncey Ames, Martha and Tyrancl Barker, Helen and Americus Palmerton, Bertha and Mattie Lumbard and the little Coleman girls—Emily, Ellen and Ida.

These last three named children walked 1½ miles to school and they didn't seem to mind it. They would come up the steps singing. Ida, the baby of the school, had to have her afternoon nap. She would go to sleep in her seat and then the girls would pile sunbonnets on one end of the long writing desk and lay her down there to rest. That was 50 years ago, and only three of all those pupils are still living in this vicinity.

Charles Mahoney left last week for Fisk University where he will do work as an instructor and also take some studies. Fisk University is located in Nashville, Tenn. It was founded Jan. 9, 1866. It has a campus of 35 acres and a Jubilee Hall costing $100,000.00, built entirely by money earned by the Fisk Jubilee Singers. There are about 800 students in the University.

Twelve years ago last Monday Roy D. Perkins became editor of the Bloomingdale Leader, and last Friday he sold out to a man from Grand Rapids. Mr. Perkins will continue as an assistant in the office but the responsibility and worry will be on the shoulders of the other fellow.

All roads will lead to the Hamilton fair grounds tomorrow, and if the weather is fair the attendance will be a record breaker. Congressman Hamilton will deliver the address in the afternoon.

September was a bad month for fairs. Every week has been stormy except the first. Benton Harbor had an excellent fair but the attendance was not what it should have been, on account of rain.

October 10, 1907.

At a regular meeting of the directors of the Citizens' State Bank last Saturday evening, Frank W. Thomas was elected president to succeed S. B. Monroe, resigned. Mr. Monroe retains his stock in the Decatur bank and will continue as a member of the board of directors. It was decided to issue certificates of deposit bearing 4% interest.

Directors of the First State Bank have decided to raise the rate of interest paid on savings accounts and time certificates from 3% to 4%.

HONOLULU HOOTCHES

By Frank L. Kern

Beautiful Hawaii, basking in her perpetual loveliness, where every prospect pleases and only man is a little off at times. Daily showers come down from the grim mountain peaks, showing away up at the head of the valley, a bright, sparkling rainbow. The mountains can easily brew a rainstorm that reaches down into the city sprinkling its mist in what we call "liquid sunshine." Those same grim mountains can brew awful brainstorms too, and they send it down in the form of liquid moonshine.

The good people are so loving, hospitable and playful that they try to get some extra thrills and kicks, forgetting the 18th amendment and the Volstead act. Honolulu from the highest to the least of its people, make, sell, buy and use large quantities of various kinds of stimulating drinks and deeply resent any interference with their habits. There are many kinds of booze here, I am told, but mention will be made of the three principal kinds which are made and used.

The native Hawaiians seem to be constitutionally adverse to anything like real work, still they can spunk up enough to go out into the jungles and dig up the ti plant and by removing the bark from the roots, are able to brew it into the universally popular beverage known as Okolehau, called oke for short. This drink, without color, costs about fifty cents per gallon to make but sells readily at $2.50 per quart. Try a few swallows and you can see plenty of rainbows with your eyes closed.

The Japanese know how to make rice whiskey which they call sake (sock-ee). This costs less than a dollar per gallon to distill but finds a ready retail sale at $3.00 per quart. When Bob was over here two years ago this month, they served us "sake" disguised as orangeade at a Japanese banquet, and after a sip, he closed one eye and cocked up the other as he remarked, "Gosh, Dad, two shots of that stuff would make a rabbit chase a bulldog."

Just so, but the proletarian here, which means the rest of us, can buy denatured alcohol and take the "de" out of it, somewhat, and at a cost of sixty cents per gallon, make a wonderful synthetic brand of "Old London Stock Gin." (There is the genuine label to prove it) that can be quickly sold at two dollars for enough to fill a half-pint flask. Why, who cares for cost when you can get something that will knock out what little sense we think we have? It brings more joyousness to a soldier or sailor than the three days in the guardhouse that is sure to follow the hair-pulling aftermath.

Yes, sorry to say it, a very large amount of liquor is made here and shipped in from Canada and the orient and consumed by all classes of people. But it is less than formerly although its terribly destructive effects are still evident on every hand. These easy people need government guardianship but it will be hard to make them respect laws they so greatly disapprove.

I believe we shall soon see a system of liquor control that will wipe out the traffic largely. The Portuguese raise large quantities of Isabella grapes which the government allows them to make into a high-grade wine. That will have to be stopped, to safeguard the life and prosperity of a wonderful people.

Heretofore prohibition enforcement has not been seriously considered by the government and the whole thing was a mixed-up jumble. Congress foolishly put executive inhibitions upon the administration and the president was powerless to act effectively. The responsibility of enforcement was divided between the Treasury department and the Department of Justice, and they worked at cross purposes all the time. Now we are to have an entirely new deal with responsibility on the president where it belongs and with ample financial backing. Also the

new laws providing adequate punishment for the violators and deportation of all aliens who disobey the constitution. I honestly believe we shall soon see the criminals now engaged in making and importing liquors and the organized army of bootlegians scooting for cover. God speed the day.

F. L. K.

Honolulu, T. H., March 20, 1929.

INDIAN NAMES

Various newspapers have been playing up the general use in some sections of Indian names for towns and streams. It appears that while Detroit, a French name, is less jawbreaking than the aboriginal, the latter was more poetical, signifying "where the river bends," while the French name means "the straits," The Indian name for Detroit was Waylyattanong. Quite a mouthful, but with a musical sound.

"As the canoe was the favorite Indian mode of traveling," says one of the comments, "they took pains to name all waters, and these designations have stuck; the Missouri, meaning 'muddy water'; Potomac, 'they are coming by water'; Rappanhannock, 'where the tide ebbs and flows'; Allegheny, 'the fairest stream,' and Ohio, 'the beautiful stream.' The elaborate and less attractive high meaning of Monongahela is 'high banks breaking off in some places and falling down,' while Chickamauga is 'river of death.'

"Many states and cities bearing Indian names derive them from these rivers, though having no connection with them. Among names whose real meaning is disreputable is that of Chicago. Some assert it means 'polecat,' and others wild onion'; neither has a particularly alluring smell. Hoboken is 'smoke'; Mauch Chunk, 'at the bear's mountain'; Oswego, flowing out'; while Schenectady is 'beyond the pines.'

"One-half of the states have Indian names. Massachusetts means 'land around the hills'; Illinois is the name of a tribe; Iowa was a term applied to the Sioux Indians, once frequenting the region, and is interpreted as 'drowsy'; Wisconsin means 'a rushing channel'; Kentucky, 'at the head of the river'; Alabama is 'land of rest'; Wyoming, 'great plains'; Kansas, 'smoky waters', and Idaho, 'gem of the mountains.' Dakota was also applied to the Sioux and means 'banding together.'"

—Charleston News and Courier.

DEATH OF FORMER EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN

Word was received in Decatur last week of the death of Marion O. Rowland of Detroit, for many years one of the best known residents of Van Buren county. Mr. Rowland at one time was associated with his father the late O. W. Rowland, in the publication of the Decatur Republican. That was back in the early 80's.

The Rowlands came to Decatur from Paw Paw, and when the opportunity presented, they moved the Decatur paper over to that village which left this village without a paper for about two months, when Secord and Dewey established the Independent. Mr. Rowland was editor of the Paw Paw True Northerner for many years. He sold the paper to take a position in the insurance department of the state of Michigan, and when his term expired he had taken such good advantage of his opportunity that he was capable of organizing a successful company in Detroit. He has been there since that time, and has prospered.

He left a host of warm friends in this county when he moved away, and the notice of his death will be read by them with great regret.

The body was brought to Paw Paw, his former home, for burial last week and a short service was held at the home of Harry Mather, Saturday afternoon, followed by burial in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

Besides the members of his family, Mr. Rowland is survived by one sister, Mrs. H. E. Shafer, who is clerk of the Probate office in Paw Paw.

FURNACE DAYS IN LAWTON

Great Chicago Fire Spread to Big Swamp and Endangered the Whole Village.

E. V. Hayden in Lawton Leader.

The year 1871 was the year of the Chicago fire; the year that millions of acres of Michigan pine timber was killed by fire; a year of extreme drought all over the country, when forest fires were common. The swamp west of Lawton caught fire, got into the muck and burned for weeks.

One day the wind was blowing strong from the west and the fire came roaring toward the village. At that time the laborers' shacks and the timbered swamp almost met. It looked as if the whole town was doomed.

Father went down there and found a crowd of men assembled and a Mr. Pattengale, who had moved into town from Porter about the time father did, trying to organize a fire squad. But they would neither do anything nor let him do it, but stood around cursing the old fool who wanted to build more fire when they had too much fire already.

Seeing father, he called, "Hear, Mr. Hayden, you are an old woodsman, come and help me fight this fire."

Father cut a bush and said to the crowd, "Do as you see me do." Then he said to Mr. Pattengale, "Start your fire." He did, with such rapidity as to keep those bushwhackers whipping out the fire on the town side.

They soon had a fire-break started from one end of the danger line to the the other, and all they had to do was to stand back and watch for sparks, as it slowly burned itself back against the wind till it met the approaching conflagration, and the town was saved.

DECATUR, MICHIGAN

R.F.D. NO 2.

In 1905 Rural Route No. 4, Decatur, Michigan was established with Arthur Brigham as carrier. In 1911 Mr. Brigham resigned and Fred Rafter was appointed to succeed him. In 1922 Mr. Rafter took over the postmastership of the Decatur Post Office and again Rural Route No. 4 was without a carrier, and it was at this time that Dick E. Klinkers became carrier on No. 4. In 1923 Mr. Klinkers transferred to clerk in the local office and early in the year of 1924, Andy Kemp succeeded him as rural carrier on Route No. 4.

In 1905 Rural Route No. 5 was established at the Decatur office with Harry Jones as carrier and he resigned in 1919. Frank Brigham, who was carrier on Route No. 1, then transferred to Route No. 5 — carried the route until 1923 when he resigned. In 1924 Michael Stephen Calbetzor transferred from Route No. 3 to Route No. 5 where he served until his retirement in 1934.

At the time of the consolidation program all over the U.S. in 1934, Routes No. 0 and No. 5 at the Decatur, Michigan office were consolidated into one route and were to be known henceforth as Route No. 2 with Andrew Kemp as carrier.

From this point on I will tell the story briefly in the first person. On February 25, 1924 I started out in one of the wrost blizzards of the winter. It was 10 degrees below zero and I drove a horse. The following winter was equally as difficult. I drove a horse and sleigh continually from Dec. 26, '24 to March 10, '25. Since then I have owned twenty automobiles besides my sleigh and mail wagon.

At present, 1927, my daily run carries me over nearly 60 miles of agricultural country through Hamilton township and vicinity. Upon leaving Decatur I pass over the outlet to the Lake of the Woods on the Old Territorial Road, one time famous stage coach trail. This part of my route takes me past the site of "Old Brown's Tavern," an early stop over for travelers on the stage coach and further down the road on the Roosevelt farm is located the one-time Keeler stage coach depot. Forgetting the impenetrable snow drifts of the winters, the bottomless muddy roads of the spring and the accompanying inconveniences, this part of the countryside displays a springtime panorama that is unforgetable. There is a 100 acre asparagus farm with its early rising cutters, the acres and acres of gladiolas which yield gorgeous blooms in the autumn and the chicken ranch with its thousands of chickens and crates of eggs. By the way, I have picked up as high as twenty crates of eggs from this ranch in one day. This section is fast bordering the fruit belt area lying along the shore of Lake Michigan. Keeler has erected a modern fruit exchange to care for the ever increasing yields of cherries and strawberries and other fruits. This enterprising industrial section contributes greatly to my parcel post business. The help employed here is imported from the south and the mail man daily brings them in contact with their homeland by means of letters and papers. These people also patronize the mail order houses heavily. The grape and celery out-put must not be overlooked. At Celery Center, a comparatively new celery-growing community, row after row of this health giving vegetable is grown. Did you ever hear the story that the Kalamazoo Gazette once published in jest to the effect that "Decatur grew the celery that made Kalamazoo famous?" Near the end of my 60-mile route is located a camp for Jewish children which receives more mail than all of the rest of the route. This camp is on the banks of Lake of the Woods and is operated for three months in the summer. Two other attractive lakes by the wayside are Knickerbocker and Keeler. There are nine school houses which have the privilege of mail service — Haydon, Abbott, Keeler, Hill, South Bell, Field, Celery Center,

Code and Baker. Hamilton Grange Hall, site of many a country fair, still stands as a reminder of the early days.

I serve 852 patrons, 231 boxes and daily cover 60 miles.

Harold Ives has served as my bonded substitute for 21 years.

I, Andy Kemp to my friends, have served my patrons over 23 years.

THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA

Described in a Personal Letter from a Well Remembered Former Resident and So Interesting That We Pass It on to Republican Readers.

110 Crescent Ave.,
Lodi, Calif., Sept. 12, '27.

I see my subscription to the Decatur paper has again expired, so am inclosing $1.50 for its renewal.

Must say I look forward every Monday morning to its arrival and look eagerly for news from the old friends tried and true.

Was so interested in the news of the Decatur Home Coming and wished I could have joined in those reunions of those old friends, some of whom I have not seen for many years. How time flies and leaves us reminiscing!

I have also been interested in the different letters including those of Mrs. Vaughn of Sunol, who writes so interestingly of the various trips she has taken, and it happens that we have taken most of them.

I realize we have scouted around quite a bit, and I wondered if you would be interested in a little resume, as I know you have asked me heretofore to write of my trips.

Hardly know where to begin, as say what you will, California is so filled with a great variety of views, climate, etc.

The Big Trees

One of our first trips of interest and one which has been repeated many times and was repeated about a couple of weeks ago with my sister Vedah and her son Leland, who came up to make us a little visit is the trip to the Calaveras Big Trees.

This grove is the largest grove of Big Trees in the world and contains 10 trees 30 feet or more in diameter, and over 70 that are between 15 and 30 feet in diameter. One can't help but look up in awe and admiration at these great monarchs, the oldest living things in the world.

Among this group is the "Mother of the Forest," whose bark was stripped for 116 feet upward from the ground and taken to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and you can see where it was cut in sections on the trunk as it stands. This tree was 327 feet high and without the bark 78 feet in circumference.

Another grand trip was to Lake Tahoe situated in the High Sierras and surrounded by higher peaks all around. In some places on this lake the bottom has never been sounded and in others you can see the bottom distinctly many feet below and the colors also change in different places. It is surrounded by many beautiful resorts.

The Donner Tragedy

Not far from here is Donner lake, a beautiful lake, though smaller, and it was while spending a few days on the shores of this lake I read the fascinating though gruesome story of the experiences and fate of the Donner party who came across in '47 and here were snowed in and compelled to stay, and because of the depth of the snow some starved to death and many died from other causes. Only a few finally were able to get to Sacramento to "Sutter's Fort" and get aid. I saw some of the stumps of the trees that were cut off 16 feet above the ground showing the depth of the snow. Knowing how the roads are now improved, I can't help but wonder how these pioneers ever dared to cross those mountains without any roads at all.

Another interesting trip which was repeated with Vedah and Leland a couple of weeks ago was to the Petrified Forest near Calistoga.

In pre-historic times Mt. St. Helena was an active volcano and buried this forest with volcanic ash so that in time the trees were all turned to solid stone and they have been excavated.

There are trees 12 feet and more in diameter and over 100 feet in length, estimated to have been buried six million years and converted into stone eons ago, but I can't comprehend this, nor how they estimate the time. At Calistoga they have several spouting geysers and we saw the largest one in California.

Yosemite Valley

We have gone north all along the coast and south all along the coast and also inland both ways and taken many mountain trips, but space wouldn't permit telling of all. But the climax of all trips perhaps was the visit this summer to Yosemite Valley and that's something one can not describe to another, it seems. You simply have to see it to understand its grandeur.

Will enclose a post card picture of the fire fall from Glacier Point, which is a most impressive sight. At 9 o'clock every evening a huge fire is built on Mt. Glacier 3000 feet above the valley and then pushed off. We drove up to this point one day, going 8 miles and one could go to the edge (protected by iron railings) and look down 3,000 feet and see the whole contour of the valley. 'Twas really wonderful automobiles looked like tiny toys and people like ants almost.

Must stop before I bore you, but send kind regards to all old friends. Oh yes, I must add, we've been to Los Angeles, too, and to San Francisco, but there's no place like Lodi.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Dewey Rice.

TANNENBAUM AND WEINSTEIN

If the oil boom in Decatur develops, as many well informed oil men think it will, this village will become a thriving city and a share of the credit for it will be due to two energetic citizens of Indiana Harbor, known as Tannenbaum and Weinstein.

We first heard of Israel Tannenbaum and Max Weinstein a year ago last August when a number of irate citizens signed a protest against their obstructing the right of way to the Lake of the Woods at the west end of Pine street.

They had bought the farm property known as the Mat Cady farm, on the east bank of the lake, and the report went round that they were going to close the road leading to the old swimming hole and the boat houses, plat the ground into lots and make a summer resort of it.

We printed the story in the Republican and it brought the gentlemen at once to the office. Here they told their plans of beautifying the land they had acquired on the shore of the peaceful Lake of the Woods. They were going to lay out streets and boulevards and had them all named on the blue prints. There were Eva, Florence, Mildred, Lily and Sol streets, Frieda avenue and Julius boulevard, and a beautiful park yet to be named. The park was on the lake shore and was for the public, and the streets led down to it, and in no wise shut out the local fishermen and swimmers.

They subdivided the property into more than 250 lots, and the Tannenbaum and Weinstein families had visions of as many beautiful summer homes there, and of trees and flowers and of rowboats and sail boats and motorboats on the lake, and of music and the laughter of many happy and carefree people in the air, and perhaps of emoluments for their endeavors which would enable them to build the handsomest home of all. And who can say that it was not a praiseworthy motive bound to be of lasting benefit to this entire community?

Their dreams may yet come true.

Their explanations satisfied our local sportsmen and peace was established. And here the story leaves the Lake of the Woods subdivision for the greater venture of these intrepid prospectors.

From early in the summer of 1926 this paper had been constantly printing stories of the indications of oil on the Vought farm. Tannenbaum and Weinstein studied them all closely, and finally the latter wrote and asked if we were organizing a company to drill. He said they would like to take $500 stock in it, and perhaps more.

Our reply that we were unable to organize a local company brought another letter from Weinstein in which he said, "Now, then, we have talked to a couple of wealthy business men in our place in regard to forming a company and investing money enough to start drilling, and things look favorable here, that is, providing we are at the head of it."

Well, they got the wealthy men interested and the result was the formation of the Wert Oil and Gas Company and the final discovery of oil on the twelfth of October.

Tannenbaum and Weinstein made the prediction last spring that Deca-

tur would become a city of 35,000. Most people thought at the time that it was a wild prediction, probably they still think so, but stranger things have happened.

RESULT OF LONG STUDY

(Watervliet Record.)

Excitement over the discovery of oil on the Vought farm near Decatur has subsided somewhat, but the town is still visited daily by many strangers drawn there by the magic word "oil," that spells riches when the substance is found in quantities.

How much of a producer the well that was brought in two weeks ago will be is to a great extent conjecture, but oil men on the ground who have had a wide experience in drilling operations are confidently predicting a production of 75 barrels a day from the one well.

The striking of oil at Decatur was the result of long study of the surface oil indications and the known geological formations on the part of the prospectors, although of course luck entered to a great extent into the matter of finding oil with the first test well driven there.

The vein of oil struck at Decatur is believed to be the same as that supplying the Saginaw field and is believed to extend southwest diagonally across the state, north of Kalamazoo and across into Indiana near Niles. It is a comparatively narrow strip of territory in the opinion of the men who are prospecting near Decatur, although they believe oil may be struck in paying quantities anywhere along this strip. The oil is of high grade, testing sixty per cent. Oil from the southwestern fields ranges from 25 to 40 per cent.

FIELD MAN OF DIXIE OIL COMPANY HERE

H. D. Crider, field man for the Dixie Oil Company, was a visitor to the Decatur oil field last week.

The Dixie headquarters are in Shreveport, La. It is leasing subsidiary to the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Mr. Crider has been in Saginaw for several months past and was ordered by his company to investigate this field. He says his company is very conservative and does not go into a field till it is proven. He said also that the oil from the Vought well is high grade and that the prospects are good that this will become a big field.

There are now 295 wells in Saginaw and the daily production is 1450 barrels.

DECATUR OIL HIGH TEST

All official reports on petroleum in the United States show a decrease for the month of October and there is a marked decline in petroleum of the Pennsylvania grades.

The Pennsylvania grade has a gravity test of 38% or better. The Decatur oil tested last week was 42% and this after the oil had been standing in an open container since the well was shot.

READY TO DRILL

Williams Brothers of Kalamazoo and Charles Ellsworth of Decatur have obtained oil leases on about 2,000 acres of land north of here. The land shows plainly the signs of oil.

The brothers are now looking for a reliable driller with whom they will contract to begin drilling there at once.

SOMETHING ABOUT OIL

There is one thing about the oil industry which is not generally understood, it is one of the most highly competitive businesses in the United States. Competition begins with a mad rush to buy or lease land wherever oil prospects are found or where oil is actually discovered. The farmer who leases oil land generally makes a larger net profit on his investment than do the oil companies.

An oil company may be already producing more crude oil than it can use, but let some prospector sink a well on land adjoining its holdings, and strike oil, and there is nothing for it to do but to begin to drill, in order to protect its own land from being drained dry of oil by surrounding wells. Or, if a company has leased land, the lessor immediately wants his loyalty—he does not care whether there is already an oversupply of oil or not.

Nowhere in the world is gasoline sold so cheaply as in the United States. Figures published during 1927 show that average price of gasoline in 86 leading cities of the world was 42.5 cents per gallon. Average price in leading cities in United States, from Atlantic to Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, was 20.6 cents per gallon.

DRILLING RUMORS

The usual crowd of visitors, many of them strangers, visited the oil well at the Vought farm Sunday. Over 200 automobiles were parked there during the afternoon. Prominent oil men were among them and they were there to learn first hand the prospects of opening a big field here.

Ohio drillers are here this week seeking leases and it is definitely reported that several leases have been given with the provision that drilling will be commenced within ninety days.

J. H. West, veteran driller of Bloomingdale, has a son who is a successful contractor in Oklahoma. We hear that he will send a drill here.

Meanwhile the drilling of the second well on the Vought farm continues, and the Wert Oil and Gas Company enjoys the distinction of doing the only actual drilling in the field.

Celebrating Pierce Election.

It happened that about 2½ or 3 miles from the village lived two old men, quite near neighbors. Both were very short and both had respectable families of young people. While both were fond of strong drink only one of them was a steady drinker. This one used to go past our house every morning, unless too stormy, about 9 o'clock, half bent over, one hand clasping the other wrist behind his back, and about 4 he would go back in the same way, no change in his gait.

I never saw him stagger, though it was well known that he spent his day at the tavern doing odd jobs and being paid in drinks.

This fall of 1852 was the year Franklin Pierce was elected President, and on election day these two small old men went past together. Toward night one of them came stumbling along the road and just as he reached our house he gave out and fell close to our front porch. About half an hour later the other one came, in the usual way, but that time he did not pass. He stopped close to where his old neighbor had fallen. He seemed impelled to talk and as I, sitting on the front steps was the only person in sight, he talked to me.

"Now," said he, pointing at the prostrate man, "now looky there! a'int that a pretty sight layin' there like that! I'd be ashamed to drink mor'n I could carry home. I've drinked twice as much today as he has, but I can carry it clear home." And having delivered his temperance lecture to his audience of one little girl, he put his hands behind his back and resumed his walk.

The other man had four grown sons and soon two or three of them came by on their way home from election. They stopped and looked at their father, and then went on, but presently two returned with a team and wagon, lifted their unconscious parent into the wagon and took him home.

I do not know that any of his sons were drunkards and two at least were very fine men.

An Escaping Criminal

A few weeks before this one day when the 5 o'clock boat was wooding at the dock, a colored man came rushing up across our garden and past the house saying to my father who happened to be in the yard, "I'm a fugitive slave and where shall I go?'

My father, full of sympathy, pointed to the ledge across the road and said, "Over there, there's a swamp back there." We soon found however, that instead of a fugitive slave, he was a fugitive from justice, being taken down the river to be tried for a crime, and had escaped while the boat was being loaded.

The swamp was only a small one and being surrounded by officers and villagers, the criminal was recaptured, when he ventured out in the night.

The First Strawberries

The ledge was a low, long, rocky hill around which the road skirted, and being so near my home, was my usual play ground. There were a few patches of soil sufficient to support some scrubby trees, mostly hemlock with a few huckleberries, raspberries and wild strawberries. One sort that we school children called smoke strawberries I think must have been ancestors of the present Sharpless. The berries were much smaller but the same shape and color and flavor and the foliage the same except in size.

It was about this time that the first cultivated strawberries were introduced, one man having some plants in his garden. They were called "Hovey's Seedlings," and many people went there to see them, and though growing in the open air they were watched and tended like hot house plants, and it was many years more before they became common.

The wild ones we found in the meadows and some farmers objected, and with good reason, to having their hay trampled on when nearly ready to mow, by strawberry pickers. One of our neighbors picked enough one day so she "had four quarts after they were hulled," looked upon as a marvelous qantity.

Indeed I remember working from eleven to two one hot Fourth of July to get enough for supper for our family of three. Oh! the changes! Canning was then unknown so there was no way of keeping any fruit for future use except by drying or preserving "pound by pound."

About a year before this my brother wrote of having obtained a place as clerk in a dry goods store in Syracuse, about one hundred miles farther away, but which then seemed a hopeless distance. As I was crying with my mother and sister I said through my sobs, "The farther away Edward goes the better I like him," which turned the others' tears to laughter, though I could see no joke.

REV. RALPH PETERSON

A Talented Young Man, Native of Decatur, Who Passed Away April 11, 1927

Rev. Ralph L. Peterson was the oldest son of Mrs. Mary Peterson of Decatur. Decatur mourns his death and sympathizes with his mother and family.

The Congregationalist published the following account of Mr. Peterson's death:

Rev. Ralph L. Peterson, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, Cincinnati, Ohio, passed away on April 11, 1927.

He was born in Decatur, Mich., Nov. 15, 1886, and was educated at Albion College and Union Theological Seminary, New York City. On Sept. 26, 1916, he was married to Miss Laura Laberteaux, who had been a student with him in Albion College. With his bride he assumed at once the pastorate of the Congregational church of Rutherford, N. J., where, on Nov. 15, 1918, the 32nd anniversary of his birth, he was ordained to the Christian ministry. In 1919 he became pastor of the Bedford Park church, New York City, and in 1924 he was chosen treasurer of the Board of Ministerial Relief and the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. He became pastor of the Plymouth Church, Cincinnati, in January, 1926.

Funeral services were held in the Plymouth church on Wednesday, April 13, Rev. Harry K. Eversull, pastor of the Walnut Hills church, officiating. Interment was in Niles, Mich.

Rev. Mr. Peterson is survived by his widow and five children, his mother and three brothers.

Three days before his death Mr. Peterson wrote the following letter to his church:

Cincinnati, Ohio.,
April 8, 1927.

Dear Friends:—The procession of weeks has brought us to another Easter season. While this Easter time finds me on a hospital cot, weak and in considerbble pain, yet I feel constrained with the help of a stenographer to write you a few words of greeting. God has been very near and real to me here, and I believe I understand more of what Easter means this year than ever before. The assurance brought us by the risen Christ that we are citizens not of today but of all of the tomorrows is a very comforting and inspiring thought, and my deepest wish for each one of you during this season is that you will lay hold with faith upon all the promises of our blessed gospel, especially the promise of immortal life.

My heart has been greatly cheered by your many expressions of sympathy and love during my period of disability, and especially your attentions to my family. I have also been pleased by your loyalty to the Sunday school and church during my absence because I feel as another put it, "If they love me they will love my church." I would therefore urge everyone of you to be very diligent in your attendance upon all the services of worship. I am sure that you will find that everyone of my substitutes will bring a message to your souls. We are very fortunate in having Rev. Fred Whiteside as our preacher on Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday morning. He is a great Christian and a fine speaker. I would also urge you to attend the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday night meetings during Holy week. Thursday the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Every member and friends should be present.

The annual class will not be confirmed on Palm Sunday this year, but upon Children's day after the pastor's return. The regular early morning preaching service on Easter Sunday morning has been taken up also. With these exceptions the Lenten and Easter program will proceed as usual. Let everyone attend and make them banner days.

"Finally, brethren, concerning the collection," these are not my words, but the words of the Apostle Paul. Paul rarely ever wrote a letter without speaking of the collection of his Master's work, so I make no apologies for closing this letter with an appeal for a very generous Easter offering to the work of Plymouth church. We make only two appeals during the year, at Christmas and Easter. Our expanding work makes it necessary for us to ask you for $1000.00 in this year's Easter collection. Put your collection in the envelopes and bring to the church on Palm Sunday or Easter.

Wishing you all God's blessing and assuring you of my return in three or four weeks, I am

Cordially yours,
Ralph L. Peterson.

PIONEER SKETCHES

Dr. George Bartholomew

By MRS. ERASTUS OSBORN.

Among the settlers who arrived in Keeler township in the late forties I think there is no more noteworthy figure than Dr. George Bartholomew.

He was born in Jefferson county, New York, in 1821, made all the advancement possible in the district schools and began teaching after he was 18. At the age of 20 he began the study of medicine with a small town doctor.

A number of different schools, different doctors' offices and courses of lectures, interspersed with district school teaching, occupied the next five years. During this time also he married Miss Minerva Kleth, in all ways a most admirable woman.

He graduated from Willoughby college in Vermont and in 1846 came with his bride to Keeler, Michigan, and began the independent practice of his profession. Before he finished his studies he had practiced under the supervision of Professor Trowbridge of Watertown, New York. This is a strong contrast to the present day requirements. When the young man now steps from the high school to the university, with the expectation of taking the medical course, he has still eight or nine years of work before he can begin practice for himself.

It is to be supposed that these young men learn many things Dr. Bartholomew did not know, but it is a fact that only a few of them will bring to their practice the wonderful perception that was his by nature. Dr. Andrews of

Paw Paw, who, in the fifties and sixties was the leading medical authority in this section, used to say that he would give anything possible for the keen insight possessed by Dr. Bartholomew. Many years later Dr. Rose, so well known and esteemed in all this section, said of him,—"He is an educated gentleman and a capable physician."'

I think his first practice was mostly on foot through the woods, and I have heard of his being lost and unable to reach the patient whom he started to visit. After two years of woods life he changed to Paw Paw, where he remained three years. He then located in Decatur, built the third house in the village and opened a drug store.

In the early fifties, moved by the spirit of adventure or the hope of gain, he sailed to Central America, then misrepresented as the Promised Land. History says he went by appointment from the Panama R. R. Co., but I am very certain he went before receiving the appointment.

A Visit in '61.

I well remember the first time I saw him, in 1861. My father, Ralph Lascelle, had removed from New York to Michigan, and bought land adjoining that of my brother-in-law, Mr. Eli Adams. He also attached his house to Mr. Adams' house, where Newell Phelps now lives, so we were very near neighbors. Mrs. Bartholomew was a cousin to Mr. Adams, and one day when the Bartholomews came there to visit, my parents and myself were invited to meet them. The younger of the two boys they brought with them was a babe, and the other, it seems to me, was about six years old. The first time he came into the room his father said, "Where's your penny?" The boy began to search his pockets, but failed to find it. "Now," said the Doctor, "What are you going to do, away from home and no money? Go out and look where you have been and see if you can find it." After the boy had gone out he said, "I am beginning right now to train that boy that he must never be away from home without money in his pocket. I hope he will never suffer as I have, from being among strangers with no money."

I do not think the Doctor ever was dissipated in any way, but knew he was considered improvident, not a good financier, but he outgrew that failing.

In that visit Dr. Bartholomew told me of his arrival in Panama about 1853, I think at the city of Aspinwell. He was in the line of laborers who had gone there with the expectation of high wages on the railroad then being built to save the trip around Cape Horn in order to reach the Pacific ocean and California. A man stood on the dock with a book and pencil, checking off each one as he stepped from the long plank. He asked the same questions to all, "Your name, your occupation," and told each one in accordance with his answers where to go, often scarcely looking up. Dr. Bartholomew gave the man his name, and in answer to the second question said, "Physician." Then the man looked up. His occupation was one to develop his gift of observation of character, and his one look at the Doctor no doubt told him he had found a man. He said, "Step right over there till I finish this checking, I want to talk with you.

"After asking the Doctor a few general questons he said, "We are on the verge of a panic. Dysentery has broken out among the men, there are many deaths, our hospital is full. Do you think you can do anything to stem the tide and restore confidence to these laborers?" The Doctor said he could try, and the superintendent, or whatever he was, took him to a man in the hospital who was supposed to be dying and certainly looked like it. The Doctor asked for brandy, which was quickly provided, and sat down by the cot and began to feed it to the man, He rallied and sunk away again, and when it seemed as if he really was going the Doctor would increase the dose. Finally he brought him back from what was certainly almost death. It was after this success, no doubt followed by others, that he ceived the appointment of surgeon for the Panama R. R. Co., and was given charge of the hospital.

He remained on the isthmus until the railroad was completed, and came home broken in health, but with a fund of experience as well as a convenient amount of money. In partnership with his brother he bought a tract of wild land in Berrien county at the "Bend of the river," and made it what was then the largest fruit farm in Berrien township. The change in climate and working in the soil restored his health, so that he was able to resume his practice, which he did in the village of Keeler, where he remained until his death.

Mr. Adams once asked the Doctor why he did not continue in partnership with his brother, and he replied promptly and characteristically, "Because Egbert was not willing to do all the work." Although plain spoken and often blunt he had a personality that commanded respect and inspired confidence.

Another of our almost self-made physicians and also one of unusual discernment, was Dr. Shirer, who lived many years on the Territorial road in Hamilton. By some of the better dressed and possibly better read doctors he was treated with disdain, either real or affected, though they lacked the quick insight that was his gift. His practice was large and he lost comparatively few cases, and over a wide extent of country he was held in grateful esteem.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By George Burton McOmber.

(Last summer the late George B. McOmber from time to time wrote down sketches of his life's history as he remembered them. Only a few weeks before his death he gave them to the writer to read and it was arranged that the Republican would print the story in serial form this fall. He said there was more that he would write, but the additional copy was never received. The story as we have it will follow in this and subsequent issues.—Ed.)

I was born August 13, 1854, in a log house on a farm adjoining the county poor farm in Berrien county, Michigan.

I attended the district school, walking two miles to the school house. I remember the first day I went to school. The teacher was a Miss Amelia Tibbetts. My mother, who has been at rest beside my father for the past 30 years, dressed me for school and put on me a checkered gingham apron.

When the teacher asked me to come to her to be examined, the scholars laughed at the gingham apron that I wore. The teacher asked me if I knew the alphabet. I knew only a part of it. When she came to the letter u I told her that mother said it was like an ox bow, and the scholars laughed again.

Forty years after the time I went to school to Miss Tibbetts, a lady called at my store in Decatur one day and asked if my name was Geo. McOmber. I said it was. She said she was Miss Tibbetts and was my first teacher when I was a little boy. I certainly felt proud that she paid me that visit, for I had always held her in fond remembrance.

When I was 17 years old I left school and went to St. Joseph as an apprentice to learn watch repairing. I worked under H. B. Enos, a man who occupied space in the post office. Fatheir paid my board, but after a time he said that if I could not earn my board I must come home. Well, I approached Enos in regard to it and he told me that if I would help Mrs. Enos do the washings Mondays I could have a room and board with them, which I gladly agreed to. Not many boys today would do likewise.

Well, when I was 19 years old I got married and went for myself. I got the Arkansas fever and went there, where I stayed three and one-half years.

I worked at anything I could get to do; worked in a saw mill, and while working there the boiler blew up and also an Arkansas hurricane came and struck the mill, which was far worse than the blowing up of the boiler.

However, I was fortunate in not getting much hurt in either case. I was working for a Mr. John Carlee on Grand Prairie, adjoining the town of DeValls Bluff, where I lived. We put in 20 acres of corn but the drought ruined to crop and Carlee said he would have to let me go.

Well, a Mr. Goss, a Swiss watch maker, came to Carlee's house to grind down a watch glass. I asked him if I should turn the grindstone. While he was holding the glass against the stone I asked him how he tempered drills for pivoting. He shoved his glasses up and looked at me and asked me what I knew about pivoting. I told him that I had worked at the business and intended to continue it. He said he would teach me so that I could do some work for him as well as myself.

From him I learned many things. I ran a shop there until I was forced to leave the south on account of chills and fever.

I weighed 190 pounds when I arrived in Arkansas, and 127 pounds when I left. I stopped in St. Louis a short time and went to a little town about 25 miles east of there called Troy. I stayed there a year and then came back to Michigan.

I stayed a couple of years with my parents on the farm, still doing some watch work. I located in Decatur in 1879, where I have been ever since.

I often went fishing in White river and picked up large clams out of the water for bait.

After I came away an old darkey became mysteriously rich. By spying on him they learned that he gathered clams from the river, heated them in a dishpan till they opened and looked them over for pearls. There were millions there and he found lots of them.

I went back to that country 34 years after I lived there. At Chicago I asked for a ticket to Oklahoma City via Memphis and from Memphis over the Memphis and Little Rock with pivilege of stopping at De Valls Bluff. The agent did not know of such a road and I learned that the name had been changed to the Choctau route.

Well, I stopped at De Valls Bluff and found the streets paved with perforated clam shells. The pearls had been secured by cutting the shells with a borer, making the round discs into pearl buttons.

When I was a boy on the farm there were lots of walnuts going to waste. If I had only planted five or ten thousand walnuts on the side hills of father's farm, they now would be good sized trees and would have made me rich. I own the old farm but cannot sell it nor get hardly anything from it.

Father would let me go fishing and hunting whenever he could spare me, and the neighors called me lazy. Well, I have worked over 55 years and never took a vacation.

I have repaired watch jobs amounting to approximately $160,000. Have repaired many watches from 15 to 25 times in the vicinity of Decatur, and received lots of work from a distance. I have repaired thousands of clocks, spectacles, rings and pieces of jewelry.

I remember the year that I was in Troy, Illinois, a German came in and had his watch repaired. He said the horizontal pump on his engine that ran his separator leaked a little stream of water. I said I could repair it. He drove it up to my shop and I took babbit and a punch and found a sand flaw in the casting. I drove the babbit in with the punch and it was a success. They published it in the village paper and it was a good ad. for me.

I landed in De Valls Bluff in the spring of '82. It was beautiful. I stepped into the post office and asked for a postal card that I might notify my friends in Michigan of my safe arrival.

The postmaster, a big, fine looking Vermonter named Lovejoy, laid down five cards and took five cents from my quarter. Quarters there were called two bits; fifty cents, four bits; seventy-five cents, six bits, and a dollar, eight bits.

I took the cards without any remarks. I noticed that he looked at me queerly. I soon found out why he gave me five cards when I asked for one. There were no pennies in circulation there then. He and I often laughed about it. He said that almost invariably new comers would ask why he gave five cards when they asked for one. We later became good friends.

I became sick the second winter. During that winter I found a very good friend in this Mr. Lovejoy, the postmaster. A pleasant incident happened many years ago in my store in Decatur. One quiet summer day a lady came and asked if I was Mr. G. Burton McOmber. Upon answering her in the affirmative she said that her brother, just before he died, asked her if she ever happened to be in Michigan to call upon me. That brother was Mr. Samuel Lovejoy, my dear friend, the postmaster at De Valls Bluff, Ark.

I shall always remember an occurrence soon after my arrival in De Valls Bluff which I thought nothing of at the time, but which caused me to be considered a young man of some nerve. I went into a store called the Planters' Supply Co., and two large savage dogs were fighting in the center of the store. Several southerners were in the store and they were on the counters trying to keep clear of the fighting dogs. I never was afraid of dogs and went at once to them, grabbing them by their collars and parting them. Well, those southerners thought I was a winner.

Bluffing a Bully.

Another thing happened soon after which caused them to have their estimation of me raised very high indeed. I lived in one part of a house and the other part was occupied by a Mrs. Ryan, her son and daughter. The daughter was married to a notorious itinerent printer by the name of Bill Lukins. He would get drunk and chase men around with a knife and was pretty much of a bully. Well for some reason he did not like me very well. One morning about 3 o'clock I and my wife heard a noise at the back door. We concluded that it was a dog, but it was Bill Lukins on another drunk. He went into a saloon and chased a man out with a knife, then he came back and said that he had intended to kill that McOmber last night but while standing with his knife drawn, had taken compassion on him and went away. Pretty near to eternity for me!

Well it happened that I moved into a part of the house that the Ryan family lived in. Lukins came in the back door of their part of the house, where his wife and my wife were talking, and said "Is that white-haired McOmber moving into this house?" His wife tried to quiet him but he talked and swore pretty loudly. Just across the street there was quite a crowd of loafers. I was in front of the house and they were wondering, I think, what I would do. Well I stepped to the open window and called him pretty severely, and as I did so I saw him stoop and pick up a stove poker. I knew then that he was a cowardly bluffer. What I called him was aplenty. I begged of him to come out on the porch in front, called him a coward, told him that the crowd across the street would know he was if he did not come out and settle it with me. He, however, failed to come out. He said to the women that I evidently had a revolver or I would not dare to talk so. Well I didn't have a revolver or any other kind of a weapon. He and I did not speak after that until one night there was an alarm of fire and I hurried to it. It proved to be the house of a widow. Lukins was there too, we being the first ones there. He said "Mc let's save what we can for the woman." I said, "All right." So we carried out many things, talked of the best way to move things. Afterwards we never spoke together while we remained there.

DEATH OF GEO. B. McOMBER

He Had Been in Business in Decatur Forty-six Years, Longer Than Any Other Man—He Was Born in 1854.

For many years this notice has run in the columns of the Republican:

> "G. B. McOmber is at his bench in the Shaad Building every day doing watch, clock and jewelry repairing with the care and ability well known to all."

Mr. McOmber is at his bench no more.

About two weeks ago he was confined to his home by illness which proved to be his last. The end came at about 7 o'clock Monday morning, September 26. The funeral services will be held at the home this (Thursday) afternoon and burial will follow in Lakeside cemetery.

Geo. B. McOmber was the oldest business man on the street of Decatur. He has been here continuously for 46 years. For many years he conducted a general store which, about 20 years ago was destroyed by fire. He then for a time conducted a grocery which he closed out and then took a place in the Shaad store.

All of [illegible] known as one of the best [illegible] in this part of the country. The peo-

ple who knew him and knew his work, brought their watches to him for many miles around.

He was truly a landmark of Decatur and his passing removes one of its best known citizens.

For some months Mr. McOmber had been engaged at times in jotting down sketches and remembrances of his past life, and about two months ago he gave the manuscript he had prepared to the writer. It contains many points of interest in his life and in the early times of his boyhood. This manuscript will be printed in the Republican in the near future.

Mr. McOmber was injured in the fire which destroyed his store building some twenty years ago and never fully recovered. He has suffered greatly at times, but he was a man of great determination, and kept to his work where many would have given up in despair. He was painstaking with his work, patient and obilging, and he was kind to those who needed kindness. His honesty was never questioned.

A faithful wife and two children, James of Decatur, and Mrs Harry N. Hammond of Los Angeles, California, survive.

BURIAL OF GEO. B. McOMBER

Service at the Home Last Thursday Attended by Many Relatives and Friends from Decatur and Other Places.

Funeral services for the late George Burton McOmber were held at the home last Thursday afternoon. The home was filled with relatives and friends and there were many beautiful flowers.

The honorary bearers were T. Trowbridge, C. M. Lanning, L. G. Stewart, D. W. Brodhead, Frank White and Fred Stern.

The active bearers were Wade C. Yeckley, H. D. Wickett, Harry Hart, John Shaad, Willard Van Antwerp and Frank C. Stapleton.

Those present from out of town were Mrs. Harry N. Hammond, Los Angeles; Mrs. Della Weaver, Berrien Springs; Mrs. Jessie McOmber and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McOmber of Dowagiac; Mr. and Mrs. Birnie McOmber, Mr and Mrs. Edward Pedunah, Benton Harbor; John Bickart and Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Oak Harbor, Ohio; Mrs. Edna Lee and Mrs. Herbert Lee, Dowagiac; Miss Lottie McOmber, Buchanan; Mrs. Daily, Paw Paw, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Jay Caldwell, Berrien Springs.

The service was followed by burial in Lakeside cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness during the illness and passing of our dear one.

Mrs. G. B. McOmber,
Mrs. Harry N. Hammond,
Mr. James McOmber.

OLD TIMES

VIII

By Mrs. Erastus Osborn.

I do not know as it will be improper for me to say at this time, 1850, there were three leading families in the town—the Waltons, the Fullers and the Thomsons.

The first named were the oldest and the wealthiest. Esquire Walton was a jovial souled man, and his family all much like him. Mrs. Walton was a true helpmeet and a very kind woman. The oldest son had died, but there were two married sons and daughters, and three sons and one daughter who were single.

They owned a fine home, drygoods store, docks, farming lands and the islands. My brother told me as an awe-inspiring fact that some days they sold as high as fifty dollars worth of goods. Withal they were not at all aristocratic or purse proud.

They came to esteem my father highly in the months he boarded in the family before we moved there, and in spite of the difference in our worldly condition, they were as cordial and friendly as possible to all of us.

The sons were thorough going business men and reared families who were a benefit to the world, and the daughters were good women.

In the late forties a young man named Cornwall, with his wife and son, came to clerk for the Waltons, and in less than fifteen years his name was at the head of the firm. He gained his success, not because of any unfair methods, but because of his very unusual ability and value to the business, which made that his natural and proper place.

The Fullers.

The second citizen in respect to property was John W. Fuller. He owned a drygoods store, dock, a fine home and other village property, farming lands, steam saw mill and seven beautiful daughters, the one son being next to the youngest of the children.

Mr. Fuller was a man of much dignity of deportment, and of character, and was regarded by his family with a love and respect that was almost reverence.

Mrs. Fuller, to me, seemed like a queen, tall, graceful, erect, even up to ninety, a fine manager and swift worker, pleasant and social, and yet absolutely mistress of her household.

The girls had dark brown hair, clear complexions, red cheeks and seemed the embodiment of cleanliness and wholesome living. But twice the family were the victims of a "pestilence that stalketh in the darkness."

In 1857 all of the family but Mr. Fuller were ill at once with an epidemic fever, one died when part of them were too sick to know it, and only her father was able to follow her to the grave. Six weeks later two more were taken from this home which would seem like the last place where such an illness could find sustenance.

The Thomsons.

The third family, named Thomson, had no more wealth than ours, but were a power by reason of their intellects. There also were eight children in that family. The eldest daughter began teaching at fourteen.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were Scotch and the best read people in the village, perhaps excepting the minister. My mother sometimes chided me for spending so much time there, and I used to sometimes blame myself, but knew afterwards that I was acquiring an important part of my education.

There always was some subject worth talking about and useful to listen to.

In these two families were four pairs of chums, Sarah Fuller and Jane Thomson, Lucia, Fuller and Lois Thomson, Mary Fuller and Agnes Thomson, Frances Fuller and Evelyn Thomson, the babies of their respective families.

I was about half way for age between the second and third pair, and tolerated by both. Kate Fuller and my sister Mary were cronies, and afterward Kate and William Thomson were mated for life.

A Correction.

In the Republican of August 25, Mrs. Osborn commented on the visit of Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish operatic soprano known as the Swedish Nightengale, to this country. The story as printed read, "She lived that summer in a shabby old house that belonged to Mr. Newton, but before cold weather set in she had moved into a better one." The word, "She" should have been "We." Mrs. Osborn was referring to her own family and not to Jenny Lind.

During the summer that I was nine years old I suffered from three tragedies—first and worst, as I stood on one of the loose benches in the school room to put my books on a shelf, the leg of the bench slipped into a hole in the floor, giving me a fall that injured my spine. It resulted in years of illness, and from which I never fully recovered.

The second was not permanent, except the memory. My father called me one day to take a letter to the post office, giving me a small coin and telling me they would give me back two cents. I didn't think to look at the money and went blithely to the store where the post office was and handed the letter to the postmaster. He took it and I waited a few minutes for the change, and then started home in a terribly worried state of mind.

I knew we could not afford to lose two cents, and at last I drove myself to go back and say, I guess, faintly, "Pa said you would give me back two cents."

"No," the man said, "It was not a 5-cent piece, it was only three cents."

Mr. Fuller and two or three other men were chatting, and of course they stopped to look and listen, and I can see yet the amused look on Mr. Fuller's face.

I don't know as I ever in all my life did anything that called for as much courage as that did. I had to pretend to be satisfied, of course, but I thought my father must have known, and I think two cents worth of lead in each shoe would not have made my

feet as heavy as they were.

However, "one foot up and the other down" finished my walk, and there was the other dreaded ordeal, so I said, "Pa, Mr. Woodnorth said that was a three cent piece." "Well, he said, "I didn't have on my glasses and I must have made a mistake." So that was all there was of it, but I know for months, and I believe for years, I turned hot and cold when I thought of going back and asking for that two cents before those men, and I never mentioned it to anyone. I used to wonder if my people heard of it.

The third affliction had a happy ending, after 75 years. A carpenter who had finished the work he was doing on our house went home over Sunday, and when he came back Monday morning he had two books, one "The Romance of the Forest," by Radcliffe, and the other I think, "The Coquette."

I, greedy for anything new to read, pounced upon them, but my mother said the first book she had read and would on no account allow me to read it. The other she would look over and decide upon.

It happened that the doubtful one he took away with him, and the other was left right there. I didn't know how it happened my mother did not notice, but I managed to slip that book up stairs. It was not seriously immoral, not at all so far as I read, but so pokerish and spooky, the situations were fit to give grownups the shivers, and totally unfit for a child of my age to read.

I would be so terrified I dared not read another line, put the book under my pillow and lie and cry till I became calm enough to go on. One night when it grew too dark to read, in one of the scariest places I had seen I took the book down stairs and restored it to the place where Mr. Clark had left it. The next morning he came after it for some one else, and I had to suffer in silence the misery of seeing him take it away, not daring to hint that I was reading it.

I don't know how many years it was before my mother knew of my disobedience, but all my life I wondered what happened to the heroine in the next chapter. I could never find the book anywhere till a little over a year ago a good friend of mine started exploring and found a book seller who ordered it for him. So, after an interval of 75 years I finished the book.

This one publishing house makes a specialty of issuing old books and on the cover of this one was printed, "Books seldom read."

I remembered exactly where I had stopped reading that day in 1851, and had I known what Adelaide was to find behind the curtain I would have been still more scared. I was not a coward, either. I was not afraid of the dark, out of doors or in the house, but had something of a reputation for bravery.

That summer of 1851 my sister was teaching her first school and the following winter was hired to teach what is now the three lower grades, to relieve our crowded school house on the hill, this one being held in an unfurnished room in our house.

The teacher of the main school was our village doctor, and it happened he was called one morning to draw a tooth for one of our family, and while there my father asked about his school. The doctor answered that the pupils were some unruly but he was going to turn over a new leaf that day and any breaking of rules would be punished; and he added, "I am going to begin yith your girl."

My father told him "All right," he would uphold him in anything he thought best to do. I was not old enough to realize the object of the conversation, but there was one scared girl soon on the way to school, and one that I think, all the rest of the winter was fairly well behaved.

That spring a select school was taught in the school house lasting eight weeks, which my sister and I attended, and she again taught the same grades and in the same place for the summer term.

That autumn the same gentleman, Mr. E. D. Ramsdell, returned and taught eight weeks more.

I believed in doing my best, no matter what the pay. I believed in sticking to my work, in being on time and not shirking. Outside of my office work I took time to help in the cleaning of some 20 or 30 kerosene lamps. Almost every morning this had to be done.

How about the young men of today, do they tackle and conquer? Do many of them stay by until they get a thorough knowledge of their work and gradually work their way up until their services become indispensable and they become a part of the organization and in many instances sole owner?

Only a few, and a very few, seem to have the foresight and intuitiveness to grasp the situation in early life. Too many leave one job for another because there may be a few more dollars in it, and usually for a short time only.

Three out of five business ventures fail today owing to lack of knowledge and early training, and less than ten per cent of our people leave any estate worth while after death.

We used to wonder if the time would ever come when we would have electric lights, water works, etc. That seemed as far distant as does the common use of airplanes now.

We used to have an old hand pumper for fire protection that exhausted most all the willing workers that appeared in time of fire. A large cistern or reservoir in the ground in the center of our main four corners was the water supply and usually was partly filled with mud or sediment and often times clogged the apparatus, and then we formed the bucket brigade, getting water from pumps and cisterns. Time went on and changes came about. Water works were finally to be had in Decatur, a well was driven on the present site and a traction engine was set to pumping to test the water supply which was found to be inexhaustible, and it still remains so. Trenches were dug and pipes for the mains lay along side them, work was progressing nicely.

At this time fire started early one morning in the old Duncombe House. This was in the month of March. I was living there and had a narrow escape. My room was on the third floor at the east end of the hall. Geo. Rix was running the place and through the black clouds of smoke Mrs. Rix in her night clothes found her way to my room and woke me, saying, "The hotel is on fire, get out, don't stop for anything." I opened the door and couldn't see anything but smoke. Shutting the door quickly I got into my trousers and grabbed an armful of my clothing, buried my head and face in it and started down the hallway, bumping the side walls and banisters all the way down.

In the spring of 1854 my father sold our home in the village and bought eight acres one-half mile out and twelve acres of timber. There were three houses almost in a cluster when we moved but only one between us and the village. This was occupied by a blacksmith called "Old Carly." In every other respect a worthy citizen, he had terrible attacks of drinking. For this reason his wife had left him and he blamed one family in our town for helping her away. When sober he was quiet but when in liquor he was a veritable maniac, his whole talk being of these people whom he regarded as enemies. His home was two small buildings connected by a shed, and quite close to the road, and when he had been drinking he would walk back and forth cursing this family; but if I happened along he would say, "Go right by, Ann; I won't hurt you, Ann."

I never was afraid of him but once. I had started for the village and when on the hill part way to his house, could see that he apparently was more vicious than I had ever seen him. He had a pile of stones by his house and would think one of those he hated was in the road and would hurl as large a stone as he could lift in that direction, and I had reason to fear that if I went past he might not know I was "Ann"; so I climbed the fence and went back of his house through the field.

On Christmas and other holidays different families would send him a good meal. One day he came to our house about 9 o'clock in the morning and said, "Mrs. Lascelle, I came to see if you will cook me a meal of victuals. I've got enough to eat at home but I want a meal of victuals." So my mother cooked a meal which he seemed to enjoy.

People were sorry for him in spite of his delusions and sometimes two would go and do something like clean his house.

One of my dear girl friends was Fanny Carnagie, who lived a mile farther inland than I did, so I usually had her company to and from school. One day, prompted by a combination of benevolence and a desire for a new experience, Fannie and I asked to be excused about 3 p. m., and went to "Carly's." He was a man of upright character, peaceable and quiet except when he had those attacks of frenzy toward that one family.

We told him we had come to cook him some supper, so we went in and swept and heated water and washed his dishes, not a great number, but all dirty. Then we cooked a meal which the forlorn old man ate with apparent

relish. While he ate we made his bed, if it deserved the name, and swept his bed room.

After he had eaten we washed the dishes again, made everything as tidy as conditions would permit, and proceeded home. We were then 13.

In May, 1856, my sister Mary became Mrs. E. R. Burnham, and Kate Fuller was her bridesmaid. She went Chicago with her husband, and that was her home thirteen years.

Also that summer the new school house was built, like the old one, of stone, and only a few rods away.

It seemed modern then, but now how out of date it would be. The winter school was not an unqualified success. The teacher, a young man, lacked both scholarship and dignity so far that we five older girls really carried a good deal of responsibility, by setting an example, and in other ways influencing other pupils.

About the middle of winter a damaging report was whispered concerning the teacher, as Mrs. Burnett would express it, "Not entirely unconnected," of his being intoxicated.

Another girl a couple of years younger than I, and the only other one near my age who brought her lunch, happened to know the facts which showed the report to be only malicious slander, and at noon she was trying to tell it all to me.

A couple of girls, eight and ten, who lived about four rods from the school and never seemed to take more than ten minutes for their lunch, and were, to speak moderately not favorites, scenting something from our earnest conversation, were bound to know what we were talking about. Thinking we were going into the yard to talk, as we were, they rushed past us, and as soon as they were through the door some one shut and locked it on the inside and did not let them in till we had finished.

It was not so trivial as might seem, for the school was very near the breaking point, and we knew if that story were not killed there would be a turmoil that would bring on the crisis.

Foiled in their efforts to over hear, they rushed home to their mother with the report that I had locked them out, and possibly they thought I was the one.

Very soon their mother appeared at the door asking for Annette Lascelle. I was easily seen and she proceeded to deliver a tirade that I would hate to deserve.

When she had exhausted both the topic and her vocabulary she paused for a reply, but I arose from my seat and bowed as politely as I knew how, and she went away a little agrier than when she came. Of course I told my mother, but she said very little except that she was glad I didn't talk back.

I did not see the woman again for several months, and when I met her on the street, she spoke to me as pleasantly as one could wish. I did not answer but gave her what I intended for a 'stony stare,' and went home feeling quite dignified and grown up.

My pride was soon humbled, for when I told my mother, I received another lecture which, if not as violent as the first, was far more effectual.

However, when I told my mother my pride was soon humbled. She very rarely became angry, but on this occasion gave me a lecture that was to say the least effectual. She would have no fifteen year old daughter refuse to answer a respectable middle aged woman "and the next time you see her you speak to her and speak first." A command I did not fail to obey.

My half brother, Wm. B. Lascelle, had formerly lived in Ogdensburg, first as telegrapher and later as revenue collector, but had then removed to Cleveland, Ohio.

He was one of the very earliest telegraphers, and at the time of his death in 1914 I think the oldest living operator. He was the author of the word, "telegram."

He had then been more than forty years connected with the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Company and was many years its agent, being sent on trips to Europe, South America and other countries.

It happened that just at this time three ladies from Ogdensburg were making the trip around the lakes by invitation of the president of the company, one in fact, being the wife of one of the company. Also there was another young lady who had come from Elgin, Ill., to attend the funeral of the young man she was to have married.

They were lovely, cultured society ladies and naturally, invited as guests of the owners, sort of took precedence among the passengers in a social way, and as soon as they learned that I was "Mr. Lascelles' sister," they made me one with themselves.

With the confidence and ignorance of youth I accepted their kindness and did not till long after understand what it really meant to have been taken up as I was by them, and their treatment of me adroitly proved them to be true ladies. If they found any of my crudities amusing, and no doubt they did, they never indicated anything of the sort in my presence.

On Lake Huron was a big storm, so the Captain stayed in harbor the larger share of one night. That was near Sleeping Bear Point.

There were many interesting incidents connected with the trip that for good reasons I must omit.

We arrived in Chicago Thursday p. m. of the ninth day. My brother-in-law came to the boat for me and we walked to where the street car started. On the way he was surprised and doubtless also shocked to see me take a step in advance of him and put my hand on the shoulder of a gentleman walking just ahead of us, but by the time the kissing and handshaking were over he had recognized my half brother George.

He said, "How long have you been in the city?" and George said, "A week." Edwin said, "Why haven't you been in to see me?"

George said, "I went in one day and asked for you and was told you were out of town, and as I saw you sitting at your desk, and you said nothing, I thought you did not wish to see me."

Edwin said, "whom did you ask for?" My brother said, "For Edwin Burnham." Edwin said, "That is my father. He is Edwin Burnham, and I am E. R. Burnham. I never pay any attention when he is asked for." And so the misunderstanding being adjusted, we surprised my sister by taking George home with us, and I made my first acquaintance with her home and her two year old boy.

Their home was on Myrick avenue, first one west of Cottage Grove avenue. Mr. Myrick had owned a farm right there and the development of the city made him suddenly rich. As the same street further north was called Vernon avenue the name of this one afterwards was changed to Vernon.

The south city limits were at Ridgely Place, which was Thirty-first street, though at that time Thirtieth existed only on paper, so there was no street between Twenty-ninth and the city limits. I believe the limits have now been extended to 180th street and are in Indiana. My sister's home was next to the corner of Twenty-ninth street.

After a month they [illegible] case thinking to buy [illegible] near Aurora, Ill., where [illegible] two nephews and two [illegible] the nephews was Edward [illegible] the firm of Gillett and Hind[illegible] of the Blackhawk flouring mills.

I remained till January, when [illegible] sisters' serious illness made it necessary for me to [illegible] remained there till June first when, my [illegible] having decided to [illegible] Hamilton, I came home.

He brought [illegible] from Henry Adams [illegible] Mr. [illegible] house [illegible] on the [illegible] house to [illegible]

In the [illegible] hired to teach the [illegible] district, then [illegible] Geo[illegible] She [illegible] Ke[illegible] fro[illegible] [illegible] large [illegible]

The winter school had [illegible] taught by a lady in two years and only about one-third of the men had stayed through the term. Many thought it presumptuous in the extreme for me to attempt to teach a school with the reputation this one had, while others had an idea the unruly pupils would have too much respect for me and themselves to do as they had done with men teachers.

I was small, by no means muscular, and not 20 years old. There were six boys from my own age to four years older and a dozen from fifteen to eighteen. The oldest girls were only sixteen.

All of the older boys and about half of the next younger lot behaved like gentlemen as they were, but there were five or six of the younger ones of whom I was in mortal fear that they would sometime refuse to obey me or the rules of the school, and then I knew I would be practically helpless. But no such crisis came and I managed to retain my authority and I think the respect of most of my pupils.

My sister had always said, "Nettie hasn't any nerves," but they developed in that winter's work. The strain

was at times awful. There was then no compulsory attendance law, so I did not have the whole sixty-two nearly all of the time. The average was about forty, with no system of books except readers. There were four geography classes, three grammar, and six arithmetic, and the sky would have fallen if each reading and spelling class had not been called every day.

I tried to carry Mr. Benham's methods as far as I could, and the pupils all seemed to like the plan. I think four enlisted in the Civil war from the school.

One occurrence I deeply regretted. There was a woman living in the district whose mind was unbalanced. She kept house and took care of her family, but was liable to say and do eccentric things. Five of her children were in the school. The oldest of the family, a boy of 18 and one of the most studious and orderly pupils I had, two younger brothers and two little sisters.

I had heard about the mother of course, but never had seen her, so one day when one rapped at the door, I found a strange lady there. I invited her in and gave her a seat, not having the least idea who she was. However, on glancing about the room on my return to my desk, I did not need to ask. The expression on the oldest boy's face told me that she was his mother, and I never was much sorrier for anyone.

The lady behaved with perfect propriety, and at the close of school went to Mr. James Osborn's where she spent the rest of the day and evening. She was enthusiastic in her praises of me, said I treated her like a lady, etc., but alas, the 18 year old boy never came to school again. I was very sorry, for he was so interested in his work and was doing so well, it seemed really too bad. I expect the incident was so mortifying to him he could not recover from it.

I was supposed to do my own janitor work, but the large boys volunteered to build fires and the larger girls to sweep the school room. I received the magnificent salary of $16 a month of 22 days and hired my own board.

Our trip east again around the lakes and with the same captain was a very delightful one. Our party included Mr. and Mrs. Hinds and little daughter of Aurora.

There are many incidents I might relate but I refrain because it seems best that I should. My younger nephew, then four years old, was an exceptionally beautiful child and attracted much attention, especially from the cook, a middle aged woman, and he enjoyed many favors not allowed by the other children on board.

This boat, by the way, was in care of the same captain and officers that some of our family had already been with on four trips.

A fourteen year old niece, Jennie Tomlinson from Watertown, New York, accompanied us.

Just before we left the boat the cook said to me, "Don't fix any hopes on that boy living very long. Such a child as he is never does." Her prophecy came true in just two months. We arrived in Chicago September first and as my niece, Sybil Adams, was to be married on the third and I must be at the wedding as maid of honor, Jennie and myself did hasty repacking and came to Dowagiac the next day. Not being expected so soon we were glad to catch a ride out with Mr. Daniel Roe Mott of North Wayne.

That winter I taught the school in Wayne which was not nearly as long nor as difficult as the one in this district.

That was the winter of the cold New Years.

I think I had better give some statement of the social life in those days. There was the good old fashioned visiting among families. They didn't wait for a special invitation but went when they could; pretty often on stormy days when the men couldn't work, and I think they always found a welcome and genuine whole-hearted hospitality.

I have participated in so many of these visits that I know how delightful they were. Sometimes there were quilting, and the young people We did not have sedans nor touring cars nor even Fords but we had the best of good times. Sometimes we had dances or paring bees with dances afterward, but the best of all were the rides, not a hundred miles in half a day, probably not more than ten or twelve and in wagons, if you please, drawn by farm horses and supplied with buffalo robes that now would be worth a king's ransom

[illegible] and Gideon Osborn [illegible] hill [illegible] Dolly [illegible]

[illegible] knowing the horses had [illegible] all the week. Sybil was especially tender hearted.

The roads often were none too good and the drivers would compromise by going slow if we would sing. So open air concerts became common on all the roads. Sybil sang unusually fine alto, Dolly and Emily had fine clear soprano voices, and as no one intimated that my voice spoiled the music, I sang with them.

What did we sing? Oh, Erin, Annie Laurie, Kathleen Mavoureen, Tennessee and fifteen or twenty more. "I Cannot Dance Tonight" was my husband's favorite as long as he lived. After the war came of course they sang patriotic songs.

Herbert Dean enlisted and was buried on an island in the Mississippi river. Tuthill went but came home when the war was over. Erastus Osborn was examined and rejected twice on account of a bunch on his knee caused by a horse kicking him. When he went the third time Dr. Hitchcock, the examining surgeon, said, "No use to spend any more time with you. If I pass you they will reject you at headquarters."

In the winter when it was sleighing and the horses were not working so hard we went faster and farther. On Sunday we went to Keeler to church. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Osborn and "Aunt Harriet" were there and invited us home with them to dinner and such good times as we had. Lucius Hungerford was then a beautiful young man, who later enlisted and did not return.

At Christmas time, 1860, a load of nine went down near what is now called Sawyer on the Pere Marquette railroad for a holiday lark.

Besides the four girls who usually went together there was Lavera Kieth and her three older brothers, Flue, Matt and Jack. Mr. Osborn was also of the party.

There were four seats in the sleigh, with a gallon jug of hot water for each seat. We stopped in Niles, which was about half way, for lunch and to feed the team.

In going through the 'Galien woods' we took the wrong road, and in turning to get onto the right one we tipped over. All the people, the four jugs, the robes and blankets were piled in a confused heap. Right here let me say to anyone inclined to ridicule the prevailing manner of traveling, that very often the robes used for one sleigh load would at present prices buy a fine car.

We stayed over one day at Mr. Sawyer's, returning on the third day to find at Niles an ice jam which was expected momentarily to carry away the bridge; so we came home via St. Joseph where we had supper at a hotel, rested the team three or four hours and reached Mr. Kieth's at two in the morning.

I never saw a more magnificent night, a full moon, and most of the road smooth enough for an automobile. I think Jack Kieth ran half the way home, sometimes ahead of the load and sometimes behind it, and in and out of the sleigh I believe twenty times.

Of all that merry party but Matt Kieth and myself are living today; he a feeble invalid and just recently bereaved of his only child, Mrs. Amy Southerby. Jack died young, a victim of his own ambition. He left a widow and two small daughters, his wife having been a niece of Dr. Baker of Decatur.

Mr. Kieth and Mrs. Sawyer were cousins and she was aunt to the Adams girls, which was the reason of that trip. There was then no Benton Harbor.

We were all due at a New Year's eve party the next night, at Austin Barney's, who was then a bachelor with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nash keeping house for him. I think it was about eleven o'clock that some one told me Hobart Millard said, "Miss Lascelle looks as if she had been up nights too much." So I asked to be brought home without waiting for the oyster supper.

Perhaps it is not out of place to say that at Mrs. Southerby's funeral an old friend of Mr. Kieth's was heard to say he thought Matt Kieth was the best man he ever knew."

Even gardening was done in a manner very different from these days. Horse cultivators had not yet come into use. The hoe had not been displaced by the cultivator.

Instead of rows of vegetables the

gardens were laid out in beds, raised several inches higher than the surface, one for lettuce, one for radishes, one for onions, etc., with paths between. And these beds were made by careful gardeners and were even and true with square corners as if laid out by a surveyor.

Another commodity unlike that of the present day was soap. All soap for domestic use was made from lye and grease and was soft or semi-liquid.

There was no concentrated lye, and hard soap was a luxury. In some households it was not used at all, and in most of them only a few pounds in a year.

One day Mr. Adams told of a calamity with which he was closely connected. He and his son who was a teacher and afterward a judge lived only a little way apart in the same town, and the old gentleman made gardens and soap for both.

The son had a little girl four years old, the darling of both families. When in the house she had a doll to play with, but when out following her grandfather about, as she nearly always was doing in good weather, she carried a corn cob in her arms.

When he teased her about her corn cob baby, he said she would look up at him in such a sweet way and say, "You 'buse me, Grandpa."

On a warm day in the spring when gardening, soap making and sugar making were all in season, some one had given them some sap which the little girl was very fond of.

A day or two afterward Mr. Adams had finished making his own soap, and having several gallons of fine strong lye left, he took it to the other house to be used in making their soap.

He set the pail down and when he and the mother were not looking the child, thinking it was sap, dipped up some in her little cup and drank,—perhaps only one swallow—but the effect was fatal in a few hours.

It has been many years since this sad experience came into the life of Mr. Adams, but his poor old eyes filled with tears as he told me about it, and of how he missed those little feet about the garden paths.

One day as he started to go out I said, "Come again, Mr. Adams." He turned around and said, "Do you like my company?" And I shall never forget the funny look on his face as he said it. I said, "Certainly I do."

Mr. Adams and my father were good friends except in the matter of politics. Mr. Adams being a strong Republican and my father a decided Democrat. So when they were together there was almost invariably an interesting and lively discussion. I think one was as fond of disputing as the other, and as many times as they went over the same ground with the same arguments they never seemed to be tired of the subject.

Now and then there would be a little variety. One day as Mr. Adams was leaving, my father said as a parting shot, "I do not affiliate with Africans, I belong to the Anglo Saxon race." Next morning Mr. Adams came again, "loaded for bear." Said he, "I've been studying the history of the Saxons and they were the cruelist, most inhuman set of beings we have any account of."

And then the battle was on. After half an hour or so of strife, Mr. Adams said, "I came in to borrow your rasp." So when he went away with it I said, "I should think you had rasped each other long enough so you couldn't use one any more today."

Their contentions did not worry me particularly, but my mother disliked it. She was a peacemaker by nature and practice, but we both were thankful they never were profane.

As most serials end in marriage I think this one better do the same, although there is much that is left unsaid.

I allow myself to believe that I learned some wisdom in my long life but most devoutly wish it were more.

Much that in the past seemed important now appears far less so, while many things that then looked trivial I can now see were greatly undervalued.

I recall some lines that my mother had written in her cook book, I suppose so that she would see them often, by which I am sure her life was ruled,—

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our own foibles springs;
Since life's best food consists in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from thence
A small unkindness is a great offense."

There were losses and sharp griefs in the first quarter of my life that I do not forget. If the passing seasons brought now and then a little romance, that does not need telling either, though also remembered.

Since my marriage in 1864 I have been a member of this community. My life has been an open book. Whatever I have done, right or wrong, is well known. And I can say that the friendships I have made, as one of this neighborhood and as a member of the Osborn family, are dear to me beyond words, even though by far the larger number of them have been severed by death.

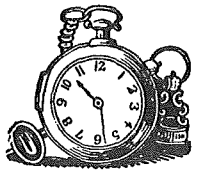
I am the last of my generation. My father was the youngest of ten, as I am of seven, and I do not think I have an own cousin in the world. I truly hope I do not live to be as old as some of them.

Of the Osborn family eleven were married, some of them more than once, making of that generation thirty-four. Of these Mrs. Horace Osborn and myself are the only ones living. She, Aunt Inez, has recently passed her eightieth birthday, and unhappily has some years been blind, a calamity which she bears more cheerfully than one would think possible, especially for one so extremely fond of reading.

Being of my own family "The last leaf on the tree," and of the Osborns so nearly the last, I am unspeakably grateful that the younger generations, even to the third, make room for me among themselves. They cannot know how I prize their kindly fellowship.

The knowledge that these reminiscences have been enjoyed by some of the readers of the Republican gives me real pleasure [illegible] than human, perhaps, it did not. To those who have given me this assurance, either through the paper or in person, I can only say, "Thank you."

(The end)



REMINISCENCES

By F. L. K.

Los Angeles, Nov. 12, 1928.

Dear Arba:—

Professor Brodhead, that old veteran schoolmarm, said he would read any old thing signed by me, so here is some old stuff for the professor.

In my happy trip to Michigan, using different routes going and returning, I crossed sixteen states and just see what a big vote Hoover got!

It makes me smile to read the complimentary things you say about my various talks. Yes, I am some spoocher. Spout and blow like a whale but rarely come up for air. Like a parrot, all talk and no eggs. My talks are like those loose, Mother Hubbard hololus worn by old Hawaiian women, cover everything and touch nothing.

I bragged about the wonderful, loving hospitality of the Hawaiians, and they sure do go the limit in making happy the stranger in their midst. But, Arba, you may take it from me, there is no place I have ever found where the people were finer or more agreable than you are surrounded by right there in Decatur. Oh yes, a little jealousy, a bit of gossip sometimes, maybe, but what of it? At heart they are one hundred percent. God bless the dear people of Decatur for they have learned

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are good and true;
Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you."

The Decatur folks are generous, friendly and kind and that is the sort of religion this old world needs.

I want to go back there, but the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has a task for me and when that is done you watch for the old man "when the corn is waving, Annie dear," and the cheerful mosquito comes again, but not while "the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock."

Funny how easily an old man can recall every detail of his boyhood life. I visited many places, some of them unchanged since the (un)civil war. A rough oak board was laid across the wagon box for a seat, so we might get the spring of the hind axletree. That made it easy to jump out while the oxen were making the exciting pace of two miles per hour and the high wheel climbed up the side of a stump and the off wheel went down hub deep in a rut. Nowadays going 40 miles on the M-40 in a closed car, it is more difficult to land on your feet and come out solvent when you make a run on the bank.

Living was easy back in the sixties. For breakfast we had a stack of buckwheats with pure maple syrup, sausage made of pork tenderloin and we drank Arbuckle's triple X, three pounds for a quarter. Ten cents for a nice, fat, six-pound, dressed chicken.

Now you can get a lean one, weighing 125 pounds, partly dressed for nothing. Beats all how times have changed.

Mr. Ford says, "Give laboring men short hours and big pay and they will buy cars, food, clothing and everything of the best, bringing prosperity to all." Let the farmers fix prices on their commodities that will give them a profit, as everybody else does, and they will buy the best of everything. Try that out for five years and if it does not bring prosperity to everybody, then we will ask Henry Ford to pay the deficit. Now you tell one.

ELLA TUCKER, PIONEER IN STOCK, DECATUR RESIDENT

Retired, She Lives in Main Street Mansion With Her Memories; Many Noted Stage Folk of Pioneer Days In Husband's Troupe.

By Glenn Aumond,
Dramatic and Music critic of the Kalamazoo Gazette.

In a large, old-fashioned house on Main street, in the little village of Decatur, lives Mrs. Ella Carpenter Tucker, widow of the late Frank Tucker, and one of the very few surviving members of the old-time "repertoire" companies. Mrs. Tucker used to say that she could go, with her eyes blindfolded, from the depot to the hotel and the theatre of every town in Michigan. The lady was a stage pioneer in the truest sense of the word.

Ella Carpenter was a school teacher back in the late seventies, when the "repertoire" game was young in Michigan, and such organizations as the A. O. Miller Company, Fred and May Loranger, George and Madeline Maxwell, and Oliver Labadie traveled the length and the breadth of the state.

Miss Carpenter taught her first school in a little building within sight of the early home of the noted spiritualist medium, "Farmer" Riley, when people from all over the country came to the little country "four-corners" to have a "reading."

Later, the future actress taught in Decatur and Dowagiac.

Frank Tucker, the good looking and temperamental son of a silver-tongued Decatur attorney, took to the footlights, went west, and served his apprenticeship with such companies as the Choates and the Spooners, who, at that time, literally "owned" the state of Iowa.

"Repertoire" was in the air. Frank came home, organized his own show and married Ella Carpenter. The lady played leading character roles for many years, acting under the name of Ethel Tucker.

Jefferson of Michigan.

The Tucker Repertoire Company had only to hand out its announcement and the house was packed. Frank used to be referred to as "The Joe Jefferson of Michigan." They played a lengthy list of plays, all the popular hits from the East as fast as they came out.

They used to do "Hazel Kirke," "The Banker's Daughter," "Ranch 10," "Mrs. Partington," (where Frank did an eccentric female role), "East Lynne," "Hearts of Oak," "Van, the Virginian," "Davy Crockett," "Miss Multon," "Under the Gaslight," "Esmeralda," "Caprice," "The Two Orphans," and scores of others.

They could easily have played a three-weeks stand, and offered a different bill every night.

The old house at Decatur used to be used as a rehearsal hall. It contains 17 rooms and the "troupers" used to gather there every fall and begin the season with a week stand in the old village "opry." Then they would start out and only came in again after 10 months of intensive playing. For eight years the Tuckers played only Michigan territory, then they gradually annexed Canada, Ohio, and Wisconsin. They always played to full houses.

Great Favorites Here.

One season they acted under the banner of Ed. Stair, and played the Stair-Havlin "time" to capacity. They were great favorites in Kalamazoo, and have played both the old Opera House, where the Pratt Block now stands at Portage and Main streets, and the old Academy, now the Regent.

Many prominent Michigan actors and actresses played with the Tuckers. Miss Gracie Tyson of Kalamazoo began with them, so did Maurice Streetor and Jane Marbury.

Mrs. Nellie Thompson (Nellie Kingsbury), formerly of Vicksburg, was their leading woman for a period covering nearly 10 years.

Al Hunt was with them at one time. So were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall of Decatur.

Recalls Pioneer Days.

Mrs. Tucker likes to tell of the pioneering days, back in the early eighties. They used to go up to Saginaw, when the first ice was out of the river and lake, and take passage, via boat, for Alpena, then without railroad connection. There they would make a stand of two, or three weeks, when the lumberjacks would come down to see their favorite show.

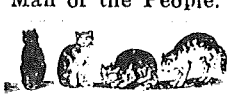
The drop curtain usually worked on a heavy roller, and there were kerosene lamps for footlights.

Mrs. Tucker made many friends in the profession, and out of it. She was highly regarded, as a good actress, and a woman of genuine force of character.

She sits alone with her memories.

Her living room walls are covered with the photographs of her late husband and the old crowd.

Frank is buried at Decatur, while just outside the town, in a little country burial ground, repose the remains of Howard Hall, who died in Los Angeles, while acting in a headline skit, "A Man of the People."



AN ACTRESS OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Mrs. Frank Tucker, Who Died Last Week Once Well Known to All Lovers of the Theatre in This Part of the U. S. and Canada.

Ella Carpenter Tucker was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carpenter and was born at Clark Mills, Ohio, April 29, 1855. She was united in mariage to Frank Tucker. Mr. Tucker died about six years ago. There were no children to this union.

She graduated both from Decatur high school and Dowagiac normal, after which she taught at the Thompson school near Marcellus. She also taught in Dowagiac and Decatur and since the death of her husband she taught at the Juvenile Home in Kalamazoo.

Formerly she was a member of the Decatur Christian church. She was also a member of the Elk society.

She was kind hearted and had a good disposition, speaking well of all, in consequence she was liked by everyone.

She passed away at her home in Decatur on Tuesday, September 11, cared for until the end by Mr. and Mrs. Cahow.

She leaves in bereavement her cousin, Ira Cahow, and Mrs. Cahow; Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Taylor of North Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Jennie Brining of Plainwell, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Carpenter of Buchanan, Mrs. Briggs and her son of Three Oaks and Mr. Amos Carpenter and son of Buchanan.

Funeral services were held at the home at 1 p. m. Thursday. Burial was in Lakeside cemetery, Rev. Thomas Rice officiating.

Mrs. Tucker was one of the last surviving members of the old "repertoire" companies as they were known in the days when the spoken drama thrived in every town hall and playhouse.

Mrs. Tucker, whose maiden name was Ella Carpenter, was born in the town where she died and began life as a school teacher. She taught for some years both in Decatur and Dowagiac

About 1879, she married Frank Tucker, a young actor gifted with personality and a remarkable voice. They organized "The Metropolitans," and rapidly forged to the front as a first class attraction.

They were among the pioneers of the "repertoire" plan and had as companions in the work the Millers, the Maxwells, the Corse Paytons, and many others.

Mrs. Tucker was the "character woman" of the company, and played in scores of popular successes of the period.

She acted in "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," "Two Orphans," "Ranch 10," "Miss Multon," "Van, the Virginian," "Davy Crockett," and "Under the Gaslight."

The Tucker Company played until about 20 years ago, when changing conditions caused them to close their tours. Frank Tucker died several years ago.

Mrs. Tucker was a woman of great force of character and fine mentality. She numbered among her friends the best people in the towns where they were favorites for so long.

She used to say that she could go, blindfolded, from the railway station to the hotel and theatre in any town in Michigan or Canada. Only distant relatives survive.

RELICS FROM THE TUCKER HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Cahow have been going through the effects of the late Ella Tucker and among the keepsakes they found a wild cat bill of the denomination of $5. The date on the bill is 1851.

They also found the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox printed below. It was clipped from a magagine and is yellow with age:—

Straight through my heart this fact today
By Truth's own hand is driven:
God never takes one thing away
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness,
I only mourned through bitter tears
My loss, in sorrow's blindness.

But ever following each regret
O'er some departed treasure
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so;
But Time this truth has taught me;
No least thing from my life can go
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now with faith unshaken
In patience I but bide my time
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow
May for the moment down me;
Still, back of it waits Love, I know,
With some new gift to crown me.

FOUND IN AN OLD REPUBLICAN

Frank Goble brought to the Republican office recently a copy of the Decatur Republican of March 2, 1905, 23 years ago.

A glance at the columns reveals to an old resident many changes which have taken place in this village in less than a quarter of a century.

Cady Brothers were proprietors of the Star grocery; C. E. Criffield was the only clothier and Carney and Peterson were the two druggists. Knights and Company and L. G. Stewart were grocers; R. W. Evans had a bazaar and George Adams ran the flour mill; Mary Shaad sold dry goods and so did Fred Stern. F. W. Thomas had the hardware and Treat was the jeweler. Practically all of the stores on the street were represented in the advertising columns of the Republican in those days.

Mrs. O. M. Pritchard died that year and the Republicans nominated and elected Judge DesVoignes, circuit judge.

D. J. Treat and family attended the inauguration of President Roosevelt in Washington.

William Lee died at the advanced age of 87.

S. Fay Beach was clerk of the village.

Probably other interesting items were in this paper which cannot be reported. It came to the office somewhat dilapidated, the first page being entirely missing. But down in one corner of an inside page was a wonderful little poem, the leading lines of which have all these years been fondly quoted to the writer's family, and the poem is printed here for the benefit of another generation,—

SHOPPING

I.
She went to the store
And bought a little sack;
The thing didn't suit,
And so she took it back.

II.
The next one was blue;
She thought she wanted black;
She really thought she did,
And so she took it back.

III.
And so she took it back.

IV.
And so she took it back.

V.
And so she took it back.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton

Dr. Bope has a cutter—if the ad. in the Republican last week did not sell it. It's a Portland cutter, handsomely upholstered and painted. The thills alone are worth the price he asks for it.

In ten years from now Henry Ford might pay a big price for that cutter to place in his New England museum.

Not a cutter was seen in this town through all of that run of good sleighing last week. Perhaps many of the little people now growing up do not know the meaning of a 'run a sleighing.' Perhaps some of them never saw one of the stylish Portland cutters such as Dr. Bope desires to sell because it takes up valuable room in his barn.

Strange that a cutter should become a curiosity. In the early recollection of the writer the swell box cutter was the correct vehicle for refined winter travel. It was really a swell box and it looked 'swell!'

But when the stately Portland came out the swell box was relegated to a corner of the wagon shed to make a roost for the chickens.

Not being blessed with the ability to produce the wherewithal for the purchase of a manufactured swell box cutter, but being naturally endowed with ability to use the hammer and saw and forge my grandfather made us a cutter.

It consisted of a short box with dashboard and seat fastened onto the front half of a pair of bob sleighs. The box was bedded with straw and furnished a place for the three little shavers while the grown folks sat on the seat. With old Dan in the thills we could make six miles an hour very comfortably and no fond owner of a Model T today is more of a master of all he surveys than were we.

Our home made cutter was affectionately known as the "Jumper" and it remained in the family for many years.

Over a "Hoss" Trade

"Rhodus, how'll you swap horses?" This regulation opener to a "hoss" trade was made by Almond Shoudy, clerk of Fritzburg, and resulted in one of the fiercest lawsuits pulled off in the local Justice Court in many a day.

Both parties to the suit, one of the counsel, half of the jury, two-thirds of the spectators and all of the witnesses were residents of Hamilton. Every business place in Fritzburg closed and the population turned out en masse.

Rhodus and Shoudy swapped horses, a bay mare with a spot on her leg, for a colt and $25 to boot. Shoudy was to pay over the $25 at an auction sale a few days later, but he did not show up. After the sale the traders met a mile this side of Fritzburg. There were numerous witnesses.

Rhodus demanded the money or the return of the mare. Shoudy said the mare was not sound as represented, was wind broken, and refused to pay the $25 or to trade back.

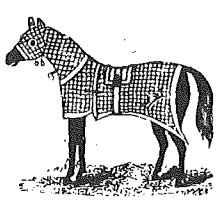
The next day Rhodus attempted to trade back with the aid of an officer, but when they arrived at the Shoudy home they learned that the Fritzburg clerk and the mare had gone on a long visit.

The next move was the law suit. Rhodus' attorneys were Cockett and Moulton. Shoudy's was the keen, fiery, witty, Bill Barnard of Paw Paw. The jury were M. S. Thomas, Orville Pritchard; Clem Ball, Emory Foster, George Nesbitt and Jacob Knoll.

Clifford Rhodus, Bret Cockett, Earl Barrett, Lon Phelps and Thomas Conway and Mort Bullard were witnesses for the defendant. Then came the arguments which occupied the better part of two hours and held the crowd to the finish.

Then the jury went out and pondered the evidence. In an hour they returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff of $15. Indignation was registered on the part of the defendant and his attorney and notice of appeal was hurled at the judge and jury.

A few days later a conference was held in the private office of the justice. It lasted two hours and at its close Rhodus and Shoudy shook hands and parted friends.



Fred Seymour Gives Early History of Barn.

Bangor, Mich., Oct. 27, 1928.

Friend Arba:—I read in the Republican last week that information was wanted in regard to the old livery barn—when built, the different owners, etc.

In 1864, when I was 13 years old, my father, Miles Mason Seymour, and my brother Henry moved from Kalamazoo to Decatur. They brought their livery stock with them and rented the old Duncombe house barn.

John Smith owned both the hotel and barn at that time. Shortly afterwards they bought the barn and moved it to where the new one was built in 1866-7.

A big business was done at that time as it was in war times and a great many soldiers hired rides to their homes and did a lot of the driving. They had a great many hard drives as the roads were not in the good condition they are now.

Horatio Hendryx bought out my brother then his father built the new barn after moving the old one back near Rawson's warehouse.

In a few years, Raish as he was nicknamed, sold to Jim High and shortly after that the firm sold to Humphrey, don't remember his intials.

This ends the history as far as my father was connected with it, which about 1870.

Tom Brownbridge used to run a meat market in Decatur, but I never knew that he kept a livery.

Yours truly,
Fred Seymour.

More About the Barn

Wayland, Mich., Oct. 10, 28.

Dear Old Friend Danny:

Saw your article in the Republican. Very few left now to tell the tale. You say the barn was built about 1866. You got within one year of it. We came to Decatur in the fall of 1864. Mr. North was building it then, and Mace Seymour and son Henry occupied it the following spring. I do not forget one of his horses "Old Bob," that we used to drive to Paw Paw in fifty minutes.

Humphey's first name was John. When asked on the street, "How are you, Mr. Humphrey?" he would answer, "None of your d—— business." A good man in many ways, but very odd.

I also remember the turkey story Mrs. Creagan spoke of. Grove Tarbell called at Scott's and entertained Mrs. Scott at the front door while Tom Brownbridge took the turkey over to Harlan's.

Scott was so well satisfied who took it that soon after in going by Tom's meat market he took one half of a small pig which would be about equivalent to a large turkey in those days. Tom had reason for not having him arrested. As I remember the other owners you spoke of are correct.

While Decatur will always seem like home to me, and never can forget the many friends I have made in the sixty-five years I lived there, but circumstances were such that I thought best to make a change.

I surely am well located here and everything is done to make me comfortable and happy. Have recently been fishing at Gunn Lake near where the Brigham family lived before going to Decatur. Our first catch was sixteen perch and the last was twenty-five. One I caught weighed a pound. Last week the doctor, who is quite a sport, went out and shot a pheasant that weighed three pounds and a rabbit, so you see we often have fish and game dinners.

I go often with the doctor on his drives, which I enjoy very much.

Yesterday we went to Battle Creek to see a cousin. Saw your picture in the Gazette recently. Glad you are still here to report to roll call. Have wondered how my old friend, Charley Cook was coming. I will have to write him, should have done so before. We have had many talks about people that lived in Decatur in the sixties and seventies, he having lived there at that time. Will be glad to get a personal letter from you when convenient. Sincerely yours,

—T. Trowbridge.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

It is pleasant to keep in touch with old time friends, especially such a wholehearted and generous friend as Mrs. May Thomas Ballard. Mrs. Ballard was the youngest daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Thomas of Little Prairie Ronde and Decatur, and something over thirty years ago she was married at their pleasant country home to Mr. Harry Ballard of Niles. The writer was one of the large circle of friends present at the wedding.

The young people went to the Ballard farm near Niles to reside, and they are there today, prosperous and happy and surrounded by friends.

The Ballard brothers have one of the finest farms in this section of Michigan. Their specialties are apples and Guernsey cattle. Ralph Ballard is manager of the apple division and Harry has charge of the cattle. They have sold 8,000 bushels of apples this year.

Last week a basket of delicious Northern Spies was received from Mrs. Ballard with this note:—

Dear friend: I am sending you a basket of Fancy Northern Spy apples from our orchards in Berrien county. We have very beautiful Spies this year, but not as many as usual. Michigan has a light crop of Baldwins and Spies.

We are overjoyed to have a man with such a well balanced mind elected to the head of our Government. Please find enclosed check for subscription. Yours sincerely,

May T. Ballard.

"F. L. K. is Frank L. Kern. You will see a bit of entertaining talk from him in this paper under the heading of Reminiscences."

Professor Brodhead, to whom he refers in the opening line, is none other than our old time friend and fellow citizen, Daniel Webster Brodhead, who like F. L. K. himself prefers the warmth of a larger town when the freezing winds of winter chill the earth. Danny is spending the winter in Jackson. He won his title while teaching the young ideas how to shoot and raise potatoes in the splendid little district in Paw Paw township 60 odd years ago.

These reminiscences by F. L. K. will arouse Danny and the rare good humor of which he is full and running over will surely run out at the end of the pencil in reply, and readers of the Republican may expect a good story from him in the near future.

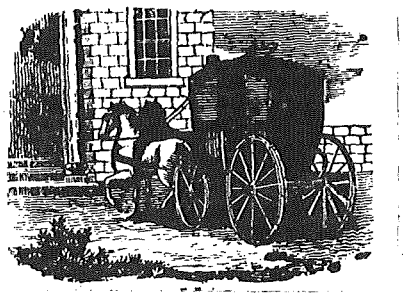
THE OLD LIVERY BARN

By Danny Brodhead

The old livery barn, now owned and occupied by Mr. Isham, was built by R. J. Hendryx, commonly called Raish Hendryx, shortly after the Civil War, about 1866. In 1867 the Seymours, father and son, did a big livery business. They lost many fine horses by some mysterious disease, which was never explained. In '69 or later, Thomas Brownbridge did business there for several years and then A. D. Scott, who was the man that was kicked to death—nearly. Then old man Humphrey ran it awhile—can't think of his first name—rode around for twenty years or more in a high-seated rig the artists, Rasmussons, built on his order and design.

Meeker Shookman was the next man. He did a good business, and was followed by Wm. Graham in the late 80's. Then Charley Tase, and finally our townsman, Bert J. Hinckley, who did a livery business for many years, nearly as long as all others, stopping only when the auto took the road, and B. J. was the only one that made any money in the business.

The barn was built of good material but had a poor foundation like all R. J.'s ventures. So far as I know only three who kept livery in the old barn are alive—Shookman, Tase and Hinckley.



OLD TIME STUFF

By Danny

MODERN MIRACLES

The evolution of transportation from the ox team of two miles an hour to the airplane, speeding 100 miles an hour; of communication from the pony express of six miles an hour to wireless, speeding hundreds of miles in less than a second of time; music and the spoken word limited to the "reach" of the human voice, heard at best by a few thousands, now daily broadcasted to millions of people covering a whole continent; also the evolution of the printing press from the Franklin flat bed to the multiple cylinder presses delivering twenty to thirty thousand copies of folded newspapers in an hour; agriculture and industry, by specialization, machines and mass production, seem a miracle of economy in man power and dollars.

Fifty years ago an automobile now costing the consumer less than a thousand dollars, would have cost by hand power three to four thousand dollars, and not enough mechanics in the whole world to have made the four million cars made and sold in the United States in 1926.

The evolution in religion has been marked and radical. In the last sixty-five years force, intolerance and prejudice,—thought still apparent in the church as well as outside, have been minimized, and our thought and teaching are along more tolerant and liberal lines. And while the pit still is black and forbidding, it is much cooler than it was 65 years ago.

When my grandfather, a hard shell Baptist, and my uncle, a Dutch Reformed, used to preach mostly doctrinal sermons, I had to hear them both every Sunday, and if their preaching was true, which I did not doubt,—most everybody I knew, whether church members or not, were slated for the pit. I knew I was and it worried me for a long time.

And the changes along social lines have been revolutionary and startling to some of us. I dare not use the word "evolution" of society. Evolution implies progress from lower to higher ground, from simple to complex.

A good many of us think the social changes set us back instead of being in the line of progress, and we try to prove the alarming fact by comparison with the past. Now I want to tell you a few things about the past, reaching back to the middle of the last century mostly within my memory.

"That time and distance lend enchantment to the view" is no illusion to the old. The events of the long, long ago in our memories are glorified with a golden halo that enrich and endear them, and they really are a part of us; for you know "life" is made a living vibrant reality by our daily contacts.

The emancipation of woman is one of the great events of the past 50 years. She has been emancipated, physically, politically and socially, and to my mind is on a higher moral plane than ever before since Eve tempted Adam with that nice red apple.

Back all through the Victorian era the girl or young lady was a "shrinking" violet, shy, timid, a clinging vine. Now she goes in strong for athletics—golf, tennis, basketball, swimming, skating, hiking, setting up exercises. Dancing in those old days was the only social physical exercise. Of course the fashions in dress were not only repressive and absurd but were dangerous and highly detrimental to health.

It is easy to see now that girls and young ladies are not hampered by an excess of clothes or tight fitting corsets, and hoop skirts so expansive that it took 15 yards to make a dress, and if it had the ultra fashioned—about 3 flounces on the skirt—it took 20 yards. For several years the girls' dresses all opened only in the back and with a long waist, and a wasp waist. There was a row of pearl buttons along the back set as close together as they could be sewed on, so many that I never got the right number, I'd lose the count.

The girl who could negotiate the biggest hoops and girt the smallest waist was the fashionable belle of the country-side.

Around 65 years ago Danny was taking two girls home from a country dance in a new school house, and remarked what a nice bunch of girls were there, saying, "Some of them had such nice little waists."

Mattie spoke up and said, "I had the smallest waist of any girl at the dance." Addie said, "Your waist isn't any smaller than mine." And they quarreled about who had the smaller waist. Recrimination followed. "You buy a corset two sizes too small and your mother uses all her strength to girt you up." "Well, you buy a corset two or three sizes too small, starve yourself and have an extra rope, tie it to the bed post and get hold of the foot post, tighten it up with all your strength 'till you can't hardly breathe; so there, now."

Finally Danny had to decide it by actual measurement. Fact. Well, sure, both same size, of course.

All this time we were driving along slowly in our auto,—wait a minute, Danny—auto sixty-five years ago? Buggy and Old Dobbin. Old Dobbin was a jewel, knew more than most people.

If in a hurry going to a dance, picnic or any function he would hurry along less than a mile in three minutes, but taking the girls home? slow, he was so slow he'd never get there unless urged. Old Dobbin knew enough to go awful slow as soon as a girl began to drive.

Mattie had a line in her right hand and Addie had the other line in her left hand. Well, you ask what was Danny doing all this time? Well, of course it's none of your business. But it was so long ago, no harm in telling, though both of those girls are alive today; one of them 83 years young. Danny had a warm vibrant little paddy in each of his hands and those little paddies would stand a lot of spasmodic pressure without a murmur.

Modesty was the watchword. Dresses swept the ground, polluting the skirt with dirt, tobacco and cigar leavings and 57 varieties of germs. If lifted to expose as much as an ankle, it was immodest.

Madam Grundy and the Deacon's wife and one or two other choice spirits were discussing the scandalous actions of Miss ————, the belle of the village, in the store where Danny was clerking. Here is the gist of their talk while inspecting all the dress goods in the store and taking samples of calico to wash for fast color test. The "fast" colors mostly faded in those days.

"That Van Ostran girl is the most immodest thing in town. She is always about town right after a rain when the streets are full of mudholes and she prances around for hours for mud holes so she can jerk up her dress and make a show of her pretty feet and ankles."

Another hen speaks up, "I've noticed that myself. She does it on purpose."

Another parrot, "Yes, I've known she was a little hussy for a long, long time."

Another, the bell cow, "She's no beter'n she orter be, and I for one, no matter what the rest of you do, I'm goin' to cut her dead, just pass on the street and not notice her."

If you said "leg" in a mixed company, 50 or 60 years ago, speaking of the female anatomy, a flaming blush suffused every woman's face, unless she was a great grandmother. If you said limb in the vaguest and most impersonal way, it tinged every cheek with red,—so immodest.

Many families for two or three miles around took a cheap dollar monthly literary magazine published in New York City.

One issue had some verses in the poet's corner,—nice, innocent, simple jingles—not one suggestive word, and the title and the last line of every verse was "If your foot is pretty, show it."

In those old days if anything specially scandalous had to be aired, a quilting was the proper setting to give the event class and atmosphere. Of course the quilting was at our house. I'll wager a hat pin that the ears burned of everyone connected with issuing that little innocent magazine, from the editor down to the printer's devil. They decided to write the publisher to cease mailing the magazine, and had hidden the

naughty issue so their girls could not read the little poem. Did the girls read it? Sure, Danny loaned his mother's copy to Mattie and Addie and it was read on the sly by all the girls in three or four neighborhoods.

The parlor was used only twice a year—Thanksgiving and Christmas—except for funerals, weddings or distinguished company from York state.

The motto, "God bless our home" in letters of colored zephyr worked into perforated cardboard was over the door.

A "What-not" of many shelves, stands in the corner loaded with stones, snail shells, a few ambrotype pictures in little square cases, a big sea shell held to your ear to hear the roar of the sea, and maybe a little tiny red shoe that recalls memories that bless and burn, Indian arrow heads and maybe a few dream books, faithfully consulted by the young ladies after every dream.

THE STAR COMMONWEALTH

urnishes Home for Eighty Friendless Boys—Had Tag Day in Decatur Last Saturday.

The Star Commonwealth for boys eld a tag day in Decatur last Saturay with satisfactory results.

Six boys spent the day on the treet and collected about $30 in ickels and dimes and quarters for ie cause. Tag days were also held i Lawton, Paw Paw, Hartford and Vatervliet.

Walter Ames, leader of the boys ho came to Decatur, is a bright and ourteous young man, a very good epresentative for the home. He has een there five years.

Floyd Starr founded the Star Commonwealth about fifteen years ago. He was the son of the late Marshall Starr and was born in Decatur.

The home is located three miles west of Albion on forty acres of land. It has gradually grown till it has a school, kitchen and laundry and accommodates about 80 boys. The money now being raised will build a nonsectarian chapel. Three teachers furnish the instruction, one of them teaching music.

The Star Commonwealth takes homeless, dependent, neglected and delinquent boys from the ages of 6 to 16 years and keeps them as long as needed, from 2 month to 2 years.

Boys are sent there from nearly every county in the state and nearly every county Board of Supervisors contributes from $100 to $500 a year for the support of the home.

GERMANY AND THE BLACK FOREST

Letter from Miss Mary Roosevelt, Who Has Been Touring Europe with her sister, Miss Ruth, and Two Friends in a Ford.

Munchen, den August 11. 1928.

Dear Family:

We wrote you last from Obertal in the Black Forest, I believe.

We drove for three days through the Black Forest. The roads on the whole were excellent and the scenery lovely.

We came out near the Swiss border and crossed over into Switzerland to see the falls of the Rhine at Schauffhausen.

We drove along the shore of Lake Constance keeping on the German side as we did not want to go further into Switzerland just then.

We swam in Lake Constance one warm afternoon. The water was a beautiful clear green and surprisingly warm, considering the fact that we could see the snow-covered peaks of the Alps across the lake. At Fussen we went into Austria and drove through the Tyrol. The mountains there are beautiful. They are not snow-capped at this time of year but the tops of many of them are above the timber land and are bare and rocky. The lower slopes are covered with pine forest and the valleys are beautiful green meadows.

The Austrian and Bavarian houses are most picturesque with their balconies and frescoed walls. The peasants' houses have the cow stable on the first floor, the living rooms of the family on the second and the hay loft on the third. We stayed in two like that in the Black Forest. They were called Gasthauser or guest houses. We would call them taverns or inns. They were most hospitable and not so uncomfortable as one might imagine.

We visited a town hall in Uberlinger on the Bodensee (Lake Constance) that was built in 1494. There were very interesting wood carvings and many old documents, etc., in it. The most interesting thing to us was the fact that it is still being used as a town hall and houses the mayor's office and all the town offices.

The notices in the entrance amused us greatly—they were in German, of course. The first one said that you were strictly forbidden to smoke. The second, that you were forbidden to bring your dog in; the third that you were earnestly requested not to spit, and the fourth that you were requested to clean your feet on the door mat.

Outside by the door were three rings set in the wall with chains and snaps attached and these were labeled, "Hunde." That was where you parked your dog.

As we reached the Austrian border we were astonished to find notices telling us to drive on the left in Austria. Ruth noticed them first and as she isn't very sure of her German we thought she must be mistaken. Then the official at the border pasted a notice on our windshield telling us to drive on the left.

We went through a little corner of Austria and then back to Bavaria again, where we visited Oberammergau, where the Passion Play is held. We were sorry that this is not the year for it.

The village itself is very interesting, but tiny. The whole region is quite mountainous but all the roads follow the valleys.

Soon after we left Lake Constance we picked up a 19 year old boy who refused to be separated from us until we reached Munich. His home was in Munich and he had been looking for work in France and Switzerland. In France people were not nice to him because he spoke nothing but German, and in Switzerland it was so expensive that he had used up all his money. He was so tired and hungry that he went to sleep right away in the car.

We asked an old man where we stopped to enquire the way what we should do with him. He said that he thought it would be a very kind act to give him his dinner and money for a bed and take him on to Munich with us in the morning. Miss Jacobs asked him if he would like to do that, and he said yes; so we brought him along. When we got to Munich he proved very helpful in finding the Ford garage, etc., and that was the last we saw of him. I hope his family welcomed him home.

Munich is a very interesting city. It is the center of Bavarian art and is the capital of Bavaria. I wish we might stay longer.

But it will be good to get home again and see you all.

Love,
Mary.

THE MODEL "T"

Detroit, April 18.—The manufacture of replacement parts for the millions of Model "T" Ford cars still in daily use continues to demand nearly one-third the production capacity of Ford plants here.

Ford officials estimate, from reports of dealers all over the country, that there are still approximately eight millions of the Model "T" cars in constant use in the United States. Some of these cars are many years old. Every now and then there are reports of Ford cars of the old brass-bound radiator types of twelve or fourteen years ago, still running after more than a hundred thousand miles of service.

The newest of the Model "T" Fords is now nearly a year old, for the production of assembled Model "T" cars was suspended in May, 1927, to make way for the new Model "A."

Ford engineers, from tests and observations made over a long period of years, have estimated that the average useful life of a Model "T" Ford car is about seven years.

DRIVING THROUGH SCOTLAND

Letter from Miss Mary Rosevelt, who is touring Europe with her sister, Miss Ruth, and two friends in a Ford.

Sunday, July 15.

Dear Mother and Dad:—

I think I wrote you last nearly a week ago from Dalmally when it was raining so hard. It continued to be cold and rainy nearly all the time we were in Scotland but we loved it just the same.

From Dalmally we went to the coast near Oban, but didn't go into Oban. We crossed the Connel ferry viaduct of the Collander and Oban Railway and followed the lakes and canal up to Inverness.

The road wound through very wild and hilly country where in many places there was heavy timber and along the shores of beautiful lakes sometimes very close to the water and sometimes high up the mountain side. We passed through the country which was the scene of "Kidnapped."

We were quite upset because we had to pay 10 shillings ($2.50) for the car to cross the viaduct at Connel Ferry, besides two pence apiece for ourselves. That is the most expensive toll bridge we have encountered, although we find them in the most unexpected places.

We stopped in Ft. William where we found the nicest little woolens shop. Ruth bought a sweater and Cora bought a steamer rug.

We stayed at a charming place in Inverness—a private hotel which was beautifully furnished. I felt as if I were being entertained in some lovely home. It cost 8 shillings for bed and breakfast, which was more than we usually pay.

From Inverness we came south again. We took the road which looked shortest on the map and which proved to be least interesting, although we all agreed that we wouldn't have missed it for anything.

We climbed and climbed over the windiest pass in the Grampian Hills. There wasn't a house for miles and miles and the hills were bleak and bare. There was snow on the tops of most of them.

This country was the stronghold of the McIntosh clan and the scene of many fights in the olden days. Mary said she couldn't see why anyone would want to fight over such bleak country.

The road we came over is the main highway connecting the north and south of Scotland and is a marvelous road. It follows an old eighteenth century army road which has been straightened and resurfaced and widened. In some places they were still working on it. They put in a layer of rock and another of crushed stone, then finer stone rolled in tar and last very fine crushed stone for the surface. It makes a wonderful road and the stone is everywhere available. I suppose there must have been timber there once, but it is all gone now.

As we left the Grampians behind we bore to the west again because we wanted to see Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. We spent the night at a cyclist place in a tiny village called Killen (accented on the last syllable).

There we met some charming Scotch people from Dundee a Dr. Muir and his family. Dr. Muir is a Ph.D. and formerly was head master of a boys' school. The daughter is about 28, I should say, maybe older, and is an M. D. She has been practicing medicine six years. The son Stephen is about 17 and seemed a bit bored with the rain and with life in general. They were most interesting and we talked to them nearly all the morning until the rain stopped.

We visited Rob Roy's grave that morning.

We were disappointed in Loch Katrine. So much of the timber has been removed that I think it must have been very different in Scott's day. We could identify some of the places mentioned in the Lady of the Lake. Ellen's Isle is still wooded. On the whole I like Loch Lomond and some of the English lakes better.

We spent the next night and day in Edinburgh which I loved. The castle was very interesting. It is now used as a garrison but the historic relics are exhibited to visitors. We saw the crown jewels of Scotland and Mary Queen of Scots' room, etc.

Holyrood Palace is closed on Fridays, so we didn't see that. The castle was the early residence of the Scottish kings. Later Holyrood was built at the foot of the hill about a mile from the castle and it became the Royal residence. Then all the Scottish nobles built their Edinburgh homes along the street leading from the castle to the palace and it was called the Royal Mile, and still is so called, although it is the most stunning and and picturesque street I ever saw.

Friday afternoon we came on as far as Galashiels and from there visited Melrose Abbey, Scott's house at Abbotsford, and Dryburn Abbey where both Scott and General Haig are buried.

Saturday is a gala day in Scotland and England. We encountered the Border games (something like our Field day) at Jedburgh and a carnival at Durham.

The streets of Durham are very narrow and steep and winding. All the population of the town and the neighboring country were walking right down the middle of the street.

We went up to the cathedral and looked at the outside, but couldn't get in, as it was closed for the night. We came on to Darlington where we spent the night.

All day today we have driven through fine level farming country, where practically all the fields are tilled and there are few sheep. Everywhere else in England and Scotland we have seen many sheep and not much else.

We visited the cathedrals at York and Lincoln today. They were both very interesting and the towns were too. All these towns go back to Roman times and everyone of them has a church any where from 500 to 800 years old. We occasionally stop at one that looks especially interesting.

Tonight we are staying at a real English farm. The house is very old and very lovely. It is covered with vines and roses as so many English houses are. It used to be a tavern on the post road from London to York where the stage coaches stopped to change horses. This is a grain and stock farm. In the morning I mean to find out more about it.

Everyday is so crowded with new and interesting experiences that I can't remember half the things I want to tell you.

Yesterday we came through a mining district. Today the road sides were red with poppies, and the wheat fields, too, in some places. The roses are in full bloom now and are the most beautiful I ever saw like those of our own Pacific coast, I suppose.

We expect to visit Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon next and will be in London in a couple of days. Then we will get your letters.

You may address your next letters to Berlin, in care of Ewald Kretschmar, Adlon Hotel.

Love,
Mary.

P. S.—Today has been warm and fine. The papers are talking about the excessive heat, and it's not much above 80.

THE ROUND OAK BAND

Veteran Organization of Dowagiac Will Give Second Open Air Concert in Decatur Next Wednesday Evening.

Decatur people like the Round Oak band. They like Billie Schuchert, its popular director, and they like every member of the organization. They are as well known here for their Wednesday evening concerts as they are in their home city of Dowagiac. They bring a spirit of happiness and peace and good will along with them every week and they put it into their music and the whole town is gladdened by the gayety of it.

This Round Oak band was organized 31 years ago and two of the original members are still with it. They are the director, Mr. Schuchert, and the leading cornetist, Fred Smith.

To "Billy" Schuchert goes the large share of the credit for the success of the band, for he has drilled the musicians every one of those 31 years and has devoted untold hours to make the organization one of the first water, and to reach its present high position.

The Round Oak band will give its second open air concert in Decatur next Wednesday evening.

FORMER TOWNSPEOPLE IN CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Anita Youells Gale gave us pleasant memories of old times and friends in the privilege of reading her Christmas letter from Miss Marjorie Browning.

Those of the younger generation of Decatur people know the Brownings only as they have heard of them in the history of Decatur. They must miss the personal acquaintance of one of the truly fine and genteel families who once were among the leaders of our community.

The Browning home of fifty years and more ago was the spacious and imposing residence that is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Brigham and their tenant, Mrs. D. J. Van Curen. The once popular Browning drug and book store is now the Weaver recreation parlor.

With Mrs. Gale's permission we are printing here extracts from Marjorie's letter which we know it will be a pleasure to all of her friends to read:—

Dearest Anita,

Your nice letter of last April and the big package of papers were a real joy. The papers gave me many items of news I was glad to have. I passed on the Republicans you sent me to Bertha Baker Akin, who lives here and to Otto and Sara Van Hise who live in Burbank, the city next to Glendale, and whom I see semi-occasionally. Each of these three enjoyed them greatly. All of us thank you.

But as for me your letter was about "worth its weight in gold," so much do I prize our friendship. You have always given me a friendship that was a joy in daily or frequent contacts, good to live with, and also that had the permanent abiding quality which could stand through years of separation at a stretch, and infrequent contact, and yet retain its affection and real interest. Such a friendship comes seldom in life, and I count myself not worthy of your giving it, but glad to hug it to my heart.

Mrs. Scripps, (with whom she lives and whose health is very poor) has periods of being better in energy, and in those times we have heard some very interesting lectures last summer and this fall through her woman's club meetings to which she may take me as a paid guest, and through the American Association of University Women of which we both have been members for many years past.

It is possible for organizations in this Los Angeles locality to get the nation's finest program talent in every line, speakers, musicians, artists and entertainers. I so often wish you had contact with this last organization, the A. A. U. W., for you would be eligible to it.

Bertha Baker Akin is a dear woman, and I enjoy her. She and her husband, whom she married when she was teaching in the state of Washington, have lived here in Glendale 8 years. Bertha is a lovely home maker. They have 3 daughters, attractive, smart and well brought up. Lois, Jean and Marjorie. Lois is about 27 and married, Jean married last January at 22, Marjorie is 15 and in the high school.

Jack, Bertha's husband, is a fine chap, and has done reasonably well in business as manager of large food stores for chain firms such as A. and P. They have a nice home in a very good residence section of Glendale.

Otto and Sara Van Hise live on a small one acre place just outside of Burbank where they grow a garden, have a few fruit trees and Sara raises rabbits and chickens for market. Otto clerks in a large paint store in Burbank. Their daughter, Glenna Mae has grown from frailty into a vigorous woman of about 24. She is married and has a dear baby girl of 6 months.

Sara and Otto had hard luck through the depression and suffered financially, but they have kept a fine spirit, brought up two nice children, both married, and have worked hard.

Sara has been a grand wife and help meet to Otto, and Glenna Mae's health is due to her mother's intelligent and devoted care. Sara has been blessed with excellent health.

Marjorie.

LETTERS

FROM FAR AWAY FIJI ISLANDS

Mr. Arba N. Moulton,
Editor Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Friend Arba:—It has been long years since I last looked upon your genial countenance. You are doubtless now growing into the lean and hungry years and like myself, suffering the infirmities of age and the iniquities of youth. Maybe tottering down the street like the old chap in the "Last Leaf"—

"And the pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground—
With his cane."

Possibly you have no cane, so I am today mailing you one by parcel post. It is not much of a stick to look at but has a whale of a history.

You may remember that a year ago my son Bob joined me at Honolulu and later we made up a party and ran away on a trip of some months down among the Bimbos on the bamboo isles of some South Sea groups a thousand miles below the Equator. The school boy told his mother that "The Creator is a menagerie lion running around the earth." The big belt looked to us as though it was there to keep the earth from bulging out too much in the middle, when she began to swell with pride after making our dear old Michigan.

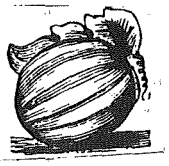
We had a hot time on four islands of the American Samoa but wanted to get down nearer Australia, so we went to the horrible Fiji Islands and lived for a time out among the black, frizzly people in their remote villages, living much as they did a generation ago when they were the most cruel and bloody man-eaters known.

Among the interesting characters we met and filmed was an old devil-priest who begged me to give him my shirt. In beach-comber pidgen talk he said, "Missioner he say must have good shirt, no come church." Among other curios exhibited was this cane I am sending you to sustain you in your declining years.

Now, listen: That old Ratu told us how in 1872 a fine young missionary arrived from the London Mission and gave him a jack-knife with which he whittled out this cane for him from a splinter from a big cocoanut tree that had been shattered by lightning. Then one evening the missionary suffered a sudden death and went into the barbecue pit to be served up the first course after the raw fish. The lad got back the cane and had kept it ever since. He said, "No sell; must keep 'member friend." But Bob agreed to put his picture in the movies,—he got my shirt and I got the cane.

What? You don't believe it? Well, Arba, there are times when I, too, have doubts as to the credulity of some stories the travelers tell.

F. L. K.



A PUMPKIN THAT ADVERTISES DECATUR

It Can Be Seen in Mosier's Display Window and Will Be on Exhibition at Hartford Fair Next Week.

In the display window of Mosier's dry goods store is exhibited a marked pumpkin, so unusual as to bring out frequent inquiries of "How did it get that way?"

The pumpkin is the rich yellow in color common to pumpkins of the better class and is also distinguished by being round like a baseball instead of a football and nearly twice as large as the field run. It measures four feet in circumference.

But the important thing about this pumpkin is the marks on it. In large, raised letter that stand out so that they can be read a rod away are the words,

DECATUR
FOR
CELERY, ONIONS
AND
OIL

People see it and wonder how it was done. One asked if the letters were sewed on; another thought they were pasted on, but here are the facts,—

G. T. Davies, who lives on M-40 half way between Decatur and Dowagiac, raised this pumpkin and when it was a little green pumpkinette with a tender skin he scratched on it the words which have grown with the pumpkin and now stand out like embossing.

Last week Mr. Davies gave it to Mr.

Mosier and it is now receiving the recognition to which it is entitled.

Next Tuesday Warren Mosier and the writer will take the pumpkin over to Hartford to enter it among the exhibits at the Van Buren County Fair.

They would like also to take along two or three prize bunches of Decatur celery and perhaps a few onions. Labels containing the names of the growers or shippers will be placed on the exhibits and whatever premiums are won will be given to the owners.

Decatur's muck land products should be exhibited at the fair. It is good advertising and besides these crops are well worth the trouble to show them to the crowds that will attend this fair.

THE DECATUR SCHOOLS

Friend Arba:—

It has been over sixty years since I attended the Decatur high school, since which time I married one of the teachers, sent five of my children to different grades, two of whom finished the full course and several nieces, nephews and grandchildren have been pupils here; so all of that may justify a word of comment.

A visit to some of the classes during this my last visit to Decatur, fully confirmed what I thought I already knew, that your faculty of nineteen instructors is holding up the high standard reached many years ago.

Graduates from your high school have usually won high standings in the various colleges and in positions they have held.

During many years in various places I have quite carefully noted the course of public education and find that teachers generally are now using improved methods looking to fitting young people to meet the requirements of a strenuous age, requiring a many-sided training in many important respects other than just acquiring a knowledge of the fact matter of textbooks.

Your Decatur teachers, in the main, are striving to apply their instruction to the practical exigencies of life, conserving the students' ingenuity in creative, constructive achievement, and it is especially gratifying to find among these devoted workers, one of my daughters.

Go to it, teachers, No work in the world is so far-reaching into the vital needs of our present razz-jazz civilization as yours. Hop to it, boys and girls of Decatur. This is the golden opportunity. Your time to prepare for life's work is short. School taxes are high. Many of your parents are working hard, denying themselves much in the prayerful hope that you may be prepared to fight the battles of life successfully.

Aloha,
F. L. K.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD

OF DECATUR, MICH.—1889-1928

By Mrs. Arthur Osborn

In the spring or summer of 1889, a family by the name of Sylvester Harris from Ohio moved onto a farm in East Decatur. In the fall they sent for an evangelistic team to come and hold meetings in the school house. There were 5 in the company including the singers, exhorters, and a blind preacher by the name of Freddie Jacobson.

They began meetings October 14, 1889, and continued for a period of five weeks. The blind preacher expounded the truths of this reformation in all its purity.

This meeting was attended by many people of all denominations, and as the result, a few honest souls saw the "Wonderful Light of the Gospel" and took their stand with the true people of God, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Powers and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Lusk who belonged to the Methodist church, and F. W. Simmons and wife, who were members of the Presbyterian church.

These were all baptized in Eagle lake just before Thanksgiving. Meetings were held in the East Decatur school house for a number of years, then a hall was rented over the store now owned by Wm. Kimble.

After a time as others saw the wonderful truths and began to walk in the light, God added others to the faithful few, among whom were Brother and Sister Kimble, father and mother our townsman, Wm. Kimble. They were living at that time in a large house south of the railroad known as the Lyman Rawson place. A room was fitted up for a place of worship, and for several years, the saints met there to worship God.

They began meetings at this place in the year of 1895. The congregation was still small, numbering about eight or nine, among whom were Kittie Dudgeon and husband, and she is now living in Kalamazoo. They were both very young, but full of love and zeal for God, and as the sister once remarked, (when speaking of Peter walking on the waves to go to Jesus), she said, "I believe that I could walk on the water, too, if Jesus told me to do so."

Healed of Bright's Disease.

The meetings continued there for a few years, and among those that were saved was our dear faithful Sister Wright,—her husband also attended the meetings though severely afflicted with Bright's disease. The doctors had given him up as a hopeles case, and had given him only a few days to live. On Friday night he earnestly sought the Lord for forgiveness of his sins, and God wonderfully saved him. The following night he obeyed the Word as found in James 5:14 and 15,—was anointed and prayed for, and God instantly healed him—in so much that on the following Monday he took his team and went to work—a well man—a marvel to the doctors and many others.

After a time Brother C. S. Kimble moved nearer town, into a house that was on the corner where T. Borst's store is now located. A room was fitted up for a place of worship and different ministers came and assisted in revival meetings, among whom were Sister Denu Kaiser, Rev. Chas. Eildridge and Rev. Shelley from the east. Rev. Strang, Revs. J. N. Howard and Merica and daughters from Indiana.

God wonderfully manifested His power in saving and healing the sick and suffering. Rev. F. W. Simmons was pastoring the little congregation at this time and many grove meetings were held about 4½ miles from Decatur.

A number found God, and the true Church of God, among whom were our dear Brother and Sister Louis Goens. Meetings were also held in other neighborhoods and wherever there was an opening.

In the fall of 1905, a meeting was held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Osborn in Hamilton township and among those that were saved was our dear Sister Eatinger. She had been sorely afflicted for four years. God saved and healed her and she is among us today—a living witness of God's saving and healing power.

Meetings were also held in private homes, and for several months we met in dear Sister Wright's home near where Sister Slaten now lives. This was in the year of 1904.

Trying Times

About this time Sister Wright's son Merrill became severely sick with a complication of diseases; as they obeyed the "Word" (James 5:14-15). God would heal or relieve, then something else would set in. Many prayers were offered for him, yet God in his wisdom "took him home to Glory."

O how the people raged! Many untruths were told about the case, and the members of the Church of God were called murderers, were threatened with arrest, some said, "They ought to be burned at the stake," etc. One doctor remarked to another doctor that she (referring to our dear Sister Wright) "had lived her life of faith for nine years and to let her alone."

Others called up the Judge at Paw Paw to see "if there was something that could be done to compel her to employ a physician," and he, the Judge, said, "No."

Many of those who were her worst persecutors are saved today and are among us in the Church of God, and some others got saved, and God took them home to Glory.

Our dear sister used to pray, "Lord give me real Holy boldness to go in and out among the people without fear or shame." God gave her great grace. She lived a life of faith and has surely proven to be a pillar in the Church of God, and a mother in Israel. God give us more pillars and mothers.

In the year of 1906 the congrega-

tion bought a barn of Mrs. Millar, and moved it onto a lot recently purchased, and the work of remodeling commenced, the work being done principally by the pastor, Rev. F. W. Simmons (he also being a carpenter) and a few brethren of the congregation.

In due time the building was completed and a revival was held by Rev. E. Ellis and Sister Myrtie Fosdick.

Faithful Ministers.

Our dear Brother Simmons was never permitted to worship in the new church building, but his funeral was the first to be held there.

Too much cannot be said of this faithful minister of God,—his whole life and soul were so absorbed in the work of God—the salvation of souls, that he would forget all about his own physical body. He was so self-sacrificing that he went beyond his strength for others. His influence lives on and even today we can see the fruit of his labors.

The meetings closed on Sunday night, December 23, the ministers went to their homes, and on Dec. 25 he passed peacefully away to his reward.

The pulpit was filled a part of the time by visiting ministers till 1911 when God sent Rev. Wm. Hawkins from Kalamazoo to pastor the little flock.

God blessed their labors among us, and much good was accomplished. They left Decatur in 1914, for another field of labor.

Rev. Otis Austin and family came in 1915 and remained till 1917.

It was during his pastorate that Gertrude, the 14 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Osborn became seriously afflicted with a complication of diseases. As the "Word" was obeyed, God would heal her, yet God knew best and took her to Himself.

As in the former case of 1904, the people raged, and great persecutions were heaped on the parents and the Church of God. The sheriff and deputy sheriff visited their home and after conversing with the parents said, "We find no reason for this investigation, but being officers we were obliged to come."

In 1917 Sister Myrtie Fosdick assumed the pastorate till 1921, when she became Sister John Smith and took up other duties.

Rev. S. Primly was the next pastor. God blessed his short stay among us in getting the financial system on better footing. He remained about one year and four months, when Rev. C. Knight and wife from Tennessee took up the work in 1923.

After nearly two years among us they went to Wilmot and North Webster, Indiana. Sister Pulsipher from Kalamazoo assumed charge of the work in the fall of 1924 and winter of 1925, after which God sent Rev. Knight and wife back to take up the work where they laid it down.

While at times the burdens are heavy and the responsibilities great, God has wonderfully blessed them and their labors among us in healing the sick and prospering the work, till we have outgrown our present place of worship and have recently purchased another building that is undergoing extensive remodeling. When finished it will make adequate room for Sunday school and a nice place of worship.

Brother and Sister Knight, our faithful pastor and wife, are still among us, and we hope God will be pleased to let them, pastor the church in Decatur for many years to come.

They have labored hard and long, and there has never been a night too dark or stormy, but what they would leave their comfortable home to go and pray for the sick and suffering.

God is still blessing the church and we expect to increase, not only in numbers but in spirituality. God grant that it may be so.

As our mind goes back over the last 25 years, and we see what persecutions the "church" passed through, no doubt similar to the persecutions of the early church, the Words of Jesus come vividly to our mind (in his sermon on the mount) when He said, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

As far we are able to find out the dear sister who was instrumental in opening up the work in Decatur is now living with her daughter in Cassopolis, waiting for the summons from above—"Come Home."

BANGOR HI WALLOPS DECATUR HI, 25 TO 8

Bangor high school team played baseball at Decatur Thursday. The local boys played "at it." Some paragraphs on the game are as follows:

In the first inning DeHaven flied out to Neidlinger. Russel struck out. Daily hit to center. Zook struck out. Dandy beginning.

Traynor out to second. Kibby out to DeHaven at first. Clark struck out.

Decatur made six errors in the second inning, which enabled Bangor to score 5 or 6 runs.

Neidlinger opened the fourth with a hit. Taylor hit to center. Overley sacrified. Calbetzor hit to center. Kibby likewise, was out at second. Clark safe at first. Feenstra flied out. Four runs, all for Decatur. Hurrah!

Dutch Feenstra opened the ninth with a three-bagger, but overslid third base and was tagged out before he could get back.

Decatur used four pitchers—Taylor, Cusmack, Clark and Feenstra. Taylor was knocked out early in the game. Cusmack did better, but he was relived by Clark and Feenstra finished the game. Taylor gets the credit for losing the game.

Traynor, Kusmack and Feenstra played well; the balance of the team good at some times. These three also did well with the willow. Errors by Decatur players ware about 18 in number. No wonder Bangor could carry home the bacon—25 to 8.

This it not all that can be said concerning the game, but more of it would be a sad tale, so why go further?

MORLAN REUNION

Last Sunday was a beautiful day and we found by numbering there were 60 big and little at the Morlan reunion at Twin Lakes, Shookman park.

Needless to say a word about dinner for everything was so good and plenty of it. Ask Vay who came trailing in after looking over Twin lakes until two bells, but "better late than never."

Emmett Morlan from Berrien Center was the oldest member present—74 mile-stones he has seen and Kenneth Jean, little babe of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. High, 17 days, the youngest.

We welcomed Mrs. Grace Chavalier Rawson from Minnesota, and Mr. Elmer Goble from Chico, California.

It was voted to have the next reunion at Lake Brownwood, Paw Paw, 1929.

Michigan Pioneers

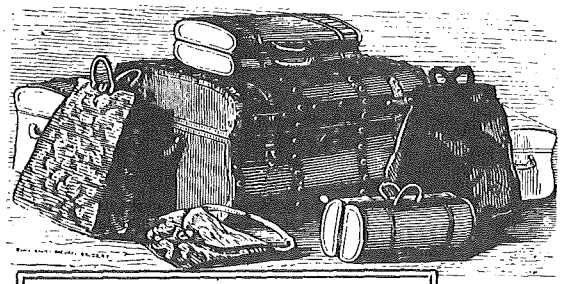
From the hills of old Virginia
Came our pioneers of old,
And among that band of heroes
Came a Morlan, I am told.
Fertile fields and peaceful valleys
Had no charms for men like these;
For they chose a wilder career,
'Twas a home among the trees.

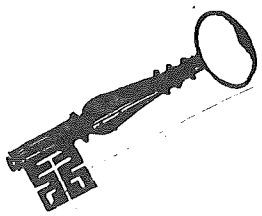
When they settled down near Paw Paw,
To be exact, in Prairie Ronde;
There was not a white man near them,
There were "Injuns" all around;
They were Blackhawk's noble warriors,
Famous braves, who knew no fears.
Clad in armor, paint and breachclout
With their tommyhawks and spears.

"Might was right" with Mister Injun
In those days of long ago;
This was proved one day while walking,
When they met two men named Poe.
"Bigfoot Chief" with two best warriors
Fell upon these valient men,
And they fought like five red demons
Till the Red Men met their end.

Now the Poe and Morlan families
Are the subject of the day.
Fathers, mothers, aunts and uncles,
And their kin that's far away
Tell the strangers that's among them
That those pioneers were true;
For the Poe and Morlan Pilgrims
Are the grandparents to you.

Dan W. Morlan,
Albany, Oregon.





GLEANINGS FROM THE ATTIC

By Mrs. P. D. Smith

I

I have been asked to write a story of some of the things that are to be found in attics.

I have been in a few of these most interesting places. To me the attic is the most interesting room in the house, and it is of that old dark, gloomy store house of relics of bygone days that I wish to tell you.

Get a picture in your mind of that dear old attic. It is a room at the top of the house. A window is at one end and a chimney goes up through the roof.

The room is draped in hangings made by the spider and if you are not careful you will be decorated with the lacy draperies before you know it.

Over in the south east corner tucked away among the cobwebs is the old spinning wheel. Can you remember about your grandmother, how she did spin the yarn and then on winter evenings would sit and knit those nice warm stockings Maybe she would color them a pretty red, and O, how proud the children were as they trudged along to school on a cold frosty morning. They were not dressed in bare knees and thin summer clothes, but in warm, comfortable clothing.

The children of those early days had rosy cheeks given them by the sun and wind, and faces beaming with happiness. They did not go about with a scowl and a hunched back from shivering in the cold north wind blowing through their poor little frames.

But let us go back to the attic. Do you see that gun over in the far corner? You say, "What's that?"

My friend, that gun was used in the Revolutionary War and has a history. Back in grandfather's time during the war a poor soldier came to their home one day. He was weary and sick and had not many days to live. The gun had become so heavy for him to carry that he asked to leave it with them until he should call for it, which he never did.

The gun is at least five feet long, thin barrel, ram rod at the side, and hammer old and rusty, but with a smooth wooden stock. This trusty old gun had served its purpose. It is perhaps 152 years old and has been handed down from grandfather to grandson until at last it has found a place among the relics of the past.

A lady in Decatur told me her mother once had some beautiful rugs made from deer skins which her mother obtained in hunting. She had killed the deer and tanned the skins herself and made them into rugs as soft as velvet.

Do you see grandfather's clock standing by the chimney? It is over a hundred years old. It has a walnut case and its face seems to be as bright as when it was made, but its hands are weary, and so it rests.

What do you suppose it would say if it could speak? Methinks it would have a grand story to tell. Perhaps it was carried home from the makers by Buck and Brin, those faithful old oxen which grandfather drove, and grandmother's face took on a smile of pleasure as grandfather came tugging it in from the barn on Christmas morning.

But as the years went by the faithful old clock would have sad things to tell of its ticking the last time for loved ones. Then would come happier days when it told the gay young lover that the hour for parting had arrived and later ticked the time of the wedding.

The old attic has a charm and a heart ache as well. There, tucked away out of sight, are all the family pictures in their shiny walnut frames. No one seems to care any more to have little Bobbie's picture around, and Aunt Helen's picture with her long curls and her dress pinned up tight around her neck and fastened with one of those old cameo pins, looks so out of date.

The lady of the house says, "O, they are family ancestors. That is my husband's great aunt, some one I never knew and do not care anything about, and the pictures look so queer to have around."

Yes, they do look out of date, but true hearted and kind were those old people, and they were very far from being out of date when those pictures were taken. Few of their present day relatives possess finer characters or greater beauty.

II

In your glance about the old attic your eyes may rest on an old book, the History of Van Buren county, dated fifty years ago. Study the faces of Dolphin Morris and his faithful wife, Nancy, and their son, Elias Morris. Note the satisfied look they have. What a difference there is between the lives of these old pioneers, the first settlers of the county, and those now on the scene of action.

Well, if there isn't one of those old cow hide trunks with the brass knobs all over it. Let us take a peek and see what is in it.

What a shock is the sight of its contents. There is grandmother's wedding dress, and even her slippers, and here in this box all tied with faded blue ribbon, is a package of old, old letters.

You wonder whom they are from, and carefully untie the ribbon, feeling almost that you are treading on sacred ground. Sure enough, they are grandfather's letters to his sweetheart written when he was one of those brave Continental soldiers fighting for our country's independence. The letters are yellow with age, but like the faded blue ribbon that binds them, they speak of loyalty and love, golden words which never grow old. O, great is today, but wasn't there much to be grateful for when hearts were true in the days of long ago?

The contents of these letters will remain a secret in so far as the antique hunter is concerned. They are far too precious and sacred to be opened by strange hands.

Other letters are there which contain prized stories of the great Civil war, and these with their old stamps are purchased and preserved.

Here is an old Confederate bond with coupons attached. What a queer looking piece of paper it is. It is in the well remembered old box in which the valuables were kept. Here are some old shin plasters and you wonder why that name was given to them.

Take a look at the old violin packed away in that corner. It has on the inside the date, "1736," and the name of the maker, Antonius Stradivarius, the famous Italian violin maker of Cremona. Draw the bow across those strings and note the sweetness of the tone. That violin has a history it would be delightful to know, but nobody lives who can tell it.

And here is an old, old thing of iron. What was it for? It stands on tiny legs and the end turns around.

That is an old fashioned toaster for toasting bread in front of the fire place. Thin slices of bread were put in it and toasted on one side, then turned around and browned on the other side.

And here is an old lamp. It looks like a balloon with two pipes on top. It was one of those old whale oil lamps that were used before the days of kerosine.

Over on the wall hangs the old perforated tin lantern and you wonder how the farmer of today would like to go back to the dim light that would sift through those small punctures form the pale flame of a tallow candle.

III

Continuing our rummaging about in the attic we come upon an old chest of drawers packed with dishes. They are blue, the old willow ware, all chipped and yellow with age.

What is this in the sugar bowl? A little stocking and two small books dated 1834, and sure enough, grandmother's snuff box and a lot of old coins.

How I wish grandmother were here.

I should like to just sit down on that old foot stool covered with horse hair and look up into her dear old face and hear her tell of those good old days.

We close the door of this wonderful attic with a sigh and a tear and take our departure into a new world.

I am homesick to go back to those good pioneer days when people lived real lives, not artificial lives that some live today. I want the good old days, when father and mother, Johnny and May went to church dressed in their plain neat clothes, their hair neatly combed and a bible under their arms. I want to see the serious look in their eyes as they listen to the words of that old fashioned preacher breaking to them the Bread of Life.

O, my friends, pause a moment for reflection. Consider the lives of the pioneers, how they worked and how they conducted themselves.

My grandmother lived to the good old age of 101 years. She and my grandfather came to Michigan and located in Porter township many years ago and sometime I shall be pleased to tell you of their experiences.

The life of the antique hunter is not always a pleasure. With the digging up of these old relics come many sad experiences. The aged people tell you of their troubles, and really, you little imagine the hardships that some of them are passing through.

Maybe they are almost out of money, as was the case of an old couple in Schoolcraft. They were sick and unable to work, down and out in their declining years. With no relatives to care for them they were alone, their only haven the poor house. They had seen better days.

I went to the door and asked if they had any old things to sell. "Yes," one replied, "the house is full of old things." I bought some of them and when I paid her the lady said they did not have a penny. "I do believe the Lord sent you here," she said, and I think He did.

Let me tell you that if you sell anything to the 'Attic collectors" you may be assured of one thing, the relics will be preserved and taken good care of, and when finally they come into the hands of people who care most for them you may be sure that they will never be destroyed by some of the younger generation who consider them 'old junk'.

In closing, these thoughts come to me,—Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight, and may I live in the good old past just for one night.

The End.

AN ECHO FROM CALIFORNIA

Our Old Friend, Charlie Bellis, Is Trying To Make Us Think His Adopted State Is as Good as Old Michigan.

Dear Arby:—As I am an old time resident of Decatur I of course like all other former residents of the Peppermint City am a regular subscriber to the Republican.

I had got back from a vacation which I spent in the mountains in Riverside and San Bernardino counties, and when I got down to my desk again the first thing I did was to grab up a copy of the Decatur Republican. It proved to be the date of September 15 and the first item that came to my notice was an open letter from Mr. Charles E. Lee to Myron Hinkley.

Although I do not recall that I ever met this Mr. Lee I cannot resist the impulse to reply to his arguments.

I have no objection to his writing to our Myron, and when I say OUR Myron that is just what I mean. When he came here last winter to visit me I knew right away that Decatur was surely going to lose one of its best citizens. When he started to cruizing around our wonderful country of Southern California I knew that he would soon drop anchor in some one of the beautiful little cities of the Golden West and become one of our native sons.

The more I read that letter the madder I got for I noted what was said about Decatur having nine churches and only seventeen bootleggers.. I know now that Decatur is losing ground in any attempt to ever become a metropolitan city. The proportion of bootleggers to ministers is much bigger here and that may be one reason why the Republican is getting such a big subscription list of former Decatur people out here in California. They put an income tax on the churches here and keep them in line with other big financial enterprises, consequently we have more bootleggers than Decatur has sandburs.

While Decatur may be a little slow in grasping business opportunities it is not so far behind the general trend of this fast age. One day the fore part of the year a young man drove into my Auto Camp, and right off without giving me a chance to explain, accused me of coming from Decatur.

After a little questioning I learned that he had just come from Decatur where he is in some kind of business, I believe it is the lumber business. After I had confessed that I had spent all of my boyhood days in and around the Celery City he went into details and gave me a lowdown on business there as he saw it. He told me of several new buildings that had been built there in the past five years and of some that hadn't been built. He said the city dads decided that John D. Rockefeller already had enough oil stations in the country without building one on the best corner of the Main drag. Anyway what was the use to let a nice corner like that be used for an oil station when there would be plenty of oil running right down the gutters fresh from Fred Steel's farm and several others near town. And such a corner would make a fine location for a speakeasy.

There is no use talking, we are living in a fast age. But still things might be worse, and one thing is sure, the bootleggers had better go a little slow and not get into the hands of the law. If one of them should happen to wake up some fine morning and find himself face to face with one of those woman juries he will have a new mailing address for the next sixty or ninety days.

Still, when it comes to churches we Californians naturally feel a little chesty. We have our Amie with her several square temples full of more home spun religion than Florida is of cyclones.

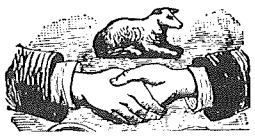
When it comes to long distance swimming our Amie has Gertrude Ederly chased clear off the map. It was a great feat for Gertrude to dive into the ocean in France and a few hours later walk out onto the shore of John Bull's cow pasture, but our Amie can boast that on a hot afternoon she dove into the briny deep at Santa Monica bay and came up in the desert of Old Mexico several hundred miles away, where it is so dry that the frogs are two years old before they learn to swim.

I think that Myron was right in his judgement when he hung his coat on a limb of one of our orange trees near Riverside and settled down to make his home where things are not done by halves.

Well, I have not said half the bad things I mean, but bad as I am I cannot forget or go back on good old Decatur and I hope soon to read in the Republican that the "Black Gold" which I have been reading about for the past year, will set my old home town to booming. Nothing would suit me better than to have a picture of Decatur done IN oil, not with it.

I would like to see that Star driller you call Baker spread oil all over the town with a gusher that would put Oklahoma in a class with the has beens.

Yours truly,
Chas. A. Bellis,
Manager of Shady Rest Auto Camp, 4760 Alhambra Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



Floyd Starr

Floyd Starr was born on the Powers farm, near Decatur, the son of Marshall and Mary D. Starr.

When Floyd was four years old he heard his parents' guests talking about a man (Dr. John Harvey Kellogg) who had adopted 30 children. Then he was put to bed. The next morning he asked his mother what that man did to those 30 children. She explained that he took them into his home as if they were his own. The small boy replied that when he grew up he was going to adopt 30 children. This idea stayed with him and in 1913 he founded the Starr Commonwealth for Boys.

Three years after his graduation from Albion College he purchased with his own money a stony forty-acre farm three miles west of Albion. The place boasted a foundation where a house had

burned, a small lake, rolling hills and a definite dream in the heart of its owner. The December after he founded the Starr Commonwealth for Boys, it was incorporated and the title to the property was vested in a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees.

The venture started with two boys. By Christmas there were 10. The initial cottage was built the first year. In 1914, Starr Christmas seals were sold, their sole competitor being the TB seals. A year later Newton Hall, which houses 32 boys was built as the number enrolled had risen to 50. In 1917, the Emily Jewell Clark school was completed and soon after Wilcox Cottage was ready for use. And so faith and the things hoped for assumed substance, and Starr boys became good family men and respected members of their communities.

Uncle Floyd, as his boys have affectionately called him for more than four decades, wrote the Starr Creed before he set out on his great adventure. It comprised in eight simply worded tenets his convictions regarding the successful redirection of boys who had made missteps, as well as, furnishing a pattern-for-living that might well be used for all youth. He insisted that the things that make good homes anywhere work equally well when boys live in groups. He held that beauty, order and presence of a firm, loving care were essential, that learning to do something well strengthened self-respect and that earned praise was rewarding. He made spiritual things a part of daily living. He believed in work as well as play. He sought to bring each gift into performance and he talked about the joy of accomplishment. He declared that there is no in-between when it comes to right and wrong. These are some of the reasons why his old boys travel far to visit Uncle Floyd, why they write him hundreds of letters each year, why they bring their children to be baptized in the beautiful Chapel-in-the Woods and why on May 19th of this year a young Airman is coming from Harmon AFB in Newfoundland to marry his high school sweetheart in the same campus church. To many of them the Starr Commonwealth is the nearest to home of anything they have experienced.

Floyd Starr is a man of diverse abilities. These function at top performance, guided by a keen intelligence and implemented by boundless energy. He works long hours, seven days a week, directing a constantly widening program. Yet he jealously guards part of each day to see the boys who have requested an interview. Few if any every enroll without first meeting Uncle Floyd.

There is a branch in Van Wert, Ohio, which cares for 20 boys from that state and is headed by a former Starr student and is supported by Ohio people.

4500 boys have gone out from the Commonwealth. They are professors, mechanics, farmers, professional men, soldiers, laborers.

But Uncle Floyd counts them successes or failures according to the way they have lived in spite of the handicaps, not of their own making, with which they started out.

His work has been recognized in many ways. Among them is a Honorary Doctor of Humanities from Adrian College, Honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Albion College and a Honorary Master of Arts, University of Michigan. He is a 32nd degree Mason, Knights Templar and Shriner. A member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, author and is listed in Who's Who in America.

Visitors from all over the world have spent time on this campus studying methods, motivation and equipment. Their first question over the years has been "How could one man have accomplished so much financed solely through charitable gifts from citizens who had faith in him and his way of working?"

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, in a sermon entitled "Let the Law of Abundance Work for You," delivered at the Marbel Collegiate Church in New York City mentioned Mr. Starr and his great work.

Dr. Peale had attended a luncheon in honor of Floyd, a man who gave himself away. Aslo attending the luncheon were six boys — now men — who had attended Starr Commonwealth. They were said to be six of the worst boys that the school had ever had. Today they have taken their places in the world.

Dr. Peale gave the reason for the success of the boys was because "Starr-dust" has fallen on them. He remarked "This school is a demonstration of the law of abundance of which I have been speaking. Floyd Starr cared so much for the boys that he threw himself away: and now, life in all its abundance comes bake to him like a great, surging tide."

And so, Decatur's Floyd Starr continues in his work, continues to prove his theory "That there is no such thing as a bad boy."

MOULTON'S PHILOSOPHY

By Will C. Moulton in Moulton's Live Wire.

Never overlook any bets.

It was someone else who said—"Attention to detail is the difference between success and failure"—but it belongs in this column.

The odds and ends of time represent our happiness in life—the odds and ends of merchandise our profits in business.

Picking up the fag ends that the others forget, is an employer's best job.

Forgetting a customer is a fag end that is worse than wasted merchandise.

Our profits are tied up in the latter—but our whole business future is wrapped around the former.

The details of every transaction are not finished with the ring of the cash register.

Correct treatment and proper diplomacy have a bearing on futures.

Carelessness and unskilled service will ruin in a jiffy the result of years of accomplishment.

Customers are particular and note all deficiencies. Nothing escapes them.

They hold the whip hand—control the steady flow of money and will not tolerate indifference.

The little things of the daily routine become the big things at the end of the year.

Profits in business are not figured solely in arithmetic—but in doing the little things that pay, and—

Satisfaction often pays a bigger dividend than dollars and cents.

THE LAST DROP OF FORD HUMOR

By Erwin Greer

So he got four spools
And an old tin can,
Built himself a Ford,
And the darn thing ran.

The old Ford car, in short, was regarded humorously—the humor might be derisive or it might be affectionate or it might be apologetic—and its rapid multiplication on the roads soon made it a national subject for humorous anecdote. Jokes about the Ford were "what the public wanted." The

popular names and the popular humor, however, were curiously disassociated. One may examine a large number of such "jokes," and be surprised to find how seldom the joke maker refers to the object of his mirthful intention as anything but a Ford. Eight or nine years ago, when this form of humor had perhaps reached its peak, there were at least eight small volumes of "Ford Jokes" in simultaneous circulation, to say nothing of all the "Ford Jokes" being printed in newspapers and magazines, and given further circulation by word of mouth.

It is interesting also in turning the pages of a typical joke book, to find how much the ingenuity of the jokers was able to produce out of the smallness of the car, its low cost, and the useful notion that it was made out of tin.

And Henry let them kid his little car knowing that Ford jokes sold more Fords.

Nineteen years ago Henry Ford said: "We will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one."

Fifteen million cars and jokes resulted. Henry, I predict the new Ford will give the public a million million miles and smiles.

AN OLD WATCH

Joe Dunnington has a watch which he bought fifty years ago next spring. He has carried it all these years and it still keeps perfect time. It was made in Springfield and is a stem winder.

He and his brother Jack had returned from Illinois, where they had worked nine months on a farm, fifty years ago in December.

When they came up the street from the station the town was wild with excitement. The old town hall was packed full of people to hear the examination of Floyd Smith, accused of being an accomplice in the Morris murder. Benj. Heckert was there as Prosecuting Attorney.

Smith persisted that he was innocent and as no evidence could be found against him he was finally dismissed.

Mr. Dunnington bought the watch he still carries as a gift to himself on his 21st birthday the following spring.

ELECTING THE PRESIDENT

By Hazel Udell, Editor of School Department.

The spectacle of twenty or thirty million people going about the process of nominating and electing a chief executive to preside over them for four years is perhaps the most arresting pageant in the long course of political evolution.

Everybody in America takes part in it, from the President in the white house down to the boot-black.

The performance involves endless discussion; public and private oratory; tumult and balloting; the election of thousands of delegates to great national conventions; the concentration of opinion on a few ambitious leaders; a nation-wide propaganda as the sponsors for various aspirants exhibit the qualifications of their favorites to the multitude, and the expenditure of millions of dollars in publications, meetings, "rounding up delegates" and drawing the campaign to a successful close.

At the present time, many of the American people seem to think that the President for the next term is elected. He is not. The President will be elected by the Electorial College.

The electors, by whom the President is chosen, are appointed in each state in such a manner as the legislature thereof may direct, each state being entitled to as many electors as it has senators and representatives in Congress. At present, the practice is to choose the electors by the convention system or by popular vote on a general ticket. This election takes place on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November of the year preceding that of the new presidential term.

These electors assemble in their respective state capitols on the second Monday in January following, for the purpose of casting their votes, which are in turn transmitted to Congress and officially counted by that body on the second Wednesday of February. In case no candidate receives a majority of the electoral votes, the election is taken to the House of Representatives, where the members voting by states, choose a President from the three highest candidates on the list.

The President is inaugurated on the fourth of March following the election. He is elegible for re-election without limit as to the number of years or terms; but the precedent set by Washington refusing a third term has never been broken.

Before entering upon the discharge of his duties, the President is required to swear or affirm that he will faithfully execute the duties of the office and to the best of his ability, protect and defend the constitution of the United States.

On the occasion of the inauguration the President delivers a public address in which he announces his political policy.

FOR THE GOOD OF DECATUR

Chamber of Commerce Given Good Supper at Parker Restaurant and Discusses Subjects of Interest to the Village and Community.

W. H. Caslow of Grand Rapids spoke before the Chamber of Commerce last week Thursday evening.

The meeting was held in Parker's restaurant where a good supper was served at 6:30 to 26 members present.

Mr. Caslow is sponsored by the Grand Rapids Calendar Company. He is a home trade specialist and spoke for an hour and one-half on the menace to the nation of the syndicate system as represented by the chain stores, the mail order houses and the pedlars. He said that if the syndicate system is not checked it will eventually take away the liberties of the common people of the republic and separate the inhabitants into the two classes of landlord and peasant.

The speaker stated that 78% of the buying is done by women and advocated a campaign against the syndicate system to be taken up through them. He has written a novel which tells the story. He says it is both entertaining and educational and he is selling it in quantities to home trade organizations for free distribution.

When the speaker had finished a motion was made that the chairman appoint a committee of five to review the book and make a recommendation, and Chairman Rafter appointed A. C. Brigham, T. Borst, O. W. Newell, Wm. Kaplan and R. J. Fox.

Advertising Decatur Celery

The chairman then brought up the question of the proper advertising of Decatur celery and invited George T. Pomeroy to give his views on the subject. Mr. Pomeroy has given considerable thought to it and his remarks were both interesting and practical.

For some time Decatur people have been out of patience with a condition of affairs existing with regard to the advertised source of celery supply, but apparently have been powerless to change it. The old joke of "Kalamazoo celery grown in Decatur" has long since ceased to be a joke with them. One result of the joke is that Kalamazoo muck land is valued at from $500 to $1,000 per acre while better celery land in Decatur with a market equally as good brings but $150 to $200 per acre, and not a very quick market at that.

The Express Company has helped the situation considerably by demanding a Decatur label on all celery shipped out of here by express, and we are informed that there is a state law prohibiting truckmen from loading and carrying produce grown in one place in a truck bearing the label of produce grown in another place.

George Schuur says he knows this is the law in Indiana. A truckman recently drove into South Bend with a truck load of celery. On the sides of his truck were painted the words, "Kalamazoo celery." An officer stopped him and asked him where he got his celery. He replied, "In Decatur." He was told of the law, taken into Justice court and fined $10.

Kalamazoo truckmen are now coming to Decatur for their celery and their trucks are marked "Kalamazoo celery." One has already moved to Decatur, and we predict that before long all of them will be changing the lettering on their trucks.

The chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to provide stream-advertising Decatur celery.

The meeting gave the Grand Rapids speaker a rising vote of thanks and adjourned.

Scott Bros.

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF ARTHUR L. HAMILTON

Story of His Eventful Life as Told by Himself for the Republican

Chicago, August 27, 1928.
The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Editor:—I promised to the paper a story of my life, which has been different from the average life.

I was born June 21, 1877, in a log house located in Dowagiac swamp. My parents lived there until I was about four years old, then moved to Dowagiac, lived in town until my mother died. I was eight years old in June and mother died in February of that year. I had two sisters younger, Maude, six years old, and Pearl, four, and baby brother.

When mother died father broke up housekeeping; my sister Maude went to live with a cousin; Pearl with an aunt, and my baby brother with his grandmother. I was boarded with a well known family by the name of James Canning, they lived about two and one-half miles out of Decatur, for about two years.

Father got married again to Effie Logan. She lived in Lawrence township. Father got us children all together again. We lived a short time in the home in Dowagiac. Father sold out in Dowagiac and came to Hamilton township and bought a farm across the road from Robert Crawford.

The old Lee school house is where I tried to get an education. I was known as "Peck's Bad Boy." I could not get along with the teachers. I cannot remember all the teachers, but I do remember Kit Lee very well, as she used to give me quite a few trimmings. I also remember Byron Poor, Ellie Wospom and James Chamberlain. Chamberlain was the last teacher I had in school. I was a bad boy in school, did not get any education, and all I ever thought of was boys' pranks.

I remember I had a yoke of calves and had lots of fun with them. Father sold one of them. In order to have a team I took the place of the one that had been sold and yoked myself up with the team. That team did not work so well, as the calf started to run away with me. So it went on, one thing after another until I got to be about seventeen years old. Then I decided to go west.

Left home without anything, except a pair of cowhide leather boots with the heels taken off so that I might walk, a 25c shirt and a pair of blue denim overalls. I will tell you of some of my experiences in the west.

I left Dowagiac, walked to White Pigeon, got in a box car there on the G. R. & I. railroad. When I got out of the car it was side-tracked at Traverse City, Michigan.

I got out of the box car, went over to the bay and worked my way on a ship known as the Tanbark Schooner. We left there loaded with tanbark, got out into the bay, and a terrible storm came up and drove the ship to shore upon a rock.

That was some experience that night, hanging on to that ship tied with ropes. I thought my time had come sure.

In the morning a stranger and myself went to shore, which was about twenty rods, in a life boat. We walked across through the woods until we came to a lumber camp and saw mill. There were docks on the other side, and there was tied that noon a big lumber barge.

I got transportation with them by helping the cook. Took me to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

At Milwaukee I got on a freight train, road up to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where I was chased off by policemen, taken to the jail house and kept until morning. Was taken up before sargeant and questioned. They found nothing on me so they let me go on my way and directed me across the Mississippi river into Minnesota. There I got on another train and road up into the Dakota harvest fields. I worked in the harvest, made some money, got some clothes and after harvest went to Seattle, Washington.

There I got work as cookie in a big lumber camp. A cookie's work is to help the cook—peel potatoes, wash dishes, etc. I was there until spring when I road the logs down the river into the city for sawing into lumber.

I did not like the saw mill work so I got in with a man in Seattle that had some experience in cattle ranging. He got me a job ranging cattle. I got to be a bronco buster, and took several prizes in bronco busting and riding. The following winter we rounded the cattle, took out the feeders and took them to the feeding ranches, which I followed and worked that winter feeding in the ranch.

Still working for the same firm they gave me a job of riding fence. This firm was known as Becker & Dagen, the largest in Denver. I herded the cattle in Idaho.

Fence riding was twenty-five miles front, that means I had a section of twenty-five miles to ride and to keep up. If the cattle broke out it was my duty to get them back in again and repair the fence. This fence had to be rode every day one way and back the next.

The next winter I decided to go to Mexico. I did not like it in Mexico and I was there without money, and the only way to get back safely to the states was to get under the cow-catcher of an engine. My reason for getting into the cow-catcher was so that they could not get me out until the engine had arrived at New Mexico. Now you can imagine I had some comfortable place to lie on the cross bars of this cow-catcher, plowing through desert sands.

From there I beat my way on box cars, known as side road sleepers to St. Louis. On my trip at Poplar Bluffs, Missouri, the train that I was riding was derailed and three of the Pullman coaches telescoped and seven passengers were killed and I was in the wreckage unhurt which was a miracle. I was there four hours.

I finally arrived at St. Louis. My first job there was working as a butler for a banker. I worked there about two months and came from there to Chicago.

That was in the late fall and very cold. I was found by a policeman in a box car practically frozen. When I awoke I was in a police station known here in Chicago as the Harrison street police station, in the basement among robbers, murderers and the toughtest people that I ever met. The sargeant of the place took me in hand and asked me if I would work if he would get me a job. I told him I would. My first job in Chicago was a janitor's job. I worked as a janitor for about three months.

I will tell you in the next issue of this paper my progress in Chicago, in which city I have lived ever since.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER II

Sept. 5, 1928.

The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Editor:—

As I said in the last issue of the paper my first night in Chicago was in the Harrison Street Police Station. I had no money for food and lodging. The sergeant got me a job as a porter, or janitor, in the Hotel Leland. This hotel was since remodeled and later called the Stratford Hotel and was located at Michigan Avenue and Jackson Boulevard.

I worked at the job of janitor for three months. I got acquainted with the chief engineer and he gave me a job as a coal passer. This job paid $10.00 more a month with room and board. I was now making $30.00 a month.

About four months later the fireman on the shift that I was working failed to show up, and as I had paid close attention to all the duties of the fireman I was able to carry the watch as fireman and coal passer that night, as I was working a night shift.

In the morning when the chief engineer arrived he discovered that the fireman had not shown up and that I had very successfully done both his work and mine. He complimented me very highly, and gave me the job of firing, which paid $20.00 more a month. I was then making $50.00 a month with room and board.

I was able to save considerable money as I had very little expenses and bought myself some clothes and put some money in the bank. I had

about $300.00 in the bank. That was considerable money for me as I had never had money before.

I began to have a considerable respect for myself, and paid a little attention to the girls. There was a girl that I thought a great deal of; her job was waitress in what was known as the Helps Hall or Dining Room. She used to wait on me and seemed to give me a little different interest than any of the rest, which was greatly appreciated. I used to give her a tip of 25 cents or 50 cents to get me an extra steak, or some times a piece of fried spring chicken, which would come to me very neatly and tasted wonderful as the help's food was not of the very best.

One evening as I was going home from work I stopped in the baggage room which was the back entrance of the hotel, and talked with the watchman, and while I was talking with the watchman this girl, the waitress that I had paid some attention to, happened to come there as she was to meet her sister, Tillie, there. She was disappointed as Tillie didn't show up.

Bob suggested that I take Mary, which was the girl's name, to a show. I never had nerve enough to ask her to go any place. The suggestion was well taken and we went out with good intentions to go to a show. As there were no seats to be had in a good show we took a trolley ride to pass the evening. We rode out of the city on what is known as the Aurora and Elgin system to Aurora. There, of course, I had to explain all my experiences in the west and after having dinner we found that we had taken too much time and the train that we were to come back on that would fetch us to Chicago had left, so we were in Aurora for the night, and, of course, had plenty of time to talk about one thing and another.

In the morning there were two trains on the track; one was headed towards Geneva and the other to Chicago. I made the remark that this car went to Geneva, which was the county seat of DuPage county, and the other came to Chicago. I suggested to her that if we take the Geneva car that we would get married and she should quit her job, and if we took the Chicago train that we both would go back and go to work. She left it up to me that I should take either one that I cared to, and, of course, I took the Geneva car, and we were married.

Of course, I had assumed a responsibility that I was mighty proud of. I had in view a home, which I had never before enjoyed, and it was my pleasure to make a home for what I considered was the best woman in the world. That was my only interest in life then. This was in the year of 1903, February 22nd, a well known day, George Washington's birthday, and it was my wedding day.

I immediately began to show more interest in my work. It was noticed by the chief engineer, Mr. John Hughes, and he favored me with a job in the engine room and gave me an opportunity to become an engineer, for which I was very grateful, and I took the advantage of every opportunity for my advancement that presented itself. It was not long before I had shown that I had the ability to be an engineer and then my salary was raised to $91.00 a month.

My wife and I, when we first started out, took light housekeeping rooms. We kept house in these rooms for about four months, and then bought a lot and built the house that we now live in, which cost us at that time $1450, for both house and lot. The house was cheaply constructed as we had very little means. We took a $900.00 mortgage on the house for five years. When the five years were up we were able to pay off the mortgage and we lived in our cottage which was a five room cottage, for about seven years.

We then had money for remodeling it. We put in a concrete foundation, sun parlors enclosed porches and also a wing for a kitchen. We also gabled the roof and made rooms upstairs. We spent at this time about $2300.00, which included a garage we had built. I recently turned down an offer of $16,500 for this home.

New Year's eve of the same year I was married, a baby boy came to us and we named him Lawrence. This gave me an added responsibility and I, of course, was a proud father. I worked as an engineer for about two and one-half years and then I became interested in construction work. I worked for what was known as the Otis Elevator Company doing pipe work on hydraulic elevators. My first installation was in Detroit, Michigan, on the Ford office building, and my next job was at the Hudson Department store, and then the Peoples' Gas Light building, all in Detroit.

I was there about eleven months, finished the work for that concern in Detroit and came back to Chicago, and as they had nothing to put me to work at in Chicago I consequently took another job and this time with Marshall Fields as a plumber. I had had some experience in piping and also had some experience in plumbing in the hotel so I was able to fill the position in Marshall Field's of maintaining the plumbing department. I was with Marshall Field for about 23 years, started from the bottom of the ladder and getting up to be the plumber for Marshall Field's estate at a salary of $5,000.00 a year.

I had made a few investments in Chicago real estate. One corner, 85 feet at Montrose and St. Louis I bought for $5500.00 and held on to it for seven years and then sold this property for $22,000.00 cash. I bought another piece of property at Torrence Avenue and 152nd street for $5,000.00 and held this property for about nine months when I sold it for $12,500.00.

I had become very well sold in Chicago real estate as I had been in Chicago for about thirty years, and I had watched Chicago grow and was quite familiar with the different developments in Chicago.

It was suggested to me by a man that was my real estate broker that I would be a very good real estate salesman. I took this suggestion and tried it part time; that is I still held my job and worked day times plumbing and evenings I would go out and talk real estate. To my surprise the first thirty days that I was interested in real estate I had made myself $1,005.00 in commissions. I checked this time against the plumbing time and found that my time was worth considerably more money selling real estate than it was at plumbing, so I got a license to be a real estate broker.

The first year that I was in the real estate business in Chicago the firm that I represented, known as G. Frank Croissant & Company, paid me $60,000.00. The second year Mr. A. Lewis paid me over $50,000.00.

The firm I now represent is known as Frank A. Mulholland Company, one of the largest operators in the city of Chicago, and I think covering the city of Chicago would well cover the United States. The Mulholland Company as an organization is the best I ever worked for in my experience in the real estate business.

The Frank A. Hulholland Company is now paying me at a rate of somewhat over $50,000.00 a year, so it gives me great pleasure to give this little story of my life to my acquaintances and friends that knew me in my boyhood as I feel under my handicaps and my qualifications that I have done very well as a self made man. I now belong to twenty-one different clubs and lodges.

I have Chicago to thank for everything that I possess. My family consists of Lawrence, 25 years old; Ruth, 23 years; Pearl, 21 years old, and A. L. Jr., eleven years old; also one granddaughter, 18 months. I am very grateful for this family and I have everything that a man could want.

I may come to Decatur in the near future with the histories of Chicago, and there may be a few in Decatur that would like to take advantage of Chicago opportunities.

Very truly yours,

A. L. Hamilton.

ACRES OF BLACK DIAMONDS

WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN

BY IRWIN J. MATHEWS

Many people have heard Doctor Russell Conwell's famous lecture entitled "Acres of Diamonds," in which he very aptly tells the store of two brothers who were reared on a farm. In their quest for diamonds they wandered all over the world and then finally came back home only to find that the old farm represented acres of diamonds, if only they would bend themselves to the task of learning how to mine and polish them.

He goes on to say that there are many folks now like these two brothers, folks who have their glasses pointed toward the distant horizon searching for signs of wealth while underneath their very feet there are literally acres of diamonds. The man who puts his intellect at work to polish the potential wealth in the soil of

which he is already in possession will attain wealth, measured not only by income but by health and happiness as well.

Having seen quite a bit of the good land of the United States, I should say that acres of diamonds abound nowhere in the country more than in that area which we may roughly describe as the lower half of the lower peninsula of Michigan and the upper third of Indiana. There is a belt across Michigan, following very closely the old Indian trail between Chicago and Detroit, where large industrial centers have sprung up—a section that is adding population each year faster than any other area in the the United States and in which those who farm have the very great advantage of being close to markets—an advantage that is by no means to be considered lightly.

And by the same token to no single type of soil does this apply more than to the areas of muck soil in this district. In very truth, here are acres of black diamonds that respond very liberally to the polishing that intelligence can supply.

When a farmer wants to grow crops, there are two things more necessary than all else. In the first place there must be available plant food in the soil and in the second, there must be plenty of water.

I believe I could grow 150 bushels of corn to the acre on my farm if I could command moisture enough. If I could turn on the spigot of the clouds when the crop was suffering, and turn it off when there was enough that would be good enough, because in this day and age it is possible to supply plant food relatively cheap but moisture—no man yet has been able to make it rain.

But— and this is the reason that I say that the muck soil areas of lower Michigan are the richest of its assets —on muck it is much more possible to control the moisture supply than it is on the upland or what are sometimes termed the mineral soils. By the very nature of their location, the muck soils have a much greater supply of moisture, by the nature of the soils they hold moisture better, and where the drains are carefully put in, they can be dammed and the water backed up to raise the water level of the muck during dry time.

Here it is well to inject a word about draining these large muck areas. There is such a thing possible as having muck soils too well drained. When they get dry, they seem to resist wetting and so all drains of such areas should be made in such a way that land owners can dam up their main drain during the summer droughts and thus raise the water level in the soils that lie behind.

LOOKING BACKWARD

From the files of the Republican of twenty years ago.

Mrs. Mary Ann Collacott was found dead in her home July 17. Mrs. Collacott was 86 years old. She was born in Devonshire, England, and came to Decatur in 1864.

Jacob Swansen, who has owned the Oak Row dairy for some time, has sold the business to Arthur Lake of Chicago. Arthur Lake knows the business and guarantees the best of service.

Oscar W. Newell of Kalamazoo was a guest of his brother Otis over Sunday.

John Bailey, the old gentleman of East Decatur who shot Asa Wood a couple of years ago, and paid the penalty for his mistake, is not yet out of his troubles. Attorney Ketchum of Dowagiac, acting for Wood, has sued Bailey for $5,000 damages.

In order to show the postffice department that automobiles would do for the rural mail delivery the manufacturers of the Oakland car at Pontiac sent one of their cars over route five in Pontiac Tuesday. The route of 26 miles was covered in two hours. With his horse the driver requires 7½ hours to make the route.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE REUNION

The second reunion of Little Prairie Ronde Reunion Club will be held August 12 and 13 at Kern's Park.

A program has been prepared and those who will take part are Lincoln Beuel, Dr. Rollin Thorpe, Susan Cross Chappell, Frank L. Kern, Helen Hathaway, Calvin Thorpe, Jessie Kern Savage, L. G. A. Copley, Ward Copley.

The club song is—

Some Day I'll Wander Back Again.

Some day I'll wander back again,
To where the old home stands,

Beneath the old tree down the lane,
Afar from other lands;
It's humble cot will shelter me
From every care and pain,
And life be sweet as sweet can be
When I am home again.

Chorus

I'll wander back, yes back again,
Where childhood's home may be;
For memory in sweet refrain
Still sings its praise to me.

Some day I'll wander back again
To scenes so dear to me;
Where life's sweet infancy's refrain
Beside a mother's knee;
To live once more the golden hours
Of joyous, merry play,
No thorns, but only sweetest flowers
There in life's merry way.

Some day I'll wander back again
To hearts so kind and true,
Whose gentle faces still remain
In memory's childhood view.
No more my wayward feet shall roam
Life's troubles pathway o'er,
But in that life and love of home,
I'll rest me ever more.

Hie Potter, a roust-about in the Hampton stave factory at Glenwood got a blow under the chin last Friday which threw him fifteen feet. He was laid up five days.

Grape growers are looking for a record breaking crop this season.

Director L. G. Stewart has finished taking the school census. There are 396 pupils in the district.

H. A. Cole, F. N. Wakeman and Dr. J. C. Maxwell were appointed a committee to name the new lake in Paw Paw. They selected the name "Maple Lake," which was adopted by the council.

November 19, 1908.

Will Hamlin and James Tweedy were in a runaway last Thursday. The horse ran into a tree in front of the Owen Latham house and the buggy turned over onto them. Both were injured. Will Hamlin died from his injuries the following Sunday.

T. Trowbridge has sold his implement and grain business to Roy Bond who took possession last Saturday.

Dr. Ward Collins will open an office for the practice of the medical profession in Kalamazoo.

November 26, 1908.

S. N. Thomas and Miss Elizabeth Thomas left last week for Biloxi, Miss., to spend the winter.

Marriage licenses: Wm. F. Carpenter, 40, Iva P. McAdams, 21; Charley Grayson, 21, Eva Graham, 18, all of Decatur.

Mrs. E. P. Hill left this week for Van Wert, Ohio, to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. James A. Gordon.

The Thanksgiving shipment of celery from this station amounted to 2900 boxes, all shipped by express agent J. H. Haynes. The growers will receive an average of a dollar a box for it. The shipment filled four express cars and Mr. Haynes says it is the largest two days shipment that ever went out of this station.

Mrs. Pauline Lucy Nash Pearse died at her home in Decatur November 20.

A Ward Copley was elected to the Michigan legislature from Detroit by a large majority.

R. J. Huyck, C. F. Pritchard, W. W. Greenman and J. C. McDorman of Decatur have gone north to hunt deer. W. P. Sampson and Fred Harris went from Hamilton.

Bernice Nora Harris Wilder was born January 22, 1878, in Hamilton township, and died in Dowagiac last week. She was the twin sister of Miss Beatrice Harris.

Precious sister, how I love you,
Gone from out our happy home.
Everything your heart could cherish;
Why, oh why, had death to come.

December 3, 1908.

Ed. Kern went to Denver, Colo., last week to obtain employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mahoney gave a reception last Friday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Mahoney who have recently returned from the east where they spent several weeks following their marriage.

Lieut. Spike Conway of Fritzburg delivered his potato crop of 600 bushels to McKain and Bagley last week and received 60 cents per bushel for them.

George Kruse, the veteran brick maker of Volinia, died at the home of a friend in Dowagiac November 25. He was born in Denmark 75 years ago.

Dec. 10, 1908.

Miss Helen Hathaway has gone to the Northern Peninsula to accept a position as secretary to Charles Lawton, superintendent of the Quincy copper mines.

George Kern moved from the farm to his residence in this village last week. Now the fellows who think they can play seven-up better stop bragging for George has taken the measure of some of the fast ones in Marcellus.

The Presbyterians have invited Rev. F. E. Munneke of Union Mills, Indiana, to become their pastor.

John McWilliams passed away at his home in Olivet last Saturday, December 5.

Vincent Sherrod left Monday for Chehalis county, Washington. He is accompanied by his wife and two children and they expect to stay there.

Dec. 17, 1908.

The R. W. Evans grocery was closed last Saturday.

L. R. Anderson of Denver, Colo., paid a visit to Decatur last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Trowbridge of Terre Haute, Ind., are the happy parents of a son born December 14. His name is Allen Bartlett Trowbridge.

The famous raid on two Decatur poker rooms was pulled off Saturday night, and fourteen arrests were made for gambling. Don Mahoney was taken on the more severe charge of running a poker room.

Mrs. Dave Garrett died at her home in Keeler December 9. Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks have gone to Twin Falls, Idaho, to visit their son Roy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Goslin, wife of a former pastor of the Methodist church, died at the home of her son Alfred in Pokagon December 10. She was 68.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Ives are parents of a son born November 29.

Mrs. Julia Smith, Miss Lillian Smith and Mrs. Lina Rawson are located at Georgetown, Washington, for the winter.

THE GARD REUNION

HELD AT NEWTON COMMUNITY HALL AUGUST 19

Written for the Republican by the Secretary, Mrs. Edna E. Davis of Marcellus.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the Gard family was held at Newton Community Hall August 19.

This location was especially appropriate for this reunion at this time, which commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of Johnathan Gard to Cass county and also to the township which was named by his father, Josephus Gard.

Community hall, which was built some fifty years ago as a place of worship by the Society of Dunkards, stands in the beautiful Newton woods, a virgin forest which sheltered the tepees of the Pottawattamie Indians at the same time Johnathan Gard was clearing the land and founding a home less than two miles away.

This tract of land was later known as Gard Prairie and a great part of the original claim is still in possession of the Gard descendants.

The day of the reunion was perfect and relatives and friends gathered to the number of seventy-five to renew the ties of love and friendship

A letter was read, written by Elizabeth Bishop Gard in May, 1829, from Union county, Indiana, to her husband, Johnathan Gard, in Cass county, Michigan. In this letter Mrs. Gard tells of harvesting the flax and weaving seventy-seven yards of linen, and that the weaving of a twenty-nine yard piece brought one dollar and sixty cents. She also mentions that "they sold the wool in Richmond, Indiana, and took pay in cloth."

After a short entertainment by the program committee the meeting adjourned to meet next August at Indian Field, Berrien Springs. And as with smiles and handclasps we bade each other good-bye and went our several ways these lines of the poet kept us company:

"It's the stick-together family that wins the joys of earth.
That bears the sweetest music and that finds the finest mirth;
It's the old home roof that shelters all the charm that life can give;
There you find the gladdest play ground, there the happiest spot to live.
And, weary, wandering brother, if contentment you would win,
Come you back unto the fireside and be comrade with your your kin."

Mrs. Gard's Letter

Union County, Indiana,
May 31, 1829.

I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are all in a reasonable state of health at this time and I hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same. We have heard from you that you had got there and was well, which was some satisfaction to us. I am at a loss what to write as your father is coming out, he can tell you as much as I can write.

John Pentacost disappointed me about getting out the flax but your father hired two days work so that I got enough to make 77 yards of linen. Miriam has paid five dollars and fifty-eight cents and has a forty yard piece in the loom. Charity has woven twenty-nine yards. It comes to one dollar and sixty-nine cents.

The stock is all alive except one sheep the dogs killed. I neglected counting them one night and two of them were out.

I have kept twenty-seven pounds of wool at home and your father sold the rest as he could not get it worked on shares. You will have to take cloth at Richmond for it.

I had forgot to tell you that myself and children have been inoculated with the kine pock and are well of it and Robert has had a very severe spell with a gathering on his neck this spring.

Elinor Bishop and Stilson are to be married today. I want you if you can to be home again the last week in July and if you can't I want you to write a few lines to me. So I must conclude my letter with my love to you. This from

Elizabeth Gard.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

Mrs. W. H. Davenport (Lena Lyle Rawson), after an absence of many years, has returned to Decatur to again become a resident of her native home town. She has taken a comfortable apartment in the home of Merton High on East Delaware Street. This house in the long years past was the J. G. Parkhurst residence and later the home of Frank Lindsley and family.

Mrs. Davenport was the guest of her relatives in Chicago last week, and in looking over family keepsakes stored there she came upon a clipping from the Republican giving an account of the Rawson warehouses, and rightfully though it would interest the writer of this column.

Mrs. Davenport's brother-in-law and nephew by marriage is Charles E. Slocum, grandson of Lyman T. Rawson and also a native of Decatur. He writes that he is fairly young at 75, is interested in Decatur history and would like

to know the year in which the account of the warehouses was published.

The article referred to, signed "Danny", is dated August 14, but the year is not given. Danny was Daniel Webster Brodhead, known to his friends as Web. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Allie Taylor, 310 West St. Mary's Street, March 11, 1931. He wrote a number of stories signed "Danny" for the Republican, and all of them were written during the latter years of his life, after he had retired from active work. He was born in 1848 and was 83 years old at the time of his death, so it is quite probable that the account of the warehouses was published in the late twenties. Perhaps some reader can furnish the exact date. The story is reprinted here in part:

THE RAWSON WAREHOUSES, standing for many years across from the depot to the west, are moved back from their original location to give space to a large storage plant to be built by Sol Schpok at a cost of about $25,000.

The memory of no one now living goes back to the building of the first of the two warehouses. Lyman T. Rawson acquired the lots in the spring of 1859, and the building was probably erected that same summer. The second and larger building was probably erected between the years of 1864 and 1867.

L. T. Rawson conducted business in the old buildings forty years and at his death they became the property of his son, E. J. Rawson. He sold out to Sol Schpok.

Lyman T. Rawson was a man of compelling force in the history and progress of the village of Decatur. He was a man of tireless energy, and pre-eminently a man of action and vision. He put Decatur, not only on the map, but in the limelight as the best wheat market on the line of the Michigan Central. From a small beginning his business grew by leaps and bounds until every product of the soil found a ready market at the Rawson warehouses.

Farmers for twenty miles around brought their products to Decatur. This large area was more than cut in two in the early seventies by two railroads, on twelve miles to the South and the other about 16 miles to the north.

Mr. Rawson built the first mint still in Decatur back of his warehouse, and the first peppermint was grown on his swamp land. He also raised the first celery and made the first real development of Decatur muck land, promoting the first draining of the swamp.

If the old warehouse could talk it could tell an interesting story of how it paid out more money and did more business than any one else in town, how it began long before Joseph Rogers started his private bank in the middle sixties, how ox teams were a common sight on the streets and people went to the circus in lumber wagons with boards across the box to provide seats for the whole family, and what is now the park would be closely packed with wagons waiting to unload wheat and the thousands of pounds of wool that came in on hay racks.

In those early days the men wore boots with pant legs tucked in the tops. In 1865, when wheat was $3.00 per bushel, men predicted that it would never go down to a dollar again. But years afterward in Cleveland's time, when it went down to 50 cents they predicted that it would never go up to a dollar again.

Danny closes his story with this paragraph: In putting L. T. Rawson in the forefront in the development and progress of Decatur we detract nothing from many others whose name and activities are familiar, such men as Lyscom Brigham, Thomas Brownbridge and Hon. A. B. Copley."

ART OF THE INDIANS

By Elwood D. Scott.

Indian baskets! What a flood of memories those magic words recall to the old timer's mind. Again, as in boyhood days he sees the squaws wandering through the country selling baskets, or trading them for things to eat, and salt pork is remembered as the greatest prize.

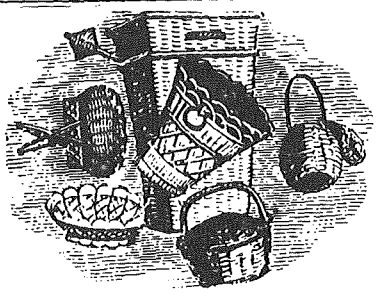
The old fashioned Indian bushel basket was almost as much an emblem of the farm as the ox yoke or log chain. It was as important in doing chores as the almost forgotten "Butter-fly Drag" was in fitting the stump lot for crops.

Nearly every household had at least one market basket of a standard size and shape. There was the wall basket in four sections that hung under the "looking glass" and held the family hair brushes, combs and other small articles.

Most of the timber used in basket making is black ash, four to eight inches in diameter, and three to seven feet long. To separate the layers of wood the log is pounded with the head of the axe from end to end, and it is a laborious process, as every inch of it must be thoroughly beaten. When this has been done, a strip about an inch and a half wide is removed, and to the novice it is a discouraging task, but by pounding, cutting and pulling all the good wood is removed layer by layer until near the center when knots begin to occur.

Also it is here that the glossiest wood is found, some of it having a soft sheen almost like satin. The wood in some logs is brittle, and must be discarded, while other logs produce strands of amazing toughness, and baskets made from them will stand use for many years if kept dry, but black ash rots away quickly if wet. When the strips are taken from the log they are thick, and rough, but are made smooth with a common pocket knife.

Then each strip is split flatwise of the grain two or three times until some of it for delicate work is hardly thicker than paper. This operation requires extraordinary deftness, and



BASKET-MAKER.

skill. Using only the sense of touch the strips are next split to the width required, but is done with astonishing speed, and must be the result of generations of practice.

The strips are then looped in loose bundles, and dryed, and are then ready for weaving which is a short task for skillful hands. Like the most of human efforts, preparation is four-fifths of the work.

In addition to black ash, a certain "sweet grass' a product of the swamps, is sometimes mixed which adds a delicate perfume. Handles are usually made of green hickory or soft maple, as they are easily bent to the shape desired, and dry out strong and rigid. Our black ash swamps are rapidly being cleared to become prosperous farms. The individuality of the Red Man is being engulfed by civilization and soon his baskets will fade away into the misty past.

In Silver Creek township a few good basket makers are left, and south of Battle Creek, near Athens, are a few more. Near Decatur a Mrs. Sturgeon, of Wyandotte and Chippewa extraction, creates her works of art. She fashions what the people of today desire, but she also knows the old, old styles. Seldom is she called upon to produce her best work, for no one wants to pay the price. She can put a splint bottom in an old heirloom chair, or her flying fingers can create a basket of rare grace and beauty while she converses with you, occa-

sionally interspersing in the Indian language a few words of caution to her children.

She knows the patterns for open-work sewing baskets popular seventy-five years ago, and how to make fine lunch baskets with handles that fold flat to the top of the basket, and require much less space than those with the regulation tall rigid handle. Her hampers are popular, as well as gayly colored shopping baskets, and knitting baskets in the styles that pleased our grandmothers.

There are many types and sizes for flowers. Baby baskets used as a bed for the new arrival, and later as a receptacle for the family washing. Besides these there are dozens of other kinds, and still more to be made to order to suit the caprice of the purchaser.

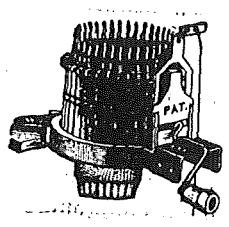
Mrs. Sturgeon learned the trade from her grandmother, and there were times when she mingled tears with her work.

She remembers when they ate bread that was baked as small cakes in the hot ashes of the fire in the center of the teepee, and when her grandfather shot small game with a bow and arrow.

There was no money for toys for Indian children in those days, but her grandmother used odd ends of ash strips and made grotesque figures of men, horses, cows, deer, and birds such as are on display in the window of this newspaper office.

Birch bark canoes, and baskets were arts peculiar to the red man, and it is said that the white man never equalled them in either. Few of this generation of the white race have ever seen an Indian dugout canoe, yet our grandfathers saw them elegantly fashioned from a pine, or whitewood log, and with so thin a shell that the canoe was a slight burden for an ordinary man. But it was with birch bark, pitch, and thongs that the Indian excelled, and experts claim that the finest efforts of the white man were clumsy imitations of the Indian's best.

Forty years ago, on the southeast side of Hemlock Island in Magician lake, an old birch bark canoe lay in about twelve feet of water, and could be distinctly seen on a quiet day. It was badly broken near the middle, but the beautiful curves over the ends were still perfect in shape. The thongs which bound the bark to the top of the frame were distinctly visible. No one knew its history, nor how long it had been there. It would be interesting to know if anyone has seen it in recent years. If it is still there it is a quaint reminder of the silent paths in the mighty forests that are no more.



FIRST SETTLERS OF PORTER TWP.

By Mrs. Leona Smith

(The following story was written by Mrs. Dana Smith of Paw Paw some twenty or more years ago. She found it in her scrapbook and brought it to THE REPUBLICAN office last week. It will be of interest to many old residents.—Ed)

Thinking that perhaps just a bit of the early history of Porter township might interest the few old pioneers that are left and trusting that those that come after might appreciate it, the following story has been gleaned.

In coming to this state the pioneers of Porter found a heavily timbered country but nevertheless an interesting one. There were great tracts of timber and oak openings of which good old Fenimore Cooper wrote in that wonderful book, "Oak Openings." The large lakes were particularly attractive to the newcomer. Wolves, deer and all kinds of game were plentiful, so much that the farmers were in constant fear of wolves carrying off the stock.

Among the early settlers of the Kinney settlement in 1846 were Geo. Wilson and Matthew Lewis. In that March Mr. Lewis lost a child and buried it on Luke Munger's farm. This was the first person who died in the township. Daniel Alexander, who came from Ohio in 1832 bought 200 acres of government land on sections 20, 29 and 30 and while building a house on his new possession he and his wife (a daughter of Geo. Tittle of Decatur) lived in a log cabin owned by Dolphin Morris which was located on Little Prairie. Mrs. Alexander has told many interesting stories of her lonesome experience with the Indians. She was first frightened at the very sight of the savages, but soon grew to like them as they were very friendly and exceedingly sociable and she received many tokens of Indian friendship.

John Nesbitt was one of Porter's pioneers in the Keeler settlement, where he and his brother turned the first furrow and kept bachelor's hall in 1834. In 1846 Mr. Nesbitt moved to his new farm and was obliged to make his own road while Mrs. Nesbitt drove the ox team. They built a cabin having no door. A quilt was hung up before the opening and served the purpose for some time. Their kitchen was an open space under two whitewood trees, where Mrs. Nesbitt did all the cooking for two months.

Isaac Hall came in 1834 and his brother Amos settled in Porter in 1846 between Grass and Cedar lakes. The other settlers were Silas Gould, H. Weldin, David Gilson and the widow Merritt.

The only store opened in Porter was owned by Mr. Lewis at Porter Center, but soon went out of existence. The first marriage was that of William Nixon of Bertrand to Electa, daughter of Tinker Smith, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Samuel Julian in 1837. The first school teacher was Warren Corey who taught the Kinney school. Sarah, daughter of Nathan Cook, taught in the Bell neighborhood and Josiah Judson at the Center. Lorin Barker taught school in 1841 in Miles Van Sickle's log cabin.

In 1875 the township voted $1,500 to aid the Paw Paw Valley R. R., which was to pass through Porter, but the project failed.

The population of Porter in 1847 was 1182 and the assessed valuation in 1879 was $357,400.

The first Methodist class was organized in Porter in 1844. Meetings were held in Roderick Bills' cooper shop. The first class leader was Mr. Mitchelson and the next, Mr. Myron Hall in 1847. The first pastor was Rev. Mr. Reynolds.

About 1840 George Free was appointed postmaster and kept the office in his home near Gravel lake. What mail there was was left for him by a mail rider whose route extended from Schoolcraft to Dowagiac. In 1845 the office was in charge of Isaac Hall and later was moved to Lawton.

In 1845 Bankson lake covered an area of 600 acres and Cedar lake about 500.

Mrs. Caroline Hall who is over 100 years old came to Porter in an early day and has told some very interesting stories of pioneer days. From an old account book which was kept by Myron Hall during the time of the Civil War, the following items of interest were found: 1 gal. coal oil 80c; 1 lb. tea 75c; 4 lbs. sugar 60c; 1 lb. soda 15c; 2 yds. calico 40c; 1 pair bootes $5.50; ½ lb. tea 50c; 1 barrel salt $3.25; 1 lb. tea $1.40; 1 bu. wheat $1.65; 1 bu. corn 31c; 1 cow $12.00; 1 bu. potatoes 75c; four days planting corn (year 1850) $2.50; two trips to Prairie Ronde with oxen hauling timber 75c; 4 bu. corn $2.00; 1 lbs. butter $1.20; eggs 2 doz. 20c; 10 lbs. pork $1.00; 1 day's work 63c.

Mrs. Myron Hall did live in Macomb county in a log house in the woods and deer came to rest in the shade of the cabin. The few chickens they possessed made their nests in hollow logs.

Wild hogs roamed the woods, and bear and wolves made life miserable for them during the night. The cabin was composed of one room with a fire place which served the purpose of kitchen range.

Time and hard work have shown what can be done in bringing out a fine and fertile farming country from a great forest. How many of the young people of today would be able to accomplish as much even under more favorable circumstances. The high cost of living in those days did not cut much figure as the pioneers were thoroughly acquainted with the one word—save— so by this means they came through and were willing to go without the necessaries of life that they might have a home.

What is the condition of the world

today? In the Book of all Books we find these words, "Men shall be lovers of their ownselves, covetous, heady, minded, truce breakers, fierce, incontinent unthankful, unholy, lovers of pleasure more than of God."

ACRES OF BLACK DIAMONDS

WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN BY IRWIN J. MATHEWS

III

The most valuable soils in Michigan today are the muck soils. During the past year, about all the water and some of the substance has been squeezed out of land values in Michigan, but the economists who ought to know, say that land values are now at their lowest ebb. Some say that the upward price started the middle of last summer, but they do not predict a rapid rise. Certainly some land is moving of late, but the point I want to make is that even with such a condition prevailing, during the last year as much as a thousand dollars an acre has been offered to some of the owners of muck soil around Kalamazoo, Muskegon, and other Michigan points—but to no avail. The owners have found these lands too productive to allow them to go at such a figure.

Aside from their natural productivity when properly fertilized, these muck soil areas of lower Michigan have another value which transcends and abets their productivity and closeness to market.

Michigan has 1624 miles of coast line, more than any other state in the Union, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 inland lakes so many that no one person has ever been able to count them.

Northern Michigan has been called, and rightly so, the Playground of the Nation. And since the lower peninsula is in the form of the glad hand, backing up the good will of the great nation behind it on the south and extending toward another great empire on the north, there is no other way to get to this Playground of the Nation except to penetrate the lower third of Michigan somewhere. Hence, this territory has the added advantage of being the Gateway to the Playground of the Nation—also the Getaway. Tourists must eat—they want to eat something different. That is why many of them leave home. There are few who realize what this means to Michigan farmers.

But this simple statement below will show that the tourist business is the second largest business conducted annually in the state. The manufacturing business leaves annually in Michigan some four and a half billion dollars; the tourists who come to the state each year drop a paltry three hundred million dollars inside the state while the products of the farms and orchards amount to each year, in round numbers, about 270 million dollars. The fine thing about Michigan scenery, shore line, atmosphere, woods, lakes, etc., is that it is used over and over again, never wears out, is sold and resold each year—in fact is like an old Stradivarious violin, the longer you use it, the better it is.

In connection with these muck soil areas, they occupy a very prominent place in the tourist business. The exhilirating aroma of peppermint oil on the clear morning air—that's something different—and that's about all a vacation is anyhow.

The crisp celery to munch on as the traveler speeds over the great white ways—something to relieve the ennui of the trip, something to fill you up, and something to charge you with vitamines — that energizing something that people talk so fluently of and know so little about; long rows of purplish green onion tops, like speaking tubes of buried giants, stretching away to the horizon against the background of black diamonds; all these and many more are the products of muck soil.

And they can be had by the mere matter of polishing the black diamonds. When some of these muck soils are just broken up they need nothing for two or three years, then for the first eight or ten years, many of them respond to nothing but pure muriate of potash in varying amounts, and for some years afterwards, they need largely an 0-8-24 or an 0-8-32. These last two are the principal analyses that are recommended for Michigan mucks that have been farmed for some time, particularly on crops that do not start to grow until the temperature is well warmed up in the spring. A 2-8-16 is used for early crops.

Potash is what makes these muck crops crisp. Wilted celery—fie upon it! Leafy peppermint, that's what fills the cans with oil—that legal tender so valuable that banks take it as collateral and store it in their vaults, and without which Bill Wrigley and his famous tower would cease to be emblazoned on every landscape in the country.

HISTORY OF HAMILTON'S NEW ROAD

Printed by Request in Response to Inquiries About This Highway, Its Completion and Desirability.

By E. D. Scott.

The new road, No. 51, beginning at the old blacksmith shop on the Territorial, between Decatur and Keeler, passing northwest by the Nesbitt School House, Corwin, and on to the Keeler-Hamilton town line, has recently been accepted by the county commissioners.

A year ago it was one of the worst four miles of roadway in southwest Michigan; today it is one of the best gravel roads. Otis Klett, the popular and well known contractor made the transformation.

To the north this road connects, via the Corwin-Lawrence road with U. S. 12 at Lawrence; also the townline road beginning at Zimmerman's corners, is surveyed northward to the County Farm, crossing U. S. 12 at that point, and joining the Bangor road, now under construction.

The county officials are also providing a shortcut by gravelling from Stickney's corners north to "Sile" McGowan's corners. Southward from Fritzburg, over two miles of fairly good road, No. 51 connects with M-40. These connections provide travelers with outlets in any direction.

Residents along those old muddy ruts had a long and painful struggle to get the improvement. Six years ago a petition was signed by practically everyone along the route, but the county highway commissioners would not consider it until the Territorial between Decatur and Keeler was built, as it seemed to begin nowhere in particular, and end as aimlessly.

Acting upon this statement, Will Young circulated a petition for the Territorial, and with everybody boosting, that road was soon rushed to completion.

True to it's promise, the commission then acted upon the petition for the angling road, and early in 1923 a hearing was held at Fassett's, but the urban, and suburban population of the Metropolis of Corwin packed the caucus, and with the aid of many double votes made by hastily wrought joint deeds to farms, voted to table the petition indefinitely.

This was partly made possible because two members of the City Council of Corwin had made a house to house canvas of all the homes in the assessment district, carefully varnishing all statements as to the probable cost of the road with a very strong anti-shrinking compound.

Several later attempts to have the commission act upon the petition failed, owing to lack of funds.

Early in 1926, after the gas tax had become a reality, Mrs. Knoll and her daughter, Mrs. Bissinger, at a terrible expenditure of time, gasoline and complexion powder, paid a visit to every township supervisor in the county, and explained to him the necessity of the road. A committee to examine the road was appointed by the supervisors, and at their spring meeting all but two voted in favor of the improvement. There was one vote really against it, Hamilton's representative declining to vote at all.

After the favorable ballot, the Board of Supervisors placed the case in the hands of the County Commissioners for whatever action they saw fit.

There were some more delays, but early in 1927, two road hearings were held at the Nesbitt School House. From the opening of the first meeting it was evident that the commissioners intended to build the road, though some vain efforts by a very small minority were made to block it. In answer to a comment concerning a vote on the petition, one of the commissioners stated that the commission did not require a vote on any road; that a signature on a petition was just as holding as a signature on a deed.

One fellow who did not live in the

assessment district, and had no right to vote anyway, evidently came there with a firm determination to stop the building of the road if possible. He inferred that the road as planned, was as unnecessary as adding thorns to onions; that tourists would enjoy the thistles and poison sumac along the Johnson Lake road far more than they would the wild parsnip and horse nettles on the road meandering by the ruins of Nesbitt's Mills, on Brush Creek. His remarks created no more enthusiasm than a firecracker on the Fifth of July.

One of the main reasons for the defeat of the road four years before, sulked in his tent like Cornwallis at Yorktown, and did not appear at the compulsory surrender at the second meeting.

The defeat or this road five years ago occasioned some very hard feelings, even bitterness. New comers in the district thought some old feud had blazed into a sudden fit of fury, and it was doubted if the old cordiality could ever be restored. Many badly decayed adjectives were hurled by both sides, but as usual, it was always when the other fellow was not within hearing. Doormats with "Welcome" on them were taboo throughout the whole district.

One night a new style of lawn illumination was inaugurated at one home. Christianity's most sacred emblem was used as a model for this fiery splendor. The donators of the fireworks were so truly generous, modest and retiring that they shrank into the darkness, leaving no trace to their identity, and some of the other inhabitants felt rather neglected because no further spectacles were given.

The animosity got so pronounced that the ladies would not send by their nearest neighbors to the Corwin store for two eggs worth of molasses, badly needed in the foundation of a cake; or even borrow powder puffs, or safety pins in case of public accidents.

And the men were just as savage in their display of hatreds. Erstwhile cronies, who had slept through the same sermons, would no longer take a chaw off the other's plug of horseshoe, or deal off the bottom of the same deck, at the Saturday night pedro sessions.

No one knows what the new road is to be called, and it should have a name. Several have been suggested, but none adopted. Since motoring has become so general in the last few years, many names have been applied to it, mostly more forcible and expressive than elegant. As this is supposed to be a thoroughly civilized portion of Michigan, and as the Republican is not printed on asbestos, no attempt will be made to give the list here. It might be mentioned that it has often been called "Crooked Street," but just what is meant by that is not known.

Though its location may be carefully charted, the hatchet is at least buried. Most of those violently opposed to the road in 1923, were greatly in favor of it in 1927, and the blessed friendships of bygone years returned over the new trail, to be welcomed like the "Prodigal Son" of old.

The public is getting much enjoyment and comfort from this fine highway, and all feel grateful to the County highway commissioners. And except for the roar of speeding cars, all is as quiet along the route as a bargain counter sale of wash boards at Tiffany's.

THE WONDERS OF AMERICA

Graphic Account of a 7,500 Mile Camping Trip of Doris Brigham and Beulah Campbell Through the West.

Written for the Republican by Beulah Campbell.

As we think back over the 7,500 mile camping trip that we have just taken through some of the western states there are some places which stand out vividly in our memory. To those places less advertised and consequently less known to the majority of people I shall devote more space than to those which have been so highly advertised for years past.

To many travelers Pike's Peak, The Royal Gorge, The Garden of the Gods and the other scenic attractions near Colorado Springs are the chief points of interest in Colorado and the only ones seen. The majority of these places are privately owned and so have been widely advertised as a commercial project for years, while there are other spots less advertised but equally scenic which delight the traveler just as much. Some of the most attractive to us were the canyons.

The Big Thompson canyon is awe-inspiring with its gigantic walls of rock rising above the rushing river below. The St.Vrain offers a greener, wilder beauty, while the Poudre canyon and the Boulder still add to the variety of canyon scenes that may be presented in one section of one state. These may all be reached from the highway running north of Denver to Fort Collins.

Another particularly beautiful trip that we enjoyed was the circle trip through Rocky Mountain National Park, over Fall River Pass at an elevation of 11,797 feet, past Grand lake, where the annual Lipton yacht races are held, past the end of the Moffat tunnel, over Berthoud pass at an elevation of 11,349 feet, through Idaho Springs in the mining district, over Lookout Mountain on which is Buffalo Bill's grave, and on into Denver.

For sheer beauty of mountain drives and forest covered mountain slopes we saw nothing that surpassed the scenery along "The Million Dollar Highway" near Silverton and Ouray on the western slope of the Rockies. This drive is on the main road north from Mesa Verde National Park.

A national park missed by many tourists because it is down in the southwestern corner of Colorado off the principal cross country highways is Mesa Verde, containing the most elaborate and best preserved prehistoric cliff-dweller ruins in America, if not in the world. For us the three days spent there were some of the most interesting and instructive of the entire trip.

The Mesa Verde (called verde or green because of the heavy forest cover) is one of the great mesas, being approximately fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, and perhaps the most widely known in the southwest. The surface of this great table-land, rising abruptly one thousand to two thousand five hundred feet above the surrounding valley, is gashed by a great series of precipitous canyons, and in the great caves in the sheer canyon walls the ruins of the ancient cliff dwellers are found.

We enjoyed the hiking trips to Sun Temple, Cliff Palace, Balcony House, and Square Tower House, led by the rangers who take parties out every morning and afternoon, the campfire talks given in the evening telling of the life and customs of the cliff dwellers, and pointing out the most significant features of the park. Here there was time to enjoy a day's horseback trip to Pipe Spring House, a large ruin which still exists just as it was found and has not been cleaned out as have those visited on the foot and auto trails.

"The Mesa Verde region," writes Arthur Chapman. "has many attractions besides its ruins. It is a land of weird beauty. It is a country for active foot work, just as it was in the days of the cliff dwellers themselves. But when one has spent a few days among the cedars and jack pines of the Mesa Verde, well named 'Green Table' by the Spaniards of early days, he becomes an enthusiast and will be found among those who return again and again to this most unique of national parks to study its mysteries from all angles."

Although very different from Colorado, Utah was extremely interesting and very scenic. There is a peculiar fascination about that country; we liked it in spite of the hundreds of miles of sage-brush desert that we traversed. It was all so new to us and so varied.

During a two-days stop at Salt Lake City we visited Temple Square, heard the noon organ recital given in the huge, dome-roofed tabernacle, listened to the story of the building of this structure, beautiful in its simplicity, and caught something of the spirit of the hardy pioneers who settled that arid section of the country forty-one years ago.

But Utah has other attractions than those around Salt Lake City. To the south lie such scenic splendors as are not to be found elsewhere in the wide world. With somewhat hazy anticipations of seeing unparalleled grandeur—hazy because the scenes have never been adequately described, and perhaps never will be—we set out for Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon, both about 275 miles south.

We first passed through Salt Lake valley. This vale presents a combin-

ed pastoral and rugged aspect with its rich farms and orchards in the flats and on the gentler slopes and its background of high mountains capped with snow the year round. It is in these mountains that the water for irrigating the farms is stored, the very life-blood of the agricultural west.

Beyond Salt Lake valley lies the fruitful Utah valley with its large fresh-water lake. Then, for nearly a hundred miles we followed the paved highway across highly cultivated land, with here and there a cannery or beet sugar factory. Soon, however, the towns got farther and farther apart and gradually came the realization that we were truly in "the great open spaces."

Water! Water! The cry of the parched land! The cry of the settlers! At first, water was extremely hard to get; means with which to construct reservoirs and canals were lacking. But today, throughout Utah, irrigation projects are constantly adding to the productive acreage and the Utah farmer is virtually as well off as his brothers in heavier rainfall states. Mountain lakes and mountain streams, perpetually fed by the melting snow on the peaks are the sources of the all-important water.

One always approaches those stupendous scenic marvels—Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado with a feeling akin to reverence. Like a mighty drama building its way to a smashing climax, the landscape inexorably builds up interest and suspense every mile, to end in a pulse-quickening tableau that is nothing short of overwhelming.

Men have been known to tremble and silently weep at the sheer overpowering grandeur of these spectacles. It is not to be wondered, then, that the Indians, who once overran this country, attached supernatural meaning to them! Many legends grew up about them.

From V. T. Ranch in the valley pack trips of a week or more with a guide can be taken into territory that has probably never been entered by more than twenty-five white men, so virgin and wild is this northern strip of Arizona yet.

The hotel at V. T. furnishes accommodations for those who wish it and the government tourist park nearby affords the camper one of the most delightful tenting places that can be found anywhere. Bright, warm days give way to crisp, cold night that call for a camp fire and later plenty of warm blankets for sleeping. Such a fine camping place is offered in the forest and such a strong spirit of cordiality prevails at V. T. that tourists en route to the north rim of the Grand Canyon usually pitch camp there and then drive to the points on the rim of the canyon as they wish. Few in number are those who leave this spot in the heart of this great virgin forest without a genuine enthusiasm for it. It is a region soon to be used by hundreds of campers. We are glad that we have enjoyed it at least before crowds have penetrated it to disturb its wild beauty.

The beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten drive through Kaibab culminates at Bright Angel Point with the world's greatest chasm yawning abysmally below.

"It is by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles," said Charles Dudley Warner.

"Is any fifty miles of mother earth as fearful, or any part as fearful, as full of glory, as full of God?" —Joaquin Miller.

One's stay at the Grand Canyon should be for at least twenty-four hours. The colors, lights and shadows change continually. From sunrise to sunset a moving phantasmagoria holds the eye in gripping suspense. It may be hours before the onlooker can even slightly adjust himself to the titanic spectacle, before it ceases to be utter chaos; and not until then does he begin to exclaim in rapture. And he never wholly adjusts himself, for with dawning appreciation comes growing wonder. Comprehension lies always just beyond his reach.

Having experienced the delight of seeing so much rare beauty and grandeur as Zion, Kaibab, The Grand Canyon, and Bryce in succession is it strange that we have come back strong enthusiasts for this part of the country?

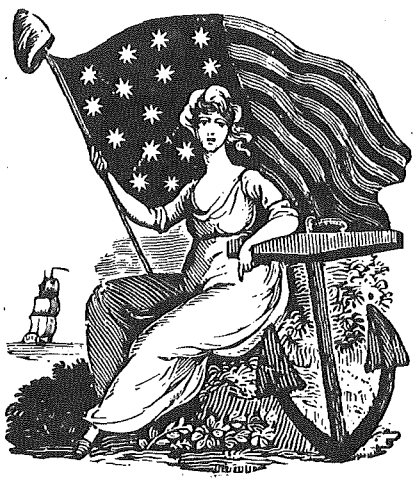
Wyoming, too, has other attractions besides Yellowstone. South of the park in the Jackson Hole Country lies the Teton Range, the most jagged massing of spires in the United States. In the northern part of the state are the Big Horn Mountains, the last range we crossed on our trip homeward.

We entered Yellowstone by the south entrance through the Tetons and came out the east entrance down the Sylvan Pass, past the Shoshone Dam and through Cody. I shall not stop to describe the park for many of the readers have seen it and know its wonders. Since it is our oldest national park and offers such a variety of attractions it is undoubtedly visited by more people than is any other one. In passing I want to say that I shall always remember it for four things: the falls of the Yellowstone river, the terraces, Old Faithful, and the bears. It is worth the trip to see Old Faithful erupt. It still plays every sixty-three and two-thirds minutes. We watched it several times.

Although we had had bears around our tent in Canyon Camp and had listened to the rangers' talk at the bear feeding grounds at Old Faithful while the bears ate their supper under the sign, "Lunch counter for bears only," we were not satisfied that we had seen the best of them. As we were nearing Lake Junction on our way out that chance came. There, by the roadside, claiming the attention of every passing car, was a mother bear and her three black shiny cubs. It did not take us long to park our car, roll up the windows, and jump out with our loaded cameras, for we "shoot" with cameras, not guns, in all the national parks. For a few minutes we enjoyed a regular bear show. One little fellow started to climb a tree to show us how it was done, the three of them engaged in a tug-of-war on a piece of burlap that lay near and then by twos and threes they stood up at the running board of a car to catch the candies dropped to them by the lady inside. Cars came along but none went by, they all stopped and joined the spectators and out of nearly every one appeared a camera. I imagine the bears vie with Old Faithful in the number of pictures taken of them.

In South Dakota the two places of interest were the Black Hills and the Bad Lands. The former are picturesque but do not compare with the more rugged scenery farther west. The Bad Lands are a rough, dry country with formations slightly resembling some of the desert formations of Utah. Either would have seemed much more scenic to us on the way out. By the time we had seen Zion and Bryce in Utah, Kaibab in Arizona, the Rockies in Colorado and the Tetons in Wyoming the Black Hills and the Bad Lands consequently suffered by comparison. I did thoroughly enjoy the soft green freshness of South Dakota's grassy, rolling prairie that stretched for miles and miles ahead of us. We thought we had seen all varieties of prairie in Nebraska and Wyoming but when we got to South Dakota we decided that we had not [illegible] before that compared with this. The road [illegible] the state were excellent on [illegible] all wide [illegible]

We are convinced that traveling with one's own camping equipment is the ideal way to see the west and to catch its real spirit. With all the territory we traversed we found no two days' scenery the same. We remarked often and marveled at the variety that was presented to us constantly. We enjoyed it all, every bit.



THE OLD DAYS

By Edith Wise Youells.

I

My father, Abram Wise, was born near New Jersey, in 1830. He moved with his parents to Groveland, New York, when two years old. Groveland was settled by aristocratic Presbyterians.

My grandfather's family, eight of them, and all musical, sang in the choir and Uncle William played the organ as long as they lived there.

My mother, Harriet Reed, was born near Dansville, New York, a town settled by the Dutch and surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Father was educated at Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, mother at Rogersville Union Seminary. They were married March 23, 1855, and came directly to Michigan on their honeymoon to settle in a new country.

Father's sister Celina, Mrs. L. E. Buck of Keeler, had preceded him here. Grandfather Wise had previously been to Michigan and selected the farm where we lived. He wrote back that the whole farm was like a spot in the home farm that was sandy and easy to work. The soil of New York state farms was heavy and stony and wheat grew so heavy that it was back breaking work to cradle it.

The railroad was built through but they had to stop in Detroit and buy their furniture and farming tools, as nothing of the kind could be bought here.

Jack Johnson's father lived on the place with a family of eight children in a log house of two rooms. A new log house was started by the man who owned the place, but it wasn't 'chinked up' yet. My folks moved in before it was finished.

Everybody who came here in those days had ague and my folks fell victims, and I expect a more homesick couple never lived.

A few families lived in the neighborhood then,—the Millards, McClintocks and Beatties. The Bennetts lived at Foster's corners. The Fosters lived on the bank of Foster lake, a nice lake then, now nearly gone.

The Tisdale family of which George of Dowagiac is the only one living, were our nearest neighbors.

Brown's Tavern did a thriving business in those days. It was a stopping place for stage drivers, peddlers, etc.

Two years later, 1857, I was born in that log house in the woods, the only baby for miles around. Father called me the 'babe of the woods.'

The Beattie girls used to tease their mother to go to see Mrs. Wise's baby.

I had a hard time of it. Mother was a very busy woman cooking for a long table full of logging men, and didn't care for children, especially me, for I came before she was ready for me. For years, till I was old enough to reason it out, I thought I was to blame for coming before they wanted me.

Some things stand out in my memory. One is the trap door leading to the cellar, when father went down for apples in the evening I invariably came tumbling after. And I remember the snakes. Clearing the land drove them out of the woods and they were crawling everywhere. Mother's call, "Edie, bring the beetle to kill a snake," I can hear yet.

Father's only team was a yoke of oxen, and I guess they were pretty bad ones. Once they turned off the road into a clearing and such a bumping as we got over logs till we crawled out behind. If they were thirsty and saw water ahead they made for it, or if they were in a field and in a hurry to get to the barn they would start with a load as fast as they could go and there was no way to stop them.

Abraham Wise, father of Mrs. Youells, was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey. The town was omitted last week by mistake.—Ed.'

Five years later, 1863, we moved into the new house. I was homesick and cried to go back to the log house which I loved, it was so cozy and pretty.

The clock was the first thing moved and it looked so lonely on the bare white walls I felt sorry for it.

My sister was born one year after we moved into the new house, that cold winter of '64 I have already told about.

The war broke out while father was building, which made it very hard for him as he gave a large sum of money to help clear the town from draft. I have lost the list, but Philotus Haydon's name came first and father's next.

He took Leslie's illustrated weekly all through the war and the pictures made a lasting impression on me, especially the assassination of President Lincoln. I can see the eight standing in a row with caps over their heads ready to be hung, and one of them was a woman.

Father's brother Jerome enlisted from New York and while in camp at Washington broke his leg wrestling. While in the hospital they noticed his beautiful penmanship and gave him a position in the treasury building which he held until his death at over 80.

Speaking of pioneer days recalls the Earl family who lived north of us. They were a family of 13 everyone of whom worked for my father. George, the youngest, lives in Kalamazoo and is the only one left. Being used to a large family and the first time he was ever away from it he cried and father had to let him go home.

I used to love to go to the Earl house and sit around the fireplace evenings, eating apples and hearing them sing.

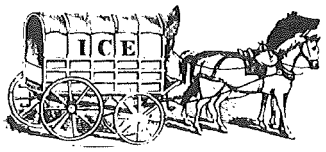
Those were hard days for children. I wouldn't live them over if I could. Father was a school teacher of the old days and believed children should be seen and not heard. Having never been allowed to express an opinion of my own I was always bashful, scared to live and poorly equipped to fight the battle of life.

If there was company we children had to wait for our meals till the older ones ate and never will I forget how hungry I got. Aunt Celina never made the children wait, but set a separate table for them so they could eat while things were warm and before the company was gone.

We were made to stand at entertainments if there was a crowd. There was a Christmas tree at Chadwick's hall, the first one I ever saw. I was so crazy about it that I stood up through it all, not realizing how tired I was becoming until I got home, when I screamed and cried the rest of the night with pain in my legs.

Another uncomfortable thing I remember was sleeping with a cross old woman who worked for us and didn't like little girls. She got it back at me by kicking me in bed whenever I got near her. Another was sleeping between two grown people. I would wake up in the night and think I was going to die. I wouldn't move or breathe. It was cold winter and mother was afraid I would freeze if I slept alone.

These are the days for children and thankful they may be that they were not born in 'the old days.'



Among other things I remember about the old days is that people used to go visiting, and as there was no way for visitors to announce in advance when they were coming, good things to eat, like pies and cakes, were kept on hand and even a chicken was kept dressed and ready to cook.

Another nice thing I remember is about a kind old Irishman who used to work for us. His name has left me but he felt sorry for me because nobody ever held me. When he came to the house evenings he would take me on his lap while mother washed the supper dishes.

Sometimes he would sit with me on the back porch and talk to me about the moon. He would say, "Paddy, come down out of the moon to see Adie." He always called me 'Adie.' I learned from him to talk Irish and people would get me to talk it and laugh at my brogue.

Father loved children, and as I was a lonely child, having no one to play with, I followed him around the farm from morning till night. If he worked on farms away from home and took his dinner I would go with him and stay all day.

I would ride on the horse's back or on the load. Once I fell off a high load of hay and my sister fell on top of me. No bones were broken but I was dreadfully hurt. I was always delicate and I guess the out of door life was good for me.

The Tompkins boys all worked for us. The only one of them remaining is John Tompkins of Dowagiac, father of our townsman, Harry Tompkins.

The most I remember of them is that they killed my tabby cat. I expect he killed chickens is why. My Aunt Cordie, Mrs. Reed, brought him to me on the train from Niles in her muff. I never got over the killing of that cat.

I suppose I ought not to leave out an account of the night that I was born. Steve Parmerter never forgot it as long as he lived. It was a fearfully dark night and he was sent for the doctor, which was Dr. Baker.

Steve went to the doctor's boarding place and they said he was at the Rawson's, it being Sunday night, to see his girl, Ada Nutting.

Steve tied his horse down by the road and walked up to the house. When he got back old Brown had slipped her halter and gone home. Poor Steve, being a young boy, cried and didn't know what to do until the doctor said he could ride home with him, which must have been in a sulky or on a horse for those are the ways the doctor traveled then. He wondered what it was all about till the next morning when they showed him the baby and said, "This is the cause of all your trouble last night." He didn't think much of it, said it looked like a black squirrel.

My father was so ambitious he worked himself to death and died at the early age of 61.

He did such hard work as butchering and shearing sheep that others hired done, because he could do it so much better than any one else.

People always wanted him on the straw stack at threshing time because he made such nice shaped stacks.

In the winter time he taught school day times and taught singing school and played for dances nights. I, being the only one then, always went with them.

I remember the awfulness of being waked up at two o'clock in the morning to be taken home.

We had a dance in our new house soon after it was built, before the parlor was furnished. All the young people were there but the only ones I remember are Nancy Collins and Mrs. Irving Babcock. Sue Cross, whose husband, Guy Chappell, just died, was a frequent visitor at our house.

The street we lived on was the most beautiful I ever saw. Beginning with Henry Smith, then came the John Baker farm, our farm, the Tuttle place, and Dan Lee's. They were all nicely kept homes. Father named the street "Paradise Regained," rightly too.

Henry Smith donated the clay from a spot on his farm and father got up a bee and furnished the dinners to have it drawn along the line of our farm. It made a good road for a while.

My father liked all modern improvements and was among the first to avail himself of them. I only wish he could have lived to ride over the nice gravel road between our farm and Decatur in recompense for the years he dragged through the sand in summer and mud to the hubs at other times of the year. Our old home has changed with the years and now I wish I never had to see it again.

Henry Smith was one of our oldest and kindest neighbors. He could always be depended upon to help in sickness or emergency of any kind.

Mr. Smith made his place one of the beautiful homes on our street. The grove west of his barn where we sometimes had picnics stands as a monument to his memory.

The farm was later owned by Mr. Vanderhoof and Howard Hall who further beautified it.

Mrs. Smith lived to be nearly ninety, a beautiful, intelligent lady to the last.

Mr. Smith took up his farm in the woods and lived with my folks while he cleared it.

He loved horses and was a good hand at training them. He was always ready to take part and help in all public doings for the town.

(To be continued.)

Father kept a large flock of sheep.

Mother had just dressed me in a new pink calico dress and a new shaker with blue cape, ties, etc., for I was going somewhere.

Father had put the sheep in a shed and was dividing the lambs from the rest of the flock. The door was loose and hay was at one side of the entrance.

He put me on top of the hay, thinking it would keep the sheep from jumping out, but it didn't. One went over and knocked me and the door down and the whole flock followed.

It seemed that there was no end of sheep, but when the last one went over I was a sight. My dress was all trampled into the mud, my shaker ruined and I thought I was killed.

I can't remember what mother said, I was too badly hurt, but I haven't a doubt that she said something to father.

When I was seven years old father bought me a piano. It was then the only one on the Keeler road except at Mrs. Haydon's.

Father's talented brother, Uncle Billie as we always called him, who played the organ so many years in the Presbyterian church at Groveland, New York, and his brother Walter, who sang, were here.

I remember some nice times then. The Beattie young folks came over often and so did Sue Cross from Decatur. Judson Osborn of Niles also came. He was very attentative to Miss Ellen Beattie, a pretty and attractive young lady of whom my folks thought a great deal. Father bought the piano of Mr. Osborn.

The next fall Uncle Billie was married to Frances McGee who belonged to one of Groveland's grand old families. They came to Michigan on their wedding trip with the intention of buying a farm and settling here. They finally bought the Wise homestead in Groveland.

Well, the parlor had to be furnished then, so my folks made trips to Niles and Kalamazoo and the result was a new Brussels carpet with big flowers in it, lace curtains, a set of hair cloth furniture, a marble top table, and with the piano moved in from the sitting room I thought it the most beautiful parlor in the world.

I said to Uncle Billie the first thing, "You don't know what's in the parlor. They got it 'cause you's coming." Mother was somewhat embarrassed, but it seems I had to learn some things by bitter experience.

I took my first music lesson when eight years old of Sarah Toof whose people had just moved here from Lakeville, or Head of the Lake, as they call it now. It is a place near where my father was raised.

Mr. Toof was hired to preach in the Presbyterian church here. L. G. Stewart's house was then known as the parsonage.

I was so young Miss Toof had me come to her home and stay a week so that she could oversee and teach me how to practice. Charlie, a young man then, used to sit by the piano and help me.

The Toof family were all at home then and they were a fine family. There were so many diverting things, my baby sister, building a new barn and my liking to be out with the men, that it was very hard for me to practice.

Grandfather and grandmother Wise visited us that fall. It was the last visit grandfather ever made to us. He died soon after. He was a grand man and an old pioneer of Groveland, giving the land for the cemetery where he lies buried. Grandmother lived to be ninety years old. She died a few weeks after my father.

Uncle Jerome Wise, who lived in Washington and had a position in the Treasury, with his southern wife and first baby visited us once. She was very young and girlish, only nineteen I think, and never had done anything, not even combed her hair.

She was a revelation to us. Uncle Jerome waited on her and took care of the baby, but we all loved Aunt Sallie, she was always sweet and lovely.

The Wadsworths, of which Senator James W. Wadsworth Jr. of New York is one, lived in Geneseo near where my father lived.

The Wadsworths came from England and brought the English customs with them. Their beautiful estate at the edge of Geneseo was surrounded by a high wall and they kept a pack of hounds and many fine horses for the hunts they had every fall. The hunt was a great event, company coming clear from England to attend it.

At one time they owned all the Genesee valley as far as Rochester. Irish tenants lived on the estate, some of them buying it later.

They made Geneseo what it is, the most aristocratic town I ever knew. If you were going there to church you had to take some time to plan what you would wear.

Ex-Congressman and Mrs. James W Wadsworth Sr. celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last year, four generations being present.

(To be continued.)

My story would not be complete without speaking of the good people in north of us who used to think so much of my father. They came to him with all of their troubles and depended upon him entirely for advice and help in their business.

Father owned an eighty acre farm on that street and sold it to the Creagans. They were so thrifty and honest and prompt in payments that father used to say, "There is a people who will live in their brick houses some day for they know how to do without things until they can afford to have them."

I refer to the Conways, Maxwells and Creagans. Patrick Creagan was one of the tenants on the Wadsworth land in Geneseo, New York, and came from there to Michigan.

Dr. Maxwell says, "The people on our street used to think your father a king."

Then there were the Norwoods. Lant., a good faithful boy, worked for us for years. Abram was a great reader and well educated, and a frequent visitor at our house for library books, father being town clerk for years, was well informed and they talked on the topics of the day.

Father depended on the Foster boys for day help. Their father died when they were young, but they had a good mother who brought them up to be honest men.

In those days our help played an important part in our lives. They always lived with us. We owned in all 300 acres of land and there was no labor saving machinery such as we now have. It took a great deal of help to run the farm.

Father was town clerk for years and collected a large library, two large bookcases full of them, one with a secretary combined.

They were good books and everyone had a chance to read them. It was my favorite pastime and my favorite position was sitting on the floor against the wall with my book propped against my knees.

I spent hours pouring over those books, till mother was afraid I would grow out of shape.

I am writing these memories as a tribute to my father who was a good man and whose life was hard and very little appreciated. He gave us a good home and everything that money could buy. I loved our home and should have always lived there.

Dr. Rose said, "Your father was the only man who could make money on a sandy farm." The way he did it was to own other farms that were not sandy. He kept all kinds of stock, raising their feed on the good land and feeding on the home farm. He thereby kept that land in good condition and worked himself to death as I have said before.

We had two terrible drouth years that spoiled our farm for raising clover. Father spent hundreds of dollars trying to make clover grow but had to give it up finally.

I remember one winter when for some reason no one had any potatoes and we lived on fried mush and baked beans in the place of them.

The winters were different when I was young. It was steady winter from first to last, lots of snow and good sleighing. I remember running to school on crisp snow banks above the rail fences.

The radio brings back to me the old pieces my father used to play on his violin when I accompanied him on the piano.

One day recently when I was at Seth Fassett's he played a piece on the grand violin which he bought in New York City. It was made by the son of Stradivarius. Mr. Fassett asked me if I remembered it and he said it was the one my father used to play and taught him to play.

Seth's brother in law, Albert Tuttle of Hartford, now gone, was our nearest neighbor for years, he having bought the Tisdale farm east of us. Mr. Tuttle and his father built a new house for the two families and made it one of the pretty places on our street.

Father and Frank Buck played for a big Christmas party at the Decatur House along about 1860.

Mother went and took me, a baby, because she was afraid to stay alone in the woods; but it about cured her of going for I nearly lost my life.

She put me into a room she thought would not be used, but as sleigh loads were coming in from other towns she thought she had better look after me. She found the room full of people. Clothes were piled two feet high on the bed that I was on and people were sitting on it.

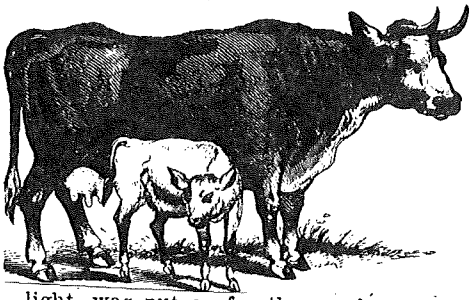
Mother had black eyes and was spunky. I can imagine how she scattered those people and made the clothes fly. She found me perspiring and breathing, but I wouldn't have been much longer.

Jerome Coleman, Miss Libbie Browning and some others whom I have forgotten came out from Decatur and organized a Sunday school at our schoolhouse one summer. Jerome Coleman was the superintendent and Miss Browning was my teacher. I couldn't have been more than eight years old, but I walked the two miles through the hot sun and dust every Sunday. We were required to learn a whole chapter from the bible which we repeated like a parrot, not understanding much of it.

After leaving the farm I missed the home made sausage, dried beef, ham and corned beef cured by the Hendrix receipt,—also the apple butter, sweet cider, apple sauce and the soft soap, all made in a big iron kettle out of doors. Most of all I missed the big house and yard with room for everything in it and the big hearted people whom I knew were friends. You never find things the same again as in the young days in the country.

Very few are left to greet me when I wander back to the old scenes of my childhood. I have passed through my share of trouble since then, the death of my parents and other troubles which followed, but I suppose that is living "a little grief and a little joy."

They used to play crack the whip when I was a kid at school. I, being



light, was put on for the cracker and a big stout boy, Frank Sutfin, on the other end. Why I wasn't smashed against a tree or my arms pulled out of their socks was just luck. Mother always said my long arms were caused by playing that terrible game.

One day after a long dry spell it looked like rain and father had some hay out, all dry and ready to be put into the barn. It being Sunday the men were all gone, so father had my sister and me go to tramp it down on the load. We were having lots of fun screaming and laughing until I got too near the edge and felt myself slipping off. Father, thinking we were still playing paid no attention to my screams.

The load was a tremendous big one for father had put all the hay on and we were going down the lane to the barn. The ground was hard after the drought and I hit it hard. I was dreadfully hurt, but my sister only had a few scratches on her face for she fell on me. The next day we were going to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Osborn's wedding. We went but I was so lame I could hardly walk.

The first time I ever saw Uncle Tom's Cabin was in Decatur, and though I have seen it many times since I never saw it so well played as on that time by the Decatur Dramatic Club.

Hiram Slocum was Uncle Tom; Mrs. Slocum, Topsy; Mrs. Hooper, Aunt Ophelia; and Dr. Hooper, Thompson Riddle and Minnie Tuttle were in it. There were others but I cannot remember them.

The leading band in this part of Michigan forty years ago was Crossett's Constantine band. It was considered a great treat to dance after their music, and it was always a big occasion when they came to play.

Mr. Crossett came from the same part of New York state that my father did and they used to play together there. Mr. Crossett promised to play for a dance at the Grange hall, so father sent out invitations for a large party. It was the best crowd I ever saw at the Grange hall but for some reason Mr. Crossett and his band could not come and they sent word at the last minute. So Buck and Smith played and all enjoyed the dance just the same.

An oyster supper was served in the attic of the hall. The tables were spread under the eaves and you could only stand up in the center of the floor. Many were the heads that got bumped on the rafters.

I have one of the invitations to that

dance at hand now. The committee were A. W. Haydon, E. A. Osborn and A. S. Wise; floor manager, G. A. Wilkinson. Tickets $1, including supper.

I remember attending a party given by Crossett's band at Chadwick's hall. There were more young people in Decatur then and they had some nice parties, and I think the way of dancing much nicer than now.

We had some very nice Alumni meetings in the early days. One was in the Duncombe House and the Beckwith Memorial Orchestra played. Mr. Barron was the proprietor of the notel then. Another pleasant Alumni meeting was at the home of Dr. Baker. Supper was served in their basement dining room.

I have an invitation to the fourth Alumni reunion held in the Presbyterian church in 1885, when Rev. Mr. Hunting of Kalamazoo gave his lecture, "Key Board and Bellows." Judge Genung gave a toast, "The Youngest of Our Family"; Fannie Foster, "Our Single Alumni"; Fred Baker, "Our Married Alumni"; Alfred Jennings, "The New Orleans Exposition"; John O'Leary, "Alma Mater, Perrenial and Prolific, Sending Forth New Plants Every Year."

I also have an invitation to a leap year party given January 24, 1888, in the old town hall. Buck and Smith's orchestra played. The committee were Mrs. Frank Stapleton, Miss Blanch Haydon, Florence Smith, Mame Carney, Grace and Dell Chadwick. Bill 75 cents.

Soon there will be no one left to write of those old days, when men poured their tea in their saucers to let it cool, not having time to wait for it and children 'licked' their sauce dishes to get the last drop.

No one knew about canning fruit, and there would have been none to can if they had. Wild fruit was all the fruit there was. It was dried or preserved and was precious stuff.

We bought most everything of peddlers. We were not able to buy anything here or to go to the city and there was no Sears, Roebuck then.

Peddlers sold jewelry and clocks, dress goods and cloth for the men's clothes, fine broadcloth and beaver. Every neighborhood had a tailoress who made clothing.

Some of the peddlers stayed at the Tavern and were never seen again. It was said to be a station for horse thieves between Detroit and Chicago. Stolen horses were hid in the marsh nearby. Whiskey was sold, of course.

It was hard for a man to be nominated or elected who would not treat. My father and Arthur Haydon would not drink themselves and would not from principle give it to anyone else.

Indians went through selling baskets. They were friendly Indians. Deer were often seen and black and gray squirrels were so thick one could shoot them any time. I often went with father to shoot squirrels. He would tell me to stand behind him when he shot, or hold Ring by the ears and let go when the squirrel fell.

The old stage coach between Decatur and Lawrence played an important part in my early school days. It arrived at Foster's corners about the time I did, and if they didn't drive too fast I would catch onto the trunk rack behind. Once when I dropped off I left my dinner pail on the rack. I ran after it screaming and crying till the driver finally stopped and let me get it.

Father didn't believe in dogs and he never owned but one. Ring was the cause of a great deal of grief to me, for every team that went by he was after. I would run after him crying and calling, 'Here, Ring: here Ring'; fearing that I was going to lose him.

We had cats but mother didn't believe in them and never allowed them in the house. My sister had two cats just alike. She called them Pug and Mug and had them trained to do what she wanted them to do. She made a harness of strings and hitched them to the bootjack with a doll on it to drive. She loaded the bootjack with catnip for hay and drove it to the barn she had built. Around and around the house she drove those cats. They had to go for she carried a whip and used it when needed. People going by laughed to see the chubby little girl in a pink apron with a sunbonnet hanging down her back flying after those cats.

A big circus came here once. It traveled across the country and went past our house. Big gilded wagons, animals in cages, elephants and camels on foot paraded past the house on their way to town. I went and it was my first circus. Father carried me on his shoulder to keep me from being crushed by the crowd.

I remember the big mass meetings that were held in those early days. Father would take a load of girls dressed in white, and there were funny things, snolly glosters, I think they called them. And there were Fourth of July celebrations from which I always went home with a tearing headache from the noise.

Dick Lyon, Henry Rogers and some others used to sing at those celebrations, "Oh, how I want to cry, I feel so very dry."

All of those jolly fellows have long since gone. Some day the rest of us will be gone and may the good Lord make the end easy, for the way has been hard.

I often think of Longfellow's poem:

O. little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears.
Must ache and bleed beneath your load.
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your load.

(The end.)

IN HOLLAND AND GERMANY

Second letter from Mary Rosevelt, who is touring Europe with her sister Ruth and two friends in a Ford.

August 5th.

Dear Family:—

It is a long time since I have written to you. I think Ruth wrote you from Leeuwarden in Holland. From there we came south to Arnhem and stopped on the way at a funny little village where the streets are all canals. The people are farmers and transport their hay and cows and everything else by boat.

At Arnhem we had to have the car greased, so we planned to stay there over night.

We arrived rather late and went to the hotel nearest the Ford garage. It was full and so were all the others in the vicinity, so we went to the garage to enquire whether there might be another Ford service station in the other end of the city. The proprietor was greatly concerned. There was not another Ford place and the hotels were all full anyway because there was an East India exposition in the town. He called up several hotels for us and finally found one that had a vacant room and took us there.

In the morning the Ford was greased with characteristic Dutch thoroughness, so that we didn't get started again until noon.

In Holland we tried English on everyone first, then German, and if they couldn't speak either, Miss Jacobs would talk to them in low German, which is more like Dutch.

In Belgium we could understand most of the people fairly well. They speak either French or Flemish or both. Flemish is between Dutch and English, and is something like low German.

Near Arnhem we crossed the border into Germany. We saw a whole train of Gypsy wagons with several tame bears in tow. There are many Gypsies here but not so many as in Scotland.

We did not stop in Germany until we got to Cologne where we spent the night and part of the next day. There was an International Press Association in session there and also many American tourists so the town was quite crowded.

All the little German boys yell, "Gross Brittannia," when they see our G. B. license plate. One youngster looked us over and said, "U. S. A." They are all very friendly.

I got my first thrill in Germany as we came across the Hohenzollern bridge into Cologne and saw the towers of the cathedral at the other end of the bridge.

We have seen every imaginable sort of farming and farm implements in Germany, from the crudest to the most up-to-date. We have seen peo-

ple cutting wheat with sickles, cradles and reapers and binding it by hand, and almost in the next field binders drawn by tractors, and such wheat! It looks as if would yield 60 or 70 bushels to the acre.

We have seen dogs and oxen and cows all used to draw carts and wagons. We have also seen beautiful horses and huge trucks.

From Cologne we went to Bonn, where we visited the University and Beethoven's birth place. There we encountered a group of dignitaries in white spats whom we afterward learned were Monsieur Herriot, the French Minister of Education or something—and his party. He had addressed the Press meeting the day before in Cologne.

At Coblenz we saw the first French soldiers and continued to see both French and English all along the Rhine. It seems that they are still occupying that part of Germany.

We staid that night at a nice little hotel at Stolzenfels over-looking the Rhine. Everywhere here one sees many hikers, especially boys and girls, but some of all ages—sometimes whole families on their vacations. As we were walking along the bank of the river late that night at Stolzenfels we saw three young boys rolled up in their blankets asleep on the ground.

The next day we followed the Rhine down to Mainz It really was lovely most of the way. We read a book of Rhine legends as we went along. There are many old castles on the hill tops all along the way. The hill sides are covered with vineyards, where they grow the grapes from which the various kinds of Rhenish wine are made.

At Worms we saw the Luther memorial which is very interesting.

Late last night we arrived in Heidelberg. Again we encountered many tourists and found hotels well filled, but we had a very comfortable place to stay in a private home. I liked Heidelberg a lot.

This afternoon we came on to the Black Forest. I liked Wales, and Scotland, and the English lakes, and the coast of Cornwall, but I like the Black Forest best of all. It is very hilly (really the foothills of the Alps) and the hills are covered with spruce trees. They reforest as fast as they cut timber so there are almost no bare places.

We found the most delightful 15 year old boys at the inn where we had supper. We talked to them a long time

I have no more paper so I shall have to stop. Ruth wants me to tell you about the feather beds You sleep under them in Germany. Love,

Mary.

TALES OF PIONEER MOTHERS

Written by Mrs. F. A. Chase and read at the Mothers' Day meeting of the Prospect Lake Literary Club, May 10, 1928.

Fifty years ago, on the 19th of March, 1878, we first came to Van Buren county.

At that time it was warm, the roads were dusty, although we had some cold weather after that.

The place where we settled was called Prospect Lake. A postoffice was located at the home of Mr. Dennis Cooper, and to this office mail was brought from Decatur on Wednesday and Saturday of each week.

We found nice neighbors, including the Coopers, Christies, Jacobses and many others. All these have now passed away except Mrs. Dennis Cooper, who now past 93 years of age, is living in Detroit.

At that time the mothers roasted their coffee in a dripping pan in the oven, then ground it in mills turned by hand.

All soap for household use was made by the mother of the family. This was usually done in the spring and meant the taking of many steps and much hard work.

In the fall came butchering time when all neighbors were remembered with a generous piece of fresh meat. The frying of lard meant much hard work for the housewife as lard presses were unknown and our hands did the pressing by squeezing the scraps in a cloth.

It was the neighbor mothers who cared for any sick ones, and many times have we worked all day, then cared for a sick friend at night. Now nurses and hospitals have changed that.

In those days when one passed away the mothers of the neighborhood took charge of all cares until the lumber wagon (or a buggy if one were available) had returned from the cemetery.

What harder or more delightful task had we than caring for our milk and churning butter?

Mothers took pride in their butter-making and many pounds have we made in the fall to pack in large crocks for winter use, both for our own families and to sell for perhaps ten cents per pound.

No bakeries did our work for us, but unexpected guests were always welcome and found a full cookie jar or bread can.

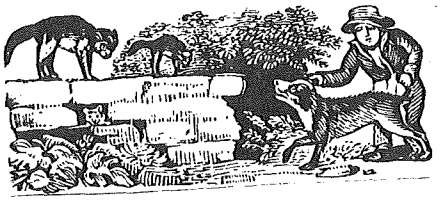
If we wanted cornmeal to use for the year, the men saved out the best ears of corn when they were husking, dried them carefully behind the stove, took them to the mill to be ground for our year's supply.

It was also the mother's duty to keep the family supplied with knitted articles, stockings, socks, mittens, etc. The first stockings we were able to buy were made by the Cooper, Wells Co. of St. Joseph, only about forty years ago, and the company is still operating a mill there.

The first stockings I could buy were bought in the year my youngest son was a year old. We knitted mittens or made them of canvas for years after that.

No telephones were known then and quilting bees were our chief means of visiting, and these, with a church social occasionally, were about all the amusements away from home the mothers had.

Would we in those days have enjoyed the movies, luncheons, and clubs of today? I think not.



LONG, LONG AGO

By Elma Shockley Bagley

Tonight I am of a reminiscent turn of mind. My thoughts travel back fifty years, to June 26, 1878, when a class of four boys and five girls bid adieu to our dear old school room, never again to enter its portals as pupils, but to go, each in his way, out into the highway of life.

How long ago it seems, in a way. Then again incidents come to my memory, which make it seem only yesterday.

Although the class was not as large in numbers as at present, in intellect we were up to the average, I believe.

We are now scattered from Seattle, Washington, where Libbie Durkee Smith resides, to Tampa, Florida, where we find Carrie Blowers Lough.

It was my privilege, a few years ago, when in the south, to visit Carrie, and you may well know we improved every minute talking about Decatur people. I hadn't seen her for about 30 years, but found her the same Carrie as of old, only of much stouter build. I believe she said her brother George was in Chicago.

The member of whom we, and townspeople as well, respect, who has made his mark in the world, is none other than Dr. George Mahoney of Chicago.

Allie Olds married an M. E. minister and as they are migratory, have lost all trace of her, as I have also of Willie Wilmont. Two of our number, Maurice Sheahan and Allie Hawks Shearer, have passed on, while the writer is the only one of the class left in the old home town, where I expect

to pass the few remaining years allotted me as I will soon be on borrowed time.

One incident that comes to my mind is the essays that Allie Hawks and I wrote on "An Imaginary Trip to the Centennial, July 4 and 5, 1876." We were two old maids, dressed as old maids were supposed to be attired wearing sunbonnets.

The last term of school some five or six of us girls wore sunbonnets to school. What would the girls of today think of that? Now they prefer bare heads to show their permanent waves.

As I was saying we were gaily attired. We drove an old white horse hitched to a democrat wagon. To tell of all our experiences would fill a good sized book. Silly, you say, well perhaps it was, but I distinctly remember that Miss Emma Rice, the preceptress, wouldn't let us take the essays home and when she lacked for entertainment would ask us to read them until they were worn threadbare, and she would laugh until she cried.

Several other amusing things I can recall but will mention only one. In those days when visitors were present you were expected to hand them your book and you look over with someone else.

This day we were having examination in arithmetic in the grammar room, Miss Ella Lyman, teacher. She told me to go over to the blackboard next to Geo. Mahoney and look on his book. Do you suppose I could get within looking distance of that book? I should say not; he was so bashful. He must have gotten bravely over it to become the successful physician he is.

Our class was the last to hold the exercises in the high school room. There was no velvet carpet under our feet, and the chairs were common wooden backed kitchen chairs, owned by the school. Music was furnished by Addie and Blanch Haydon. When Addie played the march we filed in and took our places, as proud as the best of them.

No expensive presents were given only bouquets, and they were thrown through space by the givers. "Eddie" Webster was the flower boy. It was his duty to gather up the bouquets and place them at the feet of the graduates after they had read their essays. It is true by the time some of the bouquets had reached their destination they were in rather a dilapidated condition, but we knew the intentions were good, and they looked pretty coming from every part of the room.

One difference between then and now is the way the sweet girl graduates were dressed. Then we wore dresses. Now 'tis only a slip, and that of the flimsiest material possible. Our dresses were long, sometimes supporting a short train. We had no silk hosiery to display; our sleeves were long and our necks covered. White was the prevailing color and we made a pretty picture, too.

Those days pupils were not allowed out late at night when there was school the next day. Too strict, you say. Not at all. Just good common sense. When a student is up late at night he can't concentrate his mind on his studies the next day.

We had no baseball, football or basketball connected with the school. We were taught music, but a tame way compared with today. We learned to read the scale from charts and to sing a few simple exercises. Girls were taught to sew and cook at home. Boys could get plenty of exercise at the wood pile.

We had no senior-junior banquets, hops, etc., consequently one dress was sufficient.

Our class had one outing. One Saturday we were invited to meet at the home of Allie Olds for the first strawberry shortcake. We were all there, together with a few invited guests, and had a very pleasant time.

Verily times have changed since "You and I were young, Maggie."

During the past 53 years I have missed but one commencement, being in the hospital at the time, and they refused to let me out, "Just for Tonight." Is there another who bears that record?

I did so want to attend the Alumni banquet this year to round out my 50th anniversary. But I was like the old man who didn't attend the dance, I was disappointed in my partner.

The theme of the Alumni program was "Flight." Well, I have made my flight, starting 50 years ago, and landed, can I say safely on the field in Decatur?

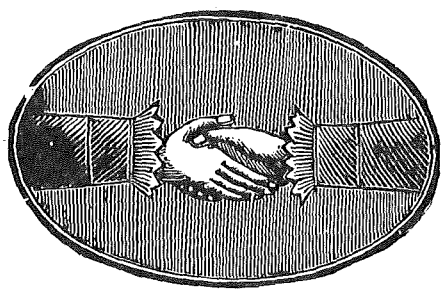
Much more might be said of the old time school but what is the use? The school of ye olden tyme is as different from the school of today as the fashions of 50 years ago, and the present styles.

Of all the buildings I have seen burn in Decatur, and that is a good many, none I hated to see go as I did our dear old school house, and as I stood on that never to be forgotten night, February 11, 1919, watching the old building slowly fading away, with tears in my eyes, I couldn't refrain from repeating a verse of an old song we used to sing within its walls.

"Goodbye, beloved school room,
The time is drawing near,
When we no more may enter
Thy doors, to us so dear.

All over thy walls are written
Sweet thoughts of school days bright,
When schoolmates kind came here to find
Instruction and delight.

Farewell, our dear old school room,
The hour is drawing nigh,
When we to you must whisper,
With a saddened tone, Good-bye."



THE COPPER COUNTRY OF THE NORTH

By Danny

The month of July of last year and the month of September this season spent in the copper districts of northern Michigan were the most satisfactory, pleasing and instructive of any "outings" of my life. Nothing in the southland or east of the Mississippi compares with it in scenery, history, legend or geology, and likely the wild life is better preserved and is in greater variety than elsewhere in this country except perhaps in Alaska.

The flora is extensive and beautiful. It includes most of the deciduous hardwoods of the state, besides millions of Christmas trees, of several varieties with some fine tamarack and cedar. There is plenty of rocky, rugged scenery—shear cliffs two to three hundred feet high ending mayhap in a pretty little wooded valley, a little trout stream that one can step across, meandering along in ripples here and there over a shiny pebbly bottom.

Reading the "travel" letters in the Republican is very interesting to me, but it's so hard to visualize the picture from place to place without a map, and when possible I always use a map.

Likely no one who reads these lines will go to the trouble of looking at the map, but it's so easy, just an auto trail map of the upper peninsula, and of course everybody has one.

You'll notice a narrow peninsula projecting northeasterly into Lake Superior about 65 miles long and 20 to 35 miles wide, containing three counties. The top county, Keweenaw, is wild and wooley, excepting many mostly abandoned or "pinched out" mining locations. There is lots of virgin forest, and in another county one cannot drive nearer than five miles to the Porcupine mountains.

In the copper country are deer, bears, wolves, otter, beaver and all the fur bearing animals common to southern Michigan.

I saw no deer but I saw two bears, one wild one crossed the road about 40 or 50 rods ahead of our auto. The other was a tame, 7 months old cub caught in a wolf trap. This was at Old Fort Wilkins at Copper Harbor, which is near the jumping off point into Lake Superior.

That old fort was built in 1844. The stockade is still there and the log houses, quarters of the men, the officers' quarters, mess house and old powder house are kept painted and in good repair, and just near, in a beautiful forest, is a state tourist park of many acres. Lake Superior is on one side and a gem of an inland lake, Lake Fannyhoe, on the other side, 30 feet higher than Lake Superior. They are only 100 rods apart with a rushing

little outlet from Lake Fannyhoe into the big lake—pretty, picturesque and so "woodsy."

We autoed there twice and lunched 36 miles from Calumet. Here are many points of interest. Copper Harbor was the location of the first copper mining in the year 1844.

The next year the Cliff mine was opened. There they found the mass copper at the bottom of a shallow pit. This was the first mine to pay a dividend. Mass copper was found in several places. At the Cliff mine they found one mass that weighed over five tons and some copper had been chipped off by stone hammers and stone chisels in prehistoric times antedating the American Indian; and this mass of native pure copper weighing over five tons is now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.

Later, around '47, near the river bed near Ontonagon, in a pit some 20 feet deep was a mass of copper weighing 107 tons and some had been chiseled off as in the Cliff mass. Many stone tools were found near by and signs of fire.

It took 20 men the greater part of a month to cut that mass of copper in chunks so they could ship it in barrels.

No Indian legend reached back to the prehistoric people who mined the mass copper. The Indians had no copper tools or utensils. The people lived elsewhere, as no graves or marking of any kind identified them.

Many theories I listened to about those prehistoric people. You see every geologist of note in the world has visited the copper country of Michigan. They all agree that instead of this being the new world, geologically, the copper and iron country of Michigan and that adjacent is the oldest known on the globe, and America is probably the original birthplace of mankind.

The foundation down 2,000 feet or more is largely volcanic rock, tipped in towards Lake Superior at an angle of around 40 degrees running back in the interior a hundred miles or more.

The theory of geologists is that an immense volcano, where the lake now is, threw out lava for centuries, non active sometimes for centuries, so other formations would cover the surface like trees or sand wash, etc., and then after thousands of years the bottom fell out of the volcano and let this whole mass tip down. Of course they all say it was hot in Michigan once.

There are other interesting theories. Copper is not an ore like iron and many metals. Ores are chemical combinations, but copper is only mechanically in the rock.

They crush the rock to powder in great stamp mills and wash the fine rock away from the copper.

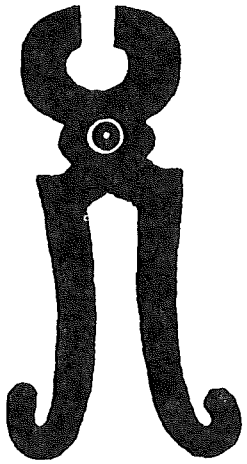
Most people who go north of the Straits, just go on north a little over a hundred miles to the Soo. Well, all there is to see there are the locks and the vessels going through. Now, why not go into the copper country, and see the mines, the stamp mills, the smelters, the red rocky shores of Lake Superior?

Motor to Eagle Harbor, Eagle River, Lac-La-Belle and see the beautiful little falls dropping over a 100 feet and see the ruins where some French men some 50 years ago sunk $2,000,000 on a smelter that was a failure, or visit the canal.

The roads are all in all the best I ever saw, all good, smooth roads, winding up and down with beauty on all sides. No dust, no hay fever, air charged with ozone and no loss of appetite, and no flowers are more vividly colored than here and the grass and foliage a darker, richer green. Why don't more people tour the copper country?

It isn't advertised like Wisconsin or southern Michigan or the Pacific coast or Florida. You see we had the upper peninsula wished onto us. No one wanted such a cold barren waste, and when the first wooden lock was built at the Soo, among other things, the state gave the contractors was 180,000 acres of land where is now the heart of the copper country.

I'd like to tell you about the mines, but go up next summer. It only takes two days.



NEWS OF DECATUR, MICHIGAN, OIL FIELDS

CLOVER DRILL ON LOCATION

Robt. Clover's big standard drill arrived at this station from Saginaw last Thursday.

Marlin Haney took the contract to put it on the location and it took him three days.

The drill is set on the Anton Fier farm located two miles south of the village of Decatur. This farm was formerly the Joseph Welcher farm. It was bought by him from the estate of his father, Milo Welcher, and Milo Welcher was an uncle of S. N. Eckenberger who is directing the drilling there.

The exact location of this well which will be known as Fier No. 1, is twenty rods directly north of the brick house. It is on the upland about five rods south of the muck. A. D. Vought drove the stake to mark where the pipe goes down.

With contractor Clover came his head driller, Wm. Brazier, and another driller and two tool dressers will arrive this week. The drill will run night and day in twelve hour shifts.

This drilling is done by the Vermont Petroleum Development Company. John Ridlon, president of the Company, will arrive in a few days to take charge of the interests of the Company in this section.

WILDCAT OPERATIONS IN MICHIGAN COUNTIES

(From the Oil and Gas Journal)

St. Clair County—Michigan Petroleum Co. is underreaming at a test to the southwest of the town of Blaine, north of PortHuron and in the northeastern part of the county. St. Clair Oil and Gas Co. is drilling near St. Clair, in the eastern part of the county, also moving in for a test to the north of St. Clair. Diamond Crystal Salt Co. is drilling on its property in St. Clair.

Van Buren County—Tuttle and others have a rig in for a test southwest of Decatur, in the southern part of the county and in the southwestern part of the state. The Wert Oil & Gas Co. is also drilling a well in the same area.

Midland County—The Pure Oil Co. is shut down awaiting supplies to drill deeper its test on Root-Raynor land, 9 miles east of Mt. Pleasant and 17 miles northwest of Midland, the county seat. This well is in Section 18, Greendale Township, and struck top of Dundee at 3,500 feet and top of pay at 3,533 feet, where it made 30 bbls., but will be drilled to a greater depth into the Dundee.

Livingston County—Andrus Hannah is drilling a test south of Argentine in the northern part of the county. North of Fowlerville, in the northwestern part of the same county, Norris & Smith are reported setting drive pipe in a wildcat.

Oakland County—Charles Lasky and others have made a location for a test east of Pontiac and between

there and Mt. Clemens.

Washtenaw County Davis and others have a rig up for a test to the south of Manchester and in the southwestern part of the county, in the Irish Hills area, and east and a little south of the 2,000-foot hole drilled on the Silvers land at Napoleon, something like 20 miles apart.

Ottawa County Bullock and others have started spudding at a test north east of New Holland in the western central part of the county and south of the Muskegon Field.

BANGOR FROWNS ON OIL BOOM

People around Bangor are rather skeptical about the oil developments. It seems that twenty years ago or thereabouts a little boom was started within the confines of the corporate limits of that village. A wild wild-catter got so wild that a number of local capitalists caught it and were induced to invest several thousand hard earned dollars in a company which was named the Bangor Oil and Gas Company. They drilled a hole and one time in the night somebody ran away with it and all the money. Now if you say anything about oil wells around Bangor you get the "merry ha ha" or "horse laugh" and the aggravating reply, "We had an oil well once."

Oil men or oil adventurers are in the Bangor territory seeking to obtain leases and meeting with indifferent success. The Advance endeavors to throw a little optimism into the proposition in the following comment,—

"Drillers are still at work at the Decatur field and hopes there are still running high, while every day brings additional news from the newly discovered Muskepon field, and perhaps, Bangor may be resting on a veritable flood of "black gold." Who can tell? We understand that if a sufficient number of leases are obtained, a test well may be sunk here in some favorable location. No great amount of excitement has as yet been apparent, however, and the matter is still in a very hazy state of future possibilities."

One thing is certain, this oil boom in Michigan has gotten away beyond the power of Bangor or Hartford or Decatur or any other local territory to stop it.

While one individual company of inexperienced limited capitalists cannot accomplish much, professional drillers and seasoned and powerful oil companies can do wonders.

The oil boom in Michigan has now reached such proportions that it will not subside till the state takes a place among the oil producing states of the nation or until it is punctured by several hundred dry holes.

The best informed oil men are optimistic that Michigan will become a profitable oil producing state.

AN ACTIVE SUMMER

Prospects for an active summer seem very bright in Decatur.

The Wert Oil and Gas Company will put its third well down to about 1200 feet on the Burget High farm.

The Vermont Company will drill at least three wells.

It is reported that Maier Brothers of Lima, Ohio, will have a standard rig here within the next few days and others are making plans.

It will not take long for those big drills to go down a thousand feet and if oil is found Decatur will be in line for a Big celebration by the Fourth of July.

Preserving Newton Woods In Cass County As Memorial

Woman Who Has Seldom Been Beyond Shadow of Huge Oaks Would Keep Them as Father Did.

648 RINGS COUNTED ON ONE GREAT STUMP

Great oak trees in the famous Newton Woods between Marcellus and Dowagiac in Cass county and six miles south of Decatur have been treasured and guarded by Mrs. Crego for a half century. Some of them rival the huge redwoods of California.

The largest bough of a white oak tree, one of her oldest and best, crashed to the ground recently. It brought an echo from the woman's heart, but she consented to having it cut down when she saw that the oak was dead. Workmen felled the giant tree, leaving a stump six feet in diameter at the top and eight feet at the ground.

There were 648 rings of growth visible on the stump, proving the old oak to be one of the oldest Wolverine inhabitants. There are other trees in the Newton Woods just as large or larger and their historic presence adds to the enchantment of the great wooded tract, one of southwestern Michigan's most noted spots.

In the shadow of the great forest that has made her family name known throughout Michigan and in many parts of America, Mrs. Jane Newton Crego, 75, the last of the family, is rounding out her busy life, still active in work of supervising her 740 acres of land and conducting affairs of the old family home.

Mrs. Crego could take life easy— if she so chose. The value of oak, hickory, maple, whitewood, beech and elm timber on the 340 acre wood tract is almost beyond estimate.

Forgoes Luxuries

She has but to give the word and the ax of the woodsman will resound throughout the famous woods. Lordly oaks, hundreds of years old, will fall to the ground, doomed to enter the mill and the furniture factory. And the receipts will mean luxuries for her.

But while she lives the memories of her father and her brother will be preserved. Timber is cut in the woods, to be sure; but it is only when individual trees seem to be "going back." Dead trees are cleared from the forest, but Mrs. Crego has seen to it that the whole area has been preserved in its virgin state, as a memorial to the father and brother, who also loved the woods.

She has only smiled when William Bray and Jack Nowak, two men who have worked for many years on the old Newton farm, have suggested that she cut down some of the largest trees. Some of them are worth hundreds of dollars in timber, but she has not been swerved from her determination to keep the woods as nearly like it was when her father lived as possible.

Taxes at High Figure

Taxes have mounted, and she has been forced to pay higher rates on her timber land than on the farm land. Sometimes returns from her farm crops have not been so large, scarcely more than enough to meet taxes and living expenses, but the trees have not been sacrificed.

Some day, perhaps, the state will have a great woods park there, where thousands of men, women and children may walk through shady lanes and look up to the proud heads of those high oaks, each a monument to Mrs. Crego, to George Newton, her father, and to Milton Newton, her brother. The father died in 1883 and the brother 25 years ago.

Mrs. Crego recently told of her concern for the woods as she rested from the work of preparing a meal for Bray and Nowak. "Probably as long as I live I shall keep the woods," she said. "I know then it will be kept as it always has been."

She told of conversations with state park officials, but said no definite action had been decided upon. There had been talk of purchase and discussion of plans to open the woods to the public as Cass county's great state park.

The woods now is a mecca for thousands during the summer months. It is widely known for herbs and flowers that grow among the huge trees or along Dowagiac Creek, which flows meanderingly through the large tract.

Historic School House

There is a school house in the woods—the Newton school. It is the second structure on the site and was erected about 1867. The first frame structure was moved to the Newton farm and is now used as an outbuilding.

The present Newton school is now conducted as a one-teacher school. At one time it had two teachers.

The old church building that was erected in the woods when Mrs. Crego was a girl has been preserved by the septuagenarian and is used as a meeting place for residents of the commun-

ity. Her father leased the site to the group of German Baptists who built the church. When the congregation broke up later the land reverted to the Newton estate and Mrs. Crego bought the building on it. She has kept it in state of repair to be used as the Newton Community hall. During the winter months meetings are held at two-week intervals and in the summer months once each month.

The old log cabin, built on the creek near the site of the present home in the early 30's has been torn down, but the small frame house, built in 1838, in which Mary Jane Newton was born, now forms part of the barn on the farm. Old newspapers, more than a hundred years old, brought from Ohio or received by mail from New York, still cling to the ceiling of the building, dropping down about old horse collars and broken bits of hames, dust-covered and dingy, that speak of other days.

Hewed Logs for Cabin.

Mrs. Crego's grandfather, James Newton, came to the woods from Ohio in 1831. He had bought the land in 1830. Her father, then 21, helped build the log cabin and cut the first road through the woods from the settlement of Penn to the old homestead.

The large house now on the farm was built by George Newton in 1870. In it Mrs. Crego lived with her husband, A. Crego, until his death eight years ago. He had two sons by a former marriage, Frank, now dead, and Charles, who lives in the west.

The farm is midway between Dowagiac and Marcellus and is seven miles south of Decatur. It is in Cass county.

The resorts of the east or west coasts, great cities of America and historic scenes of Europe never have been a lure to Mrs. Crego. The Newton woods property has been in the hands of the Newtons for practically a century and for three quarters of that time she has been in close contact with the great trees. She was taken on a motor trip to northern Michigan last year, and has visited in Indiana and Ohio. These trips are the sum total of her journeyings [illegible] bright-eyed and quick to think, Mrs. Crego now is caring for her poultry and doing the work at her farmhouse with unfailing cheerfulness. That work, and her woods, is her life.

Fire in the Woods

The call of fire rang out over the timber last summer. Bray happened to see the smoke pouring out of the woods. Neighbors were called by telephone and a hundred or more determined firefighters were on hand in a short time.

The historic community hall, the Newton farm buildings and the best of the great woods were threatened, but the flames were beaten to death by the host of workers. It was the only fire that occasioned danger in the woods during the last century, and it burned over but two acres of land.

Mrs. Crego is assisted in her work at times by friends and relatives, but her nearest of blood kin are cousins. A group of cousins from Oklahoma came to visit her recently. Kalamazoo Gazette.

A CANNIBAL FEAST THWARTED BY LOVE

How A Papuan Albino Girl Saved Her English Lover From The Bake Oven

By Frank L. Kern

Well by heck! What? I was just wondering; wondering if that awful love-tale, told us last month down in the Fiji Islands by a curio dealer, was really true. The poet said "The truth of truths is love," so it may be that this weird story of love and sacrifice on the part of a native cannibal girl, away off down in New Guinea, and the hair-breadth escape from bloody cannibals by a fine young Englishman, may contain some elements of fact. Here is exhibit "A", the tapa chart, which guided him through the tropic storm to the river, swarming with ferocious crocodiles; and there is exhibit "B", the neat little basket, all trimmed with the feathers of the bird of paradise, which identical basket she so daintily filled with food.

Of course, we can take it or leave it, but some horrible tales to freeze our blood and make each particular hair stand on end, are ever coming up out of those mythical South Seas.

Mr.V. P. Harliker wanted to sell those relics at a good price, all in pounds, shillings and pence, and sometimes a thripence was included, and his story gave an added value to them, since they could not be worn or eaten. This you will have to admit when you read this harrowing tale. But one can never tell for sure, as there are always strong tales and personal vouchers to go with such goods.

You may recollect the club that Phineas Taylor Barnum showed to special customers who looked impressionable, and solemnly guaranteed it to be the same identical club with which one Princess Pocahontas brained a certain Capt. Jno. Smith,—or was it Jones? Why old P. T, actually showed the blood-marks on that club, just as he did on the 1642 others he had sold.

And of course you know about that George Washington hatchet, and the 14,000 pens that were used in signing the Declaration of Independence?

Well, a young fellow at Suva, the capital of Fiji, as a special favor, showed us the identical cannibal fork last used by the great King Thakombau, who in 1875 gave the islands (to which he had no title) to Great Britain. When you get an abstract of title in Fiji, you need not search any farther back than old King Thak, for there is nothing back of him but a nasty record of the men he killed when they were not looking, and ate them because he liked the "long pig that talks and sings," better than the "short pig that grunts and squeals," and also the story of how he strangled his mother and his father's five other wives that the old king might have congenial spirits in his cannibal heaven.

That young Suvan kindly intimated that he would sacrifice that wooden fork for fifty pounds. I thought it cheap as there were no shillings and pence attached to the price. There was no question as to its authenticity for I noticed,—now don't faint,—a small piece of dried skin on one of the tines, unquestionably from the last missionary that old Buli had eaten.

We came away though without buying that little wooden fork, after learning that over two hundred of them had been sold for fifty pounds each, besides some sixty others now on the market. There is quite a factory up in the hills with a unique process for aging the output. It is aged in the wood.

Now please do not all talk at once, we are going on with the love story just as quick as we can build up a little background with suitable props and settings for this scenario. The right to film will be sold for fifty pounds.

You may know, but of course you don't, that over in New Guinea there are more birds of paradise, lyre birds, doves and parrots, all of the most gorgeous plumage, than anywhere else in the world. There are between seventy and eighty different species of the birds of paradise alone and also many species of the lyres, the most spectacular birds known. Also the flora is varied and wonderful, the island lying close to the equator. New Guinea was, away back in geological days, attached to and a part of the great island continent of Australia.

New Guinea is more than a thousand miles long and over three hundred miles wide, making it the largest island in the world, containing 350,000 square miles. It has many rivers, the longest, the Fly, is navigable for power craft to nearly five hundred miles and the ocean tides are felt for a distance of two hundred miles inland. Mention is made of this because of its connection with the story.

The western half of New Guinea is owned by the Dutch who are doing very little with it. The English who own the south half of the western end, known as the Territory of Papua, control by mandate the north half and also the large Bismark archipelago, formerly the property of Germany who valued these possessions very highly. There is one island in the Bismark group 350 miles long.

The natives of New Guinea are all Papuans which means "frizzly men" and are estimated to number about a half million. They are a part of Melanesia, very brown or black, and those along the coast and in contact with the whites are tame and quite under the control of the civic authorities and missionaries. There are many tribes of as many dialects and back from the coast they are still wild, murderous cannibals. Of the many missionaries and other whites who have ventured out alone among these savages, not a half dozen have ever been heard from.

A tame Papuan is a queer mixture. Like the other natives of the South

Seas, he is proud, cheerful, lazy, strong, vain, irresponsible, affectionate, childlike, superstitious, talkative, full of forest lore and an easy liar. They will always be in poverty and with no aim in life as long as they continue their abominable communistic system in which they are forced to live.

Now let's go on with the story:

Some years ago the steam schooner Voyager was fitted out at London, England, with equipment and scientists,—botanists, entomologists, ornithologists, and a crew bound for New Guinea to collect certain tropical plants for the botanical gardens and rare birds for the collection in the London zoo. When the Voyager stopped at Fiji, young Henry Martin was taken on, as he was eager for more life and adventure, and he certainly found it. Martin was a fine chap of twenty and soon chummed in with Billy Norton with whom he worked when the party got to collecting in New Guinea.

Anchoring in the Gulf of Papua near the delta mouth of the great Fly river, opposite Port Moresby, they fitted out a launch and with several rowboats in tow clugged up the sluggish stream for over a hundred miles where they made camp after carefully spying out the thick jungles for savages.

While some engaged in potting rare plants, others made a large cage of wire netting some distance back from the river, scattering seeds, berries, and other fruits to lure the birds into the trap. After several days they found to their great joy that some birds were going into the cage to feed, and arranged for young Martin to lie hidden in a blind ready to pull a wire attached to a trigger for closing the door of the cage. His chum, Billy Norton, kept out of sight and Henry patiently waited the regular feeding time of the birds.

Soon the feathered beauties began to show up in large numbers and great variety. Oh what a gorgeous pageant! Along the trail they came, each selecting its own feed, clucking, squawking, fighting. Birds of Paradise with lovely plumes a yard long, fiery-red, snow-white, others black, bright blue, green, yellow and brown, the tails of the lyres showing up three feet high and nearly as broad, and among them the famous goura-pigeons, large as chickens.

So amazed and entranced did Henry become watching this spectacular parade, that he did not hear the stealthy, black monsters who were crawling towards him. At last the great cage was full of those wonderful creatures eagerly filling their craws with the ample feed, when a quick jerk and they were prisoners. But just at that moment of joy and victory came dire grief and defeat, for four stalwart savages pounced upon him, pinning him to the ground and stifling his cries. They quickly carried him back to where they were joined by many others who hustled him along to the village some two miles distant and a half mile from the river which here makes a turn forming a bayou or lake, greatly infested with monster crocodiles.

Half an hour later, when Norton returned and peered through the bush, he beheld the cage filled with fluttering birds in great panic, but he could find no trace of Henry and no evidence of any struggle. Quickly giving the alarm the country was examined by well armed men for a distance, but the jungle was so dense and hard to penetrate and the danger so great of poisoned arrows and spears, they had to give up and endeavor to save the wonderful catch of birds, then return down the river that night to get a larger force to search for the unhappy Martin.

In the meantime the captive was taken to the tall hut of the king, who examined him carefully, taking away everything but shirt and pants, and then confined the lad in a strong stockade with guard to watch him day and night. Also a large body of spearmen was sent back to prevent rescue. While Martin was in the king's house, he noticed a graceful Albino girl, evidently one of the king's daughters, who looked upon this fine fellow of her own color with great favor. So when some women brought food and drink to the stockade, the Albino girl accompanied them. She was called Tumba Tee, which simply meant that she was different. In the South Seas, about one child in every few hundred is an Albino. I danced the sivasiva with an Albino girl on the island of Tau in the American Samoa and wondered how such sensitive pink eyes could stand the bright, tropical sunlight.

Tumba Tee begged that she might remain in the stockade with the nice white man as his playmate, which request was granted. Cannibals have learned that frightened meat is bad while happy, contented meat is sweet and good like milk from contented cows. They strive to capture their victims without hurting them and then keep them for some time, kidding them along with the promise of making them rulers of the tribes.

And then one day visitors from other villages began to arrive and it became known that on the following day a big feast was in store for all the chiefs, ex-chiefs and sub-chiefs, of which there are very many, like colonels in Kentucky.

A TALK ON PICTURES

(Read by Supt. R. W. Harper at the evening meeting of the P. T. A. April 5, which was held in connection with the Art Exhibit.)

"Tell me what pictures hang upon his walls and what books are his companions and I will tell you what manner of man he is." It matters little who it was that first made this statement, but the fact remains today, as in the days of the philosophers of antiquity, that art and literature are the the expression of the essential nature of men and of nations. In fact, the history of civilization, the record of the religious, the political, the military, and the social life of all peoples, from the days of the prehistoric man down to our own twentieth century, is immortalized through the medium of the picture and of the written word.

As Between Art and Literature

As between art and literature, as between pictures and books historians affirm that the former, the pictorial, has always been the most potent factor in giving expression to the character and the ideal of mankind. The first writing of which we have any record was "picture writing," or the portrayal of events by means of crude drawings representing, on tablets of stone or clay, the great deeds of the Pharaohs and of the tribes that first emerged from the darkness of savagery into the twilight of a dawning civilization.

In olden times the schools of the philosophers and the monasteries of the religious teachers were the art museums of the world. Here in sculptured bas-relief and gorgeously painted frieze and on the immortal canvas of those painters whose imaginations had been quickened by the inspiration of religious revelation, the noblest and the most uplifting example of human and divine achievements have been preserved.

Egyptians Great for Illustrations

Illustrations in histories show that pictures were a very close part of the lives, homes and garments of the early Egyptians. They adorned even the caskets and tombs of their dead with elaborate drawings called frescoes, some of which have survived and show clearly the rigid conventions and traditions of the times. The first painters who managed to shake off these fetters were the miniaturists who

were skilled in making ornaments and who decorated the manuscripts of their day with brightly colored little pictures. Their work did not reach the highest point of excellence, however, until a later date but they were the pioneers in the pictorial art to attempt naturalistic treatment.

In Italy, during the 14th century and afterwards, picture making was given a great impetus because the skill of artists was called upon to decorate or adorn the interiors of the churches. For this reason, paintings were religious in character. Among the greatest of the painters of that period is the one who was called "The Divine Painter"—Raphael—who painted the great Sistine Madonna, with which through reproductions we are familiar. It is in the Sistine Chapel in Rome and is thought to be the most beautiful Madonna picture in the world. In this wonderful picture Raphael seems to have blended together his heavenly visions and his close observations of nature. The combination is so natural and perfect that one does not know which to admire the more, its truth and reality or its celestial beauty. The painting gives one the impression that moments of wonderful vision and feeling had come to the artist, and that he at once transferred his impressions to canvas.

... "The Madonna of the Chair"

"The Madonna of the Chair," a picture of circular shape, is another masterpiece of Raphael. Never has there been a better representation of childish grace and spirit than in this picture. The whole painting is the most perfect and artistic representation of maternal love in existence.

"The Last Supper"

The great picture entitled, "The Last Supper," representing the last supper which the twelve disciples had with their master, was painted about the same time by Da Vinci, on the wall of a monastery in Italy. This, too, is one of the great pictures of the world, and is visited by thousands of people annually, although it is now faded and dim. This work—oil painting on plaster—is a medium that was absolutely fatal to the long existence of the picture. Possibly he thought he could obtain more delicate colors and more subtle effects of light by using oil colors than by working in the more usual tempera. With Da Vinci Rénaissance art reached it full development. Truth and beauty are blended into one harmonious whole in his work. His color and light have such marvelous richness of tone that Nature is, so to speak, re-created in his picture "Mona Lisa," is another of Da Vinci's works. This portrait has puzzled centuries with the enigma of the mysterious face. One always finds in Da Vinci's faces the same mysterious smiles, vaguely troubling and disquieting, delightfully tender, ardent or sad, but full of curiosity, inspiration and discouragement. Both Da Vinci and Raphael lived in the 15th and 16th centuries, at the time when Shakespeare was writing his immortal plays in England.

Holland Produces Great Painters

In Holland in the 17th century the people were making tremendous progress in the realm of painting. The ruling power was in the hands of a well-to-do class, which prided itself upon its encouragement of art, but whose small and badly lighted rooms were only suited to pictures of small size, cheerful subjects with brilliant light and color, pictures that would introduce a little brightness and gaiety into those over-quiet homes. These Dutchmen were portrait painters of the highest order. Rembrandt of the greatest portrait painters of all times was fond of painting groups of people of that time in their tall square hats and white neckpieces. "The Dutch Little Masters" have given us a glance on home life paintings of the regular joy-trot round of burgher life. They painted small pictures for homes are all of them realistic and very beautiful.

Englishmen Achieve Fame in Art

Though England early held a foremost place in science and literature, it was not until the 18th cenutry, both before and after our thirteen colonies had become states that she achieved any importance in art. This came with the aristocratic Thomas Gainsborough, and his contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portraits are known and admired the world over. You have heard of the Gainsborough hat. This hat, with its wide curving brim and many ostrich plumes, takes its name from the portraits painted by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Devonshire and other social queens of London in those days, who wore such hats when they sat for portraits. "The Blue Boy," a portrait of a youth dressed in a blue satin suit, is another of the great portraits by this master. It was recently sold for $640,000, being the highest price ever paid for a single painting, and was purchased by Henry Huntington of Los Angeles, and brought to the United States. Those fascinating pictures of little girls, such as "The Age of Innocence," "Strawberry Girl," and "Angel Heads" are excellent examples of Reynolds' work. A feature of Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits is the exquisite and decorative landscapes which are usually the background of the portraits themselves.

French Artists Produce Masterpieces

In the 19th century in France (about 100 years ago) the heighth of French landscape painting was reached in such painters as the gentle master, Carot, whose painting is like melodious music. "The Dance of the Nymphs" is the picture by which he is best known. He was called the painter of springtime and always sang as he painted.

The sturdy Millet, painter of "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners" and other scenes of French peasant life, was the discoverer of the peasant as an art subject. Breton is another peasant painter. He was an enthusiastic painter of sunsets which he handled with great beauty. "Song of the Lark" is an impresive example of the happier side of labor and is typically of Breton.

American Artists

It is with these painters and many more through the [illegible] as an inspiration, [illegible] ica have added [illegible] accumulated [illegible] represented by [illegible] cause America is [illegible] the building of a [illegible] not call for [illegible] its develop[illegible] Art means [illegible] and by the study of American artists we find they have developed a school far reaching in its effects.

The growth of art in America was assured in the early days when Copley, a Boston portrait painter of colonial times painted the portraits of John Hancock and others of that day; and Gilbert Stuart, whose many portraits of George Washington have become familiar to all of us, through good reproduction.

"Spring Blossoms," "Autumn Oaks," and "Evening in June" are others of his beautiful landscapes expressing something distinctly American in spirit. The painters of the group represented by Innes might be considered nationalists who, with paint and brush, sang the praises of our newly discovered scenic beauty.

Winslow Homer was one of the strongest and most original of all the American artists. He possessed a feeling for color, a dash and verve in execution, originality in subject, and an individuality of conception that is unsurpassed. As a painter of the sea he has no superior in American art. You will remember his painting called, "Fog Warning," showing a fisherman in an open row-boat with a huge white fish. He is rowing stoutly, and glancing over his shoulder at a low-hanging cloud on the horizon. One can actually feel the sea in this picture and can sense the cold of the approaching fog.

Other artists of merit are Sargent, who painted the "Frieze of the Prophets," which hangs in the Boston Public library, and Whistler, whose beautiful portrayal of motherhood in "Mother" is so famous.

We know Alexander by his "Pot of Basel"; Wyant by his "Early Spring"; Duveneck by "Whistling Boy"; Brush by "Mother and Children." Other well known American artists worthy of mention are Hitchcock, Martin, Crane, Harrison, Foster, Waugh, Symonds, Vincent, Pothast, and Weiland.

Many Artists in America Today

Today there are in this country, many artists, and their excellent work places American art with that of the other great countries of the world. It can no longer be said that American art does not exist.

It does, in the work of scores of men and women who are exhibiting their pictures in the great exhibitions of this country and abroad. The modern tendency is to paint with vivid color, and to introduce brilliant light into the picture.

Great Paintings Reproduced

A wonderful thing of the present day is that all or most all of the great paintings of the world, both classic and modern, are reproduced by excellent processes of color printing, so that we may all possess these pictures. It is far better to own a good

reproduction of a fine painting, than to own an original canvas of a poor painting.

Fine reproductions are comparatively inexpensive; and yet they have the color and atmosphere of their famous **origionals.**

MEMOIRS

A history of the settlement of Van Buren County on its southeastern border read by Hon. A. B. Copley of Decatur at a meeting of Van Buren County pioneers at South Haven in 1893. The history is furnished the Republican by the granddaughter of Mr. Copley, Mrs. Belle Copley Lyle.

A history of the settlement of Van Buren County on its southeastern border read by Hon. A.B. Copley of Decatur at a meeting of Van Buren County pioneers at South Haven in 1893. The history is furnished the Republican by the granddaughter of Mr. Copley, Mrs. Belle Copley Lyle.

And equally –
Till Time shall end,
And on through eternity
In its degree
Each thought and word and deed sublime
Makes or mars God's fair design;
Not one but has its due effects
In ways by us all unsuspect,
On all who shall come after them.

In the above lines John Oxenham proves rather than prophesies the influence that each human being leaves behind as "With shining foot each passes among the star-scattered guests afar."

The greater the noble deeds of courage and sacrifice done by men by living, the greater the legacy of honor and trust they leave for those who come after, to guard and cherish.

We all cling to the past. Perhaps this is a part of that craving for immortality that lies in the heart of all humanity. We do not wish to forget the past memories that are so sacred to us all — yet we do not have time to reflect on only present things.

But let us pause in this era of high pressure activity to pay tribute to the courageous spirits of the early settlers who have passed on, and keep alive within our hearts the memory of their tireless struggles and ceaseless endeavors that we might more freely enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We owe much to these early pioneers. Their influence for good in the communities in which they lived can hardly be estimated but their labors will live long after them and make their names honored and blessed forever. Their hands have fashioned the magical apparatus of dreams and deeds that we might more fully realize the grandeur of our land. They represent the great red vein of vitality running through the most ambitious and resourceful of our country's men. Their efforts made possible education which is an innoculation against the poisons and evils of life, and through education we have found culture which represents the luxuries of educated life.

As one witty writer expresses it, culture is what remains when we have forgotten all we learned. Be that as it may, we have to admit that it represents the aroma of life and the bouquet of experience.

Our forefathers taught us to be stern and disciplined. To look life in the face and brave the storms, and through that discipline of ourselves do we strive to conquer life's problems of today and are enabled to enjoy life's leisure hours.

In this spirit do I honor the memory of my grandfather, A.B. Copley, one of Decatur's pioneer souls, and give to you some of his own reminiscences of those very early days as preserved in a paper written and read by him at a meeting of Van Buren County pioneers at South Haven in 1893.

Belle Copley Lyle

THE STURDY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN & CASS

This paper is destined to treat in part of the first settlement of Van Buren County on its southeastern border and consequently is connected somewhat with the settlement of Cass and Berrien Counties, being an outspreading in order to take in the northern boundary of Little Prairie Ronde.

My father left Dayton, Ohio August 29, 1832 on horseback, to make a trip to that part of Michigan territory entitled the St. Joseph country. He went by way of Troy, Piqua, St. Marys, Ft. Wayne and Goshen, to White Pigeon Prairie where the land office was then located. From that place he went to big Prairie Ronde and reached the home of Dolphin Morris on the evening December 4th, 1832.

From his journal it appears that there had been entered at the land office sixteen eighty-acre lots of land up to that date in the township of Decatur, four in Waverly to R. Sherwood, and five in Lafayette (Paw Paw) as follows: one each to John S. Agard, S. Barber and P. Barber, and two to Peter Gremps.

There were six families in Van Buren County at that time, viz. Dolphin Morris, his brother Samuel, H.D. Swift, George Tittle, David Curry and LeGrande Anderson, who had settled within a week of the time of which I write. These were the only settlers in Van Buren County.

The first settler in the county, Dolphin Morris, left Deer Creek, Sciota County, Ohio, November 3rd, 1828, arriving at Pokagon prairie, Cass County, December 8, where he spent the winter with Joseph Gardiner, in the spring, March 26, he reached Little Prairie Ronde in company with H.D. Swift, Jacob Morlan, and his (Morris') father and captured at the outlet of Lawrence Lake, Volinia Township. On the 27th he commenced cutting logs for a cabin for his father, which work was suspended for several days, on account of a snow storm.

Mr. Morris had visited the prairie during the winter and chosen his location and now while the snow interfered with the cabin building, returned to Pokagon for his family, bringing them during the first week of April.

Jacob Morlan attached a lean-to to Mr. Morris' cabin sheltering his own family until he finished his cabin on the south side of the prairie in Cass County.

Mr. Smith worked for Morris but did not bring his family or establish a claim at first. Mr. Morris' father, Samuel Morris, Sr., occupied the farm in Cass County now occupied by Elias Morris and Samuel, the brother, made a claim on what is now known as the Buell farm. Thus for nearly two years, Mr. Morris was the only settler in the county.

The log cabin built by Mr. Morris was of more than passing interest aside from sheltering the first family in the county.

The first school was taught in the winter of 1834/5 by William Alexander, a Virginian, relative of LeGrande Anderson. (Mr. Anderson came to Ohio from Michigan in the spring of 1831 and brought his wife and family in 1832. He lived on Section 36 of Decatur Township until his death in 1867.)

Here was born the first white child, Lewis Creighton Morris, August 4, and here he left to cross the river, the pioneer of his race, December 20 of the same year.

Here also was born May 11th, 1832, Elias Morris, the oldest living white person born in the county.

THE STURDY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN AND CASS

II

Here it was Daniel Alexander and Margaret Tittle (Peggy, she was called) the second married couple in the county, commenced housekeeping. This cabin, the home of the first settler, where the first birth and death occurred, the germ of our valued school system in this county, which served as hotel and church,where the first domestic altar was reared, surely deserves to be kept in remembrance and its site marked to commemorate the beginning of civilization in the then wilderness of our now beautiful country.

At the time of Morris settling there were Indian traders at Bronson (Kalamazoo) and at Grand Rapids, a trading post, and also the government post for the Ottowa Indians, and west a trading post at St. Joseph. Nothing else east, west and north, and these only places for bartering furs of the Indians.

To the south was Carey Mission on the St. Joseph river near Niles. This was establised in 1822 in accordance with the provisions of a treaty by General Cass with the Potawatomies in 1821. This mission proved to be the means of opening up the St. Joseph valley to permanent settlement.

The military road leading to Fort Wayne, from thence the trail of Isaac McCoy, the founder of the mission, to the rich valley of the St. Joseph, were speedily taken advantage of by 'Squire Thompson, the first settler of Berrien county, in 1823, by Baldwin Jenkins, Cass county's first settler in 1824, and their followers.

In 1825 the United States government laid out the military road from Detroit to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). About the same time the Erie canal was completed, also the steam navigation had commenced on the lakes, thereby stimulating emigration from New York and states farther east.

These hardy emigrants came west over the Chicago road in the southern tier of counties, and over the territorial road, established about 1834, in the second tier, but when they reached the valley of the St. Joseph the choicest locations on the prairies were already occupied by the followers of Boone and coadjutors.

To go back now to the narrative which opened this paper. After viewing the county in the fall of 1832, my father returned home and made preparations to move to the territory, and

June 9, 1833, left Dayton, Ohio, arriving at Little Prairie Ronde July 1, being twenty-one days on the road, the distance being 234 miles, an average of eleven miles per day, some days going only three miles.

He started with two wagons, two yokes of oxen attached to one and a span of horses and one yoke of oxen to the other. Owing to bad roads the horses soon gave out. Another yoke of oxen was purchased and the journey finished in that way, except in bad places the teams would all be hitched to one wagon. Four cows, several calves and two pure Shorthorn Durham cattle were driven.

My father, mother, seven children and three young men who were coming to view the country and help us on the journey, comprised our party, not omitting two fierce dogs for defense against wolves and other wild animals. We generally camped where water and grass could be found, but sometimes in dense forests. Water, however, was abundant but at times only in mud holes.

We occupied a house but one night on our journey and that was an abandoned one on Sugar Hills in the Elkhart bottoms. Our shelter was a portable tent at night for my parents and sisters, the rest slept in the covered wagons above the loads. The cooking was done by an open fire, the baking in a tin reflector, by my mother and elder sisters.

The different yokes of oxen were strangers to each other, consequently a bell was required to each yoke. No less than seven bells were used and the clanging of them after going into camp at night can be imagined but not easily described. Notwithstanding these precautions, at times half a day would pass in getting ready for a start.

At the time of our arrival there were about thirty-five families in the settlement of Volinia township, including those in Van Buren county. An election in July, 1833, polled thirty-two votes for delegate to Congress, Lucius Lyon receiving thirty-one votes.

My father settled on the north bank of the Little Walk (Dowagiac creek) —not a wagon track, road or settler on the south side for eight miles to Young's Prairie to the east and northeast Fowerfield and Three Rivers, fourteen to eighteen miles. Nothing but the primeval forest the surveyors' lines alone distinguishing it from the Red man's hunting grounds of centuries previous.

THE STURDY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN AND CASS

III

As before stated the first settlements were made on the prairies and known by the name of the prairie where located. Whitman's Mills and Cassopolis in 1833 were the only exceptions.

The log cabins were invariably built at the edge of the timber joining the prairie without regard to section lines, in fact the section lines were not run when the first settlers arrived and their claims were guessed at or stepped off.

The field notes of Decatur township say the township boundaries were surveyed by William Brookfield in 1827, and section lines by E. H. Lytle, January 7 to 16, 1830.

Roads were laid from one settler to the next in as near a direct line as the nature of the ground admitted, continually changing as new settlers arrived or a farmer wished to extend his fields. Very few of the original roads first laid out are in existence today, and it is doubtful if one in ten of the original building sites is still occupied as such.

The houses were invariably log cabins, the logs notched on the under side with the saddle on top, and when additional room was required the double cabin plan was adopted, that is two cabins with the ends eight or ten feet apart and the space roofed over, the cabin doors opening into the hall The gable ends were of logs and the binding logs used as ribs to support the clap board shingles, which were held down by weight poles. The chimneys were built on the outside of one end, the jams were made of clay pounded hard and the upper part of the chimney made of sticks daubed with clay.

The axe, saw, auger, and froe to split the shakes, were all the tools needed. No nails were used unless a few wrought ones made by the blacksmith for the door. Briefly this was the pioneer style of log cabin.

In 1833, the time of which I am writing, it is doubtful if there was a cabin with rafters and board gable in Cass or Van Buren counties, and for years after you could distinguish the eastern settler from the southern by the board gable with rafters, the logs squared at the corners and the chimney built on the inside of the house without jams and supported on curved timbers of a natural crook.

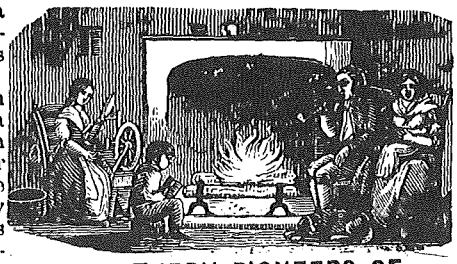
The farming tools of the pioneer were of the simplest kind, hardly differing from their ancestors of fifty to one hundred years before, an axe, iron wedge, bar share plow, which was share and land side combined, to which a wooden mould board was attached, shovel plow, sometimes iron harrow teeth, more often wooden ones, a heavy hoe, and for cutting grain a sickle, as late as 1834 in some instances.

Grain was stacked around a circular threshing floor of dirt upon which it was tramped out by horses and winnowed at first by one man throwing it up in the air while two men flopped a sheet to fan it.

The first fanning mill in the settlement was in 1831. My father bought one in 1834, and that was often lent. The wheat was in poor condition for flour, the smut and dirt mixed with it, and the rude mills of that day had few appliances to clean and scour the grain compared with the complicated machinery of flouring mills of the present time. The result was a leaden colored product much unlike in taste, looks or smell, the snow white roller process flour of today, and the average quality of flour was all that could be depended on, for, owing to the difficulties of threshing on account of stormy weather at times, bad roads and mills a long distance away, settlers were often out of flour and borrowing was the rule and general practice.

If a thrifty settler took advantage of favorable weather and used care in threshing his wheat and kept a good supply of nice flour on hand, the natural result was it would be lent out and returned in an article disheartening to his good wife and discouraging to his forethought and enterprise.

Sometimes even borrowing was unavailable, as for instance once when Dolphin Morris and his brother were gone fourteen days to mill and yet it was only thirty miles to Lacey's mills near Niles. Some difficulty of the mill at first, then on returning a severe snow storm set in with rain and sleet, freezing a coat on the snow; consequently they abandoned their loads and wagons except the fore wheels of one wagon with a small amount of flour for temporary use, and even then they were three days in going twenty miles to reach their families, who were out of bread and fearing the worst that could happen to their absent husbands.



THE STURDY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN AND CASS

IV

The dress of the settlers was of a primitive style as to material and fashion. With the men, the old-time hunting shirt had given way to a garment called wamus, a loose blouse with narrow binding at top in place of a collar with a single button at the throat, the skirts reaching the hips when loose, or to the waist when tied by the corners, as it was frequently worn; material was linsey, a homespun cloth of cotton and wool, woven plain.

Pantaloons were of jean, blue or butter-nut with different shades of color as the different skeins of yarn took on a light or dark blue in dyeing. Occasionally buckskin pants were worn or pants faced with buckskin, fore and aft, as a sailor would say, where the protection would prove most serviceable.

Feminine fashions were at a standstill and it would be presumptuous for me to try to describe them; still it would be an easier task then than now, for as I look on this beautiful scene before me, who could describe the lovely toilets which meet the eye on every side, their style, color and material only eclipsed by the personal charms of the wearers.

Suffice it to say that notwithstanding the poke bonnets, five to ten years old, the faces of the belles and matrons beneath them were worthy of being the mothers and grandmothers of the radiant maidens of today.

The chief business of the pioneer was to live. Speculation and making money were not considered, as their locations and first settlements show. An easy place to farm was sought for, hence a choice location on a prairie was taken without considering the distance from market.

Rich lands were available near the St. Joseph river, navigable to the lake and thence east by water, but the emigrant passed on thirty miles, to a prairie even if it took two days to get a barrel of salt. What was time to men whose wants were so few and easily supplied.

The woods, swamps and lakes were to them vast storehouses, furnishing them amusement as well as subsistence. Game of many kinds in profusion from the forests, the streams and lakes teaming with fish, wild honey from the woods, huckleberries and cranberries from the swamps and various other fruits in plenty all combined to render life at times a holiday.

Not all was sunshine, however, for instance the great frost of June 20, 1835, when the most promising crop in prospect was almost totally cut off creating almost a famine, a few favored localities protected by lakes, only escaping.

No railroads then, as now, to transport the abundance of one part of the county to the needs of other parts. Transportation was a different affair compared to now.

The roads were execrable, especially in the timber lands. Wagons were generally covered and an axe and log chain were always taken on trips of any distance, such as going to mill or market as roads were liable to be obstructed by trees blown down during rain storms or high winds.

September 21, 1834, John Shaw, a prominent settler of Volinia, with wagon and team of three horses, and a hired man my father sent with a wagon and two yoke of oxen, started on a trip from Little Prairie Ronde to St. Joseph with wheat. First day they reached Paw Paw; second day, Emerson's Prospect lake, third day in the woods; fourth day reached St. Josept; fifth day sold loads, made purchases and rached Rulo, a French settler, or nearly there, ten miles from St. Joseph; sixth day got to Paw Paw, and seventh day arrived home.

They camped out all the way except two nights at Dodge's tavern at Paw Paw. He had little better than a shanty, having just commenced his hotel.

I said, camped all the way except Paw Paw, but must make one exception. On the evening of the fifth day, within a mile of Rulo's, a wagon tongue broke and Shaw left his team and went on to the house to get an auger to repair the tongue. Instead of returning at once he talked over their accident over a glass of beverage, accepted the hospitality of the Frenchman, and after an early breakfast came to the assistance of his comrade, who had spent the night awaiting his return. My father's account book says: "36 bushels wheat at 60 cents, $21.88; barrel of salt, $2.50; expenses, $1.94; cash brought home, $1.82, the rest in sundries."

This year, 1834, was the first opening up of trade and business between Paw Paw and the prairie, as on June of the same year my father with others worked on the road crossing the swamp just west of Lawton, and the same season Enoch Barrett brought lumber to exchange for corn from Paw Paw.

In the winter of 1835 I accompanied my father on a trip to St. Joseph. Our load was oats to be exchanged for salt and we were absent six days. Other teamsters were there from Big Prairie Ronde for the same purpose as my father. All clubbed together and during the remainder of that day and fourth day out crossed the river, getting salt back on the ice, as the ice was not strong enough to bear teams. Fifth day four teams laden with salt reached Emerson's and went into camp at the northwest corner of Prospect lake. The body of a log barn was up and a scaffold over a part, covered with marsh hay for a roof was utilized. Several of the tenderest horses occupied part and the rest of the barn was used by us for fire, shelter and camp. The sixth day we reached home, after dark.

One load of oats was 42 bushels and sold to Judge Burdick for 37 and one half cents per bushel, and our salt comprised four barrels at two dollars and sixty-two and one-half cents per barrel.

In addition to the log barn at Prospect lake, several miles west there was a hewed log house partly built but no roof. It had snowed recently, but there were no fresh tracks and the supposition was there were no settlers around. Yet the snows had hardly melted ere the road spoken of so desolate then, was to become an artery of life to the thronging settlers over-running Van Buren county to found homes for themselves and their posterity.

(The end.)

DECATUR'S FINE CELERY

The Crop Now Being Harvested and Placed in Storage Is the Biggest and Best Ever Raised Here.

This week sees the Decatur celery harvest at its height. The cold storage plants are working large forces of men all of the days and part of the nights to put the crop in storage.

By another week there will be but little good celery left in the fields.

The storage plants all have good quality celery. The acreage is unusually large and the plants above the average in grade.

The J. J. and George Schuur plant will store 30,000 crates, equal to 125 cars. They will begin selling about the tenth of November and it will be shipped to nearly every state in the Union.

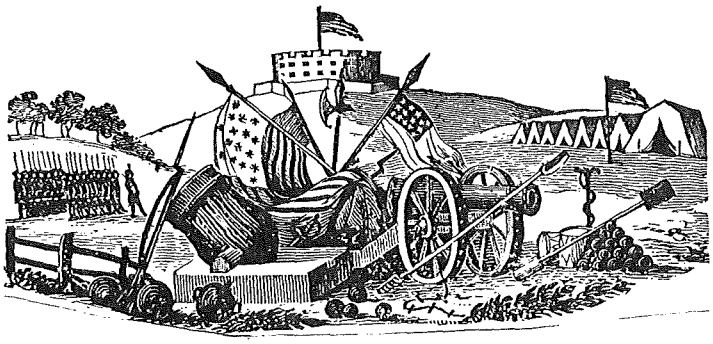
This firm has paid a dollar a crate for all they have bought. A crate will average five dozen stalks. They are employing 16 men at the storage.

Last Thursday evening a representative of a Florida muck land company showed moving pictures of the Florida muck celery fields to about 100 Decatur growers at the Schuur plant. His company pays the expenses in Florida of anyone who will go down there with the idea of buying. Jerry Schuur and son have bought eighty acres of this land.

Pete Smith is the foreman of their Decatur storage. He has been there nearly three years and is well acquainted with the business. He has furnished the Republican this information.

He says a half dozen celery growers from Grand Haven visited the Decatur fields last Friday. Celery there was struck by blight and harvesting of the part of the crop that could be saved was completed last week.

This year Decatur has by far the best celery grown in Michigan.

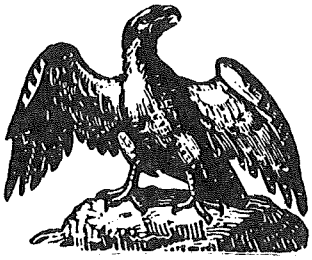


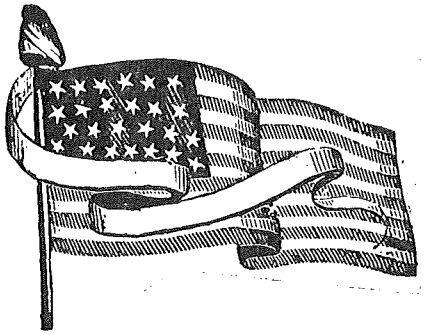
The government issued a million two cent postage stamps with the name "Molly Pitcher" printed across the face of them.

A Decatur customer sent some of them to Sears, Roebuck and Company in payment for merchandise and they were returned with the reply that they were cancelled stamps. Which goes to show that the big merchants do not know everything.

The Decatur post office had a few of these stamps and have disposed of them. Soon they will be selling at a premium to collectors.

Nobody about the postoffice or the printing office could remember just what Molly Pitcher did that moved the government of the United States to print an edition of postage stamps in her honor, and it was necessary to knock the dust off an old history book to find out.



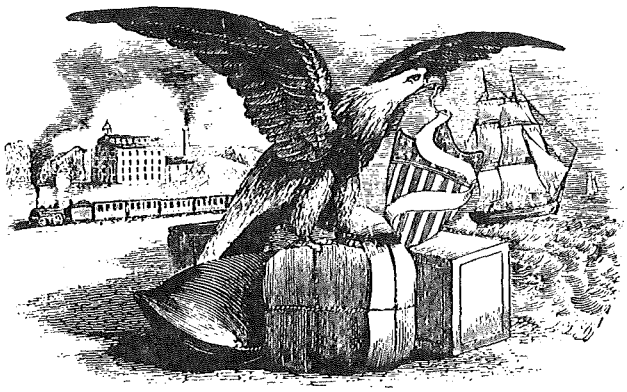


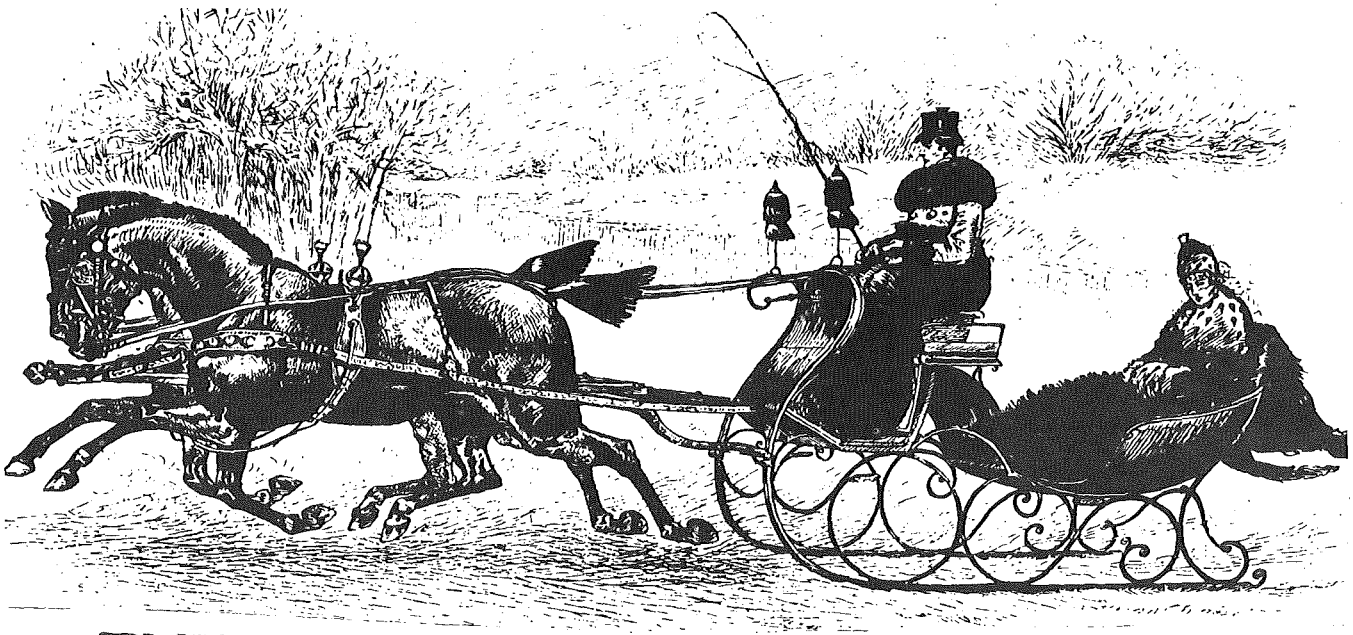
Molly Pitcher is the only woman who ever fired a cannon in defense of our country or held an active command in the United States army.

Pitcher was a Continental cannoneer and when he fell at the battle of Monmouth in '78, Molly, his wife, stood by his side.

She took the match from the fingers of the dying soldier and fired the cannon he had manned, and she continued to fire that cannon till the battle was ended.

George Washington heard of her act and made her a sergeant in the regular army. Some historians say she continued fighting throughout the Revolutionary war disguised as a man.





THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF 1929

December 19 and 20 Will Be Remembered for Many Years. Traffic Blocked. Trains Late. Christmas Shopping Set Back.

It was a great storm. Some say it was equal to the famous January storm of 1917. Drifts were 6 or 7 feet deep in places. Traffic was blocked and business was at a standstill.

The storm raged all day Wednesday of last week, and all night. It was hard on the electric light plant and the lights were off and on all day. It was rough on the linemen but they must have stuck to their work for they kept the current coming most of the time and there were no breaks Thursday.

A dozen or more Decatur people had planned to shop in Kalamazoo, but stayed at home, read the Decatur paper, noted the fine dsplays and attractive offers of the Decatur merchants, did their shopping here, saved money and contributed to the welfare of their own folks. The storm did a little good after all.

This going to the city to trade is not so wonderful after all. Several ladies were talking about it in the presence of the reporter. They went to Kalamazoo to shop. People packed into the stores and around the counters in such numbers that shopping lost all of its charm. They came back without buying and did their shopping at home.

Decatur merchants this year have caught the spirit of advertising and that has helped and will help them tremendously in stopping some of this rush to the city to buy.

Decatur merchants have learned that they can display their stocks of goods and advertise and sell them just as well as can the merchants of Kalamazoo.

The leading merchants of that city use pages and pages of advertising day after day and month after month in the Kalamazoo paper and people read their advertisements and are attracted to their stores by them. A representative of Gilmore Brothers made the remark that they could not continue in business were it not for their advertising. At times they use as high as five and six pages in one issue of their city paper.

Keep your eyes on Decatur merchants from now on and never pass up their advertisements in the Republican without reading them. They will save you a nice sum of money in the course of the coming year.

But we have gotten a long way from that storm.

It was reported that E. L. Cady and Joe Thole drove over to Chicago on the stormy Wednesday and could get no further than Michigan City on the return trip. They left their car there and came home on the train.

The Weavers made a brave struggle to bring themselves and their Chevy home from South Bend. They arrived at the Stover farm at eight o'clock and four hours later found a refuge at Clyde Barnhart's, half a mile further east.

Cars from both directions were stalled in the big drifts near Criffield Acres where the Barnharts live. They kept ten people over night.

Many travelers were unable to go further than Decatur and there being no hotel here they were entertained in private homes.

FRIDAY MORNING

Worse than Thursday. Worse and more of it. Snowing and blowing. The drifts rising higher and higher.

The reporter passes the Ford garage on the way to work. Assistant Manager S. N. Eckenberger waved him in and it was but seven o'clock in the morning.

S. N. stood there in the window leaning on a snow shovel, but the snow was still on the sidewalk. It was warm and comfortable inside,—a pleasant place from which to watch the storm and learn of the trouble it was causing benighted travelers.

Their hard experiences and the the fiercenes of the storm grew in magnitude as if seen through field glasses as we talked, and snow drifts piled up ten feet high. Twenty cars were stalled at the Barnhart farm and thirty people found refuge there for the night.

Wednesday and Thursday nights the Ford boys were out with the wrecker all night and worked till they were compelled to give up through exhaustion. Some of the calls that came to them were pitiful.

Lew. Graham reported a car abandoned near Teapot Dome and nearly covered with snow, and Sela said a man and his wife sat in their car east of town all night and nearly froze.The reporter cross questioned him on this last information and brought out the statement that the average man is a quitter under difficulties. If he doesn't know what to do he gives up and doesn't try to do anything. This man evidently was a quitter.

At one place cars and trucks were stuck and the road blocked. Elmer Woolfe took charge of the situation and set up red flares to notify others of danger. A lone driver came along in a powerful Buick. Elmer saw him coming and motioned him to stop, but instead of stopping the driver stepped on the gas and nearly ran over Elmer as he passed the blockade, throwing an avalanch of snow into the air. He struck the drift before he had gone many rods and stuck fast and had to be dug out. The fellow thought it was a ruse to hold him up and was scared to desperation.

These are only a few of the hard luck tales of the worst snow storm this part of Michigan has experienced in many years. As Sela said, "It would take a week to tell the half of them."

Ray Bowers, enterprising proprietor of the Dixie Dairy, reported that he

made his entire route Thursday.

The rural carriers were unable to go far Thursday or Friday. Friday morning Jake Fritz came in with a bob sleigh and took Andy Kemp and Steve Calbetzor as far as Keeler. Trains were five and six hours late and brought but little mail when they came.

Roy Shingledecker brought in a couple of young men in a Chevy coupe. They had been all night coming from South Bend. Their car was covered with snow and Sela took a picture of it so that they could send it to their folks in sunny California.

Marshal Whitaker said he never saw anything like it and he is up in the sixties. About all he could do was to keep the cross walks on Main street passable. Wayne Pollock and Ward McKee's helper kept busy plowing out the paths.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1929.

The storm has spent its force. Its anger is appeased. The weather man sits back in his big arm chair exhausted—his mighty snow shovel across his lap—trying to gather strength to go at it again. Weather reports say more snow and colder. The old timers don't believe it.

The street committee of the village council communed together and decided that this thing had gone far enough. They ordered out every available truck and truckman, shovel and shovelman. They defied the old storm king by hauling the snow from off the business street. They made a mountain of the 'beautiful white' on the railroad ground just east of the park. And Main street became fairly passable.

The hardy and venturesome characteristics of the farming fraternity began to assert themselves Saturday forenoon. The roads in many places were impassable to the powerful conveyances of modern invention, but the old reliable team and bobs plowed through and the farmers came to town. Saturday afternoon we beheld a sight not before beheld for many years,—A line of teams with sleighs tied to the park railing that circles the big park. It carried us back in fond recollection to the days of our childhood when catching on bobs was the kids' greatest sport.

Despite the fact that the storm brought many hardships it has been a glorious experience.

What can give one more satisfaction than to sit in a pleasant and comfortable room at home and watch the elements raging without? We do not fear the storm. We know that we are protected. We are masters of the situation. We look out with a smile of content and mentally say to the storm, "Go to it, do your worst, you cannot harm me."

We feel the consciousness of strength and security and may not realize what prompts it, but in truth it is man's confidence in a power far greater than any exhibition of power that can come into his human experience. Back of it all we know that there is a God that protects us from all harm and we are not afraid

As David so beautifully states it in the Psalms, we know that the Lord is our refuge and our fortress; "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisesome pestilence.

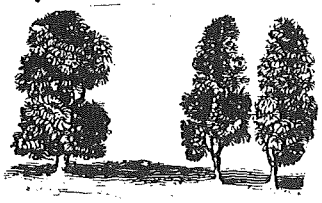
"He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

"For He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."



SELL BIG BLACK WALNUT TREES

Mrs. Kittie Hathaway of Ann Arbor has been a visitor to Decatur a few days, returning home Monday.

She came to meet a representative of a lumber company in Indianapolis that had made her an offer for 66 black walnut trees growing on the famous Hathaway farm on Little Prairie Ronde. She can get $1,000 for them but will not close the deal till conferring with her daughter, Miss Helen.

Many years ago the late Benjamin Hathaway enclosed a field of this farm with a wire fence and used these trees for fence posts. Now wire and staples are imbedded eight to ten inches deep in the trees which hurts the sale of them.

In using them for fence posts Mr. Hathaway followed the advice of the Michigan Farmer which at that time made an active campaign for live fence posts. A half century later shows that the advice would not stand the test of time.

The Hathaway farm consists of 110 acres of as good land as there is on the Prairie. A few years ago the owners were offered $15,000 for it but were not ready to sell. Now, being unable to work or live on the place, they are ready to let it go, although they have been advised not to sell on account of the possibility that this territory will become a rich oil field.

Seth Huff has worked the Hathaway farm the past two years and his work has been highly satisfactory. He has bought the Walter Rose farm nearby and will move onto it soon.

Mrs. Carl Rose of Marcellus, who had the sale of this farm, gave Seth a splendid deal and those who know him say he is in every way worthy of it. He was given the farm of 160 acres, forty sheep, hay, oats and machinery, all for $4,000.

L. L. Hamilton is the local representative of Mrs. Hathaway and Miss Helen and has track of another man to go onto the Hathaway farm. The ladies have bought a pleasant home in Ann Arbor where Miss Helen is employed as Probate Court stenographer.

WHY SOUTH BEND IS NOT IN MICHIGAN

Strip of Land Was Stolen from Michigan Back in 1816

From a recent issue of the South Bend Tribune we clip the following story of why South Bend, Mishawaka, Elkhart and Gary are not Michigan towns:

Why is South Bend in Indiana?

This question was answered by Dr. Charles Stoltz, veteran local physician, in an informal address before the Exchange club at its weekly meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday noon.

A 10-mile strip south of the present Indiana-Michigan state line prior to 1816 was a part of the state of Michigan, according to Dr. Stoltz, and the state line at that time was the ordinance line running through Greene, Center and Penn townships of St. Joseph county just 10 miles south of the present boundary.

Indiana was a part of the northwest territory, which extended east from the Mississippi river to the boundaries of the state of Pennsylvania, north to the Canadian province and south to the Ohio river. James Monroe, later president of the United States, in submitting a report on the territory to the congress, stated that it was all sand dunes and its population would never be large enough for 10 states.

With the consent of congress, the ordinance line was drawn through the territory, running directly east and west from the Mississippi river to Lake Erie, its south and north location fixed by the mouth of Lake Michigan, on which Chicago and the Calumet district cities are located. Not less than three and not more than five states were to be created from the northwest territory.

The ordinance provided that all land east of the Mississippi north to the Ohio river, thence east to the mouth of the Wabash river and up the Wabash to Fort Vincennes, from there straight due north be included in one state. This fixed the western and eastern boundaries of Illinois and Wisconsin. From the Wabash the line continued east on the Ohio river to the mouth of the Miami river, thence straight north, fixing the south and east boundaries of Indiana. The south line then continued to the west boundaries of Pennsylvania, making the southern boundary of Ohio. The northern boundaries were fixed by the ordinance line.

At the time Indiana was admitted to the union in 1816, Jonathan Jennings, representative of the northwest territory and later first governor of Ohio, following Ohio's example, began his efforts to obtain additional land for Indiana which would take in half of the harbor of St. Joseph, Michigan,

to give the Hoosier state a similar access to Lake Michigan. He carried on his negotiations sub rosa and although he was unable to get all he asked for, the congress and President Madison approved the extension of Indiana's northern boundary to its present location, giving it a 40 mile waterfront along Lake Michigan. Michigan did not learn about this until it was all over. Illinois soon after obtained an extension of 60 miles north.

"Michigan residents still believe that Indiana had stolen the strip of land from the Wolverine state. This strip includes Elkhart, South Bend, and Gary, built in land President Monroe said would never be populated," Dr. Stoltz said.

THE PASSING OF FRED L. MOSIER

Death Came Tuesday After Illness of but Little Over a Day. Entire Community Mourns.

Fred L. Mosier passed away at his home on West Delaware street at noon Tuesday, September 24. His death came suddenly and was a surprise and shock to his many friends throughout this community.

Mr. Mosier had not been in the best of health for some time. He spent the summer at his cottage at Eagle lake and while at the lake last July suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy. He quickly recovered, however, and but few persons knew of the trouble. The family returned from the lake the first of September and he has since been paying close attention to his business.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Mosier drove to Paw Paw to call on his aged mother. He complained of a headache in the evening and retired at about nine o'clock and slept well. When dressing at seven o'clock Monday morning he collapsed and remained unconcious until he passed away.

Expressions of sorrow are heard on every hand. One person in Hamilton said, "Many people will miss Mr. Mosier. They liked to trade with him and his death will be a heavy loss to Decatur." He was popular with his fellow business men as well as the trading public and Main street mourns his loss.

Fred L. Mosier was born in Paw Paw January 15, 1868, the son of Charles H. and Ella L. Mosier, and was at the time of his death 61 years, 8 months and 9 days old. He came to Decatur 42 years ago, at the age of 19, and began work for Charles Schuster in the big corner drygoods store and he lacked but two months of being there 42 years.

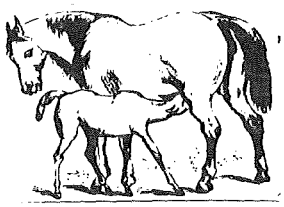
He worked as a clerk in the store 25 years and as owner 17 years. Under his ownership the business has maintained the position it always held as one of the largest and best stocked drygoods stores in southwestern Michigan.

He was united in marriage with Minnie Young, daughter of Perry M. Young, November 24, 1896. She and one son, Warren, are left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and a good father. He is also survived by his mother, who is past 86 years of age, two brothers, Postmaster Will C. Mosier and LaRue Mosier of Paw Paw, and two nephews, Attorneys Carl Mosier of Dowagiac and Duane Mosier of Detroit.

He joined the Knights of Pythias lodge soon after he became 21 and always kept up his membership.

Funeral services will be held at the home this (Thursday) afternoon at three o'clock. Rev. Joseph Fox, pastor of the Federated church of Dowagiac, will officiate and burial will follow in Lakeside cemetery.

In the Republican of November 24, 1927, we were privileged to print a story written by Mr. Mosier entitled, "Forty Years in Decatur." Several requests have been made that this article be reprinted and it will appear in this paper next week.



A HOSS APIECE

Great Game Sunday at Doc. Marks' Diamond—Will Play the Rubber Next Sunday.

Whew, but that was a great game at Doc Marks' diamond last Sunday. The old men came back in great shape. They are the high cockelorums of the roost now. They beat the young fellers in a clean cut battle so they won't forget it for a while. But let Doc tell it.

Ladies and gentlemen, Doc speaking,—

Orrie Austin was the hero of the game. He made good hits every time he came to bat but one, and when the score was a tie, 4 and 4, in the ninth inning, up comes Orrie and knocks out a home run. You bet they went wild when he hit that. Orrie legged 'er around the bags like a wild man and pretty near fell down afore he touched the home plate. He puffed like a steer when he got around.

That won the game for us old fellers. They was two men on base and his score made three scores we beat 'em—7 to 4.

It was a good game, the prettiest game you ever saw. Good crowd there. They come from all over.

Tuffy Wiles pitched for the old men. Wilder was going to pitch for us but he didn't get there in time. Wilder did pitch the last innings. Bill and Mike Austin was the pitchers for the young fellers. They pitched a good game, too, both of 'em did. They tried to fan their dad out but they couldn't do it.

We got a hoss apiece now and next Sunday we play the tie off. We're going to beat 'em. Can't help it.

Everybody come out and see it done. It won't cost nothin'. Ball is paid for. Nobody gets no salary fer playing, without they make a home run, then I give 'em a watermelon.

TWO VETERAN RAILROAD MEN RETIRE AT 70

William H. Howland, Once of Decatur, Completes Fifty Years of Service for the Michigan Central.

William H. Howland, who lived in his boyhood days in East Decatur and did his first work on the railroad under our respected townsman, James Mahoney, was retired on a pension Tuesday. The following story of his long and successful career as a railroad man will be of interest to his relatives and many friends in Decatur:

(From the Detroit Free Press)

Gil Patterson and Bill Howland, with the crow's feet about their eyes that come to all of the clan that look into swift winds and night one minute and stare at fire the next, will wash up Tuesday for the last time.

The second and third oldest engineers in point of service on the Michigan Central—second and third honor men on the tribal blue print—are retiring.

Born a Day Apart

Bill, 70 years old last Wednesday, will run No. 109 from Detroit to Jackson Tuesday afternoon.

Gil, 70 years old last Tuesday, will be at the throttle of No. 110 out of Grand Rapids for Jackson.

Once at Jackson, that will be all. The grief and elixir and pound of railroading will be over. From Tuesday forward, they will not have to care whether steam is up or down, the lights in the yard red or green or chartreuse, or the valley massed cab-high with snow.

Born a day apart, the one 50 years and the other 57 years in harness, they will retire from the road exactly one hour apart. Howland will make Jackson, if he's on time, at 6:40 p. m. Patterson will pull in at 7:40 p. m.

William H. Howland, who lives at 501 North Park avenue, Jackson, really dates his railroading from the day his uncle, James Mahoney, sent him out to flag trains when the wood-burner Elipse was derailed at Corymbo. He was about 13 years old at that time.

How To Be Promoted

He saw the double track built from Corymbo to the Huron river bridge at Ypsilanti, serving successively as day laborer, brakeman, fireman and engineer.

"Those were the days," ejaculated Bill. "It was the custom for the fireman, when promoted to engineer, to make four trips each with three different engineers, all without pay. If all three engineers agreed you were o. k., you were accepted. If not, it was just too bad. As firemen we got $6.15 a trip, so if a fireman was approved for engineer under the old system, it cost him $73.50. I guess I was the last

fireman promoted under this system."

"But what about the thrills of railroading?" someone asked.

"Well, there was once the fireman and I had to jump, but—oh, don't print that." Bill thought again. "There was the time Tom Faulkner froze to death in his cab, or just lived to get inside the roundhouse. You don't want that. I was tied up at Kalamazoo once from Friday evening until Monday morning waiting for No. 18. We picked up the bodies of a freight conductor and brakeman who were killed in that storm of 1918.

Regrets Numb Finger

"After No. 18 left Chicago Friday night, all others were cancelled until Sunday night. No. 18 was a Pullman due at Kalamazoo at 8:57 p. m. Friday. It got in at 2:10 a. m. Monday. We had to be dug out by 20 shovelers and pulled out by two locomotives. That was the worst storm in Michigan in 56 years."

Bill had one moment that counted. Fifty-four years of railrouding, and this was it: He extended a hand and pointed to a finger.

"The wrench slipped on that finger and there's no feeling in it," he said, with naivete.

"The night I got it," he said, gravely, "I couldn't sleep. It was in Michigan City and I hardly got a wink of sleep. I had a glove on my hand but it slipped off." He gazed at the numb finger, ruminatively. Fifty years of railroading—and a bum finger as an acute memory.

VILLAGE OF BERTRAND

ANCIENT CITY WHICH WAS ABSORBED BY NILES, MICHIGAN

In 1826, Joseph Bertrand operated a trading post at the village of Bertrand, a small settlement of Indiana, and Cutteau, another French trader, was located at the site of the present South Bend, Indiana.

In 1823 the Carey Mission was established near Niles, and in 1825, being without food, Indians were sent out to solicit aid. Bertrand was asked for help and said, *"Me hasn't got much,* but me will divide," and he gave them half his pork and flour.

Until the advent of the railroad, Bertrand was a rival of Niles. In 1838 it had seven dry goods stores, three groceries and three hotels, one of which was afterwards floated down the St. Joseph River to Berrien Springs, where it was converted into the Hotel Oronoko.

In the '30s Batiste Bertrand, a relative of Joseph Bertrand, lived in a little hut on the east shore of Indian Lake, directly opposite the present Charles Conklin house, and within a few feet of the water's edge. He had a squaw wife and two daughters, and the little hut — about twelve feet square — had only one room in it. He talked very broken English and was not considered to be very industrious.

The Bertrand cemetery in Bertrand, Michgan is one of the most interesting cemeteries in this part of Michigan. It is situated on a high bluff overlooking the St. Joseph River.

GILBERT S. MEAD
PATRIOT AND PIONEER

By D. W. Brodhead

A soldier boy at 15, fighting in the battles of the Atlanta campaign—especially July 20, 21, 22, 1864, at Peach Tree Creek, where Gen. McPherson was killed. His was the only regiment in the service armed with 15-shot Henry repeating rifles which made them prominent in the forefront of every battle.

He marched with Sherman "From Atlanta to the Sea," Marched in the Grand Review," May 24, 1865, and was discharged with honor in June, 1865.

He was a charter member of Burnside Post G. A. R. of Decatur in the early 80's and when the Post disbanded a few years ago, Gilbert Mead, Adam Dine and the writer were the only ones living. Gilbert Mead was a patriot.

Shortly after the Civil War and gainst the counsel and advice of riends and associates, he started his ne's work on 80 acres of heavily timbered beech and maple land in Hamilton township. He turned that forest nto stove-wood winters and farmed in he summer. Years elapsed before the ast acre was cleared, and presto, fine buildings, waving grain, tassled corn and general prosperity greeted the eye before that last acre was cut into fire wood. Who did it? Gilbert Mead with his two good hands. He was on the job every day. He "stuck."

This 80 acres today is a part of his estate and also another good farm nearby.

And what of his advisers who called him crazy? Starting over 50 years ago with an ax, a wife and a determination he stuck and his estate more than doubles the combined estates of all his councellors of 50 years ago.

He was a straight thinker of few words, quiet, unassuming, a good neighbor, a good friend and a good citizen. The world is better for his living. Gilbert Mead was a success.

GILBERT E. MEAD

Passing of Highly Esteemed Civil War Veteran.

1848-1929

Gilbert E. Mead was born in Lawrence township September 17, 1848 being the second child of John and Samantha Mead, the older of the family having gone many years before. The passing of one more Civil War veteran means but three left in Decatur.

Mr. Mead passed away July 1st at the age of 80 years, 9 months and 13 days. Death occurred at the New Borgess hospital, Kalamazoo, following a very serious operation performed Friday evening, June 28. Mr. Mead's passing comes as a shock as he had never in his life experienced any illness of such serious nature, but was noted for his activeness and good health up to the time of his sudden illness.

When but fifteen years of age, with the loyal spirit of an American citizen he enlisted in the United States Army to fight for his country. He enlisted in Company D, Burge's Western Sharpshooters, on February 24, 1864, at Decatur for three years. He was honorably discharged at Springfield, Illinois, July 11, 1865, spending one year 5 months and 15 days at the front. He was on the great march with Sherman form Atlanta to the sea, and took part in many of the noted battles of the Civil War.

At the close of the war Mr. Mead returned to the vicinity of his birthplace and passed the greater part of his life on his farm in Hamilton township and at his residence in Decatur. When still young he spent the most of his time in the woods which were part of a forest at that time in clearing the land of its huge amount of timber.

On September 15, 1876, he was united in marriage to Clara E. Keyes of which nearly 53 years of happy wedded life was the great gift of God given to both.

He leaves to mourn his passing his loyal and faithful wife, Clara E. Mead, two sons, B. K. and W. Mead, both of Hamilton township; one sister, Amanda Mayville of Irving, Michigan, ten grandchildren, twelve great grandchildren, nieces and nephews, and a host of intimate friends and acquaintances who will miss his ever cheerful greeting.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist church Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock conducted by a former friend, Rev. F. Flagg, of Dowagiac and Rev. Thomas Rice. Burial was in Lakeside, his chosen last resting place.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton

Ira Gould and the reporter met on the street last Friday. He had been to Paw Paw twice to get his automobile license, waited as long as he could and drove away without it. He was about to send his check to the treasurer's office and ask that the license be mailed to him.

A farmer suggests to the Bloomingdale Leader that township clerks be empowered to issue automobile licenses. It's a good suggestion. With a small fee to the clerk for his services the expense to the state would be no greater and it certainly would be much more convenient for the applicants.

Another old soldier of Van Buren county is dead another old soldier of the Civil War. His name was James McDowell and he lived in Bloomingdale. He was born in '47 and answered Lincoln's call for volunteers in '62, when he was but fifteen.

It is now 64 years since that great war closed, since the tattered boys in blue came marching home. Many of them never came back. Now but a few of those who did come back are numbered with the living. In Decatur there are five surviving veterans of the Civil War. They are A. A. Kevan, Charles Cook, G. E. Mead, D. W. Brodhead and Adam Dine. D. W. Brodhead, youngest of the five, is nearing his 81st birthday.

HIGH TIMES IN DECATUR 60 YEARS AGO

By A. S. Abbott.

The adult residents of Decatur sixty years ago had a literary and dramatic flare.

Daniel W. Leavens, druggist, was the author of several plays given by home talent. Mr. Leavens had a keen sense of humor, and while something of a "character," was a wise, well-educated man.

One of the plays written by him, and given by home people under his direction, was entitled "The Christmas Tree." It illustrated how many people, especially the wealthy and more prominent, gave gifts to each other and expected and received presents in return for effect to "show-off." How they had little if any thought of the true meaning and spirit of Christmas giving. A tree, loaded with gifts, and attended by children and adults, with a committee to distribute and comment on the gifts and donors, was the vehicle chosen to present the play.

At about this time it was decided by Decatur village authorities that the business street should be widened by moving the buildings back on one side. All except two owners acquiesced promptly. Jim Haynes, who had an office building, did not take to the idea and his small "edifice" projected out prominently. The people were somewhat indignant; and one dark night a party of men, more or less disguised, moved upon the building with a 4x4 beam, one end of which was raised under the eaves and all took hold to tip the building over. Mr. Haynes must have had an inkling as to what might happen. At any rate he was sleeping in the building and charged out the front door with a baseball bat. The "mob" dispersed immediately. Daylight disclosed the building with a Tower of Pisa leaning.

Mr. Leavens was promptly out with a play, put on at the town hall, depicting minutely all the details. The characters were made up to represent the actual people who composed the "mob," and we learned by eye-sight that Newton Foster, an attorney, was the leader. I went rather expecting Jim Haynes would be there with his baseball bat. He was there, but his fat sides shook in merriment and he enjoyed the show thoroughly.

There were other plays and "doings" by the "grown-ups," but this is all for the present.

DECATUR WATER OFFICIALLY PURE

Village Clerk Deron Paul has received a letter from the state department of health giving its official o. k. to the village water supply. No one here knew when the sample was taken and the letter was the first information that the water was to be tested. The letter follows,—

Michigan
Department of Health
Lansing

July 1, 1929.

Village Clerk,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—The enclosed report on the sample of water collected by our representative, Mr. Chas. Stevenson, on June 13th from the municipal supply of Decatur shows no evidence of dangerous contamination. This sample was collected at the Standard Oil station at the corner of Main and Delaware.

Very truly yours,
Bureau of Engineering,
Edward D. Rich,

GOENS REUNION

On August 25th we had a very pleasant reunion on the banks of beautiful Eagle lake. We met many friends and relatives we had not met for some time.

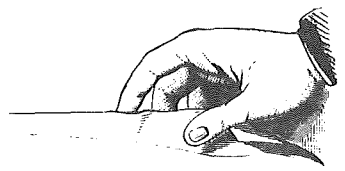
After greeting them and visiting a while we gathered around a bountiful spread table while Rev. Harry Goens of Benton Harbor gave thanks to God our Father for his goodness in sparing our lives that we were able to meet again in a reunion and for the beautiful day and the blessings he gives us daily. Asking God that we may all be reunited in Heaven.

We then partook of the food with thankful hearts, feeling as never before that we should count our blessings one by one.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Goens, Decatur; Harry Goens and sons, Kenneth, Marven and Samuel of 978 Pipestone St., Benton Harbor; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lenox and children, Thelma, Luella, and James, Decatur; John Lenox, Decatur; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Goens and Vivian, Ruth and little Charles, Decatur; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Goens and Kathryn, Lucille, Barbara and Edward, Marcellus; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Slocum and Delora of Lawrence; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Earl of Bangor; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Goens and Eugene, Iris June and Margie of Eau Clair; Mr. and Mrs. Alba Mallory and Alba Jr. of Decatur; Frank Goens, Howard Goens, Miss Viola Goens, Decatur; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goens of Dowagiac; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Braxton and Gloria of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wilson of Benton Harbor; Mrs. Elliott Young of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Eli Simpson of Chicago; Mrs. Frances Smith of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mahoney, Mellen Bradley, Decatur; Henry Young of Detroit; Dr. and Mrs. J. Emerson Burke Jr. of Forrest City, Arkansas; Mrs. Lula Bryant and daughter Althea, of Forrest City, Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. Almond Goens and son Jack of Eau Claire; Mr. and Mrs. Ritchey of Chicago.

The oldest member present was Louis Goens, 73 years, and the youngest was little Charles David Goens (Bert's son), aged 11 weeks. We trust we shall all meet again.

—One Who Was There.



A HISTORY OF THE REPUBLICAN

Taken from a Story of Van Buren County Newspapers Published in the Courier-Northerner Last Week.

The Paw Paw Courier-Northerner published a history of the several newspapers of Van Buren county last week which included a complete record of the different paper published in Decatur. The following is taken from Editor Spicer's story,—

The history of the press in Van Buren county began in January, 1843, when H. B. Miller of Niles sent his brother-in-law, Mr. Harris, to Paw Paw to start a newspaper, chiefly to publish the county tax lists. The paper was a six column folio and was called the Paw Paw Democrat. The paper soon ceased publication due to the death of Mr. Harris and the office equipment was sent back to Niles.

In 1845 two men, S. N. Gannt and Mr. Geiger, brought a "two pull" wooden Ramage press and other printing equipment by wagon from Detroit to Paw Paw and began the publication of a four page, five column paper which they styled the Paw Paw Free Press.

The first paper published in this county outside of Paw Paw was the Van Buren County Tribune published in Decatur by T. O. Sweet in 1864 and later this was followed by the Decatur Clarion, but the first permanent paper in Decatur was the Republican published by E. A. Blackman and C. F. R. Bellows in 1867. Mr. Bellows retired from the firm soon after, leaving the paper in the hands of Mr. Blackman as a staunch Republican organ until 1873, when it changed political complexion and remained a Democrat paper for three years, when it was purchased by H. C. Buffington and published once more as a supporter of the Republican party. It was later purchased by A. M. Wooster and he, in turn, sold it to R. L. Warren and he to Andrew Johnson. Messrs. O. W. and M. O. Rowland, father and son, purchased the paper about 1890 and changed the name to the Van Buren County Republican. They continued to publish the paper until the owners became associated with the True Northerner of Paw Paw, when it was suspended and its subscription list transferred to the Northerner. Soon after, however, Messrs. Secord and Dewey purchased the presses and equipment, took it back to Decatur and started the Decatur Indepedent. Later this was sold to A. N. Moulton, who dropped the name "Independent" and resumed the old appellation of Decatur Republican and such it has remained since under his splendid management.

THE STORY OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

Written by Fred L. Mosier at the Close of His Fortieth Year in One Store in Decatur.

[Two years ago in November, Fred L. Mosier completed forty years of service in the big drygoods store, and at the request of the Republican wrote a short story of his business experience covering those years. It was published in the issue of November 24, 1927. Several requests have been made that the story be republished and we are glad to comply herewith.]

Forty years ago this month I came to Decatur from Paw Paw, Mich.

My oldest brother, Wm. C. Mosier, at that time was an employee of the Browning drug store, Dr. Dillon having his office above.

Through the efforts of my brother I accepted a position as cashier and bookkeeper for Chas. Schuster, then operating both the clothing store now owned by F. B. Buys and my present place of business.

At that time F. C. Stapleton was head clerk in the clothing store, and in the dry goods store the employees were Joe Haynes, Dolph Miles, Carl Herzfeld and Mrs. Lina Harris.

Those were the days of kerosene lamps, long business hours, no vacations, small salaries and eternal work. Some families were still coming to town with ox teams, Geo. Lusk being the last to make the change from oxen to horses.

We took butter, eggs and dried apples in exchange for merchandise; butter at 12 to 16 cents; eggs, 8 to 10 cents, and dried apples were only a few cents a pound, being cut by hand and dried on racks in the sunshine.

Within two years Mr. Shuster sold the dry goods stock to the firm of Desenberg and Stern. Several years later this firm dissolved partnership and Fred Stern continued the business until August, 1912.

During the 26 years of my service with Mr. Stern I was absent from the store only one Saturday at which time I was in northern Michigan.

Mr. Schuster continued in the clothing business for some length of time. I slept in one of the rooms above the store in the rear of the building and continued to do the bookkeeping for Mr. Schuster after the hours of my regular work, foregoing many of the pleasures other young folks were enjoying, and many are the nights I have worked well toward morning to get my work done and add a few more dollars to my weekly income which was surprisingly small. Work I must and work I did. Those were the days when if an opportunity presented itself for a position one was considered fortunate in securing it.

I believed in doing my best, no matter what the pay. I believed in sticking to my work, in being on time and not shirking. Outside of my office work I took time to help in the cleaning of some 20 or 30 kerosene lamps. Almost every morning this had to be done.

How about the young men of today, do they tackle and conquer? Do many of them stay by until they get a thorough knowledge of their work and gradually work their way up until their services become indispensable and they become a part of the organization and in many instances sole owner?

Only a few, and a very few, seem to have the foresight and intuitiveness to grasp the situation in early life. Too many leave one job for another because there may be a few more dollars in it, and usually for a short time only.

Three of five business ventures fail today owing to lack of knowledge and early training, and less than ten per cent of our people leave any estate worth while after death.

DECATUR IN THE SIXTIES

Spicy News Items of Long Ago by A. S. Abbott. 6

George McKay is doing a good business shoeing oxen at his blacksmith shop. That contrivance he has for lifting them off their feet and holding them securely while he performs the job is a complete success.

A few days ago, Attorney Foster, in a local law suit, remarked, "I apprehend he did not apprehend he would be apprehended quite so quickly." It bids fair to become a regular slogan.

That handsome, well-kept horse travels many miles a day on that treadmill to keep a supply of water in the big tank for Michigan Central locomotives, and he also acts as switch engine in an efficient manner.

Walter Russell, our carriage and wagon maker, is at work on a fine carriage for Mr. Sheldon, the grist-mill man. Mr. Russell, as you all know, is a Simon pure Democrat every day of the week, and every hour of the day, year in and year out. Mr. Russell says this may be the last carriage he he will build, as it is hard longer to compete with the quantity production in city factories, and that boot and shoe makers are experiencing the same difficulty.

A letter from John M. Moore, who recently sold his Decatur hardware business and went to Denver, states that he is nicely settled in the same business there. The boys of our village sadly miss his two sons, Lucius and Dan, while the older residents will long remember Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

Lyman T. Rawson and Grover Tarbel are seen to board the farmer's load of wheat when it reaches town, and after an inspection of a handful from a bag or two, name the price they will pay. This week most of the teams have taken their loads to the large warehouse of Mr. Rawson, close to the M. C. tracks.

We understand that Mr. Bishop will be retained as principal of our schools for another year. List of women teachers to be employed will be published shortly.

The Misses Addie and Rose Upton are visiting friends in Kalamazoo.

4-paws circus will be at 2-paws next week.

Miss Alice Hill is entertaining a party of girls at her home this afternoon. We live next door and noticed they were having one good time.

Mr. Poor is Decatur's wealthiest man, and Mr. Rich the poorest financially—but not otherwise.

The Duncombe House in town, and John Brown's Tavern, four miles Keelerward, are well known hotels of the state.

A Liquor Traffic Tragedy

The past two Sundays the ministers of Decatur churches have taken the Pierson tragedy as subject for sermons, and as near as we can judge the responsibility — the blame — was placed more upon the liquor traffic and the people who licensed the saloons than on Mr. Pierson.

Joe Pierson was regarded by his neighbors as an honest, hard-working man. But occasionally he came to town and drank heavily in the saloons. He then became a wild man and made whoopee.

He was very powerful and it was said it took at least three good men to do anything with him. It took no apparent effort for Joe to move heavy billiard tables about the room. Once when he was unusually troublesome, Mr. Sweet, the night watchman, was sent for to try and quiet him. The officer did his best in a nice way, but was forced into a corner. Mr. Sweet was no weakling, but in Pierson's hands had no chance and was compelled to shout to save his own life.

FORTY YEARS IN DECATUR

By: Fred L. Mosier

We used to wonder if the time would ever come when we would have electric lights, water works, etc. That seemed as far distant as does the common use of airplanes now.

We used to have an old hand pumper for fire protection that exhausted most all the willing workers that appeared in time of fire. A large cistern or reservoir in the ground in the center of our main four corners was the water supply and usually was partly filled with mud or sediment that often times clogged the apparatus, and then we formed the bucket brigade, getting water from pumps, and cisterns. Time went on and changes came about. Water works were finally to be had in Decatur, a well was driven on the present site and a tractor engine was set to pumping to test the water supply which was found to be inexhaustible, and it still remains so. Trenches were dug and pipes for the mains lay along side them, work was

progressing nicely.

At this time fire started early one morning in the old Duncombe House. This was in the month of March. I was living there and had a narrow escape. My room was on the third floor at the east end of the hall. Geo. Rix was running the place and through the black clouds of smoke Mrs. Rix in her night clothes found her way to my room and woke me, saying, "The hotel is on fire, get out, don't stop for anything." I opened the door and couldn't see anything but smoke. Shutting the door quickly I got into my trousers and grabbed an armful of my clothing, buried my head and face in it and started down the hallway, bumping the side walls and banisters all the way down. At the foot of the stairs Mr. Rix grabbed me and led me out into the street, and as I looked up the street I saw several traveling men dressing in the doorways of the stores. Around the band stand in the park stood the women employees of the hotel in their sleeping garments. Some had blisters on their feet and nearly all had chattering chins.

I was the first one that gave the alarm, all the others were too excited. The fire spread and burned all the buildings standing at that time to Buys clothing store and on Sherwood street as far as the Hart Hotel, which at that time was the old Shelters' Hotel.

Mr. Shelters built the present Hotel Hart soon after the fire. Flying fire brands set the Universalist church on fire and it also burned down and was rebuilt. The Dowagiac fire department came but we hadn't any water supply.

Small towns saw a way after a while to have their own lighting plants. The old style arc light with carbon was first and later was changed for the present system, and some few years ago our municipal plant was taken over by the Michigan Gas and Electric Company which has been found more economical.

So I have seen the changes brought about during my 40 years in Decatur, from ox teams to automobiles and airplanes, from dusty streets to pavements, from kerosene oil street lights to boulevard lights, from long tiresome hours of labor to more respectable hours, from dense wooded swamp lands to beautiful productive fields and cold storage plants for the storing and shipping of these crops.

I have seen the styles change from long hair to the bobbed, from long drabbling dress skirts to knee length and above, from the old school to two new modern buildings that now require 20 teachers instead of 8 or 10, and now the unexpected, an oil well.

I often wonder what there is that won't be seen in 40 years to come.

NEWELL FAMILY REUNION

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar W. Newell and four of their children,—Wesley, Beverly, Iris and Byron—attended the Dyson family reunion at Central Park, Champaign, Illinois, on Sunday, Aust. 24. Mr. Newell's mother is one of the Dyson family.

The Newell family went by auto, leaving Decatur August 22 and returning August 28.

The University of Illinois is located in Champaign.

THE OLD WEST VALLEY SCHOOL

By J. E. Goble.

We of a little less than one hundred remember the old West Valley school house and the neighborhood.

This school is one mile east of the Fifield corners. About fifty boys and girls attended it when I did. Mary Warner, Eunice Van Hise, Eliza Wright, Henry Lusk and other old timers were the teachers.

Long benches were used for seats. One large cast iron box stove heated the room.

We were taught the three R's. Now, I understand, they teach the three B's. We played round town and anti high over.

The teacher had board and room with each family that had a scholar in school, one week for each scholar, ten weeks for ten scholars.

Two boys or two girls would take a twelve quart rusty tin pail to the home of the nearest neighbor, fill it with water, carry it through dust or mud to school and set it down on a bench or the floor. Then up would go the hands, "Teacher, can I pass the water?" "Yes, you may."

Then he or she would take the big rusty dipper full of water and pass it to the whole school, teacher first and girls next. The girls that were dainty and nice would take but a sip or two, but when it came the turn of some frouzy headed, freckled faced boy you could hear him swallowing clear across the room and when he handed back the dipper he would give a long breath and the dipper would be empty.

Yes, everybody drank out of the same old dipper,—dust and mud as well as water, and we did not have as many microbes as there are now.

There were plenty of gads nearby to supply the teacher's needs. If a boy was real bad he was sent out to get a good gad with which he would get a threshing. No use to bring in a small, tender one for he would be sent back. The blue beech was considered by the teachers of those days to be the best gad. We used to get the gad occasionally, but now the gadding is done day and night.

Near this old school house was Zak Kimble's saw mill, Van Riper's brick yard had plenty of clay, and Wood's saw mill was just south of the brick yard. There was a lot of wealth along the West Valley in those days.

The district now has an up to date house and up to date people who see to it that their children wash their faces and comb their hair before they go to school.

Yes, times and the parents have changed in many ways. Now they have trespass laws so that you cannot go onto a man's land to cut a gad, and the teachers are not allowed to use them. In a few more years school will be all games, and why not, for life seems to be a game from start to finish.

EAST VALLEY SETTLERS

Three Families Settled There in 1865. One Son in Each Family Still Resides There. Darwin McKee Oldest Settler.

The story of Menzo Crippin in last week's Republican brought out the fact that there are three worthy pioneer families in East Valley, all of whom arrived there the same year, 1865.

Darwin McKee Jr. was the first to come. He landed in Lawton with his parents and brothers the 8th of March, 1865, the day he was five years old. They went at once to a farm in East Valley and Dol is there yet, the oldest living settler of that community. The McKee family came from Niagara county, New York. Darwin McKee Sr. was a fine specimen of the early pioneer. He was tall and slender, and strong as iron,—like Daniel Boone. He passed away in 1916 at the age of 87 and Mrs. McKee who died in 1911, lived to be nearly 80.

Robert Woods and family came into the Valley later in the same year and their son Robert was born there about fifty years ago.

Mr. McKee is curious to learn the history of the store founded in Paw Paw by Captain E. M. Smith,—when it was built and its several owners.

GAY TIMES IN DECATUR SIXTY YEARS AGO

By A. S. Abbott, "One of the Boys"

Those of us who lived in Decatur 60 years ago did not have the movies, the telephone, the auto, the radio, electric lights, paved streets and highways—but we got there just the same.

On Friday evening, at the school house, the boys and girls gathered for the Lyceum, and such questions as, "Resolved, that the Indian has suffered more at the hands of the white man than has the Negro"; "Resolved, that fire has caused more destruction than has water," and similar questions were discussed, along with a program of recitations and songs.

Other evenings we played pull-away, blindman's buff, hunt the grey fox, prisoner's goal, or built fires and roasted green corn and potatoes.

It was a common event to go direct from school to Lake of the Woods for a swim. It had not been so lowered then and was a beautiful lake with trees and large nut bushes extending to the water. In winter we transferred these same games to the lake

and played them along with our skating and ice boat sailing.

Saturday forenoons we had to work but the afternoons were free and we often played till bed time. We had many parties at homes of our parents, and Miss Lillie Keables, fair daughter of Dr. Keables, freqently gave us a good time at her home. And there were the school exhibitions and spelling schools.

Dell Kurtz was the best skater among the many good ones. Frank Tucker the best swimmer. Eddie Rawson had the call with the girls. Ned Callicut was the best fighter. Willard and Harry Russell were dependable ball players and real boys as were Reid Dunning, Clarence Coleman and Sherman Upton. Nellie Clapp and Addie Hawks were star pupils among the girls.

The railroad locomotives in those days had names instead of being designated by numbers as at present. The fast trains, which did not stop at Decatur, were pulled by the Diamond and the Emerald. The mail trains and the Kalamazoo accommodation were hauled by "the winds"—East Wind, West Wind, Trade Wind. "Mars" was the work train engine. We boys were very loyal to "Mars," and believed if only given the chance it would snake the fast trains through Decatur much speedier than either the Diamond or Emerald.

The adults were also furnishing their own entertainment all this time and I remember many events as seen through a boy's eyes.

PIONEER SKETCHES

Mrs. Erastus Osborn

I have been surprised by the suggestion that I write for the Republican some sketches of pioneer life in this part of the state. Upon reflection I find there are people and events connected with those early days that may profitably be brought to the attention of the present generation.

I cannot claim the honor of being a pioneer. I did not know this country until 1860, when there were cultivated farms, fruit trees in bearing, religious services, schools, comfortable houses, and fairly good roads, when they happen to be dry.

I am amazed now when I think of the improvement and wonderful development effected in the twenty-five years that had elapsed from the time the real settlement began. In 1836 history tells us there were only six families in the township of Hamilton. I doubt if any other period of the same length can show the same growth.

I would like especially to remind anyone of the town of those two broad minded public spirited, energetic men — Robert Nesbitt, who located in the town in 1835 and Philotus Haydon, who came one year later. As I recall, many things that I used to hear said of them in the sixties and seventies by those who spoke from personal knowledge, I cannot but feel that we of the present day are greatly indebted for the help and counsel they freely gave to the early settlers, and the benefit of the good example was of value to be over estimated, and only think what that meant — material for daily bread and boards to enclose the homes. The log houses were quite as comfortable. You remember how Mrs. Abram Wise longed for the warmth of her log house on the "cold New Years," as told by her daughter last winter in the paper.

Of course the frame houses made room for many conveniences not possible in the others, but the well kept log houses possessed a charm never found in those of later years and that no architect could copy. That each of these men accumulated what was called wealth in those days is no cause for reproach, as none of it was obtained by any dishonorable business methods. It was a boast of both that they "trusted everybody" and almost never lost a debt.

LETTERS

JIM CHAMBERLAIN ON WORLD PROBLEMS

This is the completion of a letter received a few weeks ago. Jim has had sickness and sorrow, but they have not impaired his clear thinking.

2205 Ross Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear friend,

Right now I am looking at a letter started September 20, 1947 and never finished, in which I sent you a verbal bouquet and of course the bouquet is wilted and dead. I stated in that letter that I considered that it was a very patriotic position that you took in opposing compulsory military training and that it was generous of you in offering gratis for the expression of your readers their thoughts on that very vital national issue.

While I felt the importance of the issue I never sent in my opinion and there were many that felt and acted as I did. I believed some of your gifted writers would depict the perilous position of our republic and would suggest the steps that should be taken to insure the future security of our beloved republic. It has been well recognized that from the time of Lenin, the policy of the Communists has been to overthrow by force all democratic forms of government. The Soviets won the diplomatic victories at Teheran, Yalta and Postram, and the subsequent appeasements to the Soviets had similar results which the democracies made to Hitler.

While I am old, sick and otherwise incapable of handling such a momentous subject by suggesting the methods that our people should employ to meet the emergency, yet I hope that the proper means will be used to insure the preservation of liberties and the American standard of living. Many authorities are predicting war with Russia will begin in from two to five years, or when Russia gets her atom bomb perfected. General Kenney predicted that Russia once in possession of the atomic bomb, could, by a raid from Arctic regions destroy 25,000,000 Americans in a single day. Many authorities have stated that all of Europe outside of Russia is at the mercy of Russia and her satelites and that the Soviet forces could destroy the allied armies in a very short time. Winston Churchill stated that America with its atomic bomb alone stands as the sole barrier against Russian destruction of civilization.

The Russians have millions of her people besides prisoners of war all held as slaves working behind the "Iron Curtain" and whose activities are not known outside of Russia.

Also since the Communists have conquered the Chinese Republic, hundreds of millions of people have been added to the Soviet cause, causing a possible subjugation of the remainder of Asia and the islands of the Pacific thus creating a monstrous world power and presenting a gigantic problem for the democracies to meet. Russia in such a situation would not need a navy and no possible naval force could assail her as a look at the maps would easily show, and it is preposterous to think that an army could be assembled that could withstand the Russians' military forces either in Europe or Asia. Our sole hope I believe lies in our atomic bomb and air forces, so as I see it, we should develop our air forces and the weapons used by them, and curtail the army and navy as yesterday's weapons will be little value in the war of tomorrow.

Also I believe Canada and the U. S. A. are planning wisely in erecting a radar screen around the North American continent to warn us of the approach of enemy planes in case Russia develops the atomic bomb within the next few years. In case she does not succeed in this with her large population, slave laborers non-union hours and wages, low standard of living, Russia will produce much cheaper than we can hope to do, so if we keep raising wages and prices we are going to lose most of our foreign trade as well as a large part of domestic commerce. To protect our American standard of living we will have to subsidize nearly everyone, which could easily bankrupt the nation, or else go back fifty years and adopt the Protective Tariff system to save our civilization.

Some realizing my weakness as well as your generosity have asked me to keep them posted on my condition through the columns of THE REPUBLICAN. I get along at home about the same as at the convalescent home. I am free from many of the unpleasant situations to be found in any home of that kind. I am able to take the same medicine that I took there. I should like to be able to say I am o. k., but everyone knows that an old worn out model T Ford will never be a model "49" Mercury, nor a worn out garment will never be a new garment again. I am not discouraged for I believe when the Lord calls me home I will be greeted by the loved ones who have passed on. Your quotation from Shakespeare expressed my sentiments.

Your friend, Jim.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HACKETT
—Engraving by Courtesy of South Bend Tr.

ROMANCE OF 1885 CULMINATES IN MARRIAGE OF 1929 AS LOVERS' QUARREL IS FORGOTTEN

By Joseph J Alvin.
(In the South Bend Tribune)

Decatur, Mich.—A romance that blossomed 44 years ago in the little city of Dowagiac, Mich., reached its culmination Wednesday in the modest St. Mary's Roman Catholic church here as the 63-year-old Mrs. Sarah Neville, of Decatur, promised to "love, honor and obey" her girlhood sweetheart, Charles Hackett, of Jackson,Mich., Also 63.

Forty-four years ago—when Sarah was 18 and a jaunt of today was a journey—Charles came a-courtin' in a creaky buggy with old Dobbin at the tugs. Soon they were engaged to be married but before the church organist could dust off the copy of Mendelssohn's wedding march, a lovers' quarrel, such as lovers often have, saved Charles the expense of buying a ring immediately.

The first pangs of heartbreak forgotten, Sarah married another and so did Charles. After more than 40 years, during which the lovers did not see each other, Mrs. Hackett passed away. That was in February, 1927. On March 26, a month later, a low requiem mass was said for the soul of Mrs. Neville's husband.

Then Fate stepped in.

Three months ago both attended a funeral in Dowagiac, and a mutual friend brought the lonely Mrs. Neville before Charles.

"Do you know who this is?" she asked.

He did not.

"Why, it's your old sweetheart," the friend informed him.

With most of the dash and vim of youth, Charles resumed the courtship where he left off nearly a half-century before. He fell in love with Sarah again, at first sight.

Came springtime as it often does and with it thoughts of romance. Both decided it was not too late to start life anew and April 3 was the date set for the wedding.

Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock the Rev. Julius Bona joined them in matrimony as the reed organ responded to the touches of the organist playing the wedding march without music.

Clad in snappy spring raiment, the bride looked as she might have 44 years ago and the groom didn't show his 63 years. Forty-seven minutes after the ceremony the couple boarded a Michigan Central train for Jackson, Mich., where they plan to remain for a few days before journeying to Springfield, Ill. After two weeks there they will return to Decatur and soon afterward hope to see Niagara Falls, just like all other honeymooners.

"Come on, boy," smiled the jovial Mrs. Hackett. "From now on I'll take care of you." And Charles came, as he would have 41 years ago.

Mr. Hackett has two sons, Harry of Kalamazoo, Mich., and Howard of Paw Paw, Mich. One of Mrs. Hackett's three boys, Norbert John, was killed in the world war, while the two others are Roland of South Bend, Ind., and Conway, of Paw Paw.

William Brown As I Knew Him

By Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney, Hines Hospital, Hines, Illinois.

Wm. Brown was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown. He was born on a farm in East Decatur some distance north of the East Decatur school in the Ormsby district. He had one sister, Prudence, older than he .

The mother died when the children were young and after some time the father and children moved to Decatur and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Costello on Beers street. They were related to the Costello family in some way, but I do not know how. William went to Decatur high school and graduated with the class of 1881.

I don't think he remained in Decatur very long after graduation, but some years later I learned he was in London, England, in the marble business. When I went abroad in 1895 to take up eye work in the hospitals in London and Vincennes, I looked him up in London and found his place of business at St. Catherine's Docks, and he was apparently doing well. I spent several pleasant evenings with him. I don't think he ever married.

When gold was discovered in the Klondike and the world went wild over it Wm. Brown and a friend of his from London came to the United States, and on their way west stopped in Chicago to buy supplies, and they visited me while in the city. Their trip to the Klondike in search of gold was a failure. They stopped again in Chicago on their return and told me some of their hardships and experiences while there. On their way west they bought many kinds of dried foods that were not perishable, would take up little room and were not heavy to carry.

Mr. Brown told me of one of their experiences that afforded little comfort to a traveler, as they went by foot long distances. At intervals along the way some enterprising hotel keeper would have a tent. He cleaned off the snow in a big enough space to set up his tent and the weary travelers could put up there for the night. They would wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on the ground for a dollar.

Brown returned to London and his marble business and on his way east he again stopped in Decatur for a short visit with relatives and friends. I don't think he ever again returned to the United States, but it always seemed so unusual to me that a man born on a farm in East Decatur would turn out to be a marble merchant in London, England.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton *Editor*

It will be remembered by some of the readers of this column that Miss Ione Haydon presented the writer with a large United States flag containing 36 stars, a star for each state. The flag now having 48 stars the question was asked, how old is the Haydon flag? It set at least one reader to work to find out, and she has answered in this very interesting letter. It is from Mrs. Eva Lawrence of Ottumwa, Iowa:

To Arba and This Week:

The articles in this column, whether from or about people, seem to arouse an incentive to think, write, read or speak. And so it was last June when Arba suggested that someone name the state and date that gave the flag its 36th star.

Ione's flag was the forerunner of this question. It sounded interesting and I could fairly see the stars and states and dates jumping at me from my reference books. But I did not know all that was in store for me.

To searching there seems to be no end. The one subject you are looking for may easily become the center from which many more will radiate, so that your eyes wear out and you shut the book to wait till they recover.

I never before enjoyed the history of the United States, but now every date becomes alive with people — people, all going in a new direction, people discovering. Those early days of the United States seem but yesterday, and like today. People are always having to make decisions, and new dates for history. I was buried in the subject.

In all my reading the states were never numbered as to their time of entering into the Union. They were arranged alphabetically, and the admission dates were always scrambled or buried deep in the historical text.

There are 48 states, but I wanted one particular state. How was I to find it? Well, perhaps to searching there is an end, for there came a moment when I recognized that a column of consecutively arranged ratification dates would be a key to numbering the states.

Now for the first time I could visualize four columns and find that 36th state and the probable age of Ione's flag. "Much ado about nothing"? No, indeed! Exciting and interesting!

1st Column, 48 successive numbers
2nd Column, 48 days and months
3rd Column, 48 successive admission years
4th Column, 48 names of states.

The chart looked like this:

1.	Dec. 7	1787	Delaware
2.	Dec.12	1787	Pennsylvania
3.	Dec.18	1787	New Jersey
4.	Jan. 2	1788	Georgia

And so on.

When the chart was completed I looked down the line and found number 36 to be NEVADA, the state that gave the United States flag its 36th star!

Ione's flag would have to be 88 or 87 years old, because 36 stars were in the flag only from October 31, 1864 to March 1, 1867 when Nebraska became a state.

I wish someone would tell about the laws concerning the making of the flag. I mean the time it is unfurled with a new star in it, and who does it. E. O. L.

Leaving today, Thursday, New Address, 5 Madison Road, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

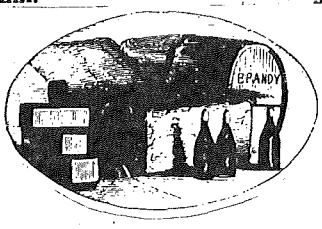
Clara Sutton Newman was born in Decatur, August 18, 1891, at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rawson. The Rawson home was on George St. near Prospect. She has lived and worked for many years in Duluth and is now nearing the age of retirement. Certificate of birth is required and I was asked to be one of her vouchers. Her husband works for the railroad that carries iron ore from the mines on the iron range to the docks at Duluth and Two Harbors.

Clara writes, "I get lonesome to see Decatur and wish it were possible to fly there, if just for a few hours. I miss the old home and my Aunt Mary so much. I would like to see the condition of the lots in Lakeside cemetery, not that it makes much difference as my folks are not there, we know. I wonder who are in Decatur that know me. Are the Newells still there, and Frances Squier, and the Upfield family? Yes I am hungry for news of Decatur, as it was my second home, as you

know."

Clara's grandfather was Judson R. Rawson, who is listed in the Gazetteer of 1869 as a stone mason living on the east side of George Street, second house north of Prospect. It is now the home of Lyle Howe and family. Her Aunt Mary was Mrs. W. H. White, wife of Decatur's postmaster at the turn of the century. Both Judson Rawson and brother Silas were soldiers of the Civil War and well known citizens of Decatur in their day. Silas was the father of Charles who ran a restaurant here for many years.

Clara Sutton Newman's address is 105 W. Oxford Street, Duluth 3, Minn.



THE KEELER TAVERN

Located in Early Days on Farm of Charles Rosevelt. Town Named for First Postmaster and Side Judge.

The following story of the Keeler Tavern and the town's first postmaster was taken from the files of the Republican of twenty years ago,—

Situated on the old Territorial road and in one of the best farming sections of Keeler township, is the old Keeler farm, now owned by Charles Rosevelt.

Mr. Keeler located there in the 30's and being one of the community's leading men the township was named after him. He erected a home there and was the township's first postmaster. In those days two men sat on the bench with the regular judge, with whom they conferred, and they were called side judges. Mr. Keeler was appointed one of these, and from this came his name of Judge Keeler.

The old Keeler hotel was a popular place and it was a favorite resort for dancing parties, which were more common in those days than now.

"Then came the Michigan Central and the patronage of the hotel went down, and he finally traded his property to John Rosevelt, who later moved the old hotel to one side and erected the present handsome brick residence that now stands there.

The old hotel was a historic place in more ways than one. During Keeler's ownership the great Stephen A. Douglass, the idol of the Democratic party, stopped there, and on one of the windows he scratched his name with his diamond ring. For years this stood there but finally the glass was lost. It would be a valuable relic if found now.

After Mr. Keeler's departure the postoffice was removed to Buck's corners, a short distance west and on the same road, and it was finally removed to the present village, where for years Bert Duncombe, the leading merchant there, was the incumbent.

The Rosevelt farm is a magnificent property. It consist of 120 acres of level fertile land and the handsome brick house is flanked by mammoth oaks. The house commands a view of the whole property, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosevelt and their three children are a happy family, ready to entertain a passing guest or an old time friend.

The old hotel still stands near by and is used for farming purposes. If it could tell of some of the incidents which have taken place within its walls, it would make interesting reading.

DECATUR AND PORTER TOWNSHIPS NAMED FOR ADMIRALS

(From Marcellus News.)

D. C. Van Antwerp, who resides near the Porter church was in town yesterday.

In speaking of the Van Buren county anniversary Mr. Van Antwerp informed us that the name Antwerp township in which Lawton is located was suggested by his great uncle and Porter was suggested by his mother.

Mr. Van Antwerp's ancestors came from Antwerp, Belgium, and it was after that city that the township was named.

In the early day Decatur township included what is now Porter. When it was decided to divide it a name was needed for the new township.

Mrs. Van Antwerp's mother had been studying the naval history of America and as the original township was named for Admiral Decatur, she suggested that the new one be named for Admiral Porter.

KEELER IN THE SIXTIES

By IDA PETERS BAGGERLY

Keeler was first settled in 1837. My father came here with his family in 1862, the first year of the Civil war.

Having lived here 67 years, I remember Keeler as it was in its infancy. The little village of Keeler Center, which it was then called, was a place of much importance, lying on the direct route from Detroit to St. Joseph, and much traffic passed through there.

The mail was first carried on horse back on the old Territorial road which was first a deer run, or Indian trail from Detroit to Lake Michigan. The only change ever made in the road in Keeler was here in the Center. It first ran east from the south corner just south of Mrs. Roberts' house, went back over the hill and came out just east of George Dyer's house.

The Dyer farm was then owned by Marquis Dimick, Mrs. Cockett's grandfather. The house then stood back in the lot. There was another house on that road back on the hill that was owned by Jack Havens, Mary Rosevelt's father. They lived there until he died, and I think Mrs. Havens also.

When the road was taken up there was a lane to go up to that house, with a gate between Mrs. Roberts' house and another house which stood by the side of it. Henry Conklin, Joe's people, lived there.

There was a very large pond down back of the old school house and that is where we children did our sliding down hill and skating.

There were many places of business in Keeler Center in the early days. We had a blacksmith shop, wagon shop, cooper shop, cabinet shop, shoe shop, millinery shop, dressmaking shop; also tavern and store. The blacksmith shop was owned by Stephen McMillan and Joe Merritt, and was located where the Woodman hall now stands.

The wagon shop was owned by Kriss Klett, and stood by the side of the W. S. The cooper shop was owned by James Roupert and was located in the south part of town, somewhere near where the town hall now stands. The cabinet shop was owned by James Case, and was in the house owned by Mrs. Roberts, now, then owned by him. They lived in the south half and their shop was in the north half. I have some things now that he made for my mother the first year we came here. The shoe shop was owned by James Durden and when we first came here it was located on the lot south of Mrs. Rogers' but was soon moved to the lot now owned by Mr. Cady. The house was back some distance from the road and the shop was up near. Besides a shoe shop he kept school supplies and much to attract the eyes of the children on the way to school and he managed to get most of their change.

Mr. Durden not only repaired, but made shoes. He has made many pairs of shoes for me. What would the young girls think now if their father would ask them to slip into the shoe shop and have their feet measured for a pair of calfskin shoes to wear to school in the winter?

The millinery shop was in the James Dopp house, owned by Mrs. Rogers now. They lived on the first floor and the shop in the upper story was kept by Barbary Pletcher, a daughter of the first settlers.

Millinery then was somewhat different from now. She had blocks made of plaster paris. She bought a few hats and bonnets. Older ladies never thought of wearing a hat. We bought a hat and when we wanted a new one we took it to her. She sewed it over, bleached, pressed and trimmed it, and we had a new hat.

When I was small there was something worn in place of a sun bonnet. It was called a shaker. It was made of straw closed at the sides and back and projecting over the face so far that one could not see or hear anything. You bought the shaker, put a cloth cape on the back, a bow on top, and strings to tie, which my mother always did, when she sent me out to play, warning me to keep it on; but if she was not

looking it was lying on the ground as soon as I could get it off. Oh, how I used to hate them!

Mother said it cost her more for my shakers and hoopskirts than all my other clothes. When I was small the young girls thought when they were dressed to go to a party the one with the largest hoop-skirt was the best dressed.

The dress-making shop was carried on by Deal Burt, (later Adelia Irish.) It was in the front room over the old store.

The tavern was owned and run by William Havens, Mary Rosevelt's grandfather. It was located where the Arthur Gustin house now stands. When Justice Hill bought the farm and built there it was moved across the street, and is now either the Fisher or Frazer home.

Then William Gustin, Arthur Gustin's father, came from New York and had a tavern in the building which now is Robinson's store. In those days public places were all called taverns. In that building was where Willard Hill first kept his store. Later I think he built the building where Duncombe's store is now and remained in business there until he died.

The M. E. church was built in '60 and dedicated in '61, just one year before we came. I think the Congregational church was built in '65.

Keeler then kept up three denominations—M. E., Congregational and Baptist. The Baptists held their services in the Congregational church alternate Sundays with the Congregationalists. Their Sunday schools were united. Every Sunday there were two services in the morning, two Sunday schools and two services in the evening, and a good attendance at all. Also a good choir.

When I was young we always had singing schools in the winter and gave concerts at the close. We once gave "Queen Esther," and it was said to be a success. We had a glee club and met every two weeks to practice. John Taylor was our leader. I think some of you must remember him. I don't think I have ever heard anyone who could sing like Albert and Nate Thompson. They could fill the old church. It was music and you could understand all they said.

The ladies had an Aid. In war times their work was all done for the soldiers. I don't remember much about it after that as the Ladies' Aid did not have to keep up the church. The farmers did not have to give all they made for taxes, but could give a part for the support of the church.

It was mostly woods here when we came to Michigan. There was a fine grove on the corner where the Foster house now stands. They always held their Sunday school, also school picnics, there. There was also a fine grove around the Congregational church. They used to hold Fourth of July celebrations and ice cream socials there.

The churches used to hold donations, oyster suppers and socials at the homes. The Congregationalists held theirs most of the time at the Felt home, now Harriet Simpson's. Kriss Klett owned the Lawrence Lewis home then. He built a large house there. The upper floor was not done off and the M. E. church held all of their doings there. They also had dances and shows there. I remember going to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there when I was young. The house burned. I shall always remember that fire.

There were many Indians here when we first came. They had a settlement in Silver Creek and one north of Hartford.

HUYCKTOWN IN 1861

All right. Watuminit,—whudyusa? Baseball fashion.

Let's go away back to that summer 68 years ago and find something to ruminate or philosophize over.

Our first thought is what an abundance of everything really necessary to health and happiness we all had in that slow time of safety. Why you could buy a whole load of ripe pumpkins for fifty cents and with that little four-bits buy five bushels of fine winter apples,— Spies, Greenings, Baldwins, or what have you? Just go and gather them. Now try it.

In a few years when more farms are deserted and abandoned and the government's half billion, composed of farm taxes, has been spent for the benefit of "lame ducks" at Washington, as ordered by Big Business to "relieve" the farmers of what little they seem to have left, then the farmers who still try to stick, will charge a dollar for their pumpkins and thousands of families will have to live largely on pumpkin soup.

Huycktown in 1861. I remember it well. Four children of that day, now living in Decatur, were with this kid in the Huycktown school in 1861-2 under Mr. Jordan. Mark and Jessie Thomas, George Kern and Mary Rosewarne. A few years later when we played "Pom-pom pull-a-way, come away or I'll fetch you away," after winding up with a strong grip on Edna Huyck and Jessie Thomas, tearing off some of their clothing, there was still the last one, the fast one, to capture. Now boys, look out for your hair for Mary was known as "Swifty Rosewarne," and she was the wild, untamable colt of the mesa.

That old Huycktown school house was filled to its capacity with over twenty-five "Prairie Chickens" and a greater number of "Nicholsvillians." We had thoroughbred children in that day and age. Now they have Chows and Pekingese, and one can even get a peek o' knees without any dog.

Oh the joyful, happy, merry homes ringing with the shouts of glorious childhood; boisterous youngsters laughing, crying; defying, pleading; demanding, serving; loving, fighting. There is nothing in this world that pays such large returns as serving babies day and night; caring for them through the precarious years of dependent childhood; bearing the heavier cost of their education and the practical preparation for their life's work. Then may come the crowning delight, the greatest thrill of life, to see them each and all make good.

Now what do you find at Huycktown? The big brick school house, inspired long years ago by Levi Lawrence, which by a normal and proper increment should now have at least 100 pupils, is to be closed indefinitely, we are told, since there are only three children left in the district and they are to be sent away to help fill up some other school, short on pupils. This indicates that in due time there will be not even adults left to occupy the farms that were once so fruitful. Well, there are the thrifty colored people and also the prolific gardeners from the dykes and ditches and the banks of the Zuyder Zee. They may furnish the stock, who, like the peasantry of Europe can work the farms for the bankers who will then own all the land.

Farmers might organize and co-operate, winning wealth and success as do the professions, industrialists, middle men, the transportation companies and commercial men. Will they do it? They will not.

Farmers trust implicitly those who have exploited them to a fine finish, but to trust or favor a brother farmer, that will never do. To so fix conditions that he might ask a price that would give him a profit, no, no; that he could never do.

In those good old days of 1861, we did our work by sheer strength and awkardness, and what did we get? We got plenty. We never suffered soulsicknes from nothing to do. A man was measured by his manhood, a woman by her womanhood.

Strength and courage, sincerity, honesty, usefulness. Now people are not rated for their strength but for culture; not for courage but for intellectual cleverness; not for sincerity but for manners; not for honesty but for success; not for usefulness but for social position,—often just uselessness. Oh, no, not in Michigan, but down East or out West. What?

Living close to nature and the choicest things of God, we in 1861 had the grain; but today the schools have given at great cost a "culture," in the main artificial and superficial and we now get the chaff.

Drive like the devil, young man; hurry a little faster if possible. Take a chance. You don't know where you are going and you care less, and do not know what to do after you get there and you hope to get back home if you do not crack up, when you have no place to go to. Let's all go to Honolulu with Dutchy.

Herewith is the first spasm of a few short sketches covering conditions over yonder on the yan side of Little Prairie Ronde at about the beginning of the Civil War and is set forth in the hope that it may contain some items of interest to your older subscribers. Nearly everybody likes a little old time stuff about their forbears and how they lived and loved a generation back.

Incidentally the story may prove a partial autobiography of Dutchy, an eight year old lad who filled a large place in 1861 in his own estimation.

Dutchy was so named because he

was the youngest son of a German widow bravely striving to rear her three girls and two boys. She could not always make over cast-off garments that were donated, and these ill-fitting clothes, the tanned and freckled face, warty hands, stubbed toes and at least one stone bruise, made the title appropriate.

Huycktown in 1861 had a general store run by Richard J. Huyck who was also farmer, postmaster, town clerk and half owner with his brother Abijah of a saw mill in Marcellus.

Besides the store and postoffice, Huycktown had a good school, a blacksmith and shoe shop. It was a rival of Charleston over at the west side of the Prairie; also of Nicholsville, which had the advantage of a mill race with water power for a saw mill, grist mill, cabinet factory and stave factory. There were two general stores, wagon shop, blacksmiths, shoemakers, a doctor or two, a hotel, saloon and dance hall.

But no railroad came through, and in due time the two aspiring prairie towns sank into decay and Nicholsville, the proud metropolis of Volinia, also suffered an eclipse. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

The little girls in polka dot dresses poked fun at little Dutchy and he usually was in love with at least two at a time. It was tragical when he wanted to marry his teacher and she told him her husband and two children might object.

Later Dutchy decided to marry the hired girl from Marcellus. But going cross-lots through the woods to a picnic they had to scale a high rail fence. The wind played with Pollie's monstrous hoop skirt displaying those fancy lacy pantalets half way to her knees, and exposing at least four inches of her trim ankles, covered with the brown, woolen stockings she had knitted. It was all off. Dutchy could never think of raising a family with such an immodest brazen hussy as that.

During 1859 and 1860 there were some stirring events which are distinctly remembered.

The great Blondin walked a tight rope across Niagara Falls carrying a man on his back.

The great gold rush to Pike's Peak by thousands proved a disastrous fiasco resulting in severe suffering, much financial loss and many deaths.

We saw one family start out gaily with ox teams and covered wagons labeled "Pike's Peak or Bust." The following year a sad, dilapidated rig returned bearing the legend, "Busted by Thunder."

It was during this period that the noted zealot, John Brown, with some twenty followers, made a successful raid on the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

Capt. John Brown of Kansas was a monomaniac on the question of slavery and honestly believed he could take his terrible army of 19 fanatics and free all the slaves. But while his body lies a mouldering in the ground, "his soul goes marching on."

Senator Broderick was shot by Chief Justice Terry of California in a duel.

The first steam plow was put into use. Crops of all kinds were enormous and politics ran high with the Republican party only five years old.

But let's leave something for next week when we may again hear from

Dutchy.

It was soon after the Civil War that three farm boys sat on the fence near a big orchard one Sunday afternoon, when the great question arose, "Whut yer gonna do when ye git big?"

The freckled and warty one, chewing his thirtieth apple, a big red one, said, " B' gosh, um gunna be a school teacher." The handsome Irish lad chose railroading. But the sanguine youngster who had swiped the fruit they were so successfully sampling, looked at the other half of the worm and boasted, "Aw shucks; I'll be a heluva feller." He won,—as people usually do who fix their aim in early life—a violent death in a Colorado saloon at 23. The Irish boy was for long years conductor of the fastest train that whizzed, rattled and tooted through Decatur and he now lies in the Nicholsville cemetery. The braggy one actually became one of "them there now b'gosh teachers," tired and retired. He lies in Decatur,—lies about his garden and fishing.

Now put your foot on the starter and we'll go back to Huycktown in 1861. Two families besides the Huycks and Becks belonged to that burg. The Lawrence family with three nice little boys, and the Thomas family with two sons and three daughters, than which there were none better,—Prairie aristocrats of culture and refinement as were the Huycks consisting of the parents, one son and four daughters, two of whom were then teachers.

Dr. Thomas rode his horse or drove his gig day and night over a large territory and was fairly worshipped by his patients as the one great and good physician and surgeon. He successfully pulled the German widow's oldest son through three years of intense suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and that boy is now a hot baseball fan of Decatur. His little brother, Dutchy, was very low from a severe relapse from scarlet fever, but that same good doctor arrived with his lance at the most critical moment and pulled him back to earth. But the widow's daughter, Lana, just budding into beautiful young womanhood, succumbed to the dreadful White Plague which in those days never spared its victims, and according to Mr. Huyck's diary "was buried at a very large funeral on March 17" which was only a few days before that history-making episode down at Ft. Sumter at Charleston, South Carolina.

Doctor Thomas must have been absent-minded or neglected his bookkeeping as no charge was ever made the widow. It was a way he had in common with a few others of the "Prairie Aristocrats" in their dealings with those who had less.

Many brave volunteers, leaving for the Dixie firing line, left their families in the care of the good doctor and believe me, they were always cared for. This humble scribe has traveled about some but has never located people the equal of those old pioneers back yonder whose hearts were as big as their heads. Would that I could justly report the kindness, sympathy, uplift and inspiration given by those splendid souls to those of us so much in need of just that environment.

Reading now the daily chronicles of that eventful 1861, penned by Mr. Huyck, we find that while January and February were severe old-fashioned winter, spring came on in all her Michigan glory, seemingly all unconscious of the horrible strife that was beginning to shake the young republic, testing whether, as the beloved Emancipator said later, "a nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

There has probably never been a presidential election as intensely exciting as that of 1860, nor one more significant. The immortal Lincoln, nominated on the third ballot of the Republican convention held at Chicago on May 16th, was the great abolitionist to be pitted against the fiery and powerful Stephen A. Douglas and two other candidates and he won out in the November count with 180 electoral votes against the 114 combined aginst him.

Then came stirring and thrilling events thick and fast. Southern states began to secede and prepare for war with our valiant leader at Washington resolved to save the Union, crush the rebellion and abolish slavery. We who lived through that fratricidal struggle with brother fighting brother, probably felt more intense emotions than were ever experienced in America.

The finest manhood of Volinia and Marcellus enlisted and later the draft called for those with heavier family obligations. Decatur became the center of strong patriotic demonstrations, giving a service the finest and noblest. Oh the heart aches and sacrifices during those awful four years. No words can portray them.

And yet we lived and loved, worked and prospered, rebuilt and renewed our shattered nation until today we stand the most powerful and progressive republic, the wonder and envy of the world; prospering in everything excepting in the one essential fundamental—agriculture. What? Yes, in the opinion of

Dutchy.

According to that Huyck diary for 1861, the crops of all kinds were good and prices well up considering the purchasing power of money. Wheat, 84 cents; corn, 25 cents; spuds, 20 cents. 14 yards made a dress, costing 60 cents. Now $16 buys one that can be put in with the stamps in a corner of the wallet. Prairie farmers were prosperous then with money on deposit. Fine houses, barns, granaries, barracks, neatly painted. Now take a look.

For over a hundred years farmers have been exploited to a finish, everybody paying him what they pleased and charging him what they liked. The diary records hiring Mark Howe and Ed. North to make hay at a dollar a day each, furnishing them each a cheap scythe, hand rake and fork. Hay sold at $6 per ton. Now farmers pay their help $3 per day to run the tractor, mower, tedder, raker, loader, and unloader. Mortgage and a headache.

Try to sell that scientifically-made hay.

Then came the auto with its cost, quick deterioration, frequent visits to the filling stations and repair shops, with headache and second mortgage. Did somebody offer a farmer a chance to name a price that would give him a profit on his produce? We are listening. Did he ever set a price on any commodity he had to buy? Both ways it has been take it, or leave it. Let farmers reverse the system of price-fixing both ways that has worked him, and in five years they will be able to purchase all kinds of commodities at any price and we can all live happily ever afterwards.

Federal reports show that agriculture had depreciated thirty per cent during the past decade and thousands of farms have been abandoned. In two decades no food will be produced and no one will be sufficiently educated to go out and dig in the dirt. Then we must revert to cannibalism like our ancestors who lived in caves.

Ah well, I shall be too old and tough to be fit to bake, but ugh, I shall dislike to cook and eat my dear little great, great granddaughter. (The point to that ugly crack is that there will be no children in twenty years from now.)

Now come out of your pessimistic ruminations, old man, and set up some facts and figures, not so silly.

Well, all of us too young or too old to enlist, went fishing. I was usually sent down to the Johnathan Nichols hotel for a jug of bait,—distilled from corn. Oh no, nobody drank in those pre-Volstead days. We dipped the worms in it and they went right out and quickly strangled the big bass and pickerel, so we paddled about and picked them up. There is one true fish story. It's found in the Bible: "They fished all night and caught nothing." Your turn now.

That diary said that on rainy days Alva went up to Saddle-Bag with his new boat and always brought home a mess of big bass. I tried it there the other day after reading that. Huh!

It took six hours to bring a load of wheat to Decatur with ox team over that broken old plank road, with ruts hub deep, plus. There was one top buggy and one melodeon owned on the Prairie. Big rivalry between the "Nicholsvillians" and the "Prairie Chickens." Mr. Jordan taught the Huycktown school. Wore a stove-pipe hat and chewed Navy plug. That's why the pan of sand was on the rostrum. When we boys refused to "peach" on a schoolmate, he battered the ends of our fingers with his heavy beech ruler until the blood oozed from under the nails. It is about this time we set the maples that now line the graveled road from the Rosewarne corners to Huycktown. L. B. Lawrence was pathmaster. A. B. Copley made the fill and opened the road through the Gully this side of the Prairie.

Everybody approved when Barber Buell married Hattie Copley and Elias Morris captured Charlotte Dunning.

The hero of this sketch, he,—well who would write a story and not make himself the hero? Why he actually rode across the Prairie with Laib Beach, the mail carrier. Who did?

Why Dutchy.

LOOKING BACKWARD

From the files of the Republican

FORTY YEARS AGO

Jan. 16, 1889.

The Decatur Republican, published Wednesday by A. B. Johnson, publisher.

L. Fisher, Insurance agent and Justice of the Peace.

Drs. Rose and Mahoney, physicians and surgeons.

H. M. Broderick, M. D.

N. E. Hooper, Dentist.

George Thompson, City Barber.

Wm. A. Graham, Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Lost: A pair of rubber sleeves. Anyone finding please leave at this office.

A. H. Huyck is the new cashier at the First National Bank in place of P. W. Van Duzer.

Jim Pritchard arrived from Dakota Saturday evening and of course there was a band meeting Monday evening.

Frank Tucker's Metropolitans are playing to crowded houses in nearby towns. They are headed up the lake toward Manistee.

John Hughes and Frank Stapleton have invested a dozen dollars each in a new dog. It is a three months old English setter—all white but its ears, which are yellow.

Rev. Ole Bendixon will preach in the Universalist church next Sunday, morning and evening.

A Hamilton young man is minus a pair of rubbers. He left them on the stoop when he went to see his Duxy Jane. The family dog carried them to the barn and used them for rubber gum. When last seen the expression on the young man's face was one of sorrow.

Charles Schuster is invoicing his stock preparatory to transferring it as a whole to his successor.

Death of P. D. Beckwith.

P. D. Beckwith, the well known founder and proprietor of the Round Oak Stove Works at Dowagiac, died Friday night, January 11, after an illness of about a week. He was born in Alleghany county, New York, in 1825 and was married when 18 to Miss Catherine Scott.

In 1844 he came west and stopped at Battle Creek where he worked in factories and machine shops for nine years. He came to Dowagiac in 1854 and began with a small foundry which has since developed into the present stove works.

Mr. Beckwith began with no capital and accumulated quite a fortune. He was liberal, public spirited and very generous and kind to the men in his employ. His death will prove a serious loss to Dowagiac.

L. P. R. correspondent: A. H. Huyck left the farm yesterday to assume duties as cashier of the First National Bank.

They are drilling for gas at Niles and have a well down 245 feet.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

January 28, 1909.

John R. Creagan has been appointed committee clerk of the state senate. He secured the appointment through Senator Carl Mapes of Grand Rapids.

Sylvester Myers died January 23 at the age of 77.

James A. Peters, a well known citizen of this county, died at his home in Hartford January 17.

George Pomeroy Scott died at his home in Keeler January 22, aged 86. He was one of the first pioneers of the township. When a boy of nine he carried the mail between Paw Paw and Keeler on horseback and another Keeler boy took it on to St. Joe. He helped to build the Michigan Central through Dowagiac in the late forties.

Mrs. John Barnum has received word of the death of her brother, Elliott Messenger, in Los Angeles, Calif. He was born and raised in Porter township.

Dorsey Cady and his young friend visited Mr. and Mrs. Gla Brown recently.

January 21, 1909.

William Remont has a collection and rating agency over Luce's store.

Albert A. Abbott has a real estate and insurance agency. Lists farms for sale.

John Eckenberger buys furs—pays $3 for No. 1 skunks and 40 cents for muskrats.

Notice

Drivers are requested not to leave their horses on the streets unprotected nights. On the marshal's opinion that horses are so neglected he will have them stalled in the livery barn at the owner's expense.

Geo. B. Rogers,
Village President.

Horse and wagon for sale cheap. George Pomeroy.

City Draying

I have bought the Bowman dray and shall be ready at all times to do your draying promptly and carefully. Charges reasonable. Elmer Woolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Newell are parents of a daughter born January 14.

Levi Lyle settled with Receiver Kimmerle of the defunct Dowagiac

City Bank Tuesday and is released from all further claims by reason of his having been a stockholder.

Willis M. Farr of Dowagiac, collector of the city monument fund, had $2,000 in the late Dowagiac City Bank and will have to make good the loss.

Mrs. Frank Tucker is taking a short rest from her theatrical work. Mr. Tucker and his company are playing to good business in Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cohn, formerly of Decatur, announce the marriage of their daughter Mollie to Mr. Jacob Tick on Sunday, January 17, in Chicago.

Michael Kelly died at his home in Decatur Saturday morning, January 16, at the age of 48.

Clem Ball commenced work for Knights and Company January 1. It was 23 years ago that he first began work in the same building which adjoins Carney's drug store. I. B. Bagley and George Nesbitt were conducting a grocery there. Mr. Bagley bought out Mr. Nesbitt and Clem and Frank Raymond became his clerks. Knights and Company purchased the business in September, 1887.

Decatur is to have a new canning factory. Frank Squires and Frank Flagg are the promoters of it.

Charles O. DeMerritt, one of Decatur's old and respected citizens, died in Sylvia, Tenn., Christmas day.

Lowell Lyle underwent an operation for appendicitis last Thursday.

January 1, 1848, in Erie county, Tenn., was born a little girl. Three years later she came with her parents to Michigan. She grew up and taught school and boarded 'around.' In 1867 she married Horace Osborn. On January 1, 1909, she received a wonderful shower of post cards on the occasion of her 61st birthday.

Special from Fritzburg

When Arkansaw paid the taxes on his goat he was somewhat astonished to find him assessed at $4, and quickly told the collector a few of his sentiments. He was referred to the supervisor, who, being of Irish descent, refused to take any back talk. He took Arkansaw into the house and showed him the authority for making the assessment as he did. There it was in plain print,—"Any property butting on Burdock Alley shall be assessed $2 per front foot."

Wilton Abrams, a former resident of Hamilton, has recently returned from a trip to Texas. He is hilarious about that country and contemplates the purchase of a ranch there in the near future.

Suspicion Follows Death

The sudden and unexpected death of Andrew Simpson of Volinia last Friday and the fact that there had been misunderstandings between himself and wife, caused two of his neighbors to ask for a coroner's inquest. Dr. Maxwell sent the stomach to Ann Arbor where no poison was found and the wife was vindicated.

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had trouble and separated, but their differences were made up and both joined the church. The day before his death Mr. Simpson came to Decatur and picked out a black suit of clothes. The merchant remarked that they were better fitted to be buried in than for a man like him to wear around.

He did not take them, but the next day his wife bought the suit for his burial clothes.

Mr. Simpson died while engaged in doing the morning chores. His father and two brothers also died suddenly of heart failure. He had lived on the farm where he died 65 years.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

February 18, 1909.

Celia McDole is in Chicago studying spring styles in millinery.

The village council of Lawrence has passed an order prohibiting any person from tapping maple trees within the village limits.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tompkins and son have gone to Petersburg, Virginia, to locate.

Arley Lyle, stenographer in Mishawaka, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dwight are attendants at the Kalamazoo asylum.

Geo. B. Rogers has sold his residence on West St. Mary's street to John Jurgensen.

George W. Styles was born May 12, 1851, and died in Decatur February 10, 1909.

Lieut. Spike Conway of Fritzburg and S. M. Bullard of Corwin have been devoting the past few days to talking up a horse trade.

Elijah Secord, aged 86, died in Kalamazoo February 10. He was the father of our townsman, Royal A. Secord.

Silas M. Rawson was 86 years old February 15, and a number of his Grand Army friends presented him with a cane as a birthday gift.

Carl Rose has gone on the road for the Birdsell Wagon Company of South Bend. He will travel in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Treasurer—Frank E. Lindsley
Assessor—David A. Squier
Trustees—Fank Potts, Chas. E. Crifield, M. S. Carney.

The Hotel Has a Guest.

On the 8th of February a young man registered at the Hotel Paddock as Herbert Sickafoose.

He was dressed in fashion and bore himself with such ease and dignity that Landlord Salisbury thought he had found a gold mine in the potato bin and speculated on the prospects of the new comer's remaining a week or a month. The stranger told the landlord confidentially that he was a detective and had been sent here to investigate reported holdups in the vicinity. This little burst of confidence secured for him the parlor bedroom and the best accommodations the house afforded.

Sickaface lived in luxury at the Hotel Paddock for nearly a week and then departed without paying his bill or biding his host farewell.

He was apprehended at Kalamazoo and given 15 days in the county jail for jumping his board bill.

July 8, 1909.

James P. VanDuzer son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. VanDuzer of Decatur, and Miss Mary A. Thompson of Chicago were married at St. James Catholic church, Chicago, Saturday, June 12.

C. H. Underwood and family went to Paw Paw the Fourth to help celebrate his mother's 86th birthday. She can remember when there was not a railroad in the United States.

Jim Brown of Lawrence fell off a load of hay last Friday and broke his collar bone.

Mrs. E. J. Rawson went to Denver, Colo., last week to visit her sisters, Mrs. Chas. Clocum.

Leslie Sweetland, clerk in Durkee's dry goods store, is spending the week in Kalamazoo, Detroit, Glenwood and a few other large cities.

Frank W. Hawks, a former resident, has gone to China on a three years' contract with that government as assistant engineer in the construction of 400 miles of railroad.

Hershall Campbell and John Brownbridge brought in several brook trout Monday. The largest weighed 2¼ pounds.

The sad death of Leon Calbetzor occurred in Dowagiac Tuesday morning.

Elias Morris, second white child born in Van Buren county, died July 2, 1909. He was born in Decatur township May 11, 1832.

If this village needs one thing more than another it is a sanitary drinking fountain.

Ward McKee is nicely located in Fort Morgan, Colo., where he is engaged in the real estate business.

Miss Letitia Gosling of Pokagon and Milo Quaife of Chicago were married at the Methodist parsonage, the bride's home, June 29. Mr. Quaife has a Doctor's degree from the University of Chicago.

Owen Latham of Three Oaks was here the Fourth.

Barnum's Circus Once Showed in Charleston

Charleston, one of the historic townships of Volinia township which flourished before the days of the Civil war, is an example of a lost village. The name still exists but is now applied to the community rather than to the remains of a once thriving village.

Charleston was platted in 1836 and named after Jacob Charles, a pioneer of the township. It was located on the old stage route which ran from Kalamazoo to Niles.

Elijah Goble was the proprietor of the first hotel, or tavern, as they were then called and Ransom Dopp, the stage driver, was one of his best patrons. During those palmy days the town also had a post office. Charleston was the metropolis of Volinia township and even larger than Dowagiac.

At one time during the sixties, P. T. Barnum, with his caravan of performers, clowns and untamed beasts is said to have visited Charleston. Old timers declare that Barnum pitched his tents within sight of the town to the great delight of all who had the price of admission.

Huvcktown is another Volinia ham-

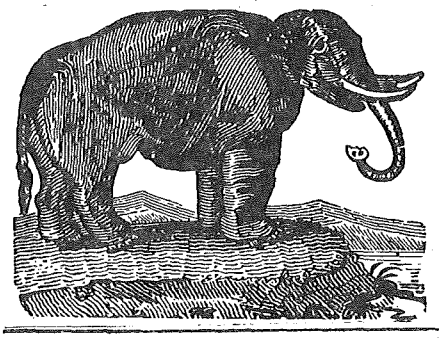
let which has completely lost its identity. This town was founded about the time Charleston began to flourish, and was situated but a short distance from the present site of Nicholsville.

Huycktown was founded by R. J. Huyck and consisted of a schoolhouse and blacksmith shop.

Nicholsville alone of the early villages stands today. This place was platted in 1836 under the name of Volinia, but it was known for mary years as Little Prairie Ronde, until its name was changed to Nicholsville in honor of Jonathan Nichols, proprietor of the first hotel there.

Volinia center was founded several years later by Howard Rogers. It has two stores, a post office, church, blacksmith shop and such other conveniences as are generally found around cross roads towns.

Volinia township has been rather productive of towns and villages that never got beyond the first degree, but the fact that she produced one village important enough to attract the attention of P. T. Barnum, greatest of all showmen, is something to be remembered.



THE TOOTH OF AN ELEPHAS

A Valuable Relic That Reveals Pre-Historic Times Unearthed at Pohorsky Farm In Paw Paw Township.

By E. R. Washburn.

In the fall of 1927 while Vincent Pohorsky of section 34, Paw Paw township was breaking up a piece of new muck land his plow turned out a peculiar looking object. At first appearance it might be anything from a mass of woody looking roots to the jaw bone of a prehistoric animal.

The object was taken to the farm yard and left there till the following spring.

John Motycka, nephew of Mr. Pohorsky, often wondered just what the thing might be and one day put it in the car and drove up to my place to find if I could tell him. The best guess was that it was a tooth of a prehistoric elephant of some kind.

Later the tooth was taken to the Republican office and left there on exhibition for nearly a year. In the meanwhile Mr. Moulton sent a fragment of the tooth together with a description of it to E. C. Case, director of the Paleontology Museum at the U. of M. Mr. Case pronounced the tooth that of the elephas, the animal usually called the mammoth, which became extinct in this country much earlier than the mastodon, the remains of which are comparatively common.

This spring Mr. Moulton let me have the tooth to dispose of and I sent it to Prof. W. H. Sherzer of M. S. N. C., Ypsilanti, who verified the report made by Mr. Case. The tooth is now at the college in Ypsilanti, where it will be used in studying the development of animal life.

This find is of particular scientific interest because only five or six previous discoveries have been reported in the state, whereas those of the mastodon have shown up in quite a good many localities, one of the most recent being that dug up in the city of Kalamazoo while workmen were laying steam mains there.

The grinding teeth help to readily distinguish the mammoth from the mastodon. Those of the former consist of vertical, parallel plates, sometimes up to 27 in a single tooth (there were 19 in the specimen found by Mr. Pohorsky) while those of the mastodon have at the most only five or six transverse ridges each rather large and coarse.

The many plates of a mammoth tooth are firmly cemented together into a solid mass, the plates are composed of dentine surrounded by enamel, hard as rock. As the teeth are worn down the cement and dentine are worn faster than the harder enamel leaving the grinding surface covered with many hard transverse ridges.

The specimen secured by Mr. Pohorsky was [illegible] and weighed eight pounds. It must have been a bit heavier in its perfect state what a capacity for toothaches!

Scientists are generally agreed that the last glacial epoch ended at least twenty-five thousand years ago. The mammoth tooth found by Mr. Pohorsky being so near the surface and in muck land, which is mostly decayed vegetation, undoubtedly belonged to an animal which roamed about this part of Michigan some time within the last two hundred and fifty centuries.

It was an animal about the size of the ordinary Indian elephant that is from seven to nine feet tall, high at the shoulders and sloping down and back. It was covered with long coarse black hair and an under coat of brown wool a protection necessitated by the severe climate in which it lived.

Its food was coarse grass and sedges, birch, alders and poplars and such other hardy vegetation as followed in the wake of the retreating ice-sheet and is still found in the region near the perpetual ice of the far north.

The mammoth was at home in Europe, Asia and North America and prehistoric man in Europe drew and painted its picture on the walls of caverns where they may be seen even to this day. They were very numerous in Siberia and are still, though long extinct a source of fossil ivory, for many people there make it a business to hunt out the remains in the tundras for the tusks.

Doctor Lull of Yale University, writing in 1917, said that up to that time 40,000 individual mammoths had been recovered and that one-half of the ivory of commerce came from that source annually.

At Beresovka, Siberia, 800 miles north of the Arctic Circle, in 1901 a mammoth was found frozen in solid ice, nature's great cold storage, where it had been probably for thousands of years. Let me quote from Lull. "This creature evidently slipped into a natural pitfall of some sort, possibly an ice crevasse covered with soil and vegetation. A fractured hip and fore limb, a great mass of clotted blood in the chest, and unswallowed grass between the clenched teeth all point to the violence and suddenness of its passing. Almost all of the animal was preserved, though the hair of the back had disappeared and the trunk had been eaten off by dogs before the specimen was discovered. The mounted skin in the posture in which it was found, with the skeleton in walking attitude beside, together with various soft parts preserved in spirits, are also to be seen in the Petrograd Museum."

So we know the color of the animals, their hair and underclothing of wool. We know what they ate for the stomach contents showed their last dinner, thanks to Arctic refrigeration.

It is very difficult for most of us to realize the great age of the earth, the changes that have taken place in the earth and in its inhabitants. How peculiar and unusual it would be to see a wild elephant walk up the streets of our town, and yet the time was when undoubtedly large numbers of them lived and fed and bellowed, fought and died in this very territory, and only happy accident has preserved parts of now and then one to excite our curiosity and challenge our belief and our reason.

We speak readily of the ice age, yet how impossible it seems that ice ever actually covered this place, perhaps to a depth of thousands of feet and for years and centuries and for thousands of years at a stretch may be.

How unbelievable that there was not only one but many ice ages with long milleniums of warm or temperate climate between them. How unbelievable that the polar regions were ever anything but frigid, yet coal is found in Alaska and near Baffin Bay and even in far away Antarctic where Commander Byrd is even now seeking to know the truth and the mysteries of the earth.

How a bit of evidence that we can see and feel helps, occasionally, to make the truth more real.

The mammoth was an animal that lived in the belt of raw country and harsh conditions, skirting the edge of the eternal ice, neighbor to the musk ox, the reindeer and the Arctic fox yet a relic of the mammoth is found in our own country and the skull and horns of a musk ox were dug out of a swamp in Washtenaw county. Crude silent witnesses of a far time and severe climate preserved in mud and water from the bacteria of decay through long ages that make our sta

but a day in comparison, to silent mute evidence of an age of cold that was and that yet again may be!

THE HISTORY OF VOLINIA TOWNSHIP

THE FIRST SETTLERS—THE FIRST SCHOOLS — LAID OUT TOWNS — CHARLESTON ONCE A WESTERN METROPOLIS— EXPIRED WHEN MICHIGAN CENTRAL MADE DECATUR

By Estella Hartman.
Address Cassopolis, Michigan, R. F. D. No. 5.

This township was originally called 'Volhynia," after a province in Poland. After several years the "hy" was changed to "i," and is now written "Volinia."

To Josephus Gard belongs the honor of naming the township.

The first settlement in the township was made March 27, 1829, by Samuel Morris on section one on the farm known as the Elias Morris farm, the present owner being Clark Gish. Three days later, Johnathan Gard, Samuel Rich, and Elijah Goble came.

Mr. Gard settled on what is known as "Gard's Prairie," known now as the Owen Schutt, Mrs. O. G. Everett and Ed. Gard farms, the buildings being built on the Schutt farm. Mr. Rich and Mr. Goble settled on "Little Prairie Ronde." The Rich farm is now owned by Nev. Everett and Murry. Many others came this same year.

In 1830 Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Wm. Tietsort, Josephus Gard, John Curry and two brothers, Samuel and Alexander Fulton came; in 1831 Obed Bunker, Wm. Griffis and John Shaw, and in 1832 David Crane, James Newton, Levi Lawrence and Amos Huff.

In 1830 first entries of land were made by Johnathan Gard, Jacob Morlan, Samuel Fulton, Samuel and John Morris, Jacob Charles, Josephus Gard, and Samuel Rich.

In 1831, '32, '33 entries were made by Samuel Morris, Elijah and John Goble, Jacob Charles, Christanna Gant, John Shaw, Christanna Charles, John Curry, Alexander Copley, Levi Lawrence, Johnathan Gard, David Crane, Daniel Squier, Wm. Griffis, John Barry, Josephus Gard, James Newton, Alexander Fulton, Wm. Tietsort, Wm. Squier, John Gard, Joel C. and Elijah Wright, Amos Huff, Henry Myers, Isaac and Peter Huff.

The first school house, known as the Crane school, was built in 1833, just across the road east of the Crane cemetery; the present site is one-half mile north. The first term of school was taught by Michael V. V. Crane.

The first weddings in the township were those of David Curry and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth, daughters of Josephus Gard. Both couples were married by the same ceremony, in the spring of 1832.

The first birth in the township was that of John H. Rich, October 21, 1829. The midwife of this occasion was Mrs. McKenney of McKenney's Prairie, who was brought on the back of an almost unbroken three year old colt a distance of about fifteen miles.

The first saw mill in the township was built in the summer of 1835 by Alexander Copley, where the little village of Nicholsville now stands and began work on December 20 of that year. The irons for this mill were cast at Mishawaka, Indiana.

In 1833 the township was organized and an election held at the home of Josephus Gard, July 8th. Previous to that time it belonged to Penn township.

At this election James Newton was elected supervisor and held the office four years. David Crane was elected clerk. I fail to find any record of the first treasurer.

In 1834 the road district comprised this township and Van Buren county, which was attached for judicial purposes; and in that season men living on "Little Prairie Ronde" were obliged to work out their taxes on the big swamp near where Lawton now stands. It would seem that the pathmaster was rather exacting, as he required the men to be on hand in season for a day's work, thus necessitating a start long before day light.

The first store in the township was kept by James Herron in 1836, a little distance north of the Charleston cemetery. In 1837 Morris and Cliffton opened a store a little way south of the Herron store. This little village on "Little Prairie Ronde" was called Charleston, and was laid out in 1836 by Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Alexander and Samuel Fulton and David Fenton into thirty-two lots.

In September, 1836, Volinia (Huycktown) was laid out by Levi Lawrence, David Hopkins, Obed Bunker and John Shaw into fifty-five lots and a public square, and in 1837, Huyck and Daniels opened a store there.

Charleston, for a number of years previous to the completion of the Michigan Central Railroad through Decatur in 1848, flourished with all the splendor of a western metropolis. A line of stages passed through daily from Kalamazoo to Niles.

In 1849 a wagon road was built across the swamp to the railroad at Decatur, giving an outlet for the farm products. Previous to this they were teamed to Niles, St. Joseph or Paw Paw.

Now all is silent there, as the little town of Charleston soon passed away when the railroad came so near.

About the year 1851, Harry George built the first grist mill, in the township, at Nicholsville, and this mill was still doing business in 1915.

The Volinia Farmers' Club was organized in November, 1865, holding meeting for discussion during the winter, also sheep-shearings, implement trials and fairs during the summer and fall. These fairs were held near the Dowagiac creek just west of the Goodenough school and sometimes across the road from the present Ed. Gard farm. The last fair was held in 1878.

About the year 1860, Amos Green built a grist mill on the Dowagiac creek, about one-fourth mile north of the present site of Volinia.

The year 1871, a Miss Miller, while at the mill, got her hand caught in one of the pulleys, and was so badly hurt the hand had to be amputated.

The mill passed on to Skimmel and Wood; Hutton; Wicks; I. M. Skinner; and Earnest Gray. Mr. Skinner was the last one to run the mill, the last work being done in 1908. Mr. Skinner was fatally hurt while working at the mill alone in 1908.

In 1866 Howard Rogers built and conducted a store at the present site of Volinia, Omar R. Everett buying this store in 1874. From 1866 to 1902 a post-office was conducted in this store and everyone went to the post-office for his mail.

In 1875 the population of Nicholsville was about one hundred. They had two general stores, one blacksmith shop, one cooper shop, one wagon shop, one shoe shop, one veneer and basket factory, one tannery, one grist-mill, one steam saw mill, one hotel, two doctors, one lawyer, one carpenter and joiner.

Huycktown had a population of about fifty, one grist mill, one general store, blacksmith] etc.

Other public and prominent buildings in the township are the A. M. E. church built in 1873, the town hall in 1875, the Newton Community hall (the old Dunkard church) in 1877, the Volinia Baptist church in 1882, and the following school houses,—Crane, Warner, Thompson, Huycktown, Goodenough, Bond, Briar Patch, also Fishlake and Pleasant Hill, both fractional districts.

Histories of these schools will follow at a later date, as the writer can collect the data.

The telephone came to Volinia township about the year 1907 or '8.

One of the oldest houses in the township is the house Mr. and Mrs. Owen Schutt are living in. It was built by Johnathan Gard in 1838.

Another is the house Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Griffis live in.

REMEMBRANCES

A little of everything. Not much of anything. With a few war stories mixed in. Written by the late Simeon L. Francis' daughter, Mrs. Nora Holford.

III

Mother a Widow for a Few Years

G. Abbigail Cole Barnum, wife of the late Simeon L. Francis, was born in Naples, Ontario county, New York, May 29, 1838, and died January 8, 1904. Her parents, the late Henry and Annie Cole, had 11 children born to them. The father was a shoe cob-

bler using wooden pegs for the half soles. Shoe nails weren't used in those days.

The mother carded and spun her own wool. She did all of her own knitting.

The writer of this story was six years old when this grandpa died, and twelve years old when grandma died.

My mother, the late G. Abbigail Francis, had four children by a former marriage with the late Amos Barnum, brother of Mr. John Barnum of East Decatur. (Uncle John I call him, for he seems that way to me.)

Amos Barnum, like my father, was an old soldier, too. As much as I can understand, he went to the war in the year of 1865—the year it ended.

He hadn't been there long before he was taken sick. He had what was called a camp disease, also home sickness. He wasn't sick long. His death was caused mostly by home sickness. He died in Washington, Arkansas, and was buried there. The four children born to them were Rose-etta E., who died May 23, 1912; Neoma J., who died April 13, 1881; William H. who died in infancy, being no old; H. Ellsworth Barnum, now living, was born October 30, 1864, being six months old when his father went to the war.

Mother said it made it pretty hard for her to get along with three small children—the youngest a baby, but it seemed like the Lord gave her strength to do for her family.

Almost Became Rich

Now the question has been asked the name of father's general. He had two generals. They were General Thomas and General Sherman.

During the war while the soldiers were on duty a soldier handed father a small box. He said, "I have carried this until I am tired of carrying it any more. Keep this until I call for it." Now he never called for it. It was thought he got killed.

Now father carried it until he got tired. Then he took it to an officer and said, "Keep this until you get the owner for it." Did he do it? No, he took a piece of iron and broke the box open. Now what did he find? $40,000 in greenbacks! What did he do but keep it. Father could have done the same, but no he was too honest for that. He didn't believe in keeping what didn't belong to him. He believed in being honest, square, and upright.

Father joined the Christian church in Paw Paw before going to the war. He said if the Lord saw fit to take him while he was in the war he wanted to be prepared to go. People should not wait to give their hearts to God they should do so now; we know not when the Lord may come to take us to His home.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY

T. Trowbridge Gives Republican Readers Story of Drug Store Which for Many Years Bore His Name.

T. Trowbridge has answered the Republican's call for the story of the store now known as Rud's Rexall store which he is moving from the building it has occupied since 1864. It is interesting information for the old timers and we thank Mr. Trowbridge for sending it.

More stories of early Decatur days will be very welcome from those who knew the community in its formative period.

The letter of Mr. Trowbridge follows:

Wayland, Mich., Jan. 19, 29.

Dear Arba:

The Carney Drug store was built by C. N. Poor in 1864, together with the 5c and 10c store. It was first occupied by William E. and Philander Trowbridge as a grocery and drug store.

The next occupant was David Leavens, who bought the drug stock of the Trowbridges, Brother William taking the grocery stock to the Tucker store (now hardware) where he and E. P. Hill engaged in the grocery business, Philander going to Dowagiac to engage in the same business.

After the first big fire on Main street, from the Tucker store to engine house, when the post office burned, Capt. Beebe postmaster, I took the groceries that were saved from T. and H. stock and moved them to the now 5c and 10c store and started business for myself, renting the back part to Capt. Beebe for temporary post office. The following summer the old town hall was built and the post office was moved there.

I remained in the grocery business for five years when I sold out to Henry Rosenberg and bought one-half interest in the Leavens drug store. Walter Leavens was my partner. After two years his health failed. I bought his interest and he went to California, where he died a few years later.

The following twenty-five years I occupied the Carney store as a drug store. Then I sold the same to M. S. Carney and he to Robert Rudzinski as you all know.

T. T.

The Chadwick building (later Stewart) was built the same year, 1864.

C. N. Poor was in the hardware business where Gale now is, at that time. Chadwick had dry goods on one side. They moved their entire stock into the new store the winter of '64-'65.

DEATH OF FORMER RESIDENT

Mrs. Frederick Abbe, a prominent resident of Otsego, died last Thursday and funeral services and burial were in that town Sunday afternoon.

She is survived by her husband, three sons and two brothers. Her maiden name was Eva Ray. She was born in East Decatur but has lived the most of her life in Otsego. The family were all well known in Decatur a generation ago and have many relatives here. Mrs. Jennie Kennedy was a niece. Her brothers were John, Lon, Ed, James, Will and Bert and she had one sister, Ida.

HISTORY OF CRANE SCHOOL

By Estella Hartman,
Cassopols, Mich., R. 5.

The first Crane school house was built in 1833 on land owned by Michael V. Crane across the road from the Crane cemetery. This land is now owned by Elmer Griffis.

Michael V. Crane was the first teacher, and this was the first school house built in Volinia township, Cass county, though it is called District No. 3 now. I believe the number of the district was changed at the time the new school house was built in 1873.

The earliest date of Crane school is of the annual school meeting which was held September 24, 1855. Among those present were Amos Huff, David Huff, Aaron Van Mater, Wm. Huff and Daniel Squires.

At a special school meeting it was voted the moderator should serve three years and the director two years. Up to that time the term of office had been one year each.

In 1865 Maggie Palmer taught the summer term of school, she being the first teacher on record.

At the annual school meeting on September 5, 1870, it was voted to build a new school house one year from that summer.

On October 21, 1871, Wm. E. Huff, Thomas Bond, and James W. Wright were appointed a committee to confer with Daniel Squires for the purchase of land for a site for the new school house, and they purchased the land on which the Crane school house now stands.

September 1, 1873, it was voted to dispose of the old school house and Andrew Simpson purchased same and moved it to his farm and converted it into a stable which is still in use. A Mr. Brigham now owns this farm.

Joseph Thompson built the new school house which was completed November 1, 1873. It was supposed to seat 75 people and cost over $3,000.00.

John Huff had the honor of being the first teacher in the new school house, teaching the winter term of 1873-4.

They finished paying for the building September 6, 1876, and added window blinds the same year. These blinds have long since been gone.

Augustine White taught the winter term of 1877-78. Charley Huff was one of the pupils, and being of rather mischievous disposition, did something of which the teacher did not approve, so he old him to apologize to the school or go home. Charley went home. He always says he graduated from Crane school.

On March 10, 11, 12, 1880, an exhibition was given at the school house entitled, "Among the Breakers," with the following cast of characters: Ed. Huff, George Hall, Charley Squires, Will Wellard, Alonzo Dine, Will Wright, Libbie Huff, Susan Wellard, Mary Wellard and Hattie Umberfield.

The play was followed by a comedy, "A Little More Cider," with a negro dance by Susan Wellard, Libbie Huff,

Charley Squires and Ed. Huff; while Ed. Simpson and George Wellard did fine clogging, accompanied by Dan Wellard on the concertina, Lon Dine with violin and Allie Riggles at the organ.

In 1881 a platform was built across the front of the school house; there is only a small platform in front of one door now.

The beautiful maple shade trees now in the yard were planted this same year. Welcome shade to tourist.

In 1883 it was voted to have a well, but the motion was lost, which meant the pupils would have to continue to carry the water, which they did for many years.

October 18, 1887, Quint Whitmore gave one of his famous magic lantern shows at the school house.

Many Christmas trees have been held at Crane. How many remember the time Dan Wellard fixed the tree so it would revolve around. This same evening he acted the part of Santa Clause and came riding in on the back of a bear, "Romeo." "Romeo was Squire Huff covered with a buffalo robe.

Sunday school, arithmetic school, spelling school and singing school have all been held at Crane.

The late Daniel Sheline was one of the singing school teachers. Many have been carried to their last resting place from Crane school house.

At one time a flourishing lodge of the "Patrons of Industry" was held here.

In 1916 the ceiling was lowered, and new seats, the single style, were installed to replace the old double style that had been in use since the school house was built in 1873.

In 1922 a well was put down much to the delight of the children and tourists also.

The teacher's wages have been raised from $16 to $100 a month according to the records.

On June 24, 1923, the first Crane school reunion was held at the school house, and this has been an annual affair since. It is a day greatly enjoyed by the old scholars and teachers.

Eliza Wright Huff, a teacher who taught in the old school house, lives only about one-half mile from the school house, in fact she was first a pupil, then a teacher of Crane, as she has always lived in this district.

Another teacher, Mrs. Orley Gard Everett, who taught in the old school house, lives about two miles from the school house. Marcus Thomas of Decatur is another old time teacher; as are Mrs. Polka Inez Van Hise McGuire of near Decatur, and Augusta Secor of Dowagiac, Nettie Hungerford Hare of Dowagiac. Emily Warner Green of near Dowagiac and her brother, Charley E. Warner of Chicago.

Rep. Otis Huff of Marcellus spent his early school days at Crane and also taught school here. Along in the 70's and 80's there were around 65 or 70 pupils at Crane; now there are between 10 and 15 pupils.

Mrs. Carl Fosdick, who taught the last term of school here, has the school for another year.

A WORTHY PIONEER

By Estella Hartman, Volinia

I wonder how many who read the Decatur Republican have been members of the Masonic Lodge as many years as our respected citizen, William Robert Kirby of Volinia township, Cass county, Michigan?

It will be 65 years this coming August since Mr. Kirby joined the Masonic order. As he became a member in August, 1864, as charter member. Since then he has been Worshipful Master, Senior Deacon, Junior Deacon and Senior Warden of Volinia Lodge No. 227. He is the only charter member left.

Mr. Kirby was born December 31, 1841, at Middlefield, Otsego county, New York. His father, John Kirby, a Baptist minister, was born in England July 30, 1817.

His mother, Mary Jennette Rouse Kirby, was born in New York April 25, 1818.

Mr. Kirby is one of ten children, seven girls and three boys,—namely, Jane Elizabeth, Annabella, Mary Eliza, Susan, George Bently, Rachel Ann, Helen Evangeline, Perlia Matilda, and Allen Kirby.

The family came to Flowerfield, St. Joseph county, Michigan, in 1846, and came to Volinia, Cass county, in April, 1865.

In 1876 Mr. Kirby married Mary J. Mack and though they had no children of their own, they adopted a boy and girl, Joseph and Anna, whom they raised. When these children grew up they married and are living now with their families at Marcellus.

Mr. Kirby taught school a few years, but has been a farmer mainly through life, being a potato specialist, farming and gardening being his hobbies.

He is a Baptist by faith and has always never using tobacco in any form.

When asked what he thought of this generation Mr. Kirby said, "It is all right, they are holding their own for better."

He says he would rather be on terra firma than in an airplane, but automobiles are mighty good, if you want to get around in a hurry. He isn't struck on radios or moving pictures, but he could stand a good oil gusher all o. k. but there is a question in his mind as to whether the oil situation will amount to much.

Mr. Kirby's favorite president was Lincoln.

He has held the following township offices: pathmaster, treasurer, supervisor, and clerk, holding the office of clerk 21 years.

Mr. Kirby was real sick the past winter, but is on his feet again now and gets out and chores around a good deal. He owns and lives on the farm his father had before him, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Essex are caring for him. He and his brother Allen are the only ones left of that large family of ten children.

EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD APRIL 9

Mrs. Arrenah, Pioneer Resident, Given Birthday Surprize. Talk Given on Women of the Bible.

By Mrs. Emma Vaughn

Sunday, April 9, Mrs. Arrenah Fuhrman was 87 years old. Because of its being her birthday several of her aged lady friends were invited to drop in for a cup of tea and a piece of birthday cake and perhaps surprise her. Yes. She was surprised. Besides Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Norwood, Mrs. Sierts, Mrs. Conrad, Mrs. Vaughn, Mrs. Nellie Fuhrman, widow of Mrs. Fuhrman's step-son, came from Kalamazoo.

Among the gifts that lent beauty as well as a touch of spring to the occasion were a pot of rose tulips and an old-fashioned bouquet.

A short program preceeded the cup o' tea. Her daughter Bessie sang two solos, one "To You," to her mother and the other, "That Sweet Story of Old," to the rest of us.

"The Spring Song," record played by V. de Pachmann, "Remember Me, O Mighty One," record by Whitney Bros. Quartette.

"I Hear You Calling Me," record by John McCormic.

Prayer by Mrs. Joan Sierts.

Talk by Mrs. Emma Vaughn, "Women of the Bible."

As Bessie requested me to give a Bible talk I chose for my subject, "Women of the Bible," as fitting for the occasion. There being rather an extensive list of women in the Bible, I shall just touch upon the experiences of a few of them.

Mother Eve, being the first woman, I shall begin with her. What a wonderful experience it must have been for her to become the first mother! Also, having been placed in that beautiful garden amid trees, fruit and flowers, and having with all that sweet peace of mind—one of the greatest blessings any human being can possess.

Noah's wife. What privilege for her to live in that great houseboat which God, himself planned; also that of being in such close proximity with every living creature, and then to realize that after the worst of all floods, she and her family, alone were saved.

Sarah, wife of Abraham and mother of Isaac, who was made glad in her old age by having the dearest desire of her heart gratified by the birth of her son.

Hannah, the mother of Samuel, the prophet, who had a like experience, for she too through earnest prayer was made glad late in life by the birth of a son.

Naomi. How happy she must have been to see Ruth's willingness to

leave her own country and her own people and go with her to a strange land. However, Ruth's devotion brought a blessing to both, for through this means Ruth became an ancestor of Jesus.

Queen Vashti had strength and courage enough to defy her drunken husband, the king, by refusing to appear before his gathering of princes, although she was cast aside for doing so.

Esther was her successor as queen and she also had courage to care for her people when death threatened them.

Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and Mary, the mother of our Lord and Saviour, cousins. What exceeding great joy indeed for these two women to rejoice together that they were selected by God to be the mothers of two of the greatest sons this world has ever known—that they were beginning a new era.

Dorcas, commanded, for her good works and alms deeds. She who made garments for the poor widows, she who after her death was recalled to life to the great joy of her friends.

Eunice and Lois, mother and grandmother of Timothy, the one highly praised by Paul for their training of Timothy which made him worthy for Paul to call him son.

The widow unnamed but famed for her widow's mite. Jesus did not fail to see that "They all did cast in of their abundance, but she cast in all that she had—even her living."

Martha and Mary, the sisters of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved and with whom he spent much time in their home.

Picture Mary anointing Jesus, who, when the disciples found fault, Jesus said, "Let her alone. She hath anointed me for my burial and wherever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this also shall be told of this woman for a memorial of her." How Mary's heart must have thrilled with joy to hear these words from her beloved friend and Saviour.

Mary Magdolene though accounted a sinner, was distinguished for her attachment to Christ. She followed Him to Calvary; witnessed his burial; was earlist at the tomb on the resurrection morn and was the first witness of that glorious event and the first to carry the glad tidings.

All these women of the Bible gave something of value to the world and I am sure we still have good women. We have before us a veritable Naomi and Ruth, the daughter of this home by staying by her mother all these years and caring for her in her old age, in fact spoken words of Ruth to Naomi, "Where thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die."

Now, in behalf of these friends and myself I extend to sister Fuhrman congratulations on her long life on this her 88th birthday, and may she have many happy returns of the day.

ADVICE FROM FATHER

A new York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account.

"Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," added the graybeard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

Many bargains can be found in the Dollar Day offerings of the local merchants.

PIONEER SKETCHES

BY MRS. ERASTUS OSBORN

Mr. Haydon, while not coming as close to the lives of the pioneers as Mr. Nesbitt, had more to do with public matters, having been ten years supervisor of the township, as well as member of the state legislature at different times. He was intensely patriotic and once when making a speech in the early days of the Civil War, he said, "If I were thirty years younger I would say as I always used to say on my farm, "Come on boys, but I am past taking the lead," being then past 70.

When he was delegate to a state convention for the nomination of governor, seeing there was no chance for the man of his choice to get the nomination or to be elected, he voted for a candidate whom he saw was likely to win. As he dropped his vote he said, "God forgive me." His judgment proving correct, the man for whom he voted was nominated and elected. Being in Lansing as Representative he attended the inaugural reception.

During the evening some one told him the Governor's lady wished to meet him. Several knew the lady's design and when he went up to be presented there was a hush in the assemblage. After the formal presentation she said, "Are you the man who asked God to forgive you when you cast your vote for my husband?" "Yes," Mr. Haydon shot back, "but I knew he wouldn't." So her expectations of confusing the "country member" were not realized. I never saw the story in print though it probably was, but heard it told in the early years of my life here, and think it should be preserved.

I am not trying to write a history of any of these towns. That has been worthily done three or more times in the last fifty years, but only to recall incidents and persons connected with the development of the country, and especially the ones omitted from the published histories. Indeed so many of these crowd upon me, it is difficult to make a choice, and I will have to ask you as Henry Ward Beecher once did his congregation to give me credit "for what I keep back."

The mowing marshes were considered a desirable part of a farm, and were useful for pastures, and for cutting hay, but later were regarded as having been really a damage, because farmers did not begin the use of clover as soon as the land needed it. There were few fences except to enclose growing crops. Stock could go as far as they liked, and "getting the cows" was the work of hours and sometimes days. I have heard Charles Osborn tell of going north from their old home because the cows started north in the morning and finally finding them near where the North Wayne church now is, nearly four miles from home, almost directly south.

There were wild berries, wild game and Indians for neighbors, and oftentimes these Indians were very good and kind neighbors. There was plenty of wood, and I have heard people say girdled trees were not fit for wood, and would use only green timber, which now certainly seems foolish waste, but the supply then looked endless.

James and Daniel Osborn and their sister Harriet came here in the spring, Daniel locating in Keeler and James coming the next year to Hamilton.

The first year they were together, and raised some fine melons. Their father had said he thought the family would come, so these two eldest sons —James was already married—selected some fine melons and packed them in oats for a treat. But they looked and waited in vain, and finally quite late ate the melons, and the next day, lo, there came the covered wagons and the family.

Only think of the difference! Within a slow day's drive, and those here had given them up, had no means of knowing they were so near. Had not even heard they were on the way.

However a mail route was established and a post office opened on the Territorial road with Mr. Coleman as first postmaster. I remember before I came from New York addressing letters to Hamilton's post office.

(Continued next week)

THE OSBORNS

Perhaps no family impressed themselves so strongly upon the community as the Osborns, for the reason that they were more numerous, and as a rule longer lived.. Seven of the sons grew up and raised families, and four daughters, while four of the first wife's children, and three of the second mother died single, there being eighteen altogether.

Harriet of the first family lived into her 54th year, and was widely known, and esteemed. Chauncy, youngest son of the second, died in Camp hospital in the Civil war. All who are left of that generation are D. H. Briggs of Naper, Nebraska, whose wife was Laura Osborn, Mrs. Horace Osborn and myself.

There are now more than 80 living in this section, who are either of Osborn blood, or married one who was, and as many in more or less remote parts of the country, besides of course many have died.

The father, Stephen Osborn, was an honest, temperate, industrious, and moral man, but unreasonably severe in his family. No child was spoiled

by sparing of the rod, and by what I have heard different ones of them say, he welcomed a pretext for using it. Perhaps he thought he was doing his duty. Daniel Osborn once said to me, "I rather my boy would never mind me at all, than be as afraid of me as I was of my father."

He was not a good financier, and the family, especially in his later years were poorly provided for. The mother worked more hours, and slept fewer than any one I ever knew, and even then could barely keep them fed, and never comfortably clothed, with the scanty means at her command.

Erastus Osborn

Many times when driving around the lake near their home my husband, Erastus Osborn, would speak of the times when he had gone over that road shivering with cold, because he was so thinly clad.

I do not allude to these things to bring discredit upon a pioneer citizen, but to emphasize the fact that in spite of all these hardships and privations they all grew up to be reputable members of the community and nearly all were exceptionally kind and liberal parents. I do not know if my husband was seven or eight when he started in school, wearing a sunbonnet and had no book. Good Mrs. Baxter, a blessing wherever she lived, learning this from her children, "dug up" a book and gave it to him the second morning.

His father died when he, the eldest of seven children, was fifteen and I think it was after that, but am not sure, that feeling the need of an Arithmetic, and having earned some money he sent by a neighbor to Paw Paw for one. He did not know what he wanted, the man did not know what to buy, and came home with a Thompson's higher arithmetic, which was utterly useless. He remembered that disappointment as long as he lived and as times and family conditions were, the money, a dollar and a quarter, was not easy to spare.

Daniel Osborn

Daniel Osborn was an elder half brother, one of the finest Osborns I ever knew. With the environment that should be every child's birth right, and an opportunity for an education, he would have been a superior character. Even lacking these, he was a sterling man, and a dignified gentleman.

He removed to Harper county, Kansas, in 1885, where he resided until his death in 1903. He purchased an extensive farm which is now owned by his son Milo H. Osborn. A recent letter tells of himself, one son and a hired man harvesting, threshing and storing in the elevator 6,000 bushels of wheat, besides a few hundred bushels in smaller lots which had to be handled in the old fashioned way. Mrs. Daniel Osborn, Minerva Babcock, died some years before he did, and their daughter, Mrs. Nora Weldenbach, about five years ago.

Benjamin Hungerford

The maternal grandfather, Benjamin Hungerford, came to Keeler in 1837 and bought 640 acres of land on Territorial road with the intention of giving each of his children a farm, but his plan, I think, was never carried out. He was of English descent, his ancestors having come to America in the 17th century.

Some of the family have traced their ancestry in a direct line back to Sir Giles, and Lord Robert Hungerford and one cousin visited their tombs in Salisbury cathedral dated 1438, also of a sister of these, who built the church at Stoke Poges, which was the scene of the Elegy written by the poet Grey.

Benjamin Hungerford was a man of much energy and business ability, a strong character in all ways. He owned and operated a carding mill in Genesee county, New York, which he sold when he came to Michigan. His "mantel piece," to quote Mrs. Partington, seems not to have fallen on his sons.

His wife was Jane Weston, daughter of Jonathan Weston, a Revolutionary soldier, but as the records show eight of him in the American army, no one has been able to learn which was the ancestor of the Osborn family, by reason of which some who desired to join the D. A. R. have been unable to do so.

They were the parents of sixteen children. He died in 1850, and she in 1853, and are buried in the Keeler cemetery, his monument being the first one erected in that burial ground.

Millard Fillmore in his youth was an apprentice in the Hungerford mill. Not long before his death he revisited the locality, and wept as he gazed upon the familiar scenes, and recalled incidents of his life there. It is related that great grandmother Weston rode on horseback with a babe (grandmother Hungerford) in her lap to witness the surrender of one division of the British army. It took two days or more, and she was in company with a neighbor whose son was in the same regiment with her husband.

THE HISTORY OF VOLINIA TOWNSHIP

PRIMATIVE HOUSEKEEPING. HARVESTING GRAIN. THE HOME MADE BROOM THE INDIAN, WEESAW.

Now just a few words about the pioneer life of Volinia township. Of course the first buildings were log cabins. The axe, saw and auger were the only tools required in building a house and with these the pioneer would do the whole job; in fact, he seemingly needed no others.

The pioneer, on starting to the woods, or on a journey, always carried an axe and with this he would cut roads, build a bridge or mend his wagon, as the case might be or circumstances required. A broken axle-tree was of no uncommon occurrence, and with the axe alone, he would mend his vehicle by cutting a pole and tying it fast to the axle-tree with withes, and proceed on his journey.

How different were their homes from our homes now. Their puncheon floors extended only about two-thirds across the one room house, the rest of the floor being mother earth and the "floor clean enough to eat a dinner off from," was the height of women's ambition in that time.

A good and large fire place was one of the main parts of a cabin. As it would take too much space to tell how they were built, I will omit it.

A broom was one of the first requisites to housekeeping. This was made from a small hickory sapling, by commencing at the butt end of the stick and running the splints, which were started with a knife, upward, until they were long enough for the brush of the broom. This was continued as long as the stick would run, when the small heart was sawed off, the splints turned back and the upper end run in the same way, commencing far enough up to make the length of splint required. And when down to the proper size for a handle, the balance of the stick was finished up to correspond, and with a shoe string to hold the splints together the broom was complete, and was as effective as it was simple in construction.

Furniture for the cabin was built the same as the cabin, from logs, poles and such material as was in the woods.

Cooking and baking were all done in the one fire place.

Clothing and bedding and many other articles were also manufactured at home from materials grown on the farm. Of these flax and wool formed the principal bases, while cotton was used to some extent. Flax was grown, rotted, broken, scutched, hetched, spun, and in some cases woven at home. Wool, also, after being carded, was spun, dyed and woven by our grandmothers of precious memory.

The plow, harrow and hand sickle were the only farming tools used until 1835, when the hand sickle was superseded by the grain cradle. In 1845 the grain cradle had a competitor in the market, in the form of a Hussey reaper. It was brought in by B. Hathaway of "Little Prairie Ronde."

After harvesting, the grain was stacked, and threshed on the ground. In threshing, either a flail was used to pound it out by hand, or it was trodden out by horses and cattle. When threshed it was winnowed with a sheet, two men taking hold of either end and giving it a waving motion, while a third threw up the grain and chaff from a basket, and the wind from the sheet blew the chaff away, leaving the grain to fall in a pile.

Indians

Yes, there were Indians here when the farmers came to settle in Volinia

township. Weesaw, the third in command of the Pottawatomies, occupied the northeastern part of Cass county, making his home in the summer season on the farm, known as the Linnius Lawrence farm on "Little Prairie Ronde."

His winter quarters were on the Dowagiac creek on the farm of Mrs. Jane Crego, where he had wigwams for the twenty families of his band. He made sugar in the northwest part of Volinia township, on the Daniel Squier farm, known as the Will Wright and Verna Griffis farms.

In the spring of 1830 or '31 Weesaw wished to move from his winter quarters to the sugar making ground, but owing to the indisposition of one of his wives, who had been badly hurt in a drunken brawl by an Indian who had with a sharp stick prodded nearly all the joints of her body, making it impossible to move her with their means of conveyance, he came to Johnathan Gard for assistance, and wished him to take his ox team and move her.

Mr. Gard, fearing that in her critical condition something might happen and he would be blamed, evaded the chief by telling him that the oxen were in the woods and he did not know where to find them.

Weesaw replied, "Me find them," and immediately set out in pursuit of them, and on the next morning drove them up. A long sled was prepared with a litter and the squaw carefully loaded on; but in going through the woods they came to a large log that it was impossible to get around. Mr. Gard made a bridge of small poles and instructed Weesaw as the sled came to a balance to ease it over so as not to jar or hurt her. The idea struck him so forcibly that he clapped his hands for joy at its success.

The trip was made in safety, but the poor woman, owing to the serious nature of her wounds, lived but a few days. Weesaw assumed to hold for a number of years a grant of three miles square on the south side of "Little Prairie Ronde," taking in a portion of "Gard's Prairie," and the creek intervening, but no attention was paid to his claim by the settlers, and in 1835 he and his band moved to the western part of Berrien county.

The most beautiful farm home in Volinia township is a part of "Gard's Prairie," and is owned by Mrs. O. G. Everett, a granddaughter of Johnathan Gard who settled on "Gard's Prairie."

Volinia township is noted for the beautiful "Newton Woods," located on the James Newton farm, now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Jane Newton Crego, there being over 300 acres of virgin timber on this farm.

People for miles around come to see this beautiful woods. Scientists from Chicago and the west came last summer to study the plant life, that they are unable to find in cut-over timber. We hope this beautiful woods will be preserved for many years to come.

Volinia township has four cemeteries — the Crane, the Charleston, Rose Hill and Fish Lake. I will write of these cemeteries at another time.

Thanking you all for reading thus far, I am for those pioneers,

History of Volinia Township Items

Many is the time my grandfather, Daniel Wellard, has taken a grist to Amos Green's mill to be ground, putting the grain in a bag and taking it on the cow's back.

About 1880 a dance hall was bulit and run by Clarence and Adelbert Ferrel at the present site of Volinia. This hall burned down in August, 1894.

About 1880 the second store at Volinia was built and kept by Abe Cary and Morgan Sulsor, and the post-office was kept part of the time in this store. For years the Masons have held their meetings in the hall above this store.

The Grange and Lady Maccabees have held their meetings above the other store.

Many years ago Wm. Hurtle conducted a blacksmith shop here at Volinia. In latter years Charley Abbott had a shop.

About 12 years ago Clair Khun and Joe Nowak built and run a garage just north of the stores.

In 1915 William Wellard opened a shoe and harness repair shop at Volinia and conducted same until his death three years later.

At the present time there is only one store with cream station doing business here.

The gravel roads came to Volinia in 1918. Since then our lakes have become very popular summer resorts.

Estella Hartman.

DECATUR BOWS TO ITS PIONEERS

Town Observes Centennial of Arrival of the First White Settlers

Decatur has received some splendid advertising through its Centennial celebration. We expect if it could be measured this advertising would far exceed in value the cost of the celebration. The Detroit News in its edition of last Friday devoted about a page to the town and the event.

There were fine illustrations of Mrs. M. Grace Hammond, Mrs. J. E. Goble, Mrs. Lewis Graham, Helen Weaver, the old fire truck, August Knoll, D. W. Brodhead, L. G. Stewart and Frank White.

A reporter and photographer for the News spent most of the day here last Thursday. They visited Little Prairie Ronde with Mrs. Hammond, Decatur's muck land area with Dr. Maxwell and spent some time obtaining historical data in the Republican office.

The story in the News of last Friday is as follows,—

Decatur, Mich., August 2.—One hundred years ago, when Dolphin Morris and his young wife, Nancy, moved from Ohio into the Michigan wilderness and put together, log by log, a tiny home at the northern end of the circular prairie the French had named Little Prairie Ronde, they probably did not think of themselves as heroes.

But at Decatur this week a large part of southwestern Michigan is observing the centennial of their arrival and paying homage to their names, for they were the first white family to settle in what now is Van Buren county.

Thousands are attending the celebration which opened Wednesday night and ends Saturday evening.

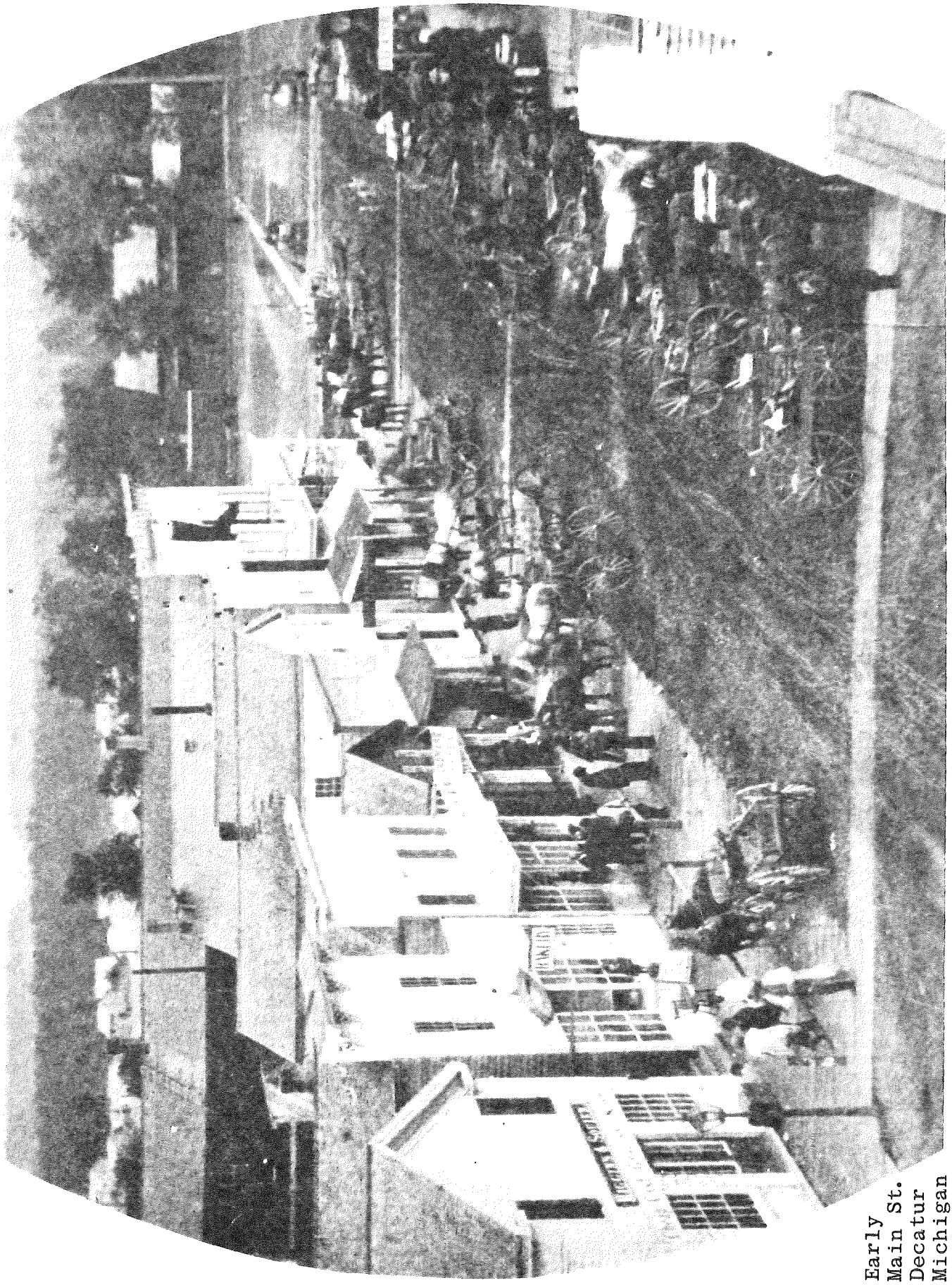
Thursday there was a Pioneer Parade. Most of the oldest residents of William Sprague. The district, once opened, grew rapidly and on March 11, 1837, Van Buren county was organized with seven townships. In the gubernatorial election of 1839 Decatur township cast 40 ballots, 24 Whig and 16 Democratic.

Founders Never Left

Then came the railroad in 1848, and in 1850 the plat of the present village was surveyed and offered for sale by Joseph D. Beers and Samuel Sherwood, of New York.

Dolphin and Nancy Morris never left the county in which they had settled. Dolphin died in 1870 at the age of 72 years, and Nancy seven years later. Their youngest son, Henry, and his wife moved into the old homestead. Both were slain during the night of September 28, 1879, a mystery that never was solved and still is talked about.

Dolphin and Nancy Morris have alive today 88 descendants, 27 of whom live in Decatur.



Early
Main St.
Decatur
Michigan
1860

DOLPHIN MORRIS.

MRS. NANCY MORRIS.

THE FAMILY OF DOLPHIN MORRIS

Descendants of Decatur's First Settlers Who Located on Little Prairie Ronde March 26, 1829.

Dolphin Morris, oldest son of Samuel and Rebecca Morris, was born in Loudoun county, Virginia, August 16, 1798.

He was married to Nancy Beaver, a young girl about 18 years of age, March 27, 1823.

After the birth of three children Mr. Morris decided to seek his fortune in the wilds of Michigan. Coming from Ross county, Ohio, he located on Little Prairie Ronde and moved his family March 26, 1829.

His cabin was the first built in Van Buren county and was known far and near.

For nearly two years he was the only settler in this county. His rude cabin not only sheltered the first white family, but under its roof the first school was taught in the winter of 1833-'34.

Here was born the first white child in the county. The Dolphin Morris family consisted of eleven children, viz.: Samuel, Zarilda, Amos, Lewis Creighton, Elias, Mary, Frances, Dolphin, Benjamin, Susie, and Henry, all of whom are dead.

The direct descendents now living of this family are 88 in number, of which 27 live in Decatur.

SAMUEL MORRIS FAMILY

Flora Kent	Leona Wood .....Kenton—Bellevue, Mich. Neva Kent, Bellevue Mich. LaRue Kent .....Donna Rose—Volinia, Mich. Coy Kent, Detroit.
Belle Gould	Earl .....4 children, Chicago. Edna Cook .....Isabelle, Carl, Helen, Vivian, Herbert—Dowagiac
Fannie Mott .... Volinia	Elda Hull .....Irene, Volinia Verna Griffis .....Ida May, Wilbur, Millard—Volinia

Elmer Morris ... Volinia	Lyle .....Hartsell, Cassopolis Herschel .....Kenneth, Roth, Decatur Max .....Evelyn, Cassopolis Alba .....Richard, Volinia
	Bessie Roth .....Pauline, Morris, Merle, Virginia, Warren—Decatur
Eva Southworth	Leo .....Donald, Gordon, Dean, Alberta, Bernita—Decatur Maynard .....Myron, Carl, Mary Margret —Decatur
Clinna Morton .. Dowagiac	Morris .....Morris, Carl Richard—Kalamazoo Millard .....Phillip—St. Joe

ZARILDA HULTZ FAMILY

James Hultz. . . Detroit

AMOS MORRIS FAMILY

Laura Morris.... Paw Paw

Grace Vining Lisk	Laura Coleman .....Myron, Carl, Mary Margaret Mont. Mary Evans .....Warren—Portland, Oregon Carl Vining .....Marian, Robert—Niles

ELIAS MORRIS FAMILY

Jessie Welch ...	Charles .....Russell, Adeline—Saginaw Imogene King .....Katherine, Dorothy, Jean—Golden, Ill. Charlotte Huyck—Decatur

Raymond Morris...LeGrand—Chicago .....Marian and Carl—Kalamazoo.

Carlton Morris . Pontiac

SUSIE ANDERSON FAMILY

M. Grace Hammond.	Mary Abbott .....Marion, Elsa, Emma, Marvel—Decatur Clara Abbott LeGrand .....Gordon—South Haven

Clara S. A. Rennie Paw Paw

THE FAMOUS FISK JUBILEE SINGERS

In Concert at Decatur Town Hall Next Tuesday Evening, October 15, at 8 o'clock.

Pre-eminent in the field of Negro ensemble singing and direct descendants of the original exponents of Negro spirituals, the Fisk Jubilee Singers have become a musical tradition of international significance. Sixty years is a short time to have produced the three finest groups of singers in the Negro race. The present group, a male quartet, is the third generation of these Singers, which has always been composed of graduates of Fisk University, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Established in 1865, on the site of an old slave market, Fisk University is now one of the oldest and best known institutions for the higher education of Negro people, having developed from a preparatory normal school to a liberal arts college of highest standing. The first group of Fisk Jubilee Singers, born in slavery, and named from that passage in Leviticus, proclaiming a year of "jubilee," went to Europe in 1873. They sang before Queen Victoria, the King and Queen of Holland, Gladstone and the Earl of Shaftsbury, and in that first tour they earned enough money to build two dormitories at Fisk University.

The present group has just returned from a fourth visit to Europe, which renewed and increased their triumphs in all the

important centres. They filled Salle Gaveau in Paris four times, were soloists there with the Colonne Orchestra and Societie Philharmonique; they made three tours along the Riviera, sang repeatedly in London, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Amsterdam, Budapest, Prague, Zurich, gave private concerts before Lady Astor, Premier Mussolini, Ambassador Tobin of Holland and Ambassador Fletcher of Rome.

The timbre and quality of their voices individually and the perfection of their ensemble is the constant admiration of emient musicians, and they have the sincere endorsement of Walter Damrosch, David Mannes, Frank la Forge, Eva Gauthier, Alma Gluck, Roland Hayes, who was formerly one of their group and also a Fisk student, and such French artists as Ravel and Rabaud. They have sung with the Symphony Orchestras of Boston, Chicago and Detroit, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the greatest exponents of Negro spirituals in the world today.

Admission, 50c and 75c.

Reserved seats on sale at Harper's News Stand.

PROGRAM

I

Steal Away.....
Good News.....
Roll Jordan Roll.....
Goin' to Ride Up in the Chariot..... } Spirituals

II

Were You There.....
Bye and Bye.....
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....
Exekiel Saw the Wheel..... } Spirituals

III

Goin' Home ..... Dvorak
Lullaby ..... Deasey
121st Psalm (written for the Fisk Singers) Frank La Forge
Little Tommy ..... Macy

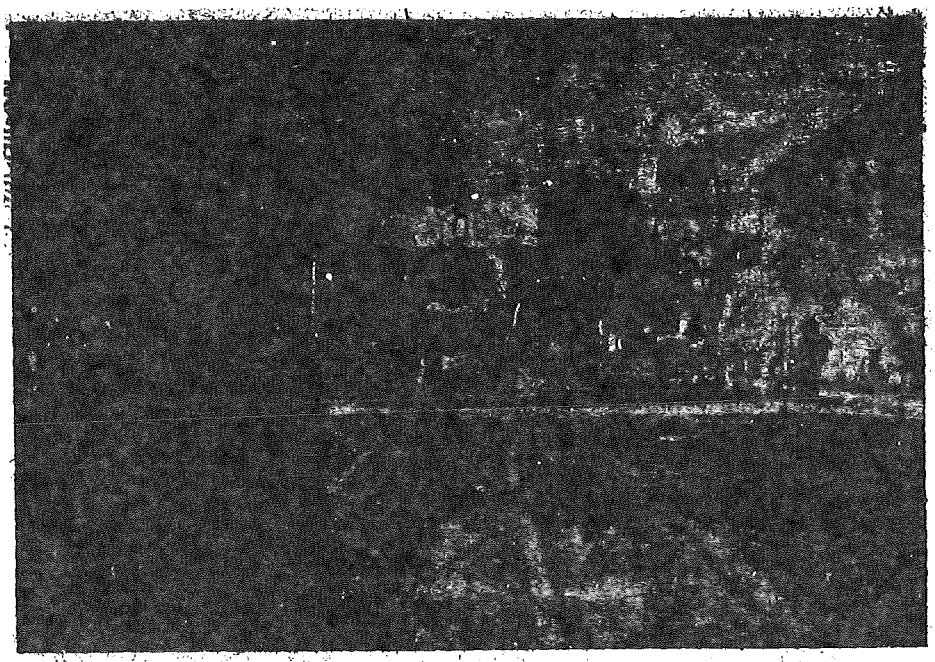
IV

I Want To Be Ready.....
Wish Ise in Heaven Settin' Down.....
The Old Ark.....
In the River of Jordan..... } Spirituals

The Fisk Jubilee Singers:—Carl J. Barbour, Jerome Wright, William Cotton, Ludie D. Collins.

Director:—Mrs. James Myers.

Management:—Jean Wiswell, New York City.



OUT OF THE PAST — The above picture taken in Decatur many years ago, will bring back memories to many an oldster. Who will be the first to identify it?

EARLY HISTORY OF DECATUR

From an Address delivered by the Late Hon. A. B. Copley at the Centennial Celebration in Decatur, July 4, 1876.

VAN BUREN CO.

1st Settler — Dolphin Morris in Decatur, 1st Wk. in April, 1829
1st School — Wm. Alexander — teacher Winter of 1834-5
1st Birth — Lewis Creighton Morris Aug. 4, 1830
1st Death — Lewis Creighton Morris Dec. 20, 1830
1st Marriage — Elijah Goble and Eliza Tittle — Sept. 28, 1833

Forty-seven years ago, 1829, an Indian hunter on his way on the Grand River trail from the mission at the Rapids, to Carey Mission, near Niles, might have been seen traveling along the bank of Swift's Lake, in the township, passing through the Indian corn field on its south-west border, the old stalks of the previous year's growth yet standing. As he came in sight of Little Prairie Ronde on the hill, the site of the old house on the Rosewarne farm, he was startled by the distant sound of an axe.

He paused, Indian like, to look and listen. The beautiful prairie stretched out before him to the south-west three miles in length, carpeted with its bluish green grass and here and there dotted with flowers, occasionally dark green spots crowned with pale white flowers marking the red root shrubs better known as the Indian Tea plant.

The blue smoke curled hazily upward that bright summer morning about one and one-half miles distant, but that was not an unusual sight, for it arose from the wigwams of his chief, Wesaw, located near the pond on the Buell farm in Cass County. As he stopped, his quick ear detected the sound of cow bells in the distance — louder than those that located the feeding ground of Indian ponies. Glancing nervously around, his sharp eye missed an apple tree, the pioneer tree of the County having been dug up and removed. The apple from which it sprang had been brought from the Mission at St. Joseph, in his shot pouch, as a rare treat for a favorite papoose. His squaw had planted it by the big trap where they would often see it and their descendants would partake of its fruit as enjoyed by the good Fathers at the Mission.

THE FIRST CABIN

A French fur trader, was not an unusual occurrence, but the settler's cabin, his truck patch, and little field of sod corn; ie, seed dropped in every third furrow and let alone, his cows feeding on the rich native grass of the prairie, all marked a new departure and it is no wonder that the hunter turned aside to have a closer view of this first invasion or encroachment of his rights on the soil of Van Buren County.

This cabin was located near the center of the southeast quarter of Sec. 35 and no one familiar with the history of Van Buren County need be told it was the home of Dolphin Morris, the pioneer settler of Decatur Township and Van Buren County.

Nov. 3, 1828, Mr. Morris and his family left Deer Creek, Sciota Co., Ohio, arriving at the residence of Joseph Gard near Pokagon Township, Cass Co., where they wintered.

During the winter he visited Little Prairie Ronde and in the spring, in company with his father, H.D. Swift and Joseph Morlan, arrived at the prairie on the evening of March 22, 1829. They camped out at the outlet of Finch Lake near Nicholsville and on the 27th, commenced uctting logs for a cabin, which work was suspended in a few days by a heavy fall of snow. Dolphin Morris, in the meantime returned to Pokagon and brought his family to their new home during the first week of April.

THE FIRST SCHOOL

Jacob Morlan built a shanty for temporary occupation until he built his own cabin in Volinia Township. H.D. Swift, father of A.B. Swift of Decatur, worked for Mr. Morris, but did not bring his family here or establish a claim at once.

For two years Mr. Morris was the only settler in Van Buren County. His rude cabin not only sheltered the first white family resident here, but under its roof, the first school was taught by William Alexander in the winter of 1834-5. He was a Virginian, a relative.

First Birth and Marriage

Here was born the first white child in the county, Lewis Creighton Morris, August 4, 1830, and here the little fellow left for his angel home December 20 of the same year.

Here was born May 11, 1883, Elias Morris, the oldest living white person born in the county.

Here it was that Daniel Alexander and Margaret Tittle, Peggy, she was called then, the second married couple in the county, spent their honeymoon, or at least set up housekeeping.

A building that served to shelter the first family was the first hotel, church, school house, where the first birth and first death occurred. The building where the first domestic alter in the county was set up, deserves more than passing tribute and its site should be marked as a reminder of our early history.

In the fall of 1832 there were sixteen eighty acre lots sold up to that time in Decatur township, four in Waverly to R. Sherwood, five in Paw Paw, one to John A. Agard, one to S. Barber and one to P. Barber and two to Peter Gremps.

Dolphin Morris and Samuel Morris his brother, LeGrande Anderson, H. D. Swift, David Curry and George Tittle were the only settlers in Decatur.

A Mr. Van Dover was the only settler in Porter on what is now known as the Gibson farm

The first marriage in the county was Elijah Goble to Miss Elizah Tittle, September 28, 1833, by John Shaw.

100 Miles for Seed Corn

In 1831 seed corn failed and John Tittle, a boy of fifteen years, and a Mr. Kirkendall, working for Dolphin Morris, went to Fort Defiance on the Maumee, a distance of one hundred miles and got two bushels of seed corn which the settlers turned out and planted on Sunday, being the most of the corn raised in the settlement that year.

In 1832 the Black Hawk or Soc war occurred, and though no one was hurt or likely to be, as the Indians did not reach Chicago by at least one hundred miles, yet every man was ordered out and though telegraphs were not in use then rumors were plentiful and visions of tomahawks, scalping knives and burning dwellings were not favorable to sleep. About this time Dolphin Morris went to mill near Niles. A severe snow storm came on which prolonged his absence fourteen days and then he was compelled to come with the fore wheels of his wagon, his team and a bag of flour.

On the night of the twentieth of June, 1835, a severe frost occurred, destroying most of the vegetables, corn and wheat, unprotected by the vicinity of small lakes.

In the fall of 1834 a railroad survey was made from Detroit to St. Joseph by Lieut. Berrien of the United States engineer corps. The survey passed within a mile of Decatur, entering the swamp from the east just south of the Van Hise farm. The Territorial road was laid out and partially completed the same year.

An actual trip to St. Joseph with wheat from Little Prairie Ronde in the autumn of 1834 occupied seven days as follows: First day to Paw Paw where Mr. Dodge had just put in a small house for a tavern and the saw mill was in operation, second day to Emerson's or Freeman's, Christie lake, third day, half way from there to St. Joseph, fourth day reached the river and crossed; fifth day load sold and back ten miles to John B. Rulo's a Frenchman living in the town of Bainbridge, two miles east of Millburg and the only resident at that time between Paw Paw and St. Joseph, sixth day, back to Paw Paw, and seventh day home.

First Settler in Hamilton—Zabina Sterns, 1834.
First settler of Keeler, Tobias Byers, 1835.
Volinia township organized, 1833.
Decatur and Porter organized into one township called Decatur in 1837.
Decatur township commenced her official existence alone in 1845.

The spring of 1835 brought the first permanent settlers to Hamilton and Keeler, Zabina Sterns in Hamilton and Tobias Byers in Keeler, being the advance guard of the eastern hordes that spread over the entire county within the two following years. The earliest settler aside from those mentioned was Judge Monroe in South Haven in 1834.

Civil Government

April 12, 1827, all territory west of Lenawee county on lands to which the Indian title had been obtained by the treaty of General Cass at Chicago in 1820 was organized in one township called St. Joseph. An election was held at the home of Timothy Smith on White Pigeon Prairie.

November fifth, 1829, Cass county was organized in four townships, Pokagon, LaGrange, Ontwa and Penn. Van Buren county was called one township named LaFayette and was attached to Penn and an election was ordered to be held at the home of Martin S. Shields in Penn, section 20. It seems that the election was not held until 1831 and it was the first election in which citizens of Van Buren county participated.

It may not be inappropriate here to mention that Ira Nash, a merchant of twenty years standing in Decatur village and one of the directors who located and built the present swamp road to Little Prairie Ronde, was elected township clerk at this first election, a position which he held for eleven consecutive years during eight of which he also held the office of Justice of the Peace.

In 1832 Henry D. Swift was elected school inspector at the Penn election, being the pioneer office holder in Van Buren county. It is shrewdly surmised that there are a few persons yet in the county willing to follow his footsteps and sacrifice themselves for the public good.

Volinia Township

In 1833 Volinia township was organized and Van Buren county was attached to it for judicial purposes.

In 1834 a road district was formed consisting of the north half of Volinia, Decatur and Paw Paw townships. LeGrande Anderson was made Overseer and the whole settlement performed their road work on a swamp crossing a short distance west of Lawton. Job Davis, Hinkley and Agard from Paw Paw, Samuel Rich and Brookfield Gard from near the Warner school house in Volinia and all settlers intervening worked on this road.

The first power of any importance exercised by Van Buren county politically was in 1835. James O'Dell and Thomas Burk were elected representatives from Cass county and received certificates as such, but when the returns came in from Van Buren county it was found that Joseph Smith was elected over Burk. Armed with the returns Smith went to Detroit and secured the position.

In 1836 the records of Cass county show that at the October session Peter Gremps represented LaFayette township on the Board of Supervisors and that Edward Shults was collector (treasurer) for the same township. No other mention is made on the records in regard to LaFayette township.

In 1837 the county was organized into seven townships. Decatur and Porter together were called Decatur township. In 1844, the last election in which the towns of Decatur and Porter were united, there were eighty votes cast, S. Kinney being elected supervisor.

Decatur Township.

In 1845 Decatur township commenced her official existence alone, the election being held in a log school house near the Greenman farm. Sixteen votes were cast and Lyman Sanford was elected Supervisor. He was re-elected in 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849. The highest number of votes cast in those days being 48.

In 1850 the election was probably held in the passenger house as the bridge was down. Fifty votes were cast and A. N. Lefevre was elected supervisor. May 8, 1850, an election was held in the village of Decatur to select delegates to the Constitutional convention.

VILLAGE OF DECATUR

First train passed through Decatur, October 1, 1848.

First merchant, A. H. Dixon.

First Resident, Hiram Lee.

First road across swamp opened November 3, 1849.

DECATUR VILLAGE

Previous to the building of the M. C. R. R. there were no settlements near. As early as 1834 the site of the village was well known to the hunters of that time and was used as a favorite camping ground. It was a lovely state of nature almost surrounded by swamps, a beautiful level plain with but little timber and scarcely any underbrush, the annual fires recurring every spring destroying the shrubery growth of the preceding year. Beautiful flowers of varying hue bloomed from early spring till autumn, and occasional bunches of tall prairie grass intermixed rendered it a welcome spot to the tired hunter after tramping through the big swamp!

In the fall of the year during the running season it was no uncommon occurrence for a party of from five to ten Wayne and Volinia hunters to spend a week camping out on the hard land nearest Pickerel lake, more famous forty years ago than now. They hunted and fished with no other outfit than their fish lines, rifles, blankets, a dog or two for wounded deer, a loaf of bread, a lump of salt and several gallons of whiskey.

COMING OF THE RAILROAD

In 1847 a change came over Decatur. The M. C. R. R. owned by the state and built as far as Kalamazoo, was sold to the present Company in 1846. Various surveys were made and the road located as at present. Grading was commenced in 1847 and during 1848 the depot buildings were erected. The iron was laid and passenger trains reached Lawton in the fall of 1847. The road was laid through to Niles in 1848 and the first train went through the first of October. An excursion train from Detroit to Niles celebrated the opening of the road to the latter city October 2nd, 1848.

C. S. Tucker kept a boarding shanty a short distance south of the passenger depot and in 1849 kept boarders in a small building erected for an office by Beers and Sherwood on the site of the Duncombe House.

A. H. Dixon, Goss & Dixon and T. E. Phelps were the earliest merchants in the order named, being here in 1849.

Hiram Lee is perhaps the oldest resident, having bought the first village lot in 1848, previous to the laying out of the village in 1849. It was designated as the third lot west of the public square on the railroad side, being the lot next to the livery barn.

THE OLD SWAMP ROAD

Still it was a town without a country. From east to west it was environed by an impassable swamp and the railroad company and village people both knew that a road southeast across the swamp was an absolute necessity for the success of the town.

A road meeting was held November 2, 1848, near the residence of Jacob Charles, at the school house mentioned as the place of holding town meetings, to determine the site of the road. Two routes had been surveyed, one just east of Pickeral lake, and the other nearly east, leaving the swamp at Mr. Charles' place. The lower route was chosen and the road built of split puncheons eight to ten feet long laid on pole stringers, except perhaps one-fifth of the distance which had plank in the place of split timbers, a sawmill having been erected by Beers and Sherwood just west of the village.

This road had turnouts at intervals. It was but a single track and it was rough and tedious passing over it.

The road was completed so that teams crossed on Saturday, November 3, 1849. It was the connecting link that bound the township together, prominent citizens having previously contemplated a change of boundaries, making the swamp the dividing line.

This first road was built under the supervision of A. N. Lefever, agent for Beers and Sherwood, at a cost to the firm of $2,000, the Railway Company giving $500 and the citizens $300. L. Sandford acted as trustee for the citizens.

Miss Hathaway, Mrs. Copley now, came by boat and rail from Chicago to Decatur November 6, 1849. Mr. Goddard, the station agent, took her to her home on the Prairie with horse and wagon and she was probably the first passenger leaving for the south side of the swamp.

In 1855, the first road having become much worn, a project for a new road was instituted. Subscription papers were circulated and $1,000 pledged from each side of the swamp from private means. The present route west of the lake was selected and the road built under the direction of three directors from each side of the swamp. George Bennett, T. E. Phelps and Ira Nash were the Decatur directors and Abram Vought, Hubbell Warner and A. B. Copley represented the south side. The township of Decatur built the bridge over the Dowagiac river.

In 1865 the legislature passed a special act authorizing the townships of Decatur and Volinia to raise by tax for the improvement of the Decatur and Little Prairie Ronde road a sum not exceeding one-half of one per cent on the previous year's valuation. Under this act $1,379 were voted in Volinia and $2,488 in Decatur. The present road and the one it was substituted for, as near as can now be estimated, cost $15,000.

In Decatur township there have been raised by tax for road purposes $18,056 besides 6,172 from other sources, making a total of $24,228, besides the regular labor assessments, a sum far in excess of any adjacent township.

After the completion of the first road across the swamp the village grew rapidly, its trade extending to Lake Michigan on the northwest and inland from twelve to fifteen miles.

Decatur Village first incorporated in 1859.

District No. 4 organized as graded school in 1862.

School opened in new high school building September, 1864.

First school director—H. A. Northrup.

First town hall built in 1870.

Decatur from 1859 to 1876

The village of Decatur was incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in 1859 and by special act of the Legislature in 1861 The act of incorporation included this curious provision:—"The President and Trustees shall receive no compensation but may each year provide themselves and fellow officers a dinner or supper at the expense of the village." The officers have never taken advantage of this generous offer but have worked without pay and boarded themselves.

The first president of the village was E. Parker Hill, the first recorder or clerk, Orrin T. Welch.

School District No. 4

The citizens of Decatur village and township notwithstanding the great expense incurred in grading and graveling the village and building the splendid road across the swamp and other roads, have not neglected their intellectual wants.

In 1862 school district No. 4 was organized as a graded school. June 17, 1863, the anniversary of Bunker Hill, ground was broken for the main school building which was finished during the summer of 1864 at a cost of $12,000. School commenced there the September following. H. A. Northrup, Esq., now president of the village, was director of the District at its reorganization and for four years following.

There were raised and expended during the fourteen years from 1862 to 1875 inclusive for school purposes in this district $64,759 and in the entire township for the ten years from 1866 to 1875, $68,338.

The First Town Hall

In 1870 a town hall was built in the village at an expense to the township of $11,000. It was built of brick, 37x72 feet in size and is a substantial evidence of the public spirit and liberality of the citizens of the township.

Decatur in the War

Though our history does not reach back to the Revolution it includes revolutionary times. The state records do not show to what extent the townships and counties participated in the Civil war.

A special township meeting was held February 16, 1864, to vote a $100 bounty to volunteers. One hundred and thirteen persons voted, ten of whom said "No bounty." A like bounty would scarce reveal their names today. Thirty-five bonds were issued during the next ten months.

Where all did well it were wrong to make invidious comparisons. Enough remains to show that Decatur township and Van Buren county performed well their part.

There was no draft in Decatur, her gallant volunteers were represented in Sickle's Brigade at the east and Douglas at the west and in almost every regiment of our own state. They participated on nearly every battle field,

from the firing on Sumpter to the capture of Jefferson Davis where Van Buren county soldiers won a coveted distinction.

Van Buren County's Record

In thousands of places over this broad land today historians are recounting the sacrifices, privations and hardships endured by ancestors from one to two hundred and fifty years ago, and now they point with pride to their schools and colleges, to their mills and factories, their canals, steamships, railroads, and other facilities of commerce, all evidences of their great progress. Van Buren county utters no word of disapproval and would not pluck a single laurel from their brows. We would simply remind Plymouth Rock with its 256 years of history and other places of similar age, that in progress and prosperity she stands the peer of the proudest.

Instead of tracing her great advancement to the deeds of a long line of ancestors she now has the men and women within her own fruitful borders who, in the forty-seven years from the first stroke of the pioneer's axe, have passed through all the toils, privations and struggles incident to the settlement of a new country and today are enjoying the distinction of being the living witnesses of a march in civilization hitherto unparalelled in the history of the world's progress.

THE END.

A HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF HAMILTON

By WALDO PHILLIPS

The first white man's habitation was erected in Hamilton township in 1833 by Benjamin Reynolds and Joel Clark of Kalamazoo county. These gentlemen made periodical hunting trips into this section and used this cabin for that purpose. It was located on section 17 just west of the residence of Frank Stearns.

In 1829 the legislative council of the territory had authorized the survey and laying out of a road running from Detroit westerly to the mouth of the St. Joseph river. At this point, visited by LaSalle in 1680 had been established a mission in 1700 and an Indian trading post had been maintained for some years.

The surveyors found the line of least resistance to be the Indian trail between these two points and from Kalamazoo through Paw Paw and from a point about five miles west of that village running southwesterly into Hamilton township and thence westerly to its terminus, these surveyors followed this Indian trail very closely. This road was known and to this day is designated as the Territorial road.

It was over this route that these hunters and succeeding early settlers came into Hamilton and in 1834 Reynolds brought his wife and evidently a cow to the cabin in the wilderness. This same cow soon aroused as great a commotion among the population as did Mrs. O'Leary's cow in Chicago some years later, but in a different manner.

It seems that this Reynolds cow, in pursuing her natural instinct for self-preservation and desire for food, strayed away from the cabin and Mrs. Reynolds set out to find her. After searching in vain for some time she discovered that she was lost and Mrs. Reynolds cried out for help, but none came until the next morning when she was found by James and John Nesbitt of Keeler and taken back to her home.

On arrival there she informed her husband of her disgust with a country where one could not take a walk without becoming lost and furthermore that she would not remain in such a place another hour. As might be expected the woman carried the day, and the first prospective settlement in Hamilton was defeated. The Reynolds soon settled in Porter and lived happily ever after. The fate of the cow is unknown.

In April, 1835, Robert Nesbitt entered a large tract of land in the north part of the township. This was the first entry made. Mr. Nesbitt was already a experienced saw mill operator and chose a water power site on Brush creek.

In the fall of that year he began the erection of a saw mill, having brought in 19 loads of lumber and supplies from Prairie Ronde in Kalamazoo county.

By June 3, 1836, his mill was in operation, and for more than 40 years Mr. Nesbitt conducted a thriving lumbering business. The demand was especially keen at the time of the construction of the Michigan Central railroad between Kalamazoo and Niles, 1846 to 1848, and his mill was running day and night.

The first cargo of walnut lumber ever shipped around Cape Horn to California was the product of Hamilton forests and Nesbitt's mill.

This enterprising and energetic citizen also erected in 1856 and operated the only flour mill in the township.

In its later years this mill did a thriving business under the ownership and management of John Wassman. It was destroyed by fire in 1914, after which Mr. Wassman resold the site to the Nesbitt estate and purchased the mill at Lawrence which he has successfully operated since that time.

In May, 1835, Zebina Stearns came into the township seeking a location, and finding the deserted Reynolds cabin, pre-empted it as his temporary abode. He took up land and remained until his death in 1846. He was joined by his son Sidney in 1836. Sidney Stearns was the father of the late Zebina Stearns and of Frank Stearns, who still lives on the original homestead.

During those first years of settlement a number of home-seekers stopped at the Stearns place and a log cabin would be erected in a day for their temporary use. Caleb Bartlett and family were among those who were thus befriended in 1836.

His daughter at that time three years old and now in her ninety-seventh year, relates that there were as many as six families thus accommodated and living around the little clearing at one time.

This daughter, whose memory reaches back to those early days, is Mrs. Stephen Bullard, to whom we are indebted for some tales illustrating the early pioneer life in a very vivid manner.

James and John Nesbitt, brothers of Robert Nesbitt, who had located in Keeler in 1834, sold their holdings to W. H. Keeler and James took up four eighties on sections 13 and 14 and settled there in 1835, where he resided until his death in 1849. He was found dead at the bottom of his well and, although foul play was suspected, the matter remained an unsolved mystery.

In the summer of 1835, Lewis Johnson and wife, leading a cow and carrying all their possessions in their hands and on their backs, arrived at the Stearns place, having journeyed from Jackson where they had sojourned for a year.

Johnson settled on section 18, later the home of his son Andrew, not far from the point at which the Territorial road turns west on Indian trail, branches from it leading in a southwesterly direction across the township and to the Potawatomie villages along the St. Joseph river in the southwestern part of Berrien county. Over this trail in 1835 came Aaron Barney through oak timber and openings burned over by the Indians to provide grazing. Reaching a slight elevation after traveling for a few miles over country as level as a prairie, he called it good and settled there on section 30.

Within the next three years he built the first permanent frame dwelling in the township, a building in good condition today, a monument to the material and workmanship of the time as well as an indication of the care of its later owners.

This place was purchased and occupied by J. B. Morehouse in 1872 and for nearly thirty years has been the comfortable and pleasant home of James E. and Mattie Morehouse Osborn.

When highways were laid out on section lines the old trail road was closed and the buildings of this homestead located on the slight elevation before mentioned are very pleasantly situated about eighty rods to the north of the highway.

In the fall of 1835 a Mr. Knickerbocker with his family located on the south side of the lake which bears his name. Before completing his cabin he was stricken with pneumonia brought on by exposure and died. Zebina Stearns secured a casket and minister from Paw Paw and the deceased was buried without much ceremony and according to his request on

what was at that time an island in the lake. The grave was unmarked and its exact location is unknown. The family returned to the east. This was the first death in the township.

Philotus Haydon arrived in 1836 and purchased a large tract on the west side of the township, his land lying both north and south of the Territorial road. Mr. Haydon was a man of very strong personality, somewhat eccentric, but very much esteemed. Public-spirited, he served in many capacities, his highest political office being member of each state legislative body.

His oldest son, Charles, died of wounds received in battle in the Civil war. He enlisted as a private, but rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The late Arthur W. and F. Mortimer, his sons, were well known farmers, whose lives were spent in the township, each having added to the holdings of their father.

Other settlers of that year were James Lumbard and his father Ebenezer, John Comley, Geo. W. and Elisha Geer, brothers, S. T. Howell, Hale Wakefield and Joseph McClintock. Elisha Geer opened a cooper shop on section 28, where he resided until his death. Joseph McClintock located in the northeast part of the township and his farm is now owned and occupied by Fred Payne and wife, Amy Millard Payne.

Among those who came in 1837 appear the names of Henry Coleman, Calvin Field and James Brooks.

In the spring of 1837, as near as can be determined, a stage line was established running from St. Joseph to Kalamazoo where it connected with other lines running into Detroit. Sidney Stearns now resumed his former occupation of driving stage and Henry Coleman during this year built a frame tavern on section 15 upon the Territorial road.

Coleman seems to have been what we call today a "go-getter." He proceeded to procure the stage business and his tavern instead of Keeler's, where Chas. Rosevelt now lives, became the stage-house and the stages made it their stopping place as long as they were in use.

When his tavern was completed Coleman's capital was exhausted but he procured a loan and placed a stock of merchandise in one corner of his tavern. He then proceeded to obtain a post-office and was himself appointed post-master.

The post-office remained with Coleman as post-master until shortly after the abandonment of the stage route. The stage route was abandoned soon after the completion of the Michigan Central railroad to New Buffalo. Coleman then sold the tavern to a man by the name of Brown and it became known as Brown's Tavern and later bore a rather unsavory reputation. Some years ago A. L. Phelps purchased the building and moved it to his farm where it furnishes lodging for his stock.

The first marriage in the town was that of Robert Nesbitt and Maria, daughter of John Comley, December 1, 1836, at Mr. Comley's house.

The first child born was Mason Wakefield, July 5, 1836.

In the summer of 1837 Calvin Millard settled on section 12 where Will King now lives and in the fall and winter of that year his wife taught a school in her own home, the first school in the township.

In the following January, Mr. Millard died, the occasion of the first funeral attended by any formal ceremony.

The first public school was taught in the Little Red School House near Coleman Tavern. This first term was during the winter of 1837 and '38. This building is today a part of the dwelling house near the blacksmith shop which was occupied by the late George Kidman.

When Coleman took the stage business from Keeler's Tavern, the blacksmith who had located there, Charles N. Poor, removed to Coleman's Tavern and followed this trade there until the stage line was abandoned when he went to California.

A.W. Broughton, father-in-law of Philotus Haydon, came to Hamilton in 1839 and established a very pretentious store near Haydons. He transacted a flourishing business there for some years, later removing to Paw Paw.

Alexander Sloan and Ralph Mason came in 1839. Truman Foster came in 1840.

Thomas Harris, the founder of the family of that name, came in 1842 with fourteen children.

Stephen Osborn came to the county in 1844, settling on section 20 in the spring of 1845. Mr. Osborn was twice married and the father of eighteen children, nine by each wife. The oldest of these, James M., had preceded his father to Michigan, settling first in Keeler. He disposed of his interest there to his brother, Daniel, with whom he had been in partnership and settled in Hamilton on section 29.

Erastus Osborn was the oldest of the second family and for years was a leading citizen of the community, enjoying a wide acquaintance over the county. His widow, Annette LaSalle Osborn, resides on the homestead he established. She came to Hamilton with her parents as a young lady and taught in the public schools for several years.

Solomon Hagar with his family came in 1844. His son, S. B. Hagar, later supervisor of the township, was a lad of fourteen at the time.

C. P. Van Duzer came from Hartford where he had been a short time about 1854. He was the father of P. W. Van Duzer and Martha Van Duzer.

James Maxwell and John Conway settled in Hamilton about 1854 and those family names have been closely connected with the records of township affairs since that time.

We have not attempted to enumerate the adventurous spirits who braved the hardships of that settlement period of the town history, but rather to name those who located here permanently or left descendants who aided in the development of this township from an almost trackless forest to the fair land of improved farms and highways and comfortable homes which the people of today know as Hamilton.

Deer were plentiful and venison could always be had for the shooting. So numerous were they that sometimes the yards were invaded and severely injured by these animals. Wolves were prevalent and sometimes drove the settler or some of his family to the door of his cabin. Although these animals are naturally sly, hunger sometimes drove them to extreme boldness and many narrow escapes were experienced.

Mrs. Bullard recalls that, pending the completion of her father's cabin, a blanket hung across the opening, answered for a door, the wolves would howl just outside until her father shot at them and scared them away. There were bear but not in great numbers.

As a little girl, Mrs. Bullard had two miles to walk through the wilderness to school. One morning while arranging a bouquet of wild flowers she had picked for her teacher, she looked up and into the face of the first black man she had ever seen. She was so frightened that she ran all the way to the school house. This man, Isam, probably the first negro in the township, worked for Stearns for some time and proved to be an escaped slave.

Indians, singly and in bands, sometimes as many as twenty, would drop in at the cabins of the settlers wanting food. This was never refused them if there was anything in the house to eat. Sometimes they brought game they had killed or presents they had made. The Potawatomies were peaceful people and the settlers did not have any trouble with them but there was always a haunting fear that they would become angered or that some influence would incite them.

A granulated maple sugar was made by both whites and Indians by continually stirring as it was cooking down and this and honey, gathered in the woods, constituted the sweetening agents of those days.

By 1860, or within twenty-five years after the first settlement, we find that the land was practically all held by bona fide settlers and a large proportion of it was under cultivation. Highways were laid out on section lines mostly. School had been established available to every child. Religious societies held meetings in the school houses. The community was emerging from its backwoods stage, and, in this comparatively mechanical age, we must remember that these things had been accomplished with simple hand tools and the aid of the old ox team, men straining and sweating at the heavy labor, conditions unknown to a softer generation today.

When Van Buren county was organized in 1837, townships four south, ranges 15 and 16 west, comprising what later became the townships of Hamilton and Keeler, were organized as one township under the name of Covington. The name was probably taken from a place in New York.

The Legislature of 1839 passed an act providing that the east half of Covington be separately organized under the name of Alpena. This name did not prove satisfactory to the residents and on their petition in 1840 the Legislature changed the name to Hamilton in honor of the early American stateman.

In the first township election after the division of the township, there seems to have been more offices than men to fill them, so that some citizens

did double duty by filling two offices and in two cases triple duty. Ralph Mason was elected to the offices of assessor, school inspector and justice of the peace. Henry Coleman was chosen clerk, assessor and justice of the peace. Philotus Haydon was elected assessor and commissioner of highways and Calvin Fields drew the titles of school inspector and justice of the peace.

The following named gentlemen have served as supervisors of the township: G. A. Bentley, Philotus Haydon, Palmer Earl, Henry Coleman, Robert Nesbitt, Truman Foster, George G. B. Yeckley (later state representative), Calvin Fields, S. B. Hagar, Abram S. Wise, John H. Collins, James E. Maxwell, James M. Weeks, M. F. Phillips, C. W. Byers, A. B. Wagner, Austin D. Conway, Waldo E. Phillips, W. O. Bowers, Hugh Cory, and L. O. Gillesby, the present incumbent.

Haydon served ten years, Hagar and Byers, eight years each; Yeckley, W. E. Phillips and Cory seven years each; Conway six years; Nesbitt and Collins five years each; Bentley, Fosters and Bowers, four years each; M. F. Phillips, three years, and the others for shorter periods.

The first assessment was levied in 1839, the valuation of resident property owners being $15,962 on real estate and $3,680 on personal property.

Property held by non-residents comprising the greater part of the township was valued at $54,456, making the total valuation $74,098. The tax for that year was $522.94. Ninety years later the valuation is $1,033,765, and the tax $32,800.

The puncture proof tires of the vehicles of that period did not demand improve roads as we know them today, but those early pioneers paid a heavy highway tax in voluntary labor in the opening of the roads of the township. School teachers of that time were sometimes paid as little as $1.25 per week. The value of a dollar was very high then compared to now. It was hard to get but it bought much more. In fact, labor was used as a medium of exchange to considerable extent. A man chopped or grubbed so much land in return for an animal or undertook to break a certain piece of ground with his ox teams and big breaking plow for exchange of the hand labor of the other.

Log rolling and husking bees were the moving pictures of entertainment for those hardy pioneers. Their radio was the howling wolf outside their cabin doors. Their greatest excursion into the outside world was to take a load of grain to St. Joseph, a three days trip. There was a true spirit of co-operation, a hearty interest in the neighbors' welfare, a satisfaction in conquering obstacles that induced a contentment and happiness that may well be coveted by later generations.

When the Rebellion broke out in the spring of 1861, Hamilton township citizens were among the first to offer their services.

The Lafayette Light Guard was organized in 1859 at Paw Paw as a company of militia and at the first call for troops by President Lincoln the members were almost unanimous in their desire to enlist. The company was soon filled to full strength, but the response from Michigan had been so prompt that its regiments were all filled. Their offer to General Daniel E. Sickles, who was organizing his "Excelsior Brigade" in New York City, was accepted and this company was soon in the field. The roll shows that Ira W. Putnam, Willard Place, Davis Briggs and Jeremiah Hartman were from Hamilton. Wm. H. Bullard of Paw Paw, brother of Stephen Bullard, was drummer

We wish it were possible to give the honor roll of patriotic citizens of our township who served in the Civil War. We do know that this community did its share in furnishing men and resources to reunite the states and establish the principles for which this terrible conflict was waged.

Within the next few years following the war a number of ex-soldiers came to Hamilton and made their homes. We must mention, among those, John Bennett. He enlisted from Decatur in the 4th Michigan Cavalry, was captured in the Atlanta campaign and served several months in the Andersonville prison. After being exchanged, he returned to his regiment, was commissioned second lieutenant and took part in the capture of Jeff Davis, for which he received his share of the reward of $100,000 which was offered.

A period of rapid development followed the war. Prices were good and farming was profitable. Young men assisted their fathers or if not needed at home were employed by their neighbors. Many a young man who was thus employed as a farm laborer became a successful and substantial farmer in later years.

The dawn of our present mechanical age was just breaking at this time. Improved machinery made its appearance. Grain drills, mowing machines, horse rakes and harvestors followed by the self-binder came into general use. The threshing machine operated by horse-power superseded the old threshing floor and fanning mile method.

A generation of virile, hard working men and women took advantage of their opportunity and rapidly developed fine farms and homes. Noted improvement in live stock was evident. Fine houses were erected. The home of Robert Nesbitt completed in 1871 was the most notable of these. In fact it is said to have been the finest in the county at that time and bids fair to have a long lease of life. For several years past it has been the home of Seth Fassett who came to Hamilton first as a boy with his father in 1865.

In 1869, James Creagan, a young man of twenty-one, came to Hamilton with his father Patrick, and Jacob Knoll located in the same neighborhood in 1870.

In 1874, Capt. Josiah R. Hendryx and his son Horatio purchased a large farm and moved onto it a half mile south of the Haydon school house. They were men of unusual ability, and wide experience and occupied a very prominent place in the community. Fine stock and well kept premises characterized their farm-stead.

James M. Weeks came to Michigan on a visit and met Jennie Perry, whom he married in 1874. He purchased a farm and became one of the town's leading citizens.

A history of Hamilton township without mention of Hamilton Grange would be comparable to a history of civilization without mention of Christianity.

Hamilton Grange No. 355 was organized in 1874 with a charter membership of eighty-four. At the organization A. W. Haydon was elected Master, John Bennett, Overseer and Capt. J. R. Hendryx, lecturer. It is related that Capt. Hendryx's conception of the office of Lecturer was to do the lecturing and this he did at each meeting, relieving the members of arduous duties on the program, the while he entertained and instructed them.

The hall was built in 1875 in the center of the township where it has ever since served as town hall and place for public meetings of all kinds.

Fraternity, high moral standards, civic righteousness, public spiritedness, education, political reform, and co-operation have there been cradled and taught for fifty-five years.

There are two charter members living today—John Q. Adams and Laura D. Osborne.

A unique feature of the town's history is the Hamilton Fair. It was first promoted in the Grange and was held in the Grange hall as a township fair in 1876. Later its premiums were open to the competition of the world and it became known as the Hamilton World's Fair.

Admission was always free and the crowds were sometimes estimated to be as great as five thousand people. It became a great home-coming and visiting day and was only allowed to disappear when the county fair at Hartford was opened about 1913.

Although there is no church building within the township, religious services have been held in school houses and the Grange hall. There is a Methodist society in the northwest part of the town and services were held for nearly seventy years until recently in the Corwin school house.

Elder Levi Dewey organized a Disciple society at the Field school house more than a half century ago. Later a Methodist oragnization held services at this point for a numbr of years, but these have been discontinued for several years.

The Corwin Women's Club was active in the community for a good many years. When our country became involved in the World War the activities of this organization were turned to Red Cross and war work and with the close of the war it ceased to exist.

The southeast portion of Hamilton, comprising about four sections in area is a deep muck soil, originally heavily timbered with elm, ash, and basswood, principally.

Development by clearing and draining is an event in our modern history. Nature's promiscuous planting has been replaced by clean straight rows of fragrant peppermint and crisp celery of finest quality.

When in the spring of 1917 the United States was drawn into the maelstrom of contending nations known as the World War, Hamilton's fathers and mothers, sons and daughters rose to the occasion. The township's quo-

ta of men, money and knit garments was filled at every call. The demand for increased production of food with less man-power was met by the assistance of the farm women. Besides those who enlisted, many were employed in the war industries and other manufacturing and left the farms never to return.

The following men died in the service: Norbert Neville, died in camp at Waco, Texas; David Sutfin killed in action in France; Jay Hamilton, killed in action in France.

Following are the names of others who served in the army and navy:

Herbert Creagan, Grover Myrkle, Glen Barber, Lawrence Myrkle, Edward Himmelwright, Henry Shepard, Archie Van Ossenbruggen, Frank Barber.

About 1890 a general store was opened at Corwin by Layman and Jenkins from Berrien Springs. This store has continued since that time under frequently changing proprietorship.

In 1892 a post office was established there and continued for about 10 years with Stephen Zimmerman the postmaster most of the time.

Since 1925 G. A. Davies has conducted a store on what was once the John Bennett farm, and Albert Johnson is running a store and crate mill within a few rods of the site of the old Brown's tavern.

These three constitute the business activities of the township other than farming.

With the droughts of the nineties and attendant financial stress, agriculture in Hamilton, as well as generally, became retrogressive. Not only the droughts, but the advent of insects before unknown here, reduced the yield of crops. Clover seeding failed and the soil, which was mostly medium to light, became rapidly impoverished.

The beginning of the new century saw better times generally and by the use of other soil building crops than clover and later lime and alfalfa the progressive farmers of this township have in large measure restored the fertility of their soil. Yields of 30 to 40 bushels of wheat, 60 to 70 bushels of corn and 200 to 250 bushels of potatoes per acre are not uncommon. Good stands of alfalfa greet the eye on even our lighter soils, and the husbandmen of this township are thus carrying on, nurturing that hope which springs eternal in the human breast for the time when agriculture will again come into its own.

Blessed are the hopeful for they shall at least have hope.

We cannot close this abridged chronicle of the development of this strictly rural township without a word of praise for the foresight of the pioneers and the generations following them in leaving so many of the virgin forest trees along our roadsides. These mighty oaks interspersed with maples are wonderful adornments to our highways and are even more highly appreciated when we consider that few other sections of this broad land are so favored. Let Joyce Kilmar tell us what he thinks of trees:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast,
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer, wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

DECATUR SCHOOL

HAZEL UDELL
Assistant Ed. - Kathryn Goodspeed

REGARDING BASKETBALL

By Mr. H. Houseman.

The basketball season is here. The indications are that Coach Ruse will have a splendid team again this year. Now, there are certain things for which a coach and his team may strive. A team may aim to pile up a big score, or it may aim to play a good game. The big score is success; the good game is achievement. It is entirely possible to play ball for scores, or to play for the love of a good game. Our coach believes that a good game overbalances the big score; that sportsmanship is of greater importance than victory.

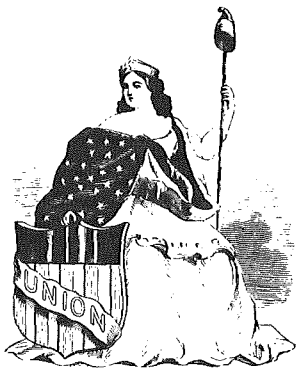
And this applies, not only to the boys on the floor, it is something in which we as spectators have our full share. Our presence should not only bespeak enthusiasm; it should always be dominated by a fine courtesy for the opposing team and for the man who is officiating the game. This is not always the case. In some schools, booing and hissing of officials and other unsportsmanship like conduct by spectators have developed to such an extent that the existence of ball, as a sport, is threatened. This tendency should certainly be curbed in the high school. The referee certainly is in the best position to watch the game, and is best qualified to make the decision. Do not decide the official and thereby give him the opportunity to penalize your team. If his decisions are manifestly unfair, the procedure is simply to make sure that he does not appear on the floor again in the capacity of an official.

The following ideas may be worth remembering; in fact, we may formulate them into a code of sportsmanship for basketball:

1. I shall consider my athletic opponents as my guests.
2. I will be courteous to all visitors.
3. I will remember that the reputation of the school depends upon my conduct during the game and after it.
4. I will never decide any official.
5. I will endeavor to make the school known for its good sportsmanship.

I believe that good sportsmanship means the application of the Golden Rule.

Let us co-operate in this and even greater good will come from athletics.



EYES OF NATION ON THE DECATUR OIL FIELD

THOUSANDS SEE FIRST WELL ON VOUGHT FARM BLOWN—GREAT INTEREST FOLLOWS AMONG OIL MEN FROM OTHER FIELDS—GOOD PRODUCING WELL PREDICTED.

MANY CANVASSERS FOR LEASES AND STRANGERS GOING AND COMING

Wert Company To Drill Second Well—

VARYING ESTIMATES

How high did the oil shoot from the well when it was shot last week Wednesday evening?

It is a question on which witnesses differ. The Republican estimated it at 200 feet. Most of the state dispatches said 300 feet. One account put it as low as 50 feet.

We are willing to concede that our estimate of 200 feet was low.

Also the Republican's estimate was 2,000 people there to witness the shooting. The state dispatches reported the number as 2,500. We are willing to concede our estimate to be low.

It is certain that if the heavy rain had not come up at the hour announced for the shooting the attendance would have been twice as large. Several estimated that there were at least 1,000 automobiles lining the highway in front of the Vought farm.

A half dozen or more city reporters and photographers were there and their stories and pictures have gone out to all parts of the United States.

THE DRILLER'S PRESENT

Driller John Baker has been a faithful workman. He did not "give up the ship" although his old drilling outfit has seen 25 years of service and is battered and worn.

Experienced oil men would go out there and look at it and go away shaking their heads. "They will never strike oil with that old bunch of junk," was the remark they would make.

But Contractor Kersey kept up the expenses and Baker kept up the steam; repairing one day, drilling the next and waiting for supplies the next till finally the great day came when the real petroleum came up in the bailer.

It was on Friday, October 7, 1927.

It will some day be a legal holiday in this city.

No Decatur person should ever again call Friday an unlucky day.

But this story is about Baker. The Wert Oil and Gas Company was strong for him at first, and then when progress was very slow and the true condition of the drill became apparent, they were not so strong.

Efforts to hurry matters were started and did not succeed. A drill was purchased and set at work and abandoned. But Baker kept plugging right along.

Then he began to get stronger with the Company again, and when finally he sent out the word, "We've got it," he was the man of the hour in East Chicago, the home of the stockholders, as well as in Decatur.

In appreciation of his faithful work the Wert Oil and Gas Company, through its secretary, R. G. Estill, presented him with a purse of $125, and he has the further promise of a new Buick automobile when a paying well is established. John Street, the tool dresser, was given a present of $25.

The state papers carried the story that these cash gifts were made by the merchants of Decatur. This is a mistake. The merchants of Decatur have made no presents to anyone connected with the oil venture, but this does not signify that they are not appreciative of what has been accomplished here. When the right time comes the merchants will do their part.

DISCOVERING OIL

(Dowagiac Daily News)

The discovery of oil in the Dowagiac-Decatur low lands is extremely

interesting and if the future developments prove up in a permanent way, it will be as profitable to the whole region as it is interesting.

In any event there is a great deal of credit due the pioneers for their exploration of the earth's strata at a big expense on a purely hypothetical mission.

Oil, gold, precious stones and the treasures of Mother Earth have always held the interest of mankind and the gamble for quick riches is a powerful lever, spurring men on to the heights of their endeavors to achieve a goal.

The public always watches any enterprise which has a chance in it, with great intentness. Flyers with their lives at stake have a vast though unseen audience hanging breathless on their fate. Piercing the crust of the earth in a blind endeavor to strike a treasure is as fascinating as a hunt for pirate gold or the pot at the end of the rainbow and we all love the game.

MR. KNOLL WEARS A NEW HAT

Our loyal townsman, August Knöll, is wearing a handsome new hat, one of the best that Mr. Buys has for sale.

This is the story as we got it on the corner: A traveling man visits this town at regular intervals and Mr. Knoll became acquainted with him. Last summer when drilling was progressing slowly on the Vought farm he offered to bet our townsman a new hat against a squash that oil would never be found there. The offer was accepted.

Last week the traveling man read the account of the oil strike in the papers in St. Louis, Missouri. He came to Decatur last Friday and paid the bet.

UNITED PRESS DISPATCH

Decatur, Mich., Oct. 13.—Twenty-five hundred persons braved heavy rains last night to see the shooting here of the "best wild cat well" in Michigan. Cheers rose from the enthusiasts as a black cloud shot fifty feet into the air.

J. N. McMillan, veteran oil man who shot the Saginaw wells, estimated a daily production of 50 to 100 barrels of good quality crude oil and said he looked for the Decatur muck land fields, now largely under cultivation for mint, celery and onions, to outstrip the Saginaw Valley oil output.

So enthused were merchants of the district that they collected a cash gift for John Baker, the driller, and John Street, his assistant.

DRILLING THE SECOND WELL

Saturday, Octobe 15.—Driller Baker completed the job of cleaning out the well today. He says the nitroglycerine probably made a cistern at the bottom as big as the front of the printing office, but that is guess work.

Old drillers say they never have seen its equal brought in in wild cat territory. The general opinion among oil men is that it will make a good paying well.

The plan now is for Baker to go to work at once and put the other well near the road down, and if oil is found there the two wells will be pumped together.

This will delay the day when the actual production of oil is determined and returns begin to come in, but it means a big saving in operation and the driller recommends it.

POLICEMAN WELCHER

Charles H. Welcher is now an important actor in the oil activities at the Vought farm.

When oil was struck he was made a special police to protect the well. He has guarded it faithfully. He has allowed no smoking near the well lest the fumes of gas should be set on fire, causing destruction to the property and loss of life.

When the well was shot he kept the crowd within the safety zone and the big day was free from accidents of any kind. Chief Reagan decorated him and posed him for a picture. Charlie Welcher is a natural born officer and would have won his stripes in the army.

EXTRA COPIES OF THE REPUBLICAN

There was never an issue of the Decatur Republican which created as much interest, both at home and abroad, as did last week's paper containing the news of the oil strike. The story was well covered and extra copies have been in demand to this day.

Anticipating an unusual demand 100 copies were proposed. Then the Wert Oil and Gas Company ordered 100 copies and the extra run was increased to 300. The last extra copy went on Friday and Saturday morning another hundred was printed. The most of these are gone.

Monday we filled an order for another hundred, making a total of 500 extra copies.

This week we have also printed extra papers and the two issues cover the oil developments to date. They are good copies to send out to friends and business associate. It will do no harm to let them know what Decatur is doing.

THOUSANDS SEE DECATUR NEWEST OIL WELL BLOWN

(By Staff Correspondent of South Bend Tribune.)

Decatur, Mich., Oct. 13.—The world has made the proverbial beaten path to the door of A. D. Vought, three miles south of here, on whose 120 acre farm among the hills of the mint, onion and celery growing district 2,500 persons congregated Wednesday afternoon to witness the "shooting" of Van Buren county's first productive oil well. Nearly 10,000 people have visited the well since oil was struck Friday.

Only partially dispersed by a terrific rain and wind storm which delayed operations at the well, this throng of farmers, promoters, lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, townspeople, newspaper men and photographers; men, women and children; remained on the wet grounds until after dark to see oil, rock, sand and water blown from the bottom of the 971 foot well at least 100 feet into the air.

Skepticism which had dampened the ardor of the vicinity at the first reports of an oil strike on the Vought farm gave way to wild enthusiasm Wednesday when oil experts pronounced the well the best in the state of Michigan. This quiet little town was genuinely excited when the crowds returned with glowing reports of the progress of the operations. The town felt the shock of the mine explosion which hollowed out a large bowl at the bottom of the well. Every restaurant was crowded by 6:30 o'clock and all evening groups gathered here and there to talk land values, town booms, and wildcat promotion.

Expect 75 Barrels Daily.

H. L. McMillen, of the Independent Torpedo Company, Saginaw, Mich., who lowered 60 quarts of nitroglycerine into the well and finally touched it off with a dynamite torpedo carrying a time fuse, declared after inspection of the well that he considered it the best wild cat well in Michigan. He said 50 barrels a day would be a conservative estimate of the output. Officials of the Wert Gas & Oil Company, promoting the well sinking, declared several analyses by Chicago chemists showed the specific gravity of the oil to be above 40. They anticipate a daily output of 75 barrels a day.

The "blowing" of the well was a new spectacle to many of those present and the crowd was obviously thrilled by the scene. After the crowd had been forced back from the well several times on false alarms, the high explosive was finally lowered in a tedious, careful process which occupied nearly two hours. When all cigarettes, cigars and pipes were extinguished or at a safe distance and automobiles had been moved several hundred feet away Mr. McMillen lit the fuse on the torpedo and dropped it into the six inch pipe. Everyone was tense. Mr. McMillen stepped back 20 feet from the well house and waited. Then a muffled roar could be heard and the ground shook violently. After a few seconds a fountain of gas and smoke shot up visably some 40 feet, with a bang and a prolonged swishing whiz. Suddenly died. A moment elapsed. Some thought that was the end. They were beginning to be disappointed, if not disgusted. Such derogatory statements as "Oh, for the love of Mike!" were on the lips of many when suddenly a louder roar was heard and tons and tons of rock, oil, sand, water and gas shot over 100 feet into the air and showered down on buildings, trees and peppermint on the lee side of the well. For more than a minute this belched forth.

Oil Up 400 Feet.

Another pause followed; then a wild rush to the well shed to see the results of the great upheaval. Those who expected to see a gusher flowing well were disappointed. Many were drenched with oil dripping from trees and roofs as they fought for a peek into the well shed. It was dark enough by that time that they could see little. And there was little to see The well remained as it has been f

several months, except for the oil and sand about it.

Baker reported Wednesday 400 feet of oil stood in the pipe after inactivity since Saturday, when drilling was halted after the well had gone nine feet into the Trenton or oil producing rock. Many barrels of oil mixed with sand and pulverized rock will be bailed out of the well during the next few days.

The next step to be taken by the Wert Oil & Gas Company will be to continue operations on the second well on the Vought farm, which is now 266 feet deep, down to bed rock. It is said this will be quickly completed and then a pump attached to the two wells, with a pipe line laid to an oil refining plant in Whiting or East Chicago.

Thousand Cars Present.

The Wert Company was formed nearly a year ago after Mr. Vought had sought for 15 years to get financial support in drilling for oil on his farm. Drilling began April 8. Oil was struck Friday morning at 962 feet.

All officers, directors and stockholders of the oil company were present Wednesday to see the well blown. Many had their families with them. Among the 1,000 automobiles parked along the roads and in the fields near the scene of the drilling could be found many with licenses from Indiana, besides a few from Ohio and more from Illinois. Ten members of the East Chicago, Ind., police force who are stockholders, were among the spectators.

South Bend Was Well Represented

The officers of the company are James W. Reagan, East Chicago, chief of police, president; Max Weinstein, Edward S. Dickey and I. L. Tannenbaum, first, second and third vice-presidents, and Robert G. Estill, secretary-treasurer. They have announced that they have leased 4,000 acres for well drilling and are receiving options daily on much more land.

CROWDS AT THE WELL

Last Sunday was the biggest day yet for visitors at the Vought farm. The oil well was closed and no work was in progress, but several thousand people packed the road side with autos and took the walk down the lane to the drill. They came from distant places in beautiful cars with liveried chauffeurs, they came from nearby towns and cities in classy autos and tin cans, and they kept coming and going from morning till night. At one time a traffic jam was reported at the cross roads at the foot of Fifield hill.

Decatur people and the nearby farmers can only look on in wonderment The magnitude of the project reaches far beyond the local vision. It will be very interesting to us old residents of the neighborhood to watch the unfolding of the vast enterprises now launching in embrio.

The bigger the better.

J. R. Baker in Charge of Drilling

The directors of the Wert Oil and Gas Company met in their office in East Chicago Monday evening. Driller J. R. Baker met with them.

Mr. Baker was given a contract to take charge of the company's operations in Michigan and to proceed at once with further drilling.

Out of the membership of the Wert Oil and Gas Company a new company was formed to be known as The Decatur Lease Holding Company. This company will be incorporated and have the handling of all the leases now owned or yet to be acquired by the original Company.

The directors of The Decatur Lease Holding Company are James W. Regan, R. G. Estill, Frank Stephens, Dr. O'Connor, Dale Flickinger, Dr. Dickey and Max Weinstein, all of East Chicago.

Would Write Novel Based on Little Prairie Ronde Tragedy

Harry Bush of Paw Paw visited Decatur recently on a mission to obtain first hand information concerning the Morris murder which took place on a night in September, 1879. This great tragedy, instead of being forgotten with the passing of the years, seems to grow in interest, perhaps because of the mystery which still hangs over it.

Harry Bush is a native of Lawton. His father is Leonard Bush who in his work has visited the homes of Porter and Little Prairie Ronde people and heard from them the many stories about the murder. He told them to his son on whose mind they made a profound impression. The younger Bush has for some years been ambitious to make a name for himself as a writer, and his thoughts have turned to this tragedy on which to base the story that would give him recognition.

Bush joined the army last August and has recently been discharged on account of physical disability. Now he has the time for the work he wants to do. His wife is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Thomas of Lawrence and is employed in the abstract office. She too is interested in writing and is in sympathy with her husband's undertaking.

It is plain from a visit with Harry Bush that he has made a thorough study of his subject, and curiously enough he believes the great mystery will yet be solved, that the murderer, though probably past the power of human beings to punish, will be found out.

Writing a novel based on this tragedy is a big undertaking. In the hands of a master of fiction undoubtedly a fascinating story could be produced. Bush has written other stories, but so far has not been successful in selling them. One of his stories was seriously considered by Liberty but it has not yet been accepted. That should not be discouraging to him, for many of our best writers wrote for years before achieving success.

It might be well, however, for this young writer from the County Seat to correspond with an experienced and successful writer of mystery stories with the idea of gaining advice, or of possibly collaborating with him.

A charming romance could be written around the Little Prairie Ronde of 40 to 100 years ago.

Memories of Long Ago

By E. W. Plopper.

In the morning mail one day last week was a letter from Edward Plopper, good old timer Ed. Plopper of the township of Lawrence. What a pleasure it is to receive a letter from him. He has lived his entire 78 years on the farm where he first saw the light of day. That is quite a contrast to the statement made last week by Louis Loeser that 15 farms within 2 miles of his farm at the foot of Fifield hill have changed hands within the last six years. Are the days of the old homesteads numbered, are they becoming a thing of the past, like the kerosene lamps, the horse drawn vehicles and the country school houses? Whatever the present is and the future may be, with their wonderful inventions and the comfort they bring, let us never cease to remember and to honor such patriarchs of a vanishing age as is Edward Plopper and the few of his class who remain.

It is a joy to receive a letter from him, for it means a chapter out of his early recollections to pass on through the Republican,—a scrap of history recorded for future generations, who sometime will value it as do those today who are described by Oliver Wendell Holmes as the "Last leaf on the tree."

Ed. sent a clipping from the Benton Harbor News-Palladium dated Bangor, January 1. We wonder what year it was. The clipping is somewhat yellowed by age. It must be all of 40 years old. The heading across five columns was, "Apple Industry at Bangor Growing." There were pictures of Bangor's Main street. No pavements, but hitching posts and a horse and buggy or two standing before them. The picture that Ed. had marked was that of Henry Banks, who lived to be over 100, and spanned the years from Washington to the time of men now living. A few months ago the Republican printed several stories about this unique character who was as well known in this community as he was about Bangor.

Only a small portion of the apple story was left with the clipping, but what there was caused this writer to sit up and take notice. A single paragraph read:

"The grower who is credited with planting the first apple orchard in the township of Bangor was Daniel Taylor, an early pioneer resident. He brought the seed with him from New York state when he emigrated to Michigan."

Daniel Taylor was our great grandfather.

HISTORY OF TEMPERANCE

By Mrs. Harry Ballard, Member of W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon League.

Scarcely had the colonists landed in Jamestown before we find them enacting legislation against drunkenness. In 1619, the general court of Massachusetts ordered retailers of wine not to allow liquor to be drunk on the premises. Then in 1644 wine was prohibited, also strong liquors. No liquor debts were pleadable or recoverable by law.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, when all the man power was needed by the American soldiers, not only the legislatures but the continental army gave serious consideration to the problem

In the year 1908, the first temperance society was formed in New York with 43 members and was called, "The Billy Clark Temperance Society." The constitution read, "No member should drink rum, gin, whiskey, wine or distilled spirits except on advice of a physician or in case of actual disease, under penalty of twenty-five cents, provided that this article did not infringe on any religious rites. Also except at public dinners."

After eighteen years, the American Temperance society was founded in Boston, and the New York State Temperance Society, three years later. The next year they had a membership of 100,000. Prominent members of Congress organized the Congressional Society.

Many seeret societies were formed for the promotion of Temperance before the Civil War. They required a pledge of total abstinence, advocated Prohibition and tried to educate public sentiment in favor of reform. They also provided the usual beneficiary features and opportunities for self culture.

Later, in 1842, the Sons of Temperance was founded. It grew rapidly in membership and influence. Then came the Independent Order of Good Templers of Honor and Temperence in 1845 which was very strong in the south. In 1851, the order of Good Templers was organized.

Still later, benefit societies (nonsecret), were the Royal Templers of Temperance in 1869 at Buffalo and the Templers of Temperance, an order strong in England and Scandinavian countries.

After the Civil War, consolidation of many societies began. The people had been awakened.

In 1865, the National Temperance Society and Publication House was organized at Saratoga as a non-partisan and non-sectarian society, advocating total abstinence. This society published and distributed pamphlets, textbooks and papers. They held public meetings and called national and international conferences.

The Women's Crusade was an organized society of women who were praying and pleading with the saloons. This led to the organizing of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1874. In this organization there are 250,000 members. Frances E. Willard's name and the work she did for temperance will always bring to our minds the hard discouraging times those good women passed through.

In 1868 a Prohibtion party was formed in Illinois and a temperance political party in Michigan.

Then came the National Prohibition Party, organized in Chicago in 1868. Law and order leagues were established to see that existing legislation was properly enforced.

In 1883, the general society at that time was, "The Citizens' Law and Order League of the United States."

Temperance sentiment seemed to develop rapidly. The Lincoln Leogue in 1903, a total abstinence league and the Loyal Temperance Legion for Juveniles were formed.

The Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association formed in 1901 had an enrolled membership of 8800. In 1914, the Secretary of Navy issued an order prohibiting drinking alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel or within any navy yard or station, military posts, national, state and soldiers' homes.

Through the Good Templers the National Anti-Saloon League was organized in 1893. This work is along educational lines. They are men of unquestioned integrity, and have accomplished more than any organization along the lines they are working.

One of the widely known men of his time was John B. Gough. He came to this country in 1842 and soon became a hopeless drunkard. Through the kindness of a Quaker he was induced to attend a temperance meeting. He signed the pledge and kept it for a long time, until one of his friends tempted him. After that he traveled all over the country giving temperance lectures. He would mix the pathos with the humorous. A man that had been through what he had knew the curse of alcohol.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America had 100,000 members. A fine enthusiastic organization. The American Medical Association organized in 1891 some farmers' organizations, the National Grange, as well as the churches were well organized. The cold water army, Bands of Hope, and Loyal Temperance Legion were for the young people.

The Washington movement was started in 1840 on a small scale. In 1846 Maine adopted state prohibition. Neal Dow was responsible for the passage of the Maine law. Another one of the early organizations was the Order of Good Samaritans. The Red Ribbon movement was started by Dr. Henry R. Reynolds in 1874. The Red Ribbon was the sign of membership in these clubs he started and they came to be known as the Red Ribbon reform clubs. The white was adopted for women and young men under eighteen. Finally the name changed to the Blue Ribbon Army. They had 1,000,000 pledges. Again the name was changed to Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance movement. Dr. Reynolds said, "Hard cider was the devil's own kindling wood."

To General James Appleton belongs the title, Father of Prohibition. After the Civil War President Lincoln was anxious to do away with liquor, which could have been done then, but the Secretary of the Treasury wanted to wait a year, then they could have the revenue on it to pay war debts. President Lincoln lived only a few months and until ten years ago, it had been made a legal business. Many parts of the country had local option, then state wide prohibition, before we had the 18th amendment.

"There must be no let down in prohibition sentiment or in the active support of these worthy organizations that have borne most of the burden of the fight in years past."—From Ladies' Home Journal.

"The eighteenth amendment will stand because it has been and is supported by public opinion. The great factor as to time and events in this great reform is not the factor of the next general election but the next generation. This is the reason it is so necessary to educate the coming generation on the evils of alcohol.—Prohibition with the People Behind It.

Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army says, "No one can face these facts without agreeing that great advances have been made. Many who were inmates of their industrial homes, now have banking accounts. In eleven of our institutions of this character, a recent study showed 166 had saved $6,800.00. An average of $41.00 per man and these are the men who could not have carried twenty-five cents in their pockets past a seloon."

THIS WEEK

Some great man, and I think it was Lincoln, once said, "All that I am I owe to my sainted mother." And one of my good friends has made everlasting the memory of her mother in these glowing lines:

Is it the beauty of the rose
Unfolding to my view,
That stirs again this heart of mine
To gentle thoughts of you?
Or is it that the thought of you,
Which sweetly in me glows
Can make me see each time anew
The beauty of the rose?

Alice Brown, oldest of the three sisters, Alice, Pearl and Dorothy (Dot) has been a patient for several years in the State Sanitorium at Howell. She writes that she has been returned to her home with Dorothy in Ann Arbor and would like the Republican sent to her there. She thanks the good Lord for his wonderful care of her. She can't walk yet but is hopeful. Dorothy keeps going but is far from well. Her address is 516 Detroit Street, Ann Arbor,

Michigan.

The Brown sisters were born in Decatur and lived here until after their father died, when they moved to Ann Arbor. Their father was hostler for the late Dr. G. L. Rose. Alice worked in the home of Dr. Hooper. Pearl died in Ann Arbor. Decatur has always been the dearest spot on earth to these girls. their best friends and the Decatur paper gives them their news from home.

Thomas Bass sent word by his son Harley that he will be 96 the first of May, but the word did not come in time to give the advance notice. Tom gets about the house but does not wander far from home. He expects to be the first Decatur person to celebrate his 100th birthday. Harley Bass will be 66 the tenth of May.

Decatur's most active citizen for his years is Frank Stapleton. He will be 90 the 13th of May and still takes short drives in his car.

Mrs. Eli Keyes, who lives with her daughter in Kalamazoo, celebrated her 90th birthday in March and is in good health for one of her years.

In Hamilton township, Mrs. Capitola Fassett will be 93 the 12th of May, James Osborn was 87 the tenth of April and Mrs. Osborn was 92 in January. These are fine examples of a healthy community, and may peace and enjoyment be their lot each succeeding day.

JONT SAYS

I was born about 7 years before the Decatur Republican made its first print. I knew all of the old business men of that time.

The two Chadwick brothers built the brick store that is now occupied by Gale. One of the Chadwicks built an 8-room house that is now occupied by Mrs. Elsie Fuller. She has lived there 12 years. There are 5 lots with the house. There was a barn which burned down several years ago.

As I was doing some repairs in the house I found in the garret a tin cane, a tin collar and tin cuffs, tin envelopes and tin invitation cards. The writing on the tin cards was done by a steel pointed tracer and could be easily read.

The collar and cuffs were worn by one of the brothers at his tin wedding in 1868.

Decatur was a busy town in those days. Grain, stock and timber were brought here from a distance of 10 to 20 miles. None of the other towns around here had a railroad at that time.

It did me good to read of the number of business men of that day who were listed in the Republican last week. As a boy and a man I knew all of them. In after years I did business with all of them.

LOOKING BACKWARD

From the Files of the Decatur Republican of Twenty Years Ago.

May 19, 1910.

Mrs. Jennie Van Curen of Three Oaks was a Decatur visitor Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold are parents of a son born May 8.

Leon Knight and Myron Hinkley were visitors to South Bend Sunday. They called on LeGrand Hammond at Notre Dame college.

M. E. Chadwick shipped Charlie Ellsworth's household goods to him at San Antonio, Texas, last week. Charlie has gone into the plumbing business there and employs nine men.

The Dowagiac Herald says, Judge Des Voignes sentenced a Dowagiac boy to 15 years in Ionia prison for breaking into Charlie Hill's saloon and stealing $28. If the report is correct the Judge was a little hard on the boy. The former ice king of New York was given only ten years for stealing seven million dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Parker have moved here from Gobles and occupy the Asel Scott house on East Delaware.

Hastings and Huson, civil engineers of South Bend, have bought land off Pine street of M. P. Cady and are laying out the Hastings and Huson addition to the village of Decatur.

John Conway passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Geo. B. McOmber, Saturday afternoon, May 8, at the age of 77.

Angus Cary leaves today for Miller, South Dakota, to take a position in a lumber yard.

Mack Wooster has purchased of his father the home farm between Decatur and Lawrence.

Milton F. Warner, a pioneer resident of Volinia, passed away May 15.

By. Sowles, candidate for sheriff, is making an active campaign in this territory.

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has granted awards of medals for acts of heroism for the acts of Ralph Adams and Frank Bayless. These boys met heroic deaths by drowning in Lake of the Woods the seventh of December, 1904, in attempting to save the lives of two other boys. Little Burdette Blett was drowned at the same time and Arvie Mahoney was saved. George W. Adams received the medal for his son and Mrs. Belle Bayless received the medal and $20 a month for six years for her son Frank.

Attorney L. H. Titus has moved from Paw Paw to Kalamazoo.

Geo. B. Rogers has resigned his position as cashier of the Citizens' State Bank to accept the position of receiving teller in the Kalamazoo National Bank. He will begin his new duties next Monday. Mr. Rogers has been a resident of Decatur 14 years and has been in the Citizens' State Bank five years. Dalto K. Rose will assist President Pomeroy in the bank the coming summer.

The Michigan Central has agreed to have electric lights installed in the depot.

The poet Will Carlton will speak in Decatur under the auspices of the Masonic lodge June 10.

A QUEER STONE

A few weeks ago while digging gravel out of the McLeese pit north of the village, Highway Commissioner Frank Morlan's assistant, Ray Parker, threw out a round stone about the size of a man's head. It is hollow with an opening about the size of a man's wrist and the hollow is filled with gravel in a solid mass.

Mr. Morlan brought the stone to the Republican office where geologists and others interested are invited to come and inspect it.

Van Buren County History

The first general election in Van Buren county was held on the first Monday in April, 1837.

The records do not disclose the number of votes cast, but three years later in the Presidential election the total vote cast in the entire county was but 433.

The first set of county officials was as follows:

Judge of Probate—Jeremiah H. Simmons

Sheriff—Samuel Gunton

County Clerk—Nathaniel B. Starkweather

Register of Deeds—Jeremiah H. Simmons

County Treasurer—Daniel O. Dodge

In 1837 there were but seven townships in the county, viz.:, Antwerp, Lawrence, South Haven, Decatur, Clinch, Lafayette and Covington.

In 1839 Covington disappeared and two new townships, Alpena and Keeler, filed election returns.

In 1840 the townships of Hamilton and Hartford are on the list, while Alpena, like Covington, had dropped out.

In 1842 Clinch disappeared and to compensate for its loss we find Almena, Arlington and Waverly, and in 1846 Bloomingdale, Columbia and Porter were added.

Pine Grove appeared in 1850, Geneva and Bangor in 1854, and Deerfield, the last of the 18 townships, in 1856.

No other changes appeared until 1868 when Paw Paw was substituted for Lafayette and ten years later the name of Covert was substituted for Deerfield. Since 1878 the lineup of townships has not changed.

December 9, 1910.

Kept Wedding Secret

For over three months Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rose kept the secret of their marriage, but last Saturday somebody heard of it and then it was a secret no longer. Leo has a good position in Indianapolis and Mrs. Rose is receiving the compliments and enjoying the joke on their friends.

The couple went on a motorcycle ride August 22, boarded a train at Do-

waglac and were married in Plymouth, Ind. Only the parents knew of the wedding. This happy jolly couple are numbered among Decatur's brightest and best young people.

Miss Mary Rosevelt is slowly improving from a long and serious illness. She received a postcard shower of over sixty cards last Saturday.

Many Decatur people will be pleased to learn that the Michigan Central has ordered electric lights installed in the depot.

D. W. Brodhead is home from the Land Show at Chicago where he had a good exhibition of Decatur's land crops.

Drs. N. E. Hooper and R. J. Huyck have formed a partnership for the practice of dentistry.

Nearly 60 cars of celery have been shipped from this station, yielding $24,000 to the growers.

Geo. Thompson and Miss Nellie Earl of East Valley were married at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. Charles Baughman, November 30.

December 15, 1910.

Orville Abbott and Miss Mary Hammond were united in marriage in Kalamazoo Wednesday, December 7. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arba Martin. The wedding was a surprise to the relatives and friends of both parties. The bride is a graduate of the Paw Paw High school and a student of the Normal at Kalamazoo. She is one of Decatur's best young ladies.

December 22, 1910.

Miss Daisy Morlan of Volinia and Mr. Will Pagels of New York were married at the Church of Christ in Dowagiac Sunday morning, Rev. S. C. Brock officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Morlan, well known and highly respected residents of Volinia.

Dececmber 29, 1910.

The Griffis family reunion was held at the home of James Griffis in Wayne township Christmas day when the 57th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Griffis was celebrated. To each of his 9 children Mr. Griffis gave five twenty dollar gold pieces as Christmas presents.

Salomon's six-piece orchestra of Kalamazoo played for a Christmas hop at the town hall last Friday evening. 46 numbers were sold. Walter Jurgensen and Harold Rose were the managers.

Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger will return to Decatur from Grand Rapids next week and will occupy her residence on West St. Mary's street. She will take pupils for vocal and instrumental instruction. She has had eight years of musical instruction in Europe.

Attorney Guy J. Wicksall of South Haven passed away December 23. He was well known throughout the county.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Yeckley, Mrs. R. H. Lyons, Del. Kurtz, Mrs. Helen Lurkins and Miss Ida Trowbridge were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Haynes and Miss Bernice at dinner at the Hotel Paddock Christmas day.

Please Call and Settle Your Accounts
. . . I NEED THE MONEY . . .
Van, The Harness Man

WILLARD VAN ANTWERP SELLS OUT

In the Harness Business in Decatur Forty-one Years. Frank W. Lanning Becomes New Owner.

Willard Van Antwerp has sold out and Van, The Harness Man, will no longer be known as one of the popular business places of the street.

Failing eye sight has made it impossible for Willard to follow his trade with his old time ability and promptness. He has sold to Frank W. Lanning and will retire. The transfer will take place next week. The name of the place will be changed to Frank's Harness Shop and business will go on as usual.

Frank Lanning is a good workman and a good business man and Decatur will continue to have the best known

harness shop in southwestern Michigan.

Willard Van Antwerp has been in the harness business in this village 41 years. He came here from Vandalia September 14, 1888, and for over ten years worked for Peter Pardonnette, I. B. Bagley, McWilliams and Son and S. G. Toof.

January 9, 1895, he opened a shop of his own over Edw. Arnold's meat market, located then just south of Shaad's store. In June of the same year he rented the T. B. Reed building in which Miss Weeks and R. T. Treen are now located and remained there 15 years. Then he bought of A. Ward Copley the building which he now occupies.

Forty-one years is a long time to be in business, but not too long for a man like Willard Van Antwerp. He has been a credit to the street and made lasting friends whose sincere good wishes go with him.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Van Antwerp Passed the Big Milestone in Life's Journey on Tuesday, September 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Van Antwerp were united in marriage fifty years ago, on Tuesday, September 23.

They were married in Vandalia by Rev. Henry Coats, a Quaker minister. In those day there was a fine Quaker church in Vandalia, but the Society has long since disbanded and the church was bought by the Masonic lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Antwerp went on a honeymoon trip to the Cassopolis fair. Van was working then in a harness shop in Vandalia with his father. Forty-two years ago the 14th of September, his 30th birthday, they came to Decatur and this village has since been their home.

All day Tuesday they were busy receiving callers and accepting congratulations and a shower of flowers and other pleasant reminders of the golden event. Mrs. Chas. Ellsworth, a friend of many years, sent a beautiful and delicious wedding cake and the reporter was greatly favored by receiving a piece of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Antwerp have recently returned from the University hospital at Ann Arbor and their health is not the best, but a world of happiness may yet be in store for them. If friendships can bring happiness they surely must have an abundance for in their 42 years in this community the entire population has learned to like them [illegible] to respect them. The Republican [illegible] had to be counted among the [illegible] in extending them congratulations and best wishes on their golden anniversary.

Decatur Harness Maker One of Few in State

DECATUR, Aug. 23.—It might seem like carrying coal to Newcastle but Frank's harness shop here once shipped a saddle to Tucson, Ariz., in the heart of the horse and saddle country.

Frank Lanning is one of three harness makers in the state. Before tractors retired Old Dobbin to the pasture, Lanning made about 50 harnesses during the winter months for sale in the spring.

Harness making today is about as profitable as selling refrigerators in Greenland, so Lanning converted his shop to saddle repair and has not made a work harness in three years.

"There are plenty of idle harnesses hanging in barns all over the country, but the current fad for saddle horses has been a life saver for my business," he said.

Repairs Saddles

"I don't make saddles, because saddle manufacturing and harness making are entirely different. But my experience with leather goods enables me to repair saddles for horsemen from all over the state," the craftsman said.

A 44-year veteran in the harness trade, Frank purchased the shop 19 years ago from his employer, Willard VanAntwerp. Frank is planning on celebrating his 20th anniversary next March.

"About 50 years ago, the livery and harness business was as competitive as automobile sales are today," he said. "Decatur had three livery stables, two harness shops, five blacksmith shops, and two wagon shops."

Bert Hinckley owned the largest livery on the site where Notzon's grocery is located now. Del Adams and Henry Creagan were the other liverymen. Creagan's stables were in the building presently occupied by the Decatur polishing works.

"Pete Pardonett was Van Antwerp's rival in the harness trade. I helped VanAntwerp in the winter and worked with most of the tools that are in the shop now. Some of them must be nearly 200 years old as they were once owned by Van Antwerp's father," he declared.

Lost a Leg

Twelve years ago, Lanning lost a leg in a buggy accident when his mule bolted through the ballpark and left him under the twisted wreckage. The plush three-wheel buggy, complete with headlights and luxurious upholstery, was seen by thousands at parade.

Decatur people are familiar with the life size wooden horse that Frank displayed in his window. He recently sold the 70-year model to a float building company from Brazil, Ind.

I believe that the horse is the only one of its kind in the country. The float builders had been on a nation wide hunt for a wooden horse until they located the one in my shop," he said.

Lanning is currently hitting the fair circuit. He has already attended the Cass county fair and expects to display riding equipment at the St. Joseph, Kalamazoo, Allegan and Van Buren fairs.

The horse and buggy days are gone but traces still remain at Frank's shop. Saddles, whips, bridles, blankets, collars, spurs, pony and buggy harnesses, and other horse accessories are in stock.

But the hitching posts and board sidewalks are gone, and mechanized farming has made harness making obsolete.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Older residents of Decatur will remember Mrs. L. A. Laberteaux. She has spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Eva Hodges, in Chicago and now is back to her home in Wolverine, Michigan, a little town in Cheboygan county, away up north. She is about 85 years old.

William Laberteaux was a veteran of the Civil War, and a resident of Decatur for some thirty years following. He was Decatur's second drayman. Tom O'Leary was the lone drayman here for many years until Laberteaux brought him competition and the two did all the draying of this town and the surrounding country and had plenty of time left to rest under the shade of the big maple trees.

The Eck family who lived here in the old tannery days moved up into the northern pine country and went to farming there and the Laberteaux family who are relatives followed them some years later.

Bill Laberteaux had built the comfortable home on the south side recently sold by N. C. Crawford, he had it paid for and was drawing a soldier's pension. He and Mrs. Laberteaux were comfortably located in the finest country in the world and their friends used to wonder why they sold out and moved to that cold barren pine stump country.

LETTERS

BOOSTING DECATUR

Other replies to the Republican's call for ideas for the improvement of the village.

Decatur, the Town of Efforts and Results.

In submitting this story of the advantages and desirability in Decatur; what Decatur needs and desires most are manufacturers.

Manufactories bring workmen and employes. Both are very desirable citizens, and to all of these Decatur extends a hearty welcome.

To manufacturers or firms seeking location where superior shipping advantages are essential to the progress and profit of their business, Decatur offers advantages that are unique.

Situated on the M. C. R. R., we have good passenger and freight service. Our postal, freight, express and telephone service are unsurpassed for a small town, and would place manufacturers in direct touch with the great centers of trade and consumption, and would enable them to obtain fuel and supplies at the lowest cost, and permits them to market their goods in the quickest and most economical manner.

Here is the fact that should appeal to manufacturers: Over one half of the population of the United States can be reached within the radius of a few hundred miles of Decatur.

Surrounded by excellent local conditions, such as good homes, an excellent grade and high school, good staff of teachers and faculty, and good churches of various denominations, good banks and good home owned stores and merchants, who will make this a thriving city.

Wonderful recreation possibilities, good roads, and a very good fire fighting organization. The working men of our town would be prosperous and contented; over two-thirds own their own homes. Labor would be well paid, skilled and abundant, and could be kept free from the undesirable and law-breaking elements.

Our farms would be inhabited and prosperous, and produce would and could be handled and sold at better prices for farmers. We have a good healthy climate.

A good hotel is sorely needed, and could be profitably managed. The writer has had much travel experience, and has only been in Decatur for about two years and is well suited with Decatur and its people and its possibilities. We have very good water and electric service.

I am always ready to boost, and take part in any civic or other honest efforts to put Decatur to the front as a healthy, flourishing and desirable place to live, in the whole U. S.

Our editor and his paper are one of the foremost boosters and a very up-to-date and progressive citizen. So in closing this article, let me suggest that let us all, business men, merchants, taxpayers and other citizens, get in line with him or behind him and boost and make Decatur a thriving, growing and a prosperous metropolis.

Submitted by

Louis J. Weiss.

Decatur, the town which fills the market baskets of the Dixie trail, the trucks of the U. S. Highway and the cars of the New York Central with celery, onions, grapes and other vegetables and fruit both summer and winter. In summer from the fields, in winter from the cold storages.

My contribution to the Decatur contest till I think up a better one.

Mrs. Kenneth Adams.

Ye Olde Stage Coach

Of course I was not here in the days of the stagecoach, but my father was a driver on the coach route between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids before there was any railroad. In the lobby of the Southgate Inn in Kalamazoo, there is, or was before their recent fire, a large and very old poster announcing the arrival and departure of the coaches between Kalamazoo and various places in all directions. Father did not carry passengers on his coach, but transported mail and express exclusively except for one occasion when a man with a gun demanded a ride and got it.

On arriving in Grand Rapids, Father always went to the Eagle Hotel for the night. That hotel is still there and I do not know anything about the rate but in that time it was a dollar a day. That route was a plank road with a horrible muddy track beside it, half the way on one side and the rest on the other side. Whenever two vehicles met, the one on the right had the right of way and stayed on the planks while the other fellow had to take to the mud.

While all those roads were, properly speaking, territorial roads, to at least one of them the name still clings. Leaving Benton Harbor on a street by that name it went by way of Keeler to the S-bend which is east of Hamilton cemetery. It did not follow the S-bend toward Decatur but continued on eastward to the second road going north. There it turned north and continued so until it connected with the route we now call 43 and so to Kalamazoo. Another route came from the north and taking the S-bend, came to Decatur passing along what is now George street. It crossed the swamp over a plank road to connect with the route that followed the present Valley Road. These planks were later covered with sand and gravel and in the early days of the horseless carriage, they became a hazard because the frost heaved them up so that they stood like leaning stumps that must be chopped and hauled out.

Any person traveling a long way was an overnight guest of one or more of the many taverns (hotels) along the way. The only ones I can now name were one at the S-

bend named Brown's Tavern, another on the Sherburn farm on the Valley Road, and one at Charleston on the Prairie. In that early day, Charleston and Niles were two rival towns on one stage route. Now the stagecoach is replaced by the bus with a built-in rest room and the taverns have given place to thousands of deluxe motels of which one company alone owns about five hundred.

—Frank Brigham.

FACTS AND FICTION

Tales That Were Told in Volinia Township Many Years Ago.

By Jont. Goble.

Volinia township, Cass county, was settled in the year 1828. That seems like a long time ago. So does 1859, the year I was born. I know that it was 1859 because it was ten years after gold was discovered in California.

I remember my first Christmas present. It was a pint of milk. I was 11 days old. Shows how cheap a boy could live at that time.

Old times seem to have improved from the time I was born until today. I have always tried to do to others as they did to me, but it has kept me hustling to keep even.

Spent all of my money for bread. Not a gallon of gas in the car. What do you know about that?

Do not let father name the baby for he may name it some of the names he thought of as he walked the floor at 12 or 2 o'clock at night.

In 1835 taxes on an 80 acre farm were from $1.50 to $2.50. Farmers worked hard in those days clearing the farms and breaking up for crops. They would hitch 100 yoke of oxen on a large plow and plow over hills and hollows. Some of the oxen hung by their necks over the hollows.

The plows turned under everything they came to. Sometimes large trees were turned under like cornstalks. The man who held the plow wore buckskin clothes. One day he came to an extra large stump and plowed right through it. Just as he swung through the stump snapped together again and caught his buckskin pants by the seat. The plowman held onto the plow and pulled Mr. Stump out by the roots.

Men now talk about hard work. They can't beat the old timers. A. C. Foster with a grain cradle cut 10 acres of wheat in one day, and Bry. Young, Perry's father, bound it into bundles. This was done on the Hank and Frank Hall farm.

The dances in those days were great fun. The tunes they played were Money Musk, High Winds Over Post Holes, Pumpkins Over the Fence, Dan Tucker, Pop Goes the Weasel; and the men wore cowhide boots.

VISITS FORMER HOME

Mrs. Marion Sale and little daughter of Bluffton Indiana, were guests of Misses Amanda and Rose Debolt and other Decatur friends last week. Mr. and Mrs. Sale were former proprietors of the 5 and 10 store.

Mrs. Sale's brother was killed in action in France and the Legion Post of Bluffton is named for him the Clifford Sheets Post. Mrs. Sheets was one of the Gold Star mothers who visited the grave of her son in France as the guest of the government. She went in August and is expected home this week.

MASTER FARMERS AND FARM WOMEN

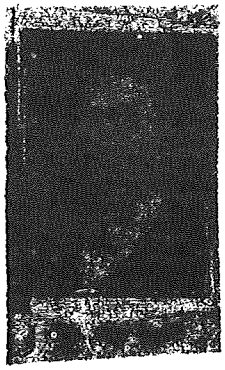
WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE AND THE NEW MEMBERS, MR. AND MRS. JAY LYLE OF THIS COMMUNITY.

Ten of the twelve members of the 1930 class of Michigan Master Farmers who attended the banquet in their honor at the Michigan State College on the evening of November 19, posed with Senator Capper, speaker of the evening. Left to right, front row, we have: David Running, Huron County; E. R. Illenden, Lenawee County; Warner E. Ramsey, Huron County; Senator Capper; Emil F. Brehm, Oscelo County; Jay J. Lyle, Van Buren County; James Mahaffy, Sanilac County. Back row: Henry M. True, Jackson County; W. R. Kirk, Tuscola County; E. A. Livingston, Clinton County; and D. T. Knight, Sanilac County. The two missing members are Martin Boysen, Allegan County, and Clarence C. Higby, Macomb County.

Since the designation of Jay Lyle of Paw Paw township as a Master Farmer interest in the organization promoted by the Michigan Farmer has greatly increase in this community. Through the courtesy of the Farmer the Republican is privileged to print the pictures of the class of 1930 and of the newly organized Master FarmWomen:

What is a Master Farmer? Described as a man who has made a financial success of his farming, keeps his buildings and farm plant in good repair and reasonably neat, provides his family with a well-planned convenient home with modern appointments and his children with educational advantages and still finds time to take a leading part in community activities and public affairs, he is awarded a medal for his outstanding accomplishments. During the last five years the Michigan Farmer has conferred this honor on fifty-three farmers in the state.

Next we are asked what is a Master Farm Woman? We might answer with the words of an observant analytical friend who defined her as "the better-half—yes, even two-thirds of that." So it was that the "better-halves —yes, even two-thirds"—the wives of the Master Farmers of Michigan organized the Michigan Master Farm



Women's Association at Michigan State College.

From their group they chose Mrs. A. B. Cook of Owosso for president. Mrs. Cook is the wife of a Master Farmer of the 1926 class. She has managed a farm home in Shiawassee county for nearly thirty years, been active in local community affairs, church, grange and farmers' clubs.

Mrs. Leo Card of Hillsdale was elected secretary-treasurer of the M. M. F. W. group. The Cards were awarded their Master Farmer medal in 1927. A mother of two daughters, living on a poultry farm that demands the detailed attention of Mr. Card as well as Mrs. Card, she finds time to manage her household efficiently and take an active part in the business affairs of the farm and the social interests of her community.

To promote more convenient and attractive farm homes in the state and to do all possible to dignify the job of a farm homemaker are two of the original purposes of the group. Believing that farm folks will learn to work better together as they learn more and better together, this group will interest themselves particularly in rural recreation during the year.

Master Farm Women of the 1930 group are Mrs. J. J. Lyle; Paw Paw; Mrs. E. F. Brehm, Tustin; Mrs. D. Running, Filion; Mrs. H. M. True, Jackson; Mrs. W. Kirk, Fairgrove; Mrs. J. Mahaffy, Marlette; Mrs. W. Ramsey, Port Hope; Mrs. D. Knight, Marlette.

Wade C. Yeckley

FIFTY YEARS ON THE RAILROAD

Wade C. Yeckley Made His Last Trip April 30 and Now Is Retired. Has Made a Fine Record.

Wade C. Yeckley made his last run on the Michigan Central Railroad on Wednesday, April 30, and is now retired on a pension granted by the company for long time faithful service. He has spent fifty years of his active life on the railroad.

Mr. Yeckley began his railroad career as a brakeman with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at Aurora, Illinois, when but a young man of twenty.

In 1892 he came to the Michigan Central, serving first as a car distributor, number taker, etc., in the offices at Jackson. He soon went onto the road as trainman and has been in continuous service to the time of his retirement, April 30, 1930.

For many years Jackson was his headquarters and his run was from Jackson to Michigan City. Later it was from Kalamazoo to Chicago and lastly from Detroit with headquarters in that city. He made the best and fastest runs between Detroit and Chicago.

When finally through ill health he was unable to walk the length of a train and serve as captain on the big runs he was given the swift express runs, 154 and 127, which stop but three times between Detroit and Chicago. These runs were comparatively easy.

Fifty years as a railroad man is a record to be proud of. For Mr. Yeckley it has been one of loyal service and valuable experience. Some days were very pleasant and others quite the opposite. Human nature is much the same, whatever the line of business, and men in his position surely have opportunity to study it. A conductor needs a good disposition, he needs to be well educated and to know thoroughly the rules and requirements of the road. In all of these Mr. Yeckley was proficient and he was known as one of the best conductors on the road.

Decatur welcomes this good citizen home. He is a worthy pioneer, having been born in Hamilton township seventy years ago the 28th of April. He and Mrs. Yeckley have a pleasant home in this village where we know he will live a life of enjoyment and rest which he has so well earned.

HARNESS SHOP STILL BOASTS BIG BUSINESS

Frank Lanning Of Decatur Still Makes, Oils And Repairs Harnesses

DECATUR, March 27—A relic of by-gone days and an almost forgotten industry is still flourishing in Decatur, one of the few towns which can boast of a harness shop that really makes harnesses as well as repairs them. Such a shop is owned and operated by Frank Lanning, who says that his business is growing by leaps and bounds, since he first began work for himself in 1930. At that time he bought out Willard Antwerp, a veteran harness maker with whom he had worked at intervals for several years.

Mr. Lanning buys his leather in rolls and cuts and makes any style of harness desired. People come from miles around, from other counties and a few even from other states to buy or have their harnesses repaired.

Mr. Lanning says that he sells about 25 sets of harness a year, and the price range is from $40 to $90. A special order might run a little more or less.

Owns Model Horse

One of his prize possessions is a white horse model made of plaster paris and iron. It is full size and of the riding or driving type, and weighs from 600 to 700 pounds. He purchased the model of W. Hare and Son of Noblesville, Ind., in 1934, and he says he does not know of another horse of its kind except in Ford's museum. The only other harness maker he knows of is in Allegan.

In 1937 Charles Dine of Decatur, gave Mr. Lanning a three-wheel buggy, which belonged to his late father-in-law, J. W. Kinney, who was a whip salesman for the Chicago Rawhide Company.

The buggy was made by Neils Rasmusson, retired buggy and wagon maker of Decatur, about 40 years ago. Mr. Lanning repaired the buggy and in the fall of 1937 during the Decatur celery festival, borrowed a 22-year-old mule of Ward McKee, and, hitching it to the buggy, rode in the parade.

Later in the day, those who were in the parade, went to what is now the new athletic field to have their pictures taken. Mr. Lanning's mule became frightened and ran away. As he leaped from the buggy, Mr. Lanning's left leg was broken and later he had it amputated. To see him at his work now one would never suspect he had been in such a disastrous accident.

Has Able Assistant

Mr. Lanning is ably assisted in his work by Ira Sweat, colored, who has worked for him for the past ten years. Mr. Sweat came to Decatur from Kokomo, Ind., in 1928, and began work for Mr. Lanning in 1930. They not only make and repair harness, but many farmers bring harnesses in to be oiled as well.

This is done by taking them apart and placing them in a large vat of oil for twenty minutes or more. They are then taken out and allowed to dry. From 75 to 100 harnesses are oiled during the year, and he uses an average of 75 gallons of oil.

Last summer Mr. Lanning exhibited his harnesses at some of the near-by fairs. His shop is one of the busiest places in town, and both he and his helper have all the work they can do.

A BOOST FOR DECATUR

One of the Valued Contributions in the Prize Story About Decatur Contest.

By Mrs. Wesley Hall, Dowagiac, Mich., R. F. D. No. 2.

Decatur, a town on the Dixie highway
Has cold storage plants that run night day.

The Michigan Central, I must give praise,
It brings in our wants and ships what we raise.

If you are looking we've good roads each way,
And a nice tourist camp where you're welcome to stay.

Right close at hand is the Lake of the Woods
Where boating and bathing and fishing are good.

You sure feel at home when you enter the town,
You're greeted with smiles and never a frown.

Peace, contentment and happiness, nothing greater they say,
And all you will find in Decatur's to stay.

If you're seeking a home there is high land and low,
And the very best celery is grown

here, you know.

There's fruit in abundance, so essential
to health,
And if properly cared for it will bring
you wealth.

They don't get discouraged if prices
do slump,
It may be tomorrow they may take a
jump.

Like the peppermint oil, how their
pockets they filled
Each grower had plenty to pay what
was billed.

They will all do their best and stick to
the soil,
And maybe yet they will strike it in
oil.

There are so many things in Decatur
to mention
If some are left out it was not my in-
tention.

Now let me to you whisper, in accents
soft and low,
The man who advertises is the man
who gets the dough.

BOOKS MADE EASY OF ACCESS

The Van Buren county library has become a very active part of the county's activities. There are now 27 persons employed under the state plan exchanging books.

The $50 appropriated by the supervisors for repairing books will save many which no longer circulate because they have lost their covers, or pages are loose.

With the assembling and repairing of the battered books in all the schools of the county which desire to take advantage of the county system many more books will be made available to the rural schools and the 26 branches and stations. Through the constant exchange of books schools will receive from 100 to 1000 times the material that they could secure by acting individually.

Paw Paw residents who have made outstanding gifts of books to the county library are Dr. J. C. Maxwell, Mrs. Lewis Williams, H. C. Rowe, W. Nelson, Judge David Anderson, Judge M. H. Young and Vade Boyle, and Mrs. M. Williams of Lake Cora.

The Clerk Whose Name Will Live Forever

Two men lived in the same town a century ago; they knew the same people and had an equal chance in life.

One spent all his spare hours in idle talk, he knew nothing beyond the day's news. The other brought to every subject a wealth of sidelight and illustration that kindled the interest of men and women, no matter where he went.

The name of the first man has long since been forgotten; the name of the other, the humble clerk in a country store, will live forever.

He talked like a man who had traveled, though his travels were confined to a few backwoods counties. He knew something of history and biography, of the work of great philosophers, poets and dramatists.

What was the secret of his wide range of knowledge? How can a man who must work every day in a routine job find the time to make himself so interesting to other men and women? How can he, in odd moments learn to think clearly and talk well?

His Secret Given To You

The answer is found in every biography, every anecdote of that greatest clerk. He owned a few good books and, in the odd moments between customers' calls, he read them systematically. It was the influence of those books that gave his mind its start, then lifted his eyes beyond the horizon of a backwoods town. Before he was 50 the whole nation knew the name and acknowledged the power of that humble, unschooled man. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

TO BE FOUND NEAR DECATUR

Beauty

In years past, I have called at a very modest cottage, partly hidden in natural trees and simple shrubbery at the foothills south of the fertile muck bottom. A pleasant old couple past middle age, lived there; and I called and we chatted each year. They had never subscribed for our publications, but seemed to welcome me cordially.

The old lady took much simple interest in her flowers, which peeped out from the green foliage, and the unpainted weather-beaten house gave a picturesque background.

This year I called there again and was met amid the early flowers by a young lady above the average in courtesy. After a few moments of self introduction, I remarked I had previously seen an elderly couple at this home.

My young hostess replied: "O, yes, Mrs. High is dead, and Mr. James High is living at" (such a place).

Many years passed my view as I mentally turned back my mind to see Mr. and Mrs. High working together, probably in some such way as the now younger couple were toiling. I slowly glanced at the wood faded home, the very pretty cottage partly hidden by foliage the hands, now still, had watered, pruned and nourished. The lily of the valley, the iris, the rose and many other plants, now cheering another young couple. The cedar, too, was there and a spring breeze gave the notes of an aeolian harp, almost, as the zephyrs of spring jossled its foliage.

I thought I saw a shade of a lonesome feeling in the young lady who explained that they had moved there from Decatur, so I said:

"Do you not know, lady, that there are people who would gladly give five hundred dollars a month just to live here amid this wealth of beauty, beauty which this old couple had built up and have left?"

The young lady grasped my idea, and seemed to sense that she and her young husband were heirs to the inheritance of labors of the past mistress of the home.

We are passing our labors, whether good or bad, to others who are even now born to fill our places. Beauty and wealth do not wholly consist of fine art and a bank account.

What will others inherit from us?

There are many homes in and near Decatur as beautiful as this, but can you see the beauty?

Our work, your work and mine is to build homes, not flat buildings, not family hotels, nor clubs, but real homes, which are the most important institutions in any land.

Men do not lay down their lives for a country of clubs, and restaurants or sandwich bars. [illegible] is the real heart where you first [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
on your [illegible]
are produced [illegible]
humble or stately.

Let home come first.

Even the Saviour [illegible] to prepare a home for you." John 14:2. And nothing could be better. The original Greek says "home" in this text, but the St. James version says "place." The Greek is much clearer and more full of meaning to us.

J. Henry Myers.

LOS ANGELES VIA SASKATCHEWAN TO DECATUR

1066s Ohio Avenue,
May 11, 1930.

Dear Friend:

Kindly deliver my paper to daughter Jessie as this is fly time and my flies are ready for trout. Am leaving in a few days for Vancouver with tackle for those big speckled beauties in the cold streams of the Selkirk Rockies in British Columbia. What, too old? Why boy, a man never gets too old to fish. If he can't just haul them out, why he can lie and dream he is doing it. Have to lie in order to dream. See what I mean?

Will go on out into Saskatchewan where Bob still owns his 320 acre ranch in the center of the noted hard wheat belt. Those spring breezes ought to taste good, coming down from the frozen Northland. Hope to get to Decatur in a month or so.

Am rather proud of my youngest daughter. You may remember Lola Kathryn who was with me out there a few years ago just after she finished Junior High, topping the class with the longest string of all-A pins, like her grand cousin, Kathryn Goodspeed. Then later she finished the high school with the highest standing in a class of over five hundred students. Got a bright mother. Next month she gets her degree from the State University here, first honor in a class of nearly one thousand students and speaker at

commencement. Got a smart fa- let's see, what was I saying- Oh yes, that's all.

Yours for keeps,

Frank L. Kern.

P. S.—The late Mark Thomas was an old schoolmate of mine and we worked together on his father's big farm during the Civil war. To your fine tributes to the memory of a good man, I can add that I never knew Mr. Thomas to use an improper word. He was a kind and true friend whose influence was ever and always for the right. Clean thoughts, pure language and good deeds. What a fine world this might be if we all had such characters.

THE OLD TIME SHOOTING MATCH

By Jont. Goble.

Over south of Decatur and in Volina back in the Civil War days and following they used to pull off old time shooting matches just before Thanksgiving day, Christmas and New Years.

All the old timers who could raise the price to buy chances at ten cents per shot would be on hand.

The turkey, goose or duck would be set up with its legs tied so it couldn't get away and would be blazed away at at 10 rods till somebody hit it and the bird was his. At first they could shoot at the body. As time went on they just exposed the head at 20 or 30 rods.

Then the humane societies got after them and they took to shooting at the mark, and the live birds would be the prizes. There would be from 50 to 100 marksmen in attendance and they would use all kinds of guns, rifles, double barrelled rifles and shot guns.

With the shot guns the one who put the most shot in a target drew the prize. Old muskets that would kick the marksman from under his hat were in common uses.

I knew a man who shot off his old musket in the back yard. It kicked him and kept on kicking him until he went into the house, but this was an unusual thing for the old musket to do.

I think you would find just as good marksmen in those days as you will today. Their rifles were loaded with powder, patch, bullet and cap. Some sat up late the night before the shooting match to melt lead and run the bullets for the next day's shooting.

The target they shot at had a black mark or cross in the center. Every time a man shot near the center his bullet hole was plugged for sometimes the next shot would go in exactly the same place.

Back in the eighties they shot for quarters of beef or pork. Sometimes when a man made a near center shot, other fellows would ask to borrow his gun and he might change the sight so that you would shoot too high or two low. It does not pay always to borrow of the other fellow.

Sometimes a man like Chan Karnes would be barred from the matches. Chan was such a good shot that the others had no chance against him. Chan was one of those squirrel hunters who always shot the squirrel in the head. I saw him one day with 12 squirrels all shot through the head. I met him up by Curry's woods as he was starting for home and he told me it spoiled a squirrel to shoot it through the body. Not many hunters could do this trick but I remember a colored man in Decatur who was about his equal.

Among the leading marksmen of those early days I remember Joe [illegible] Ian John Chevalier, [illegible] Jake Eckenberger, [illegible] George Kern, Henry High, Chan Karnes and the old colored man whose name I cannot remember. There are others but I cannot think of them now.

There came a time when the old time shooting matches were outlawed as games of chance. They got around the law by selling a stick of gum for 10 cents and giving you a chance to shoot for nothing. That seemed to be all right with the law for then you were not gambling.

The time is coming when it will be unlawful to shoot wild game. They will have to be killed in a more humane way.

OLD TIMES
(SECOND SERIES)

By Mrs. Erastus Osborn

IV

Others who, I think, were members of the 19th Michigan regiment that I now recall were Samuel Nash, a resident of Decatur and who, I think, was killed in 1864. His parents lived in Decatur. His widow was afterward Mrs. Chas. Stuart, who died in recent years, and his daughter Persis, then a small girl, is Mrs. Fred Seymour. Another was Bernie Wilson, Bernard, I suppose, brother of Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Hanshaw and Mrs. Tobias Byers, all of Keeler.

When I came to Hamilton in 1860 he with his widowed mother and sister, Mrs. Henshaw, then unmarried, owned and occupied the farm which is now the home of Newton Osborn; the young people I often met at parties, etc., and I remember dancing with "Bernie." He had been ill—I think in Cincinnati—and wrote that he had a furlough and was coming home and there were no more tidings of him. They never knew how he died or where his last days were passed; they suffered many weeks the misery of hope deferred and finally the certainty that they would see him no more.

The farm was bought from the Wilsons by Erastus, Benjamin and Horace Osborn and traded by them to Mr. Sanford Whitlock for the present home of Mrs. Erastus Osborn, once owned by Adelbert Ashlup.

There were others I knew in that regiment but I do not now recall who they were.

Lieut. John Bennett was in the 4th Cavalry and assisted in the capture of Jeff Davis.

One thing I never could understand in the conduct of the last war was not allowing friends or brothers to be together. I knew of one young man in Dowagiac who enlisted and his parents consented to another son's going so they might be together, but they only met by accident over seas, after a year.

In the Civil War brothers or friends would enlist together and if they lived, never separated. Our neighbor, S. S. Parmater, who went from Pennsylvania, said he and his comrade were together to the end. I remember many acts that seemed inconsistent were explained as being a "military necessity," and probably this would come under that head.

Of course I saw many military funerals; I knew the "dead cart" and saw it go down Cottage Grove avenue, perhaps not every day, but often. The only one I attended was for the three Board of Trade Battery boys at Lower Bryan hall; our dear friend, Will Wiley, being one of the three.

The saddest funeral I saw was late in the fall when "the cold November rain" was falling. The dead cart went down the avenue followed by one lone soldier and I could well imagine that the one being carried away was his brother or dearest friend.

There were then no buildings on the east side of our street so there was an unobstructed view of Cottage Grove avenue; and from the upper windows a view of the lake.

At that time the street grades were being raised in the most haphazard way. You would go on one level part of a block and then go either up or down six or eight steps, and continue on changing levels. Some buildings would be several feet below the sidewalk. A friend of mine was walking on State street and all at once in her path was a stream of black mud two feet wide making its sluggish way toward the river. She stopped a moment considering which way to detour. All at once she was across on the other side and a large tall man walking rapidly away gave her no chance to say thank you. If she had not been small and slight perhaps he would not have attempted the rescue.

Where we lived at that time our yard and garden would be a lake before the frost was out of the ground and the gutters impassible. When my brother was there from New York in '61 late in February, he and I and my sister and Mr. Burnham had spent the evening down town.

When we came home about ten there was no chance to cross the gutter without going another block, so my brother and I started up 29th street, but Edwin said when they got in front

or the gate that he would take Mary and jump across, she being very light and he large and stout.

As we separated, Edward called back, "I'd laugh, if you fall down with her." Of course they were in the house a little time before we were but she told me several weeks after that he did fall with her, but no serious results and I "said nothing to nobody as my mother frequently advised."

The attendance at the Aids continued good and in June there was a strawberry festival held in Lower Bryan Hall for which it seemed this whole city worked. Offers for supplies being so urgent, I went early in the morning calling on the way to offer myself as representative for a dear friend who though one of the officers, with her husband, five boys, four boarders and not enough help I knew would hardly find it possible to be there in person, for which her reputation would suffer, while I was only a cipher without position or standing.

Being asked to hull strawberries I was given a seat in a room where a good deal was going on besides that and where there were, I guess, 15 or 20 middle aged and elderly ladies who I found as I heard them address each other by name were the cream of the town, most of them of the pioneer families. Much of their talk was reminiscent of the early days of Chicago and it was more interesting than a book.

I had no occasion to say anything, in fact there was nothing for me to say. But, in the midst of my enjoyment a young lady whom I had met once or twice, also one of the first families, happened in for something and immediately pounced upon me with, "Why, Miss Lascelle, this is no place for you, shut in among these old ladies; come in where we girls are making up bouquets," and carried me off.

She was so cordial I couldn't very well refuse and it was really a kind attention especially considering her position, but I did not find the chatter of these girls half as interesting as what I had been listening to and I was far more skilled in hulling strawberries than in making bouquets.

That night I said to my sister, "I wonder why old ladies are so much better company than young ladies?" She promptly answered, "Because they know so much more." But I imagine that view would not be accepted in these days.

The festival was largely attended and a financial success.

It was that fall the first Sanitary Fair was held in October in 1863 and occupied several large halls, Bryan hall, the headquarters of the Sanitary Commission, being the main one. A I was informed by a letter from th Historical Society of recent date.

In New York City was the "Sam Francis Tavern," where Washington made his headquarters when in the city. It had just been restored and opened to the public. We were in the room where at the close of the war, Washington took leave of his officers, the army having been disbanded.

Captain Smith said after a dinner there and a farewell address, Washington said, "I would thank you if you would each come and take me by the hand." This they did in almost total silence and passed out with bowed heads to enter upon a new life.

I once saw a Revolutionary War soldier in my father's home in New York, I think in 1856. He was ninety years old and was being rescued from an unsuitable situation. He had enlisted when only a boy near the close of the war. He had dinner at our house; he was thin and bent and hungry. My father was Justice of the Peace and was attending to some legalities. A year or so later in Harper's Magazine was a poem, "Only Twelve Left," meaning Revolutionary soldiers.

To me the attractions of New York City do not rest so much with the fine stores, lofty buildings, subways, etc., as in the storied memorials in which the city and surrounding country are so rich. When the land was owned by Barons, the immense estates were bounded by heavy stone walls, and many of them old "Baronial walls" may still be traced, while others are so deeply buried that large trees are growing upon them.

There is Trinity church and church yard with its ancient monuments.

I only saw a very small portion of course, of the many interesting places. In Mount Vernon was the old church where Washington worshiped whenever duty called him to that locality. In the church yard are graves dating in the 1600's most grown and sunken. Across the street are the stone stables where Washington and his men stabled their horses while they attended church.

I twice visited my brother there in Mount Vernon, Dr. Jacques Redway, whose wife was my niece, also Mrs. Cottrel, who was Mary Tisdale of Hamilton, in her charming home.

Perhaps others are not as much interested in these events more than a century and a half old, and it is not because I am old that I am, for in my youth I had the same liking.

HOME FROM THE FIRE

My mother had been in Chicago then for some time but left as soon as she could get transportation to the trains, which were not running as usual to the foot of Lake street.

She had to ride in an express wagon with Mr. Burnham's arm chair for a seat.

When she reached home on Thursday she seemed like a hand plucked from the burning.

It was my good fortune to have been at McVicker's theatre on two occasions of historical importance.

At one time after the play was over a vocalist named Myers came before the curtain with a large American flag and sang the Battle Cry of Freedom by the composer George F. Root. It was the first time the song had been sung in public and it had not been published.

It took the audience by storm and was given great applause. In a few days it was being sung all over the country. George F. Roots attended the same church as the Burnhams and I met them in my sister's home, the two families being intimate friends.

One daughter, then a young girl, afterward married a Burnham, and has been quite widely known as Clara Louise Burnham, a writer, especially of Christian Science books.

On another occasion when Mr. Osborne in 1862 came to Chicago to visit me, we went to the theatre to see "The Marble Heart," the leading lady being Jane Coombs and the star, John Wilkes Booth, afterward the notorious assassin of President Lincoln.

About two and one-half years later I was at my father's one day when some one stopped in front of the house and my father went out. He came back with the shocking news of the assassination.

Mr. Daniel Johnson whose son Jack was well known in Decatur, was helping my father that day. They were both Democrats and had voted against Lincoln, but had they been loyal members of his own party they could not have expressed any deeper regret at the awful crime. Mr. Johnson said, "Too bad, too bad, too bad," making it each time more emphatic.

Of course there had been fearful losses, broken families and households were all over the land, and yet the "dawn of peace" had been like a clear sunrise after a mighty storm. It came with the opening of spring and brought rejoicing everywhere; and then this awful blow turned light into darkness.

In the cities where the stores had been displaying spring goods, the next day they were filled with mourning goods, crepes and deepest black.

I think the South was blamed for the crime more than was deserved. While no doubt the murderer had supporters, it was mainly the act of an ill-balanced mind.

I don't understand why the civilized world cannot outgrow war; the most senseless and extravagant way of settling differences that could be employed. Perhaps we are not yet civilized.

That brilliant commander and splendid gentleman, Marshal Fuch, was censored for not pursuing the Germans longer, but he said though he well knew he was master of the situation, there would unavoidably be losses, and he thought of the mothers of those young men, and stopped fighting.

Early in the Civil War many refuges who were not southern sympathizers, especially from the border states, came north as a measure of safety for themselves and families. Many enlisted with the North. One family named Holmes from near St. Louis, Missouri, including five children, came to this neighborhood. Mr. Holmes enlisted in the Home Guards and she as nurse. That was in late '61 and they remained here for about ten years, and became our very dear friends. Later they returned to St. Louis.

In 1916, I visited them in St. Louis and at a time when they with friends were about to enjoy their annual excursion on the Mississippi. Having lived from seven to seventeen on the St. Lawrence, I loved river scenery; that desire is never satisfied by lakes.

Some other dear friends who were also refuges were the Jay Smith family of Decatur. They had lived near Washington and had a thriving business in market gardening.

They left with horse and wagon and two little girls—Electa was twelve and Amelia two years younger. I became acquainted with them in '83 when Electa graduated from high school and taught our school. She married George H. Chandler of Kalamazoo; both have now gone to the other world. I cherish their daughter, Anna Chandler Williams, of Kalamazoo for their sake and for her own.

I forgot to mention in the proper place the call issued in April, '61, for men to enlist for three months service. There were Henry Brown and John Lynn who went from my school early in '62. John was drowned in the Mississippi. Herbert Dean, an exceptionally bright young man, was buried on an island in the same river. Lyman Phelps and Charles Van Duser were at the same place and the son sent a leaf from a tree under which Herbert was buried to his mother, when he wrote of his death. Tuthill Breese was another who like Herbert was of our "set." He served all through the war and lived to return.

Within a very few days I have learned that the Rebel prisoners who died in Camp Douglas were buried in Oakwoods cemetery at 67th and Cottage Grove Avenue. There is a large monument erected to them.

There are many Federal soldiers buried there too, but their graves have markers, so it is probable that the ones we saw taken south on Cottage Grove avenue were to be sent to their friends for burial and the railroad stations were all from two to three miles north of the camp.

Among others whom I think were members of the 19th Regiment were Samuel Nash of Decatur and who I think was killed in 1864. His parents lived in Decatur. His widow afterward married Charles Stuart and died in recent years.

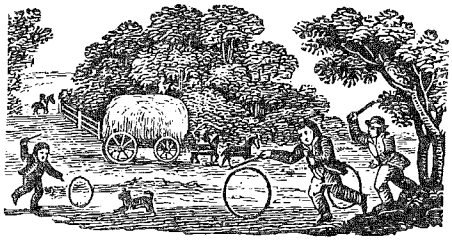
His daughter, then a small girl, is Mrs. Fred Seymour.

Another was Birnie Wilson, a brother of the late Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Tobias Byers and Mrs. Hanshaw, all for many years residents of Keeler township.

He had been ill I think in Cincinnatti and had written home that he had a furlough and would be home, and there were no more tidings of him. He was their only brother and they suffered the pangs of "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," and finally had to give up that they would never see him and no one knew where he died or how his last days were passed. When I came to Hamilton in 1860, he with his widowed mother and sister, Mrs. Hanshaw, [illegible] owned and occupied the farm which is now the home of Newton Osborn. The young people attended the neighborhood parties and I remember dancing with Birnie.

I think I neglected to mention John Bennett of the 4th Cavalry who assisted in the capture of Jeff Davis.

The Company history gives the names of many who went from this section. There were Charles and



Elisha Geer and their cousin, Avery Geer, none of whom ever returned.

Ryland Geer and Henry Brown, who had been my pupils in the Field school were more fortunate. Frank Kirkwood, who was my pupil in North Wayne, enlisted the next year and lived through the war but his regiment being sent to the plains to help quell Indian troubles, he was killed by a poisoned arrow.

These contributions resemble what the man said after reading through the dictionary, "A very good story, but rather disconnected." I just have to write of events as the memory of them comes to my mind just as it happens but not as they happened and if I make mis-statements I hope to be forgiven, also corrected.

When I was a little girl people were still discussing the foul crime of that arch traitor, Benedict Arnold, and the sad fate of his dupe, Major Andre. Thus I was more strongly impressed by the episode than if I had merely learned it from a school history.

Arnold, who was in command of the fort at West Point on the Hudson, had planned to give up possession to the British, which would have insured defeat to the Americans, as the arsenal was there and the loss of ammunition would have left General Washington helpless.

Andre, a very fine young man, as a spy for the British, was greatly serving his country. By an accident which must have been Providential, the plot was discovered in time. Washington felt so deeply for Andre that he would not take the responsibility for his fate but called a court of officers by whom he was condemned to be hanged, though they would have been only too glad if it might have been Arnold instead.

It so happened that in 1908 I made a visit to the house where Andre was held prisoner and where he spent his last night. The house had been built by an Englishman named Laurence in the 17th century and was 90 feet long with a large hall twelve feet wide running from front to back. The first story was stone two feet thick, the second story was wood.

On the right as we entered the rooms were occupied by the caretaker. There was a broad stair case and on the left was an immense room about 30x36 feet with an alcove that once had been the "parlor bed room."

The house had changed hands several times and the last owner had given it to the town for a library. Beside the bed room and between it and the hall were two smaller rooms separated by a thick partition and a four inch thick door.

The only opening in the inner room was a small grated window at the top in a corner.

It was in this room Andre was confined. It was said he took off his watch in the night, laid it face down on his bed saying, "I have done with time." He was only 29 years old.

A few weeks later I visited at the home of Mrs. Fitch and her daughter Sarah, now Mrs. Griffin, in central New York and there learned many interesting facts.

Mrs. Fitch's grandfather was Captain Smith of Washington's staff. There being some fear of an attempted rescue of Andre, Washington said to Captain Smith, "I am surrounded by treachery, I know not whom to trust."

Captain Smith replied, "I will be answerable for the prisoner's safety with my life."

Major Andre was hanged October 2, 1780, in the morning in a woods near the house where he was held prisoner. Benedict Arnold died in England, loathed by Americans and despised by the British.

That same summer I was taken to the old Phillipse House, then used for a post office.

Mary Phillipse is said to have refused an offer of marriage from Washington. Her portrait was hung in the house. There had been a secret stairway by which they could go down to the water's edge, if they were besieged in front and thus escape in boats.

I guess we women have all used Florence silk thread. The widow of Mrs. Florence lived in Mount Vernon. She died a few years after my visit there. In her will she left $60,000 with which to restore Phillipse House to its original condition, as nearly as possible.

I also was at the old Van Courtlandt Manor House now owned by the Colonial Dames, with 400 acres of the original estate which was very large. The house is filled with historic old things; one room being devoted to articles brought over in the Mayflower. One room has the bed in which Gen. Washington slept, a ladder was by the bed, by which to "climb in," as the bed was four feet high.

In New York City was the "Sam Francis Tavern," where Washington made his headquarters when in the city. It had just been restored and opened to the public. We were in the room where at the close of the war, Washington took leave of his officers, the army having been disbanded.

Captain Smith said after a dinner there and a farewell address, Washington said, "I would thank you if you would each come and take me by the hand." This they did in almost total silence and passed out with bowed heads to enter upon a new life.

I once saw a Revolutionary War soldier in my father's home in New York, I think in 1856. He was ninety years old and was being rescued from an unsuitable situation. He had enlisted when only a boy near the close of the war. He had dinner at our house; he was thin and bent and hungry. My father was Justice of the Peace and was attending to some le-

gallties. A year or so later in Harper's Magazine was a poem, "Only Twelve Left," meaning Revolutionary soldiers.

To me the attractions of New York City do not rest so much with the fine stores, lofty buildings, subways, etc., as in the storied memorials in which the city and surrounding country are so rich. When the land was owned by Barons, the immense estates were bounded by heavy stone walls, and many of them old "Baronial walls" may still be traced, while others are so deeply buried that large trees are growing upon them

There is Trinity church and church yard with its ancient monuments.

I only saw a very small portion of course, of the many interesting places. In Mount Vernon was the old church where Washington worshiped whenever duty called him to that locality. In the church yard are graves dating in the 1600's most grown and sunken. Across the street are the stone stables whereWashington and his men stabled their horses while they attended church.

I twice visited my brother there in Mount Vernon, Dr. Jacques Redway, whose wife was my niece, also Mrs. Cottrel, who was Mary Tisdale of Hamilton, in her charming home.

Perhaps others are not as much interested in these events more than a century and a half old, and it is not because I am old that I am, for in my youth I had the same liking.

When I had been married nearly a year I went to visit my sister in Chicago.

I sat in back of a fine appearing elderly man who offered me his paper to read, and we entered into conversation. He was just returning from New York where he had been to buy goods.

In speaking of a heavy storm which delayed my trip from Thursday to Saturday, I mentioned my husband. He seemed impressed and said, "I'd like to know how long you have been married."

He spoke of his journey to New York and of it being tedious. I said then that I'd never taken a trip of much more than a hundred miles by rail and told how six years before I had come by boat from New York. Then I had stepped onto the boat at my home and did not need to leave it until I reached Chicago.

He said, "You must have been quite young then to take the trip alone." I answered I was then seventeen. He said, "I wouldn't say you were a day over twenty now."

At that time all business places closed on Saturday nights, much earlier than throughout the week, so the same hour on Saturday seemed later than on other nights when the streets were alive with business.

When the brakeman came through I asked what time we would arrive, and he said about eleven. I answered "Pretty late for Saturday night", and he retorted, "Suppose you wouldn't call it late if it were Sunday night," and passed on laughing at his own wit, and we laughing at him.

One thing did make it seem rather funny. I had said to my husband that I was going to pass myself off for a girl and of course he said, "You can't do it."

The gentleman I had talked with alighted just ahead of me and when Mr. Burnham met me at the car steps he recognized the man as one of the leading business men on Lake street. Big business was then mostly on Lake street.

Michigan avenue was the most aristocratic residence street, especially Michigan Terrace. As long as I lived there no business houses were admitted on the avenue. However business won and the homes were driven out.

Most of the commission houses were on Water Street, and 22nd, street was considered a long way out. Where we lived between 29th and the city limits was in the suburbs.

The last time I visited Chicago for any length, Mr. Burnham owned a home on Congress street where the Auditorium Annex now stands. The leading hotel was the Tremont.

McVickers Theatre was one of the institutions of the city. But alas, that and many other dear historical places were destroyed in those terrible days of October in '71. Indeed mention brings them so vividly before me, that at the risk of being tiresome I will narrate my own sufferings though over 100 miles away.

I had been very ill, and couldn't sit up for many months. My good husband carried me night and morning from one room to another.

There were fires in the north and the air was full of smoke, though the fires were a long distance away.

Sunday night, about the time of the start of the fire in Chicago I began to feel a fear of fire that increased to terror. If I slept it was to dream of being pursued by flames

Several times in the night I called Mr. Osborne, who would go outside and look, then come back and report no fire in sight. All next day I suffered the same alarm.

My girls were then five and six. I had them bring all my boxes of treasures from the closet shelves to my bed where I sorted them, packing the most precious into one box. A few rods from the house in the orchard was a fine growth of wheat in which I knew the fire could not run.

When the men came from the fields where they were husking, I asked Mr. Osborne if he "supposed I could creep as far as the orchard."

That night was a repetition of Sunday night and about the time the fire ended, I was so tired, I became quiet and slept which no doubt was a great relief to the family as well as myself. There being no telephone then, nor rural delivery, we knew nothing of the fire until Wednesday.

Thank heaven I never have had any more experience with real fire, and I never suffered any more than I did those two days.

THE TIMES OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Mrs. Erastus Osborn

A few years ago Mrs. Osborn wrote a series of stories for the Republican under the heading, "Old Times." They were widely read for their historical value as well as the personal interest in them. These stories of Civil War days will be even more interesting. Mrs. Osborn, who will attain her eigthy-ninth birthday the coming fall, is one of the few now living who can write from memory accounts of those stirring times, and we are very glad of the opportunity to print them.—Ed.

I

Recently in the Republican there have been some echoes of the Civil War, the last one relating to Mr. Stephen Bullard, and I have thereby been reminded of some incidents of those trying years that came under my notice.

Camp Douglas was located in Chicago early in 1861, and built in the latter part of that summer by Col. Joseph H. Tucker under orders from Governor Yates.

In applying through my friend Harry B. Garrett of Cihicago, to the Chicago Historical Society for some data, I was surprised to read in their reply, "We do not find any mention of a United States Fair held here in 1859." I presume the records were lost in the fire of '71 for the fair was a noteworthy event, the first one ever held in this country. It was largely attended and esteemed a great success.

Our old pioneer citizen, Mr. Marcus Merriman, and his daughter Juliet came to my sister's, Mrs. Burnham's to attend the fair, and my sister, Mrs. Adams, who lived there, came with them.

That was the beginning of a most happy acquaintance. Mr. Merriman and his daughter, then Mrs. Hurd, wife of a Christian clergyman, died in Paw Paw, I think in '92, and so near together that both were buried the same day in the Hamilton cemetery.

Of course there are now few living who were then old enough to have a practical knowledge of the fair. I have thought of those old settlers, the Beaubiens, as able to confirm my recollections.

Alexander Beaubiens, the first white child born in Chicago, had his 21st birthday after my sister went there to live in '56. The event was celebrated in a jubilee manner. There are still Beaubiens residing in the city.

A man named Myrick owned land extending from 28th street to the city limits, then at 31st street. My sister lived on Myrick Avenue on the west side of the street; the Myrick residence was on the east side, and besides one small house, these were the only houses in the two blocks.

The I. C. and M. C. R. R. tracks were next to the lake and the space between those and Cottage Grove avenue from 28th street to the city limits

was occupied by the stock yards, which later were moved over west.

Part of this was the Myrick farm which, as I remember, was better adapted to raising sand burs than any other crop, and was a good place for the yards.

Mr. Myrick became immensely rich as did John B. Sherman, who was the president of the stock yards and also kept a hotel on Cottage Grove avenue. His only daughter later became Mrs. Daniel H. Burnham.

North of 28th street close up to the lake were some large empty car sheds. A party of young people with whom I was associated used to come on moonlight nights and go bathing in the lake. We ladies used the inside of the sheds for a dressing room, and the men the outside. My sister was chaperon and Mr. Burnham was leader.

My mother was an expert at making coffee bread or raised cake. We would adjourn from the lake to my sister's dining room, my sister would make coffee and we would have a fine lunch.

The liveliest one in the lot was Will Wiley. He named us the Young People's Bathing, Cake Eating, Coffee Drinking Society. About two years later he enlisted in the Board of Trade Battery and was in training at Camp Douglas. As it was so close by, we could walk over to see him there.

In the first battle at Fort Donaldson he was killed. He had a public and largely attended funeral in Lower Byran hall at which I was present. That was the pledge made by the Board of Trade when enlisting the men, that those who lost their lives should be returned to Chicago for burial

Late in November, 1860, my father and mother returned to Chicago from Hamilton, expecting to buy a home near Aurora, Illinois, instead early in the year of 1861, they bought in Hamilton and I came to live with them.

Soon after the holidays I received a letter from my brother-in-law saying my sister was very ill and wanted me to come there. The word came Saturday and Monday at 3:00 p. m. I took a train.

Transportation facilities were then so very different from the present time that such a call could not be answered as promptly as now. I was asked to wire from Dowagiac and an answer would be returned, but through some blunder the answer did not come and I left, not certain I would be met and knowing my train would reach Chicago very late.

The car which I entered was full and a middle aged gentleman gave me his seat. He seemed well educated and evidently had traveled much. As he seemed inclined to talk I occupying his seat felt I could do no less. He asked a good many questions as to where my friends lived, and I began to think him too talkative.

The papers had been printing the details of a scandalous divorce suit of a wealthy and aristocratic family in the city. The little I had read showed it to be unfit to be printed or read and I had taken no interest in it. When he alluded to the case and asked if I had read the testimony, I said, "No sir," in such a way that it put a period to his question.

Directly afterward, the train stopped at a station and a seat became vacant across the aisle. I said, "Thank you for your seat but I will not deprive you of it longer," and moved across the aisle.

As we were somewhere near "in," I asked the conductor if he would get me a carriage on arrival, and he kindly said he would. My acquaintance across the aisle leaned over and said, "Don't give yourself any uneasiness if you are not met. I will get a carriage that will take you to your friends." I said, "Thank you, but the conductor will attend to that," and immediately went into a panic, thinking of the stories I had heard of unprincipaled hack drivers, and traps for the helpless.

When the train stopped and I saw Mr. Burnham at the car steps I collapsed. He helped me into a carriage he had waiting and I suffered the worst nervous chill I ever had. He told my sister I shook the hack.

The next day I was terribly ashamed of having been so unstrung and wondered what would be the effect of a real peril! I was soon to find out.

About three weeks later when my sister was recovered sufficiently to be down stairs, she said, "You will have to go and see the washerwoman, as she doesn't come." It was only about three blocks to where Mrs. Trear lived, but as her house fronted on an alley, I was obliged to walk down it.

About half way down I had to pass two large stables opposite each other. On each lay a large black dog and as I came up they set up a barking and growling such as I had never heard. I passed them safely and when I reached Mrs. Trear's I was in a tremor. She said they always barked at her but did no harm.

Summoning all my courage I started back. The dogs were lying quietly and I was congratulating myself on the fact, when just as I was almost past them they started up barking and sprang up at me one on each side. The smaller one's nose only reached my shoulder but the one on my left was much larger and he had his paws on my shoulder and his head beside my face.

I was wearing a nice double shawl that my brother had sent me from New York. The larger dog made a vicious snap and tore out the double corner of the shawl as clean as if done with a pair of scissors, four inches wide and about a foot long! I don't know what kept him from tearing my face, but all the time I was going on as well as I could. When I reached the corner they both left off and returned to their stables.

I leaned up against a picket fence, ready to drop. A little German shoe maker who had his bench close to the window, seeing me, came out and asked if the dogs had scared me. He said they barked at every one and ought to be killed. He went back and picked up the piece of my shawl which he found on the snow. My mother darned it in place for me, and it scarcely showed the tear.

We learned later that the dogs were owned by a butcher and were trained to "pull down" cattle. Not long after that some one remarked at the supper table that the larger of the beasts wasn't seen around any more. Seeing an expressive look pass between my sister and her husband, I felt quite sure that the Burnham wholesale drug stock had been diminished slightly and thought it no more than likely the little shoemaker had assisted in the good work!

In April war was declared and it seemed as if the world stood still but the reaction soon came. In June I returned to Hamilton, where my father had built a house on part of the Adams farm.

FIVE GENERATIONS

By F. L. K.

Dear Arba:—

What is a generation and can one live several?

I have two nice little pals, chums, or playmates just over the garden fence, or the place where the fence ought to be. Roth, 10, and Kenneth, 12, husky sons of Hershel Morris. When we boys were playing together I mistrusted they thought me some years older than they, but were too polite to mention it. But then you know for fishing pals, people never draw any fine age distinctions.

They did open their eyes wide with a look of incredulity when I boasted of being older than their father. Then still wider when I boasted that I was the teacher of their grandfather, Elmer Morris, in the Prairie school away back in the seventies. Then I told them that I worked for Benjamin Hathaway, the late famous farmer poet far back in the sixties, just across the way from the big prairie farm of their great grandfather, Mr. Samuel Morris, four generations back.

Sam had a pretty hired girl,—they call them domestic scientists now,—and I wanted to court her but when Mr. Morris told me she was a grass widow, which was pizen in those days, I quickly faded away. We have progressed until now she would be high card.

Then we slipped back to the fifth generation, their great-great-grandfather, the now famous Dolphin Morris, first settler of Van Buren county. When a little boy in the late fifties I knew Dolphin and his good wife Nancy, very intimately. My sainted mother, a widow, raising a family of five, gave expert service in those days, house-cleaning, paperhanging, threshing, butchering, etc., receiving liberal pay and many perquisites among which were some of Dolphin's cast-off garments which when recommissioned fitted out little Dutchy for school.

In 1860 I knew the six original pioneer settlers then living on the Prairie: Dolphin and John Morris, LeGrand Anderson, and the old mothers of David Finch, Barber Buell and Benjamin Hathaway. These six thrifty people helped to lay the foundation for that unique community of idealists which we of the proletariat called the Prairie Aristocracy.

Dolphin and Nancy had four sons, Amos, Samuel Elias and Henry and one daughter, Susan. Their careers are so

full of interest to the older people of that period now living, that I need not recount them.

Dolphin Morris as I knew him, was a devout Christian of the old type who lived his religion. He held family worship daily, offering a long prayer before meals but used a shorter blessing during the rush season, ending with a loud and unctious "Amen."

In those days neatly dressed young men came out from the towns to work on the farm, that is, they wanted to work the farmer on the farm,—and are doing it yet. Dolphin, knowing more gospel than law, and being honest, wanting to think every other man honest, gave those finely-feathered gents a big chicken dinner and signed their contract without reading it. The next time they came instead of food and a contract, they got the gate.

Notwithstanding, those were the good old days of thrift and plenty. Each farmer kept a fellow called the hired man. Now he keeps the man who holds the mortgage, but a few still have a gentleman in their employ who styles himself the agriculturist's managing superintendent. Soon he will be known as an agrarian technician or rural research director. Bah!

There are now five good reasons for owning a home or a farm. The first reason, including the other four, is to have a basis for a mortgage for raising the first payment on a big car. Then fill the tank and get a bunch of smokes and drive out leisurely at sixty per, on a highway that doesn't need to be paid for till ten years from now, and find a Dirty Fork Barbecue where they split a little wiener worth a cent and place it between the two sides of a penny bun and give you the whole thing for ten cents, not charging a thing for the mustard. Then play a few rounds of peewee golf, get a couple of soft drinks, and if there is no other place to go, return home at midnight,—if there be no mishaps.

Ain't our modern high-tax education wonderful? A few get common sense, gain the power to think a little, with judgment, reasoning and wisdom, and they are the balance of power today. Buy up the rest at actual value and sell them for what they think they are worth and it's all clear profit.

Are we really as successful and as contented and happy as in those good old days of farm prosperity? Maybe —not.

Then I asked Kenneth when he was going to show me the sixth generation of Morris boys, but he ducked and ran out back of the barn where I found him later digging another can of bait. forula, no more worthy than you, by a system of co-operation, get vastly more for our products while the consumers pay much less. Will these Michigan farmers ever get wise as to why they do not prosper and have plenty of money? Will they ever co-operate? They will not.

At present rate, in a few years farms will go for debts and be abandoned.

Can the country towns hope to continue to flourish when the surrounding farms are sold for taxes and abandoned, allowed to grow only horse sorrel, mullien and cuckleburs? Is this of any interest to the editor, the grocer and other town folks?

Now, Arba, you ask one. F. L. K.

THE SONS OF METHODIST MINISTERS

Floyd Odlum, a Decatur High School Boy 25 Years Ago, Is Now Considered One of the Country's Ablest Professional Men.

Children of Methodist ministers who have served in Decatur have turned out well. That may be one reason why Decatur has had so many good and capable Methodist ministers,—they want their children to turn out well.

Theo. Proutty, who passed away at his home near Los Angeles a few weeks ago, became nationally known as an inventor and was highly esteemed in the west where he had resided some twenty years. His father was the Methodist minister of Decatur during the eighties.

Foss Eldred, the well known attorney of Ionia, who was the Republican-dry candidate for Congress in the recent election in the Eighth Michigan district and went down to defeat before the Democratic-wet candidate from Saginaw, was a son of Rev. A. N. Eldred, who was pastor of the Methodist church here during the nineties.

A few days ago Mrs. Allie Rosevelt sent the Republican a page from the magazine, "Time," of August 17, 1931, which contained a picture and sketch of Floyd Odlum who attended the Decatur High school 23 or 24 years ago and whose father was then our Methodist pastor.

This story of Mr. Floyd Odlum and his activities is copied from Time,—

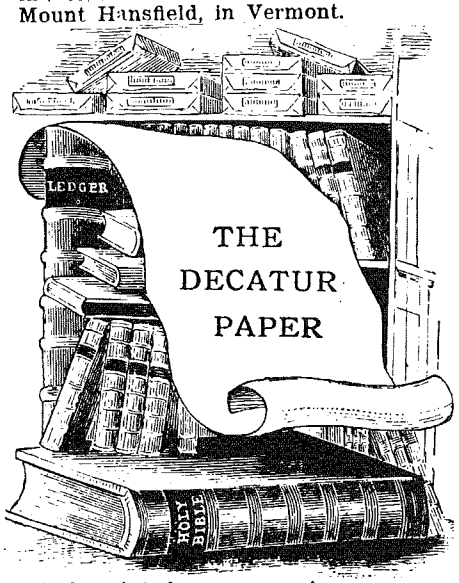
Bigger Atlas

Notoriously miserable has been the record of investment trusts as a group. Notably excellent has been the record of one trust: Atlas Utilities Corp. Last week Atlas, still little known beyond the purlieus of Wall street, acquired control of two well known investment trusts, and with them, management contracts.

The deals marked the eighth and ninth acquisitions made by Atlas since last October. President of the company is a quiet, modest man of 39 who is considered one of the ablest men in the country yet is as obscure as his company. He is Floyd Bostwick Odlum, whose other chief interests are his vice-presidency of Electric Bond & Share and his vice-chairmanship of its big unit, American & Foreign Power Co. Seldom in the public prints, he was written up two years ago for conducting the "most expensive telephone call," London-New York, 95 min., $1,425. Slim, nonchalant, sandy-haired & freckled, Floyd Bostwick Odlum studied law at University of Colorado, in New York started work with Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett of Manhattan. In their office he became a close friend of George Henry Howard, seven years his senior. Just as Lawyer Odlum left to take charge of the legal department of Electric Bond & Share, so, two years ago, Lawyer Howard left to become president of United Corp.

In 1924 the two men formed a private investment trust, first called U. S. Co., later Atlas Utilities Corp. The original investment of $40,000 was the base for successful operations and in September 1929 a public offering of stock was made. [illegible] the financial connection [illegible] Odlum and Director Howard, Atlas is a strictly independent trust.

First of the two trusts bought by Atlas last week was Ungerleider Financial Corp., formed in 1929 under the management of Samuel Ungerleider & Co., whose senior partner is cheery "Ohio Sam" Ungerleider. The other was Sterling Securities Corp., formed three years ago by the interests which sponsored Insuranshares Corp. It has two Hayden, Stone & Co. men on the board, was one of the first two investment trusts listed on the New York Stock Exchange (the other: General Public Service Corp.). Assets of the two trusts at the end of last year were $9,000,000 and $20,000,000 respectively. Atlas now has $25,000,000 in assets, controls a total investment structure of $48,000,000. Despite their many duties, Friends Howard & Odlum still have time to go trout-fishing together at the Howard camp, Mount Hansfield, in Vermont.



It is printed once a week
And Arba makes it speak,
And sometimes tries to cut a fancy c
per;
But for all its funny ways,
We should hate to pass the days
Without our cheery, good Decatur p
per.

It comes out here like a friend,
A social hour to spend,
And tells us all the news about ou
neighbors;
It knows our girls and boys
And rejoices in our joys,
Shares our fun and then applauds ou
labors.

Big papers we peruse
For the wide outside world's new
Of stocks, and kings, and wars an
ways to taper;
But our happiness depends
Upon our neighbors and our friend
We keep track of through our goo
Decatur paper.

F. L. K., out in Californ—ia

A HISTORY OF DECATUR

Photo Compliments of Grace Weeks

Read by the Late Mrs. W. H. Tuttle Before the Every Tuesday Club December 26, 1899.

I love to hear old people tell their tales of the past, for history told by a man who has set his foot on the borderland, where the past and the future meet and blend, in a consciousness of both past and present, is more charmingly told than by him who recalls it from dry statistics or coldly stated facts.

The first settlement in Van Buren county was made in what is now the township of Decatur in 1829. In this year Charles Tucker settled on the present site of the village and built a house. In 1847 Beers & Sherwood of New York City had acquired government grants for 5,000 acres of land, in which was included the present site of Decatur, and when the Michigan Central railroad began to push its way westward from Kalamazoo they determined to lay out a village on the line and call it Decatur, in honor of our country's celebrated naval officer of that name. They donated land for depot buildings, which were put up in 1848, in which year the railway was completed from Detroit to Niles. October 7 of that year an excursion train from Detroit to Niles, in celebration of the opening of the road, passed through Decatur.

Hiram Lee bought the first village lot in 1848, before the village was platted. The first village school was opened in 1848, on the lot now occupied by Mr. Greenman. A school was taught in it during the winter of 1848 and '49 by Miss Sarah Cook, whose pupils numbered twenty.

In 1848 L. R. Barker built a hotel on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. In the following year Col. Phelps, who was postmaster for a long time and for whom our main street was named, opened a store on the lot now onwed by C. W. Brigham, and for a year it was the only store in town. At this time most of the trading was done in Kalamazoo and Paw Paw. The Dixon store now owned by E. P. Hill was esteemed a fine establishment for that day, some thought it finer than was needed.

The completion of the swamp road in November, 1849, opened communication with the surrounding country and gave to the new village a decided impetus.

The village was first incorporated by the board of supervisors in October, 1859, and afterwards rechartered by the legislature, by an act approved March 16, 1861. The first president of the corporation was E. P. Hill, the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch. One curious provision existing in the act was that the president and trustees should receive no compensation, but may once a year have a free dinner at the expense of the village.

In 1850, Beers and Sherwood engaged Nathan Wilcox to put up a steam saw mill at the west end of Delaware street, just out of the village. This mill was afterwards converted into a distillery, which has happily disappeared, leaving only rank grass to mark the spot it once defiled.

Decatur's first physician was Dr. Bartholomew, who put up in 1848 a small office and drug store on Sherwood street, the building afterwards doing duty as Shulters' hotel.

During Dr. Bartholomew's time Dr. Wells of Little Prairie Ronde visited Decatur frequently to teach singing school and occasionally practiced the the healing art in the town. In 1851 Dr. J. T. Keables opened an office in Decatur and for years had the field to himself.

In 1851 the main street of the village boasted the stores of A. H. Dixon, Theodore Phelps and E. Ingals and a bar room kept by Robert Willis. Mr. Willis was known as the wealthiest man in town. At that time the spot now occupied by the thriving village of Decatur was literally in the woods, and the sight of deer and wolves in the very heart of the village is said to have been no uncommon one.

Decatur's earliest newspaer was called the Van Buren County Tribune and its publisher was Charles P. Sweet. The Decatur Clarion, edited by Moses Hull, was the successor of the Tribune.

A postoffice was established about 1852 and George Sherwood appointed postmaster.

Previous to October 15, 1870, Decatur village had enjoyed only such limited banking facilities as were furnished by the private banks of Joseph Rogers and John Tarbell. On this date the First National Bank of Decatur was chartered with a capital of $75,000. A. B. Copley was chosen president and E. P. Hill, cashier. Mr. Copley was a member of our state legislature in 1865, '71 and '75.

The First Presbyterian church was organized by Rev. Marcus Harrison in 1851 with three members. In 1856 the house of worship, the first one in the village, was dedicated. The original church building was sold in 1869 to the Universalist society and in 1877 they disposed of the structure to the Catholic congregation, by whom it is now used. The Presbyterians replaced their old house of worship with a fine large church, and expended upon it upwards of $6,000. A Baptist church was organized in 1869, with twenty-six members. The Methodist church, the early rec-

ords of which having been lost, the date of its organization cannot be positively fixed. It is believed that the class was first formed in 1856, at all events it is known that in 1857 it contained but seven members. The first Universalist church was organized in 1868. In 1881 the society built a new church, which was destroyed by fire in 1895 and was rebuilt the same year.

The Union school building was built in 1863-4, at a cost of $12,000. The building is a brick structure, occupying a most delightful site overlooking the whole village, with beautiful playgrounds ornamented with beautiful shade trees.

In 1880 the village population was estimated at about two thousand. It is safe to say that no town on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity. The village contained four churches — Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist and Baptist; also seven dry good stores, two drug stores, six grocery and provision stores, four hotels, three harness shops, two hardwares, three clothing stores, three shoe stores, one banking house, two meat markets, one livery barn, one photographer (Mr. Boughton), three millinery shops, four dressmaking shops, two barber shops, one bakery, one flour and feed store, two jewelry stores, one newspaper, a large flouring mill, two planing mills, a stave factory, a steam saw and grist mill, a tannery, cabinet shop and carriage manufactory, and if I have been informed correctly, thirteen saloons.

Looking backward through the years that have passed we can see many changes, perhaps for the better. We have lost the saloon and gained many modern improvements.

We are like Goldsmith's Traveler:

Where'ere we roam, whatever realms to see,
Our hearts untraveled fondly turn to thee, Decatur.

DECATUR, THE IDEAL TOWN

(One of the good letters written for the Republican's contest last spring.)

Decatur is one of the most active of the small towns around.

Why don't more people trade in their home town where there are home-owned stores, and keep the money at home in place of going to the other towns?

Decatur's grocers have just as good a line of merchandise as there is on the market. Why must you go to the Woolworth or Kresge 10 cent stores when Beek's have as good a line as they have, and Beek's is not a chain store.

Dry goods is another thing which counts a lot in our daily needs. Mosier's have a department store. Why look further?

Decatur is very active in the summer, when resorters are here. It is practically surrounded by lakes, the closest being less than a mile away. The lake of the Woods is good for bathing, for boating and it has beautiful spots for picnics. On one bank is a girl scout camp.

Decatur has one of the largest schools for its size of any of the towns. It offers a variety of different courses, especially a business course and college preparatory course. It is noted for its athletics, but more for its music.

A great improvement was made when the new buildings were erected on Main and Delaware streets.

Some of the best muck land in this part of the country is around Decatur. Decatur is a center for peppermint, celery and onions.

There are opportunities on every hand for the ones who care to take advantage of them.

In closing I will say that a good motto would be "Boost your own town and let the others take care of themselves."

Mona S. Dishrow,
Jackson, Michigan

DEATH OF JANE NEWTON CREGO

Prominent Pioneer Resident of Volinia and Owner of Famous Newton Woods Passed Away December 10.

Mrs. Jane Newton Crego, a life long resident of Volinia, passed away at the old homestead Wednesday afternoon, December 10. She would have been 78 years old the first of January. She was critically ill about two weeks although she had been gradually failing for some time.

Mrs. Crego was the daughter of George and Esther Green Newton who are counted among the founders of Cass county. She was born in Volinia township January 1, 1853, and lived all of her life on the property which has been owned by the Newton family 100 years next April.

She was married to Henry Crego in 1898 and he passed away in 1920. Two cousins, Mrs. Iva Fiero of LaGrange and Jesse Green of Wayne are the nearest surviving relatives. A brother Milton Newton, died in 1903.

Funeral services were held at the old homestead last Friday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Joseph Fox of Dowagiac officiating, and burial followed in Crane cemetery.

The following brief history of the Newton family was printed in the Dowagiac Daily News:

The family history of the Newton family is rich in historic lore. Mrs. Crego's grandfather, Col. James Newton, was born in England in 1777 and came to the United States in 1800. In 1804 he joined the migration westward, halting for short times in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and later in Ohio. At one time he was offered an acre of land in what is now the heart of Cincinnati, for a day's work, which he refused, as land in the great central west was almost without value in those days. In the war of 1812 he served in the Federal army, and gained the rank of colonel.

In April, 1831, with his wife and son, George, he left Ohio for Michigan traveling in a covered wagon, using three cattle and horses for motive power, crossed the St. Joseph river and laid claim to the rich virgin property that was to become so valuable and noted in later years. The original claim has been added to until the estate now includes 700 acres, with 400 acres of virgin timber, the largest tract of its kind in southern Michigan, and which enjoys more than a state-wide prominence. These woods have long been talked of as a state park, which would be second to none in the state.

Not only was Col. Newton an agriculturist, woodsman and soldier, but he served the public in various capacities, and for four executive years was supervisor for Volinia from 1833 1837.

When [illegible] county, the Newton boys [illegible] wigwam [illegible] of We[illegible] saw, [illegible] ers in this regio[illegible] of the drafters of t[illegible]rle[illegible].

The son, George [illegible] of Mrs. Crego, also served a [illegible]olinia supervisor in 1851 and '52 and was also a state representative from the district. The Newton homestead, in the old days was always a place where Indians found friendship and help. Hon. George Newton died in 1883.

The present home, a majestic old place whose rooms are filled with antiques and things that recall the colorful days of the past, was built 60 years ago. An old Beckwith stove, installed in 1870, is still used to heat the central rooms. Mrs. Crego was 18 years old when this house was built and it had always been her home.

Mrs. Crego, always mild, loving and understanding, enjoyed an unusually large group of friends, who learned with deep regret of her passing from their midst.

CAME TO DECATUR IN THE YEAR '81

John Peterson, After 24 Years, Returns to The Best Town on Earth and to "Home Sweet Home."

John Peterson was in the office last week. He came direct from Eureka, California, three weeks ago and arrived in Decatur a very sick man. Now he feels ever so much better. It's the Michigan climate that brought him back to his old self physically. That and getting back home. "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

His friends, meeting him for the first time, say to him, "Going to stay awhile, Peterson?" and he replies, "You bet I am, going to stay here for good now. I have been east and west and north and south and I believe Decatur is the best little town in the world.

"In California they sell the climate. That's all they've got to sell. I'm a booster for Decatur from now on all the time.

"San Francisco is the coldest place in the world. That is you feel the cold there the most.

"I came to Decatur in 1881. My father was a ship builder and contractor and I learned the trade of him. I had the fever to go onto a farm. I heard the captain of the 'City of Cleveland' say that he had some wild land out near Decatur. I got father to come out and look at it. Father said he had a good business and did not care to leave it, but if I wanted the land he would go 50-50 in buying it. I could come out and work it and he would stay where he was. We made the deal. We bought a team of 4 year old black horses in Detroit for $500 and I drove them out here. Three or four years later father came here to live.

"When I first came I lived with Ed. Cady and his mother and sister Hattie.

"I went to Chicago and made a contract with a dealer to furnish him a carload of charcoal a week. Then I came back here and built two charcoal kilns. They were built of Kruse brick, Dan Carney built them and they had a capacity of a carload each.

"The ground was all covered with heavy swamp timber and I had it cut in four foot lengths for burning in the kilns. Dan Conklin, the charcoal burner at Lawton, was my first charcoal burner and worked for me over a year. I burned charcoal for six or seven years and then the price got so low that it didn't pay."

MRS. BULLARD, 96, RECALLS OLD TIMES

Came from Detroit in Wagon When Decatur and Paw Paw Were Young.

State Dispatch.—It was 93 years ago when a covered wagon, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Bartlett and family, started from their home near Detroit, wended its way westward and reached a destination in the wilderness 10 miles north of Dowagiac, on the old Territorial Trail.

In this conveyance was a Bartlett girl named Cordelia, aged three, who is still living but a few miles from the original homestead, which was hewn out of the virgin forest.

At 96 years, Mrs. Stephen Bullard's keen mind recalls the happenings of her childhood, when there was but one settler's house where Decatur is now located, and when Paw Paw had but one small general store.

In 1856 Miss Bartlett was married to Stephen Bullard, a neighor living in Hamilton township, and at his death in March of this year, he and his wife had been married for 74 years, they being the longest married of any couple in Michigan, if not the nation, Mr. Bullard was 93 at the time of his death and it was only because of the development of a cancerous growth in a hand that he died, his health having been excellent otherwise.

Longevity has been the rule on both sides of the Bullard family. Mrs. Bullard is the last of a family of five children, all of whom passed the 80-year mark and two living to be over 90.

Mr. Bullard was the last of a family of 12 children, all of whom died after they had lived long beyond the average span of life.

Five children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Bullard, and until two years ago, when one of them, Franklin Bullard, of Hartford, was killed by a kick by a horse, the aged father and mother and five children, all over 60 years of age, were living. The other four are Clarence, near Hartford; Mort, of Keeler town hip, with whom Mrs. Bullard made her home; Mrs. Jesse Cottrell, of Florida; Mrs. Nellie Willys, of Tacoma, Wash.

A VISIT TO SEQOIA NATIONAL PARK

About Sixty-Five Miles Over Excellent Highways — Gen. Sherman Tree Largest in the World.

By Myron A. Hinkley in the Orange Cove (California) News of Aug. 28.

It is an enjoyable one-day trip to the Sequoia National park from Orange Cove, a distance of about 65 miles over excellent highways. The trip was taken Sunday by the News editor and his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Crane of Riverside, their week-end guests.

Packing a picnic lunch we left home at about nine-thirty, and at dinner time were eating the lunch under the redwoods in Giant Forest. The trail led through Orosi, Cutler, Woodlake and Three Rivers. The last few miles before reaching the ranger station the road follows Kawea river, a dashing mountain stream, along whose banks are numerous camping and picnic places and all were occupied.

A ranger at the entrance station took our dollar, handed us a sticker, a license and a descriptive booklet, and waved us on into the park. Sequoia National park is a big affair. It covers 604 square miles and contains the largest tree in the world, which is the principal drawing card. It has many other attractions, however, such as Bear Hill, Moro Rock, and several groves of big trees. Statistics show that there are scores of sequoia trees in the park that measure from 20 to 30 feet in diameter, and thousands that run ten feet and over in diameter.

The sixteen miles from the ranger station to Giant Forest is nearly all up-grade and many of the grades are steep, but the road is wide and well oiled, and the trip can be made without difficulty.

We had company for dinner. A mule-eared doe visited our table and was helped to bread and crackers. She liked the crackers best and would eat no bread as long as the crisper delicacy was offered. Soon she was joined by another of her sex and then an antlered member of the clan walked through camp, but he was a bit shy and kept away from the crowd. The deer have been protected so long in this park that they are as tame as domestic animals.

We arrived at the Gen. Sherman tree too late for the lecture which is given each afternoon by a ranger, but he was an accommodating fellow and told us many things about the big tree in private conversation. The General Sherman tree is 273.9 feet in height, and its greatest diameter is 37.3 feet. The distance to the first large limb is 103 feet, and that limb is 7 feet in diameter, larger than the ordinary tree. The Gen. Sherman is thousands of yars old, perhaps the oldest living thing in the world.

Another attraction is Bear Hill, where scores of bears, large and small were seen eating their afternoon meal of garbage, and climbing in the trees. A grandstand has been built for the convenience of visitors who wish to stop there and watch the animals. One fellow has a pretty good business taking pictures of the bears for visitors. He is the only one allowed in the bear pit, and for a small fee he will take one's camera and sesure any picture desired.

Near Bear Hill is Moro Rock, where visitors climb up a series of steps to the top of a large rock, there to have a wonderful panorama of the mountains and canyons.

The last place we visited in the park was the street of stores and curio shops, where we found "Barney" Hobbs, a Riverside boy who is one of fifty young college people who wait on the trade and serve visitors through the summer months. College people from all parts of the country work in the park in the summer. There is keen competition for the positions, and lucky is he who lands a job at Sequoia or any of the other national parks for the summer. Concessions are owned by private companies, which operate under government regulation.

It was easy to roll down through the mountains and reach home in a little over two hours. It was a pleasant and worthwhile trip.

ALOHALAND

Honolulu, T. H.,
March 28, 1930.

My Dear Arba:—

An so you want something just a little mushy about Paradise.

You know every fall when the wet, cold winds begin to blow, I manage to work up a regular whiskey cough. Then comes naturally the dream of a crescent-shaped beach bathed in the beauty of a tropic night, where the foam-kissed waves creep caressingly up on the coral sands silvered by the moonlight. Again comes the sweet odors of wild ginger and plumaria. And then my old ears seem to catch the tinkling of the silly ukulele with its haunting minor key as the natives sing their plaintive melodies, transmuting back to the blessed pagan days of old. And there are the brown beauties in grass skirt, beads, leis and anklets dancing the graceful hulu on the sand in bare feet with old Diamond Head in the back-ground.

Yes, Arba, but that is not all of the

dream-picture that haunts me till I get my ticket and berth reservation. With closed eyes I can vision again of these dark green hills and wooded mountain sides up above which good old Mark Twain saw the "tops like islets showing above the cloudrack." I could see with him these lovely waterfalls and tufted crags, the leaning palms with plumy fronds waving me a welcome as I am fanned by the delicious trade winds and can you blame the old man for wishing to come back to the land of his heart's desire? For here the hoarseness, cough and sore throat quickly disappear.

There is so much of interest here that one might go on and on with this sort of gush, bunk and hokum till you are disgusted with it.

Did I ever tell you that the many orientals here still largely cling to the religion of their ancestors? The Shintoists worship nature and their forbears and are very reactionary and nonprogressive. The Budhists have the great Gatama for their patron saint and he is to their philosophy what the Christ is to Christians. I found it a little hard at first to get reconciled to so many nationalities with only a small fraction of the population whites. This because of the prejudice I entertained in common with others who did not understand these great races. They are superior to us in some ways and some day they will show themselves our equals or superiors in every way unless we mend our ways.

The principal Buddhist church here is the great Hawanji Temple, an ornate structure of great beauty. I sat in that beautiful sanctuary the other day while the devotees came to worship as they do, individually or in groups, usually as families. One little mama with a young babe on her back, devoutly approached the beautiful, glistening shrine and the large image of her great Buddha. Jerking a rope that struck off a large gong, she then clapped her hands vigorously which I was informed was done to awaken her God and have him give heed to her adoration and tribute. She then bowed low until her hands touched the tile and remained thus while she seemed to be praying. Then she arouse and turning sidewise bent far over that her blessed infant might bow too before the God the mother was trying to worship. I was deeply moved and as she passed out with a look of ineffable joy and love in her smiling eyes, I felt impressed that possibly some day when we may come to know just a little rationally about the God we worship, maybe we can gain a little tolerance for the "heathen" God we have pleased to scorn..

Frank L. Kern.

COINCIDENCE AND ROMANCE

It was a hot, sultry July day in 1864. A foolish fratricidal conflict was raging in the sunny Southland. The fiery young Phil Sheridan was mustering his forces to give the confederate General Early a good trouncing. Gen. Sherman was pushing the great rebel army of 75,000 desperate men down through Tennessee and on to their industrial stronghold at Atlanta and on through Georgia to the sea. Lincoln had given Grant the supreme command and that redoubtable fighter had wired Washington, "We'll fight it out here on this old Union line, no odds if it takes us all summer," as he grimly faced the remaining flower of the Confederacy under the valiant West-Pointer, Gen. Robert E. Lee, near the Confederate capitol. Lincoln had been nominated for re-election by the new Republican party but there were many grave doubts if he could win. Few able-bodied men were left in southern Michigan to harvest their ripening grain and young boys had to be drafted from the schools.

The Prairie school was presided over by the gentle, dignified Emma Hathaway and there was the usual buzz and hum of many children studying and reciting.

A merry bobolink was babbling his liquid notes over the meadow while a meadowlark was trying to compete with his harsher tune from the top of an old oak stub. A catbird yowled in a thornapple bush and a bob white whistled on the fence close by. An entrapped bumblebee bumbled against the window pane and the mixed odor of wild flowers came down from a bouquet on the teacher's desk on the high rostrum in that old wooden building that Alva Huyck later moved away to use as a granary.

But none of these things distracted the attention of Dutchy, the widow's son, who must now leave school to carry bundles and shock wheat. The smarting of ground itch between those dirty toes was comfort compared to the ache of a ripe stone briuse on his heel. But his worst trouble was something else. He was trying to memorize locations in that old well-thumbed Monteith's or was it Rand and McNally's geography? That pert Lydia Beck had won perfect three days in succession and Dutchy had refused to bring her any more tamarack gum or young wintergreens.

It was something vastly more serious than any of these little matters that worried poor Dutchy. He had to look too often towards a desk close by where sat a haughty young aristocrat in pink dress and big red bow in her blonde hair. Oh, but she was a saucy minx and just that very morning she had scored Dutchy plenty for scaring a mama robin from her nest that he might bring her a bright blue egg.

Opposite this Lily of the Prairie sat the modest and demure Prarie Rose, her chum, and there were times when Dutchy was in doubt as to which one of this pair of regal beauties he loved the best. But could a husky farm kid love two girls at once? Maybe so.

Then all too soon the class was called and Dutchy was asked to locate Cape Canaveral. "Off the east coast of South Carolina," he stammered and for that awful error was sternly ordered to remain after school. It added nothing to his happiness when his little idol turned as she passed out, wrinkled up her nose and stuck out her tongue at him.

The defeated youngster was assigned some poetry to commit while the teacher wrote a long letter to her brave lover, Gilbert, facing shot, shell, minie balls and bayonets down in Dixie that the great Union might be saved.

At last her letter was finished and she called up the culprit who haltingly recited:

"Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand,
My name, the year, the day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away."

Then he hobbled two miles to his humble home by the swamps and lakes, hunted the speckled family cow and did the chores.

Something must have ignited a spark in his soul for as the years went by that puppy-lover had taken on a new title and the head of a Normal school was called "Professor." The Lily had bloomed into a sweet voice and nimble fingers over the piano keys, and took a place at his side and then mirable, she brightened his home and inspired his efforts, leaving as a consolation for his bereaved heart, before passing on into Heaven, a pair of lovely children who are today his pride and joy.

More years glided by and we come up to 1889. The gentle teacher had married her soldier boy and had become a bereaved widow. Later she found consolation and peace in the love and care of her brother-in-law, the noted Sunday school superintendent, farmer and bank president, the Hon. A. B. Copley, who took her down to Florida where they became the welcome guests of that one-time unpromising pupil, now president of the State College. Then the three friends made a week-end trip to beautiful Ormond-by-the-Sea and drove down onto the strand that has since become famous as the fastest auto race track in the world. "Gathering up the shells from the sea shore," was popular sport in those days as the happy bride and groom came up the strand, the widow's son, just ahead, took a piece of an angel-wing shell and hastily wrote his name and the date on the smooth, hard sand. Then timing the approach of that monster seventh wave, he began reciting the verses conned long years before while held in duress in the Prairie school. The big breaker struck just as he jumped back and closed with "And washed my lines away." Pointing down the shore he exclaimed, "Right down there, teacher, is Cape Canaveral." And sure enough, there it was. She remembered and tears came into her eyes as he kept

on quoting:

"And so methinks 'twill ever be,
Sailing o'er Life's troubled sea,
The Master has for you and me,
A haven of peace at last."

F. L. K.

When the Indians Roamed the Forest

By Helen Hathaway
1240 Ferdon Road, Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Miss Helen Hathaway has kindly volunteered to help in preparing the minds of Decatur people for the celebration of Decatur's 100th anniversary, and her contributions are greatly appreciated. A few weeks ago the Republican asked for stories of experiences with the Indians which have been handed down from the first settlers of this community, and Miss Hathaway is the first to comply with the story following. It is hoped that others will furnish similar reminiscences of which there are many, and we shall have recorded some local history which will be of increasing value to future generations.)

A few Indian anecdotes are recalled by Miss Helen Hathaway, with some assistance from her cousin, Mrs. Lillian E. Eddy, which were told by her grandmother, Naomi Olney Hathaway. They date back to pioneer days when the Hathaway family moved from New York State to the wilds of Michigan, at about the time Michigan was admitted into the Union, in 1838, and Indians were frequent callers at the log cabin which was the first home of the settlers.

There was one called familiarly "Indian Joe," who was the chief of his tribe and who came frequently to grandmother's home and asked for white bread, which was always given him, until one day grandmother said to him: "White bread costs money." He went away without a word, and a few days later reappeared at the door of the cabin. When grandmother came to the door, he pointed to some game which he had shot with his bow and arrow and laid on the ground before the door. Apparently, he had thought it over and considered the justice of the matter. White bread, of course, was quite a delicacy with the Indians; but after grandmother's reproof, neither Joe nor any of his braves ever asked for white bread without bringing game in return.

One day either Indian Joe or some other Indian of the neighborhood, paid a visit to the Hathaway cabin when grandmother happened to have at hand a pan of freshly baked fried cakes. She thought she would be neighborly with him, so she held out the pan, expecting him to take two or three, whereas he eagerly took the pan and poured the entire contents into the flap of his shirt.

Members of the family have told of how, in those early days, several Indians would drop in, unbidden, of an evening, and lie down, wrapped in their blankets, before the open fireplace and sleep with their faces towards the fire until morning, when, without a word, they would get up and go on their way.

Grandmother's most serious experience with Indians, however, occurred one day when an Indian entered the cabin with his gun. Without comment, he reached up and took down grandfather's gun from its position over the door, and put up his own gun in its place. Now grandfather's gun was a better gun than his, and he recognized the fact, which was also well known to grandmother. She said to him, "Put that gun back." He refused to do it for some time; but, as her son Benjamin used to say, "Mother would have made a splendid General"; and indeed she demonstrated it that day by making her command to put back the gun so strong that, finally, the Indian replaced grandfather's gun and went away with his own.

There was one more story that grandmother used to tell about Chief Joe that was rather a sad one. When the Indians were to be removed to the reservation, Joe disappeared and could not be found; so they had finally to remove the tribe without their chief. Nothing was heard about him for months; and then, one day, he turned up at grandmother's. He said to her: "White man lie! Land no good! Joe go see! Never take Joe there!" Grandmother always said that they never did take him away to the reservation, but he stayed in that vicinity till he died.

THE MONO INDIANS OF FRESNO, CALIF.

THEY NUMBER 150 AND LIVE IN PEACE AND COMFORT ON GOVERNMENT RESERVATION IN SYCAMORE VALLEY, LEWIS D. DWIGHT, FORMERLY OF DECATUR, TEACHES THE SCHOOL.

Lewis Dwight conducts the school on the Government Indian resevration in the Sycamore Valley, Fresno, California. His brother, Albert Dwight, of Decatur, has received from him a copy of the Fresno Morning Republican of June 8 containing pictures of himself and pupils of the school and the school building together with an interesting account of the Mono Indians of Fresno county.

We cannot reproduce the pictures but the story which was written by Ralph Moradian follows,—

In tranquil Sycamore valley—in a litte world of their own—live the quiet remnants of the ancient Mono Indian tribe.

Only a few pioneers know that Sycamore valley is in Fresno county, over the hills east from Tollhouse, and that it is the site of a government reservation with a populace of about 150 Indians.

For the benefit of new arrivals from the East, let it be chronicled that the red men here referred to do not wear paint and feathers and are not in the habit of tiptoeing around with hatchets looking for scalps to peel off.

Their civilization may be limited, but they no longer disturb the peace with loud war whoops and dizzy dances, like some "civilized" people we know. The trouble with them, in fact, is they are unsociable and seldom in a mood to talk or crack a joke. Even the women have little to say.

During the day the men work at odd jobs, laboring at nearby lumber camps or cattle ranches. The squaws sit around barefooted in the yard and weave baskets or stare out into space. The children go to school and learn how to read and behave like white Americans. At night the men smoke cigarets, the women keep weaving baskets or sewing patches, and the little boys and girls do arithmetic and struggle over new words in the primer.

When grape harvest time comes along some of the families pack up and find their way into the Valley vineyards. They pick grapes for a month or so and accumulate enough cash to buy groceries for the winter. Other than to eat the groceries, they have nothing special to do during the cold winter months.

On Sundays men, women and children wear their brightest garments and go to the Baptist mission conducted by Miss Rose L. Baynton and Miss Emma Christensen. They sing hymns rather discordantly and learn what the Bible expects of them. Miss Christensen, who has been missionary there for 21 years, indicated the Indians are well behaved and seldom get into trouble, which means they practice what is preached at the mission.

They attend with devout regularity the Wednesday night prayer meetings and participate in expounding the Scriptures. On Thursday the women gather at the mission and have a sewing bee. Their sewing circle is just like those among white American women, except for the fact that the squaws spend their time sewing.

Skillful With Hands.

When it comes to doing anything with the hands no one learns or develops faster than an Indian, and the Monos are no exception. Centuries of dependence on their own constructive

resources have made them a skillful people in the field of hand craft of all kinds.

Lewis D. Dwight, teacher at the government school on the reservation, reports this characteristic in even the youngest of children attending schools. They can tie up a few sticks and rocks and make a toy any white child would be proud to possess. The intricacies of addition and subtraction, however, dampen their ardor for learning, many are driven to despair and dis-illusionment by the mysteries of language in the first and second grade readers.

Attendance at the school averages 17. Many of the children are half or quarter breed and show distinct American tendencies. Several would not be recognized as descendants of an aboriginal race. All of them enjoy old fashioned American meals prepared for them at noon by Mrs. Dwight, who, with her husband, resides in a cottage near the romantic little school house.

14 Years with Indians

The Dwights have spent 14 years among the Indians, eight of them in Sycamore valley. Their front room is a museum of craftwork formed by Indian hands. One implement of interest, appropriately set off with beads and medalions, is a rather large sized tweezer.

This, in the old days, was some Indian's "razor." Instead of shaving, the tribesmen of old used the sensible method of plucking out each hair as it sprouted on the face. As a result he never had to worry about shaving, and that, according to ancient legend, is why the red man never learned profanity.

Other specimens in the collection are numerous baskets made from the roots of ferns, and bark of the red bud and other plants, some of which are available in limited quantities in the Sycamore district. There is a strap made of milkweed stemps and a pipe of pipestone found only in certain sections of Minnesota.

Unique Blackjack

A crude sort of blackjack, known in Arizona as "Mormon extinguisher," is made of a cow's tail with the hide stripped off. There are marbles made by boys by the simple process of pounding stones together until they are rounded out.

Annie Rob, one of the younger basket makers of the settlement, said it takes her from two weeks to a month to weave one basket. She is helped in preparing the reeds by her grandmother, who is nearly 90 years old and as wrinkled as a relief map.

Grandma Jennie Jones, as she is known, is one of a surprisingly large number of withered matriarchs who hobble around little shacks with bare feet and equally bare expressions. As a rule, they don't know English, but because of their perennial silence, don't have any need for it.

One-room huts, unpainted and weatherbeaten, are the prevailing mode in architecture. Inside, there is a stove, a bed or two, and perhaps a small table. Tobacco and cornmeal are the staple provisions. Outside may be found a little flower garden, irrigated by water carried from the nearest spring or pump. Having nothing else particularly to worry about, the typical squaw apparently frets considerably about keeping the premises tidy and homelike.

Each on 40 Acres

Each family has been allotted 40 acres by the government. The land, for the most part, is woody and rocky and insufficient for purposes of subsistence. Other government relief, however, is given where necessary. Medical treatment is given by Dr. G. L. Long, Fresno county health officer, for whom the Indians had kind things to say.

With the passage of the Swing-Johnson bill by the Senate a few days ago, indications are that the federal government will relinquish its control of Indian reservation to the states and that the welfare of the Indian will hereafter be attended to by county boards of supervisors with funds furnished by the national government.

The care of Indians in Fresno county has been taken as a model and included in provisions of the Swing-Johnson bill, according to Mrs. Rachel Barker, executive secretary of the Indian Defense association, who visited the Fresno conservation recently.

A similar mission and reservation in this county is located above Auberry.

THAT BIG WASTE BASKET

By Frank L. Kern.

I know a sensitive and conscientious editor of a clean progressive paper in a spendid town in southern Michigan. He has published that paper for over thirty years and was always careful never to print anything that was calculated to give offense. That is why he has so many true friends and that is one reason why I like him and am proud to have him as my friend.

Last summer I noticed the big office basket filled to overflowing and mentioned it to the ink-besmudgd P. D. and he said it was emptied every morning and sometimes again at noon. Ah ha, now we know what becomes of all the raw stuff we contribute. That serious journalist, seeing the possibility that some thin-skinned reader might get peeved, just slips it down into that big basket. And that is what becomes of nearly all my funny stories and that is why I think he is a fine editor.

But Disraeli, that devoted lover-husband, who as prime minister in 1847, with the opposition of Gladstone, parliament and the bank of England, saved the Suez Canal to Great Britain and made the fat queen Victoria Empress of India, once said, "If a man is no joker, he is the biggest joke on earth." That's why I crack 'em.

Now if our good editor friend should crack a joke, everybody would take offense. Too honest. But I can give them a poetical biff on the nose, call them by their nicknames and administer a swift literary or classical kick in order to keep them from thinking things are too dull or commonplace, and they just smile and say, "Oh never mind him. The other fellow enjoys it and he never means a thing he says." And yet a steady stream of my high literary strains and poetical gushes goes into that big basket, enough to keep the shop hot on the coldest day.

But an editor with high ideals is striving every day to build up and improve his community; wanting more industrial activities; deploring the lack of public spirit on the part of a certain class, but is very careful how he makes his feelings known to his constituency.

Lucky is the town with such an idealist to protect the people from the gossips, scandals and publicity that hurts. Sad will be the day if ever their local paper falls into the hands of a sensation monger who delights in yellow propaganda and salacious rottenness.

When I went to Florida some years ago, the boom and boost for tourists was in full blast and they told me to believe nothing I heard and only half of what I thought I saw. In a short time I had some doubt about what I myself told. Then I went to California and found it far worse and soon discovered that I was telling whoppers. Then tried Hawaii. Now Honolulu without fun, frolic and frivolity would be like hades without fireworks and any person over there caught telling the truth would be imprisoned. In addition to all that, just say, "He goes fishing," and there you are,—the finished product. Look out for brother George when he returns from Florida.

And so you good people of Decatur, take your biggest pumpkins, rare curios and kindest words of appreciation and encouragement, down to your editor, if he fits my characterization, and it might be well to present him with a larger and better waste basket.

Here's to the loyal citizen, optimist and builder; the idealist, progressive and patriot. Long may he function until he finally lands in that comfortable and exclusive heavenly sanctum where all good journalist go.

More About Hair Snakes.

Mr. Washburn's article on horse hair snakes reminds me that a young man who worked with me on the swamp sometimes amused himself by finding as many of these strange creatures as he could, but he did not make them out of horse hairs nor find them swimming in the water trough, but he got them by pulling grass hoppers in two for they are parasites living in the abdomen of insects.

I once killed a cricket on the kitchen floor and before I could pick it up to throw it out of doors, two of these long star boarders came out of it and wriggled about on the floor. Each one was about a foot in length.

As they are sometimes found swimming in horse tanks, it seems reasonable to suppose that they were not at home in a chicken's crop which is the junk yard for many crickets and grasshoppers, so they escaped into the water when Biddy leaned over to take a drink.

Frank M. Brigham.

Dr. Dalton K. Rose

DR. ROSE AT KALAMAZOO

Former Resident of Decatur Now Professor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Dalton K. Rose, professor in the School of Medicine of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., addressed the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine at its meeting Tuesday evening. He spoke on the topic, "Differential Diagnosis of Hypertrophied Prostate and Neurogenic Bladder." The academy opened its meeting at 6 with a dinner at the cottage of Dr. Rush McNair, Gull lake.

Dr. Rose is a son of the late Dr. Rose of this village. He is a Decatur young man who has gone out and made a fine record of achievement. Drs. Maxwell and Bope attended the meeting at Gull lake Tuesday evening and may go to Detroit to hear him speak before the American Medical Association June 25.

Chicago's New Subway

THE 8TH WONDER Of The WORLD

By C. C. Evans

The greatest thing that has happened to Chicago since the first world's fair is its new subway. The writer of this story, C. C. Evans, was in the city visiting his well known brother, Dr. Joseph M. Evans, the day the subway was opened to the public. He rode through it and then he rode back again, then he rode through it again and back again. He never before had a greater thrill, and he was as happy as an eight year old with his first new sled with bright shiny runners all painted red.

When he came home he was so full of the novel experience that his first overpowering thought was to write it up for the paper. He did, and if the reader does not get a thrill out of reading it we'll be greatly surprised. So from here on it is the story,—

By C. C. Evans

The most stupendous structure in all the world is Chicago's new subway, and being naturally curious I wanted to know how it was operated. Inquiries from friends reached my ears, and I felt something of a responsibility for finding out about it and disseminating the information through our good newspaper, the Decatur Republican.

Most folks want to know where the subway is located and where the stations are. Really every one who can should make the trip to Chicago and take a ride through it. It is an experience that everyone ought to have while he is living.

But I will make the attempt to give you a birdseye view of it from this distance.

Saturday, October 23, I boarded the afternoon train leaving Decatur at 1:23. That is it is scheduled to leave at that time, but it is a slow and easy going train, and if it is an hour or so late nobody seems to mind it. I can always enjoy myself on the train, thinking out things by myself or visiting if my fellow passengers are communicable. The Lord provides infinite activity for all of us and to think about His great work on earth is like preachng a sermon.

The train arrived at the Woodlawn station, 63rd street, at 5:10. I descended to 63rd street and walked along that street to Woodlawn avenue, about three blocks. There I ascended the steps of the elevated station, where I boarded a Jackson Park express train for down town. If you have never ridden on one of those elevated trains you would be surprised at how fast they run, up there about forty feet in the air, above people's houses, past their back yards, and high over the business streets. Those rides on the elevated really give one excitement.

Arriving at 14th street we submerged and went to State street, where, under State street we continued northward. The first station we came to was Roosevelt Road which is 12th street, next we arrived at Polk street, then Harrison and then Congress. Then we kept on going still under State street, past Van Buren, Jackson, Monroe, Madison and Washington. You soon learn the names of the streets when you travel about Chicago. You are now in the loop, but you keep on going northward, under the Chicago river and on to Grand. And if you think as I did about it you will be really having a grand ride.

You keep on riding under ground, turning west on Division street, passing under Halsted street and finally emerging at Willow street. From this point you can continue north over the elevated structure to Wilson avenue.

The length of the subway proper is 4.9 miles. I am inserting here some of the station conveniences. Stairways and escalators connect all station platforms. Subway stations are provided with all the modern conveniences, including rest room facilities, telephone booths, parcel checking lockers, drinking fountains, news stands, concessions, etcetera and etcetera. I have no hesitancy in making the bold statement that this structure is one of the most magnificent transportation systems in all the world. In fact I am free to admit that I do not believe it has an equal.

I would not call a trip to Chicago a success unless I had made a pilgrimage through the subway. So for a formal mode of intelligence, ride the subway, the world's eighth wonder.

O, yes, before I complete these observations I think I ought to tell you that while in the Chicago loop I called on one of my old friends who was once a resident of this village of Decatur. He is none other than Mr. Clarence Cohn and he is the manager of a whole floor of the famous Rothschild clothing store. He asked to be remembered to a number of his Decatur friends and when I came back I went around and told them all.

EDITOR AND FAMILY LOOK AT BIG TREES

By Myron A. Hinkle in Orange Cove (Calif.) News.

To satisfy a life-long desire, the editor and his family headed for the General Grant Park Sunday morning to get a glimpse of the giant redwoods. The Sand Creek road was chosen, because we were told it was the shortest and best route to the park.

Three and one-half hours were required for the climb, including twenty minute stop-overs at Wildwood farm and Miramonte. There seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to how long it should take to make the trip to the big trees. One said an hour and a half, another two hours. E. M. Sheridan, who has a cottage in the park and is spending the summer there with his family, told the writer it would take about three hours, and he guessed our driving speed accurately. Some may make the trip in an hour and a half, but we hope they never ask us to ride up there that fast.

H. T. Hatch has the general store at Miramonte. He has been there

three years and thinks it is the finest spot on earth to live. In summer Miramonte is a half-way station, but in winter it is the end of the trail. Two feet of snow covers the hills and mail for those who remain at higher levels during the winter is all left at the Miramonte post office.

Beyond Miramonte a short distance is Camp Monroe, where cottages may be rented for the summer, and up the grade a few miles from there is Pinehurst, now bustling with activity as the summer season gets under way, and campers and travelers fill the resort and its business places.

Beyond Pinehurst the climbing starts in earnest. Occasional shifting of gears is necessary, and the driver pays strict attention to business. The road is wide and well oiled, but a glance down at the side is enough to convince us that a false move of the wheel or a bit of skidding would bring the trip to an abrupt and disastrous end. Scenery through the high Sierras defies description. Every turn of the road brings some new view. The "Oh's" and "Ah's," "Look there's" heard from the back seat were loud and frequent.

At the south entrance a ranger registered the car, taking down the license number, the number of passengers and their home address. He directed us to the headquarters where another ranger pointed the way to the big trees a mile or so farther on. The park around headquarters was alive with people. Camping is permitted in that vicinity, and many tents were seen, as well as many dining parties making use of the tables, and some with their meal spread on the pine needles.

Words cannot describe one's feelings as the big trees are approached. Towering hundreds of feet above the ground, with trunks measuring ten to thirty feet in diameter, and limbs as large as an ordinary tree trunk, the giant redwoods are said to be the oldest living things. The estimate of their age by experts is placed at six thousand years. The "General Grant" and the "California" are the two largest trees, but many others in that vicinity may be classed as giants. Parking places for cars are provided near the big trees and visitors are permitted to roam about without restraint.

Following the road south from the trees, we soon came out at Lake Sequoia, where the children went swimming and the older ones enjoyed the hospitality of Dick Hershberger, superintendent of the grounds. Dick is a fine fellow, and knows his work. He has been in charge of the grounds about a year and lives in a cottage near the south entrance. Sundays in summer are busy days for him. Many relatives and friends come from towns in the valley to visit boys in the various Y and Scout camps, and other visitors come to swim and enjoy the cooler air around the lake. Nearly all need information and Herzberger is on the job to give it in a friendly, helpful way. It is a little quiet up there in the winter, he says, but always some odd jobs that need doing, and every week or so a hiking or sliding party from the valley. Mrs. Herzberger remains there with him through the year, and they are very comfortable in winter in spite of four feet of snow.

At the present time there are about four hundred boys in the three camps. One group is from Fresno, another from Alhambra, and the third is from various valley towns. The boys come and go each week so that during the summer hundreds of boys are given the privilege of an outing at the lake. Classes and religious services are conducted under the direction of trained leaders and even the sports are supervised.

The drive home was made by way of Dunlap and Squaw Valley in a little less than two hours. It was a worthwhile trip. We hope to take it again soon.

NEW KAPLAN STORE HAS ITS GRAND OPENING

Representatives of Wholesale Houses Distribute Samples and Sell Products. Many Admire the Handsome New Building.

A quarter page ad. in the Republican last week announced the grand opening of the new general store of William Kaplan on Saturday, September 6.

It was an auspicious event in the trading annals of the business street of Decatur.

Although it was a giant task to move the stock from the Stewart building, unpack and display new merchandise and be ready for business in the few days at hand, the store Saturday morning presented a handsome appearance. The windows were nicely decorated and many bouquets of flowers were attractively placed.

A large skylight helps materially to brighten the room throughout the day and in the evening twelve big ceiling lamps and ample window lights make it as bright as the great white way in Chicago.

Representatives of the Pillsbury Company, Brach's Candy Company and the Beechnut Company served samples of their products and made sales, and Mrs. Thomas Elliott and Mrs. Avery Mullinex also assisted the regular force in waiting on the trade. The store was filled with visitors and customers from morning till night.

William Kaplan has been a merchant of Decatur since 1921 when in partnership with his father-in-law, Louie Hoffman, he bought the L. G. Stewart grocery. He bought his partner's interest six years ago. At first the store sold only groceries, but gradually footwear and general merchandise were added and the stock became one of the largest on the street.

Mr. Kaplan has been a taxpayer in Michigan since 1909. In that year he came from Illinois and settled on a farm in Covert township. In 1916 he sold that farm and bought the Brown farm of 143 acres just east of this village and still owns it. He lived on this farm until going into business here.

This notice would not be complete without a word of acknowledgement of the faithful and efficient assistance of Mrs. Kaplan. She has made the success of the store of first importance in her life. She is always on the job knows the business thoroughly and shares with her husband the friendship and good will of the trading public.

ALL THE STATES ARE STARS

By CHAS. E. WARNER

Whitten for the Michigan Association of Southern California Annual Picnic, Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles, California, March 29, 1930.

I have no quarrel with the man
Who likes to blow his horn
About some other state than mine,
The state where he was born.
If you were born in any state
Beneath our starry flag,
Just tell her beauties to the world,
For you've a right to brag.

I have forgiveness in my soul
When I hear some man relate,
In a somewhat boasting way,
The beauties of his state.
For then I think, "If he can boast
Of that home state of his'n,
Then I can brag of Michigan
And not be thrown in prison.

I like to sit sometimes and think
Of beauties I have seen;
Of mountains high; of canyons deep,
And rolling prairies green.
But when I think of lakes and streams
It's pleasing to confess
That Michigan has beauty spots
Her sisters don't possess.

But, so has every other state
From Oregon to Maine,
The same sun lights the mountain-top
That shines upon the plain.
The same old flag floats over all;
Its red, its white, its blue
Is not alone for Michigan,
It is California's, too.

Every star upon our flag
Stands for a sovereign state.
Which one is brightest none may say,
For every one is great.
We love that field of peaceful blue;
Those white and crimson bars;
We love the star of every state,
for ALL THE STATES ARE 'STARS.'

TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR DECATUR

A Visit to Home of Guy Eastman in Lawrence Township Reveals Wealth of Interesting Relics.

By J. Henry Myers

Dear Republican:

I am able to mention only now and then one of the absorbing items of interest within the radius of beautiful Decatur.

I have traveled or "roamed" from Maine and the Province of Quebec to Arizona and Old Mexico, and find people looking for subjects of interest, who fail to find such at their doors. This is as true of Decatur as of other locations.

Recently in Section 38 of Lawrence township, I found a literal wealth of rare treasures in a most unexpected place. Please read on.

I, while driving north between sections 28 and 29, saw a very unpretentious building partly covered on sides and roof with cheap roofing paper. I was uncertain whether it was a shop, barn or what it might be; but there stood a much finer car than I drive, so Capper's salesman pulled out in the road grass and went to the modest shack.

I smiled as I was greeted by an oversize man of perhaps fifteen or so, dressed in well patched overalls and chewing tobacco, who invited me in.

On the floor lay a man of good conversational powers, resting his head on a coarse blanket. He was too comfortable to get up or even turn over to see me. He lay on his back.

A very pleasant young woman was there also, whom I learned later was daughter-in-law to the man on the floor and wife of the good natured fellow who invited me in.

The old gentleman and I soon were engaged in a brisk if not a spirited conversation about taxes, Senator Capper and other public men from our governor down to school officers.

In marked respect to his venerable father, the younger man let the old gentleman and I do most of the talking. Please note how this corresponds with the average young man of today and his father.

My guest soon learned that I am interested in building up the moral, social and domestic welfore of homes and farmers everywhere.

Relics by the Thousand

He then asked if I would like to see a few old time relics, etc. I responded favorably, not expecting such a treat.

He led the way out of the small little shack, unlocked a door, and invited be in. I followed, and here is a partial list of the interesting things I saw,—

A unique brass oil lamp patented Nov. 24, 1857.

A valuable white glass oil lamp.

Several of the first jars of stone, for canned fruits, preceding the Mason jar of 1854.

An old grill creased to save the fat which dripped from the meats or fish being roasted over an open

dians in crushing maize, etc.

The only teak wood scoop shovel in the United States, so it is claimed. This is in excellent condition.

Cast iron tea kettles.

Copper tea kettles, several patterns.

Egyptian water jugs.

Wooden spoons, forks, etc., of bygone days.

An old ox yoke of pepperal wood.

A canteen and shot pouch said to have belonged to Jesse James.

A gun used in the war of 1812.

A rifle made in Decatur, Mich., by Mr. Adams, gun smith, about 1840.

A wood sun dial, with hour marks plainly visible.

A German war belt of early days.

An old fronteersman's belt well worth seeing because of the unique buckle.

About two bushels of old coins,—whew, real money, too! One is an English coin dated 1201. Another is a pine tree shilling of 16—the last two figures can not be easily deciphered.

An almost perfect collection of the large U. S. one cent pieces.

Old glassware for many uses and decorative purposes.

One of the set of three balls used by Africans, which are tied together and thrown to catch ostriches and other game, which wind the cords with which they are tied together, about the neck or legs of the game and thus secure them for the hunters.

Pottery from early France.

Filipino's bole knife, a very cruel and deadly weapon.

Hand made hickory broom used by early pioneers.

Hand made shears,—you should see these.

Indian scalping knife with deer horn handle.

An old cow-hide batten chair with natural hair on the leather, and coiled springs at base of front legs. This was a fine piece of furniture in its day.

Fine and artistically made brass candle sticks of the aristocracy of bygone days.

Masonic lodge gavels, probably of black ebony; I did not examine closely to find out.

This is only a partial list.

But my host, who is Mr. Guy Eastman, told me many very interesting histories of the past owners of these relics, and mentioned well known historical characters in strict confidence, which I should, as a guest and gentleman, not reveal.

You cannot tell by the exterior of a shack or mansion what is inside. Many a gem is inside a rough and seemingly uninviting cover.

Mr. Eastman invited me to go out and see his cattle. As we went I saw the man whom I saw first on the floor, and who is nearly eighty years of age, driving a three-horse team with a heavy plow, plowing rough, hilly and somewhat stony sod land. The old gentleman handled this walking plow as easily as most fellows fifty years younger.

Observes 90th Birthday May 27

Mrs. Susie Sollenberger, who will observe her 90th birthday May 28, will be guest of honor at an open house at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Kinney, Sunday, May 27 from 2:00 to 5:00 p.m.

This special occasion has been planned by Mrs. Herman Barker, Mrs. Earl Borden, Mrs. Samuel Levin, Mrs. Frank Lanning and Mrs. Joseph Marsik.

Mrs. Sollenberger was born in Chillicothe, Mo., May 28, 1872, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Couch.

At the age of two, she with her family, which consisted of seven brothers and sisters and the parents, emigrated to Michigan. They made the trip by covered wagon. The wagon not only carried the family but held their household goods as well, and trailing behind was the family cow.

Since Susie was very small when she came to Michigan she does

not remember the trip, but does recall many stories which she heard her father tell.

One incident she mentioned concerned the older children and the cow. It was their chore to walk with the cow to keep her from wandering. As her father drove the horses he would give a glance around now and then to check on them. This particular brief look startled him as he found see neither child nor cow. So he stopped the wagon and walked back to look for them. He located the group within a few minutes and immediately saw what had delayed them. There was a black snake in the road which the cow would not go near, so they all stood by waiting for help.

She also recalled that they could have traded their wagon, horses and cow for a tract of land near Chicago, but located in Keeler because they had relatives there. Several years later they moved to Niles.

In 1887 Susie and Edwin Kinney were married and they made their home on a farm a few miles from Decatur. She was united in marriage to Henry Sollenberger on April 5, 1905, and has resided on St. Mary's street for 50 years.

Mrs. Sollenberger joined the Maccabee Association in 1890. She is also a member of two clubs, the Happy Hour and the Get Together.

She is better known as Aunt Susie to her neighbors and friends. She is very active and takes great pride in her flower and vegetable gardens. Even though she isn't the youngest of her group, she is always ready to play a game of Flinch, attend a luncheon, or call on a friend who is ill. Her visits, bouquets and home-made doughnuts or pie bring much cheer to the recipients.

Mrs. Sollenberger is the last of her immediate family, although she has many nieces and nephews.

Congratulations, Mrs. Sollenberger!

ONCE LEADING CITIZENS OF DECATUR

Passing of Carl Herzfeld and Charles Schuster in Milwaukee Recalls Their Prominent Parts in Decatur Life During the Eighties.

The death of Carl Herzfeld was a shock to his Decatur friends. Mrs. Stern telephoned the news to the Republican office just as the paper was going to press last Thursday morning.

Mr. Herzfeld paid his last visit to this village one day last fall as he was traveling east by auto. He was the picture of health and as delighted as ever to meet the few persons left on the street whom he knew when getting his start here in the field of business.

He became a big man in a big city, but he never forgot Decatur nor ceased to hold an affectionate regard for it. He has kept in touch with the village through the Republican all these years. Last year he sent a check to cover subscription for two years and said in his letter, "Never stop the Republican. I'll take it as long as I live." Once when there was talk of building a hotel here he told the writer he would like to do something for the town that gave him his start in life and would gladly contribute $1,000 toward such an improvement.

Carl Herzfeld came to Decatur direct from Germany in 1882. He was then a youth of about fifteen and could not speak a work of English. He went to work in the dry goods store of Charles Schuster, now the Mosier store. He soon mastered the English language and became an efficient salesman and popular in the community. He also became an accomplished violinist and the leader of the Decatur Symphony Orchestra, which in those days was one of the best orchestras in southwestern Michigan.

Charles Schuster sold out to Ben Desenberg and Fred Stern in 1888 and in 1889 Mr. Herzfeld went to Milwaukee to enter the employ of Ed. Schuster, dealer in general merchandise.

A few years later he formed a partnership with Mr. Phillipson and they started a new store which they called the Boston Store. Their business grew rapidly and became the largest retail establishment in Milwaukee.

Mr. Herzfeld won success by close attention to business. He made a study of every line of merchandise he sold and knew thoroughly every department of his store. Also he was uniformly courteous, accommodating and kind And he was strictly honest. His passing must be as distinct a loss to his city as it is to his friends.

The passing of Mr. Herzfeld brought also the first information to the writer of the death of Charles Schuster which occurred last January.

The name of Charles Schuster stands out as one of the most successful business men this village has known in its 82 years of existence.

He was here some ten years or more, selling out in 1888 to Desenberg and Stern. He made a comfortable fortune here and invested it in a business in Chicago. For a time he did well and during the World's fair in 1893 had two well stocked men's furnishing stores. He suffered reverses in the panic following the fair, but he was a man of wonderful energy and business ability and misfortune could not long hold him down. He went to Milwaukee and became the manager of one of the three big stores of his brother and remained in that position till failing health forced him to retire. He was 82 years old at the time of his death.

NEW BUILDING UNDER WAY

Ground Broken Monday Morning. Three Store Buildings To Be Erected by William Kaplan.

A force of workmen under the direction of Charles Upfield began clearing Burdock park Monday morning preparatory to the erection of the new buildings for William Kaplan.

Mr. Kaplan will build three store buildings on the two lots. The one next the Shaad store will be 12x60 in size, the next will be 18x60 and the one furthest south to be occupied by himself for the grocery store will be 24x80 feet. Basements will be built under the store he is to occupy and the store adjoining.

All three stores will be pressed brick fronts and fitted with plate glass windows, and the building will be one story in height.

The two stores not occupied by Mr. Kaplan are already rented but announcement of the renters will be made later.

The buildings will be ready for occupancy about the first of August.

TRANSITION

By Belle Copley Lyle.

The question has been asked, "Is there a life after forty?" bringing to mind the poem called, "The Little Goose," in which the child relates what she is going to do as she reaches certain milestones along life's way—and says when she gets to be forty she will be so very, very, very old that she expects she will have to die.

When starched underlining ruled the world of fashion, a birthday was usually a family holiday, open and above board, where a little dignity was deftly and proudly added to each year of grace, and the slogan, "Be your age" was not yet heard. Then a woman was considered middle aged at 20; at 25, if unmarried, an old maid, and at 45 she was an old woman, done with earthly vanities with nothing to look forward to but the grave.

Now it is estimated that birthdays kill more women than automobiles. Women are too age-conscious. She saves her extra allowance for face lifts, permanent waves, and chin chasers. She feels if she is not on the job every moment in this new youth endurance contest, that she will be relegated to the shelf. So she gets on her war paint and smartest feathers and darts hither and thither like a butterfly, in search of new thrills and wonders how much longer she can keep it up.

The modern man doesn't ask much of a woman now-a-days—"only just a sweet old fashioned girl," with the pep of a flapper, the economic independence of a high-salaried office-holder, and the fascination and sophistication of a movie star. In fact, just a sweet little new-fashioned miracle."

So if the modern maid would stay the hand of Time, she must believe in miracles, in fairies, in impossible things and mostly in herself. Cold

creams, calories and calisthenics are only futile accessories, if one does not have imagination. Not only must she believe in herself but also in other people and in human nature as a whole. Put on the rosy specs of imagination and view the world in a flaming haze of light and glory. This is the surest way to youth, for imagination is youth. Eternal youth is an undying zest in the great gamble called Life.

The woman with enough imagination to look upon life as a great adventure and upon work and responsibility as a fascinating game, will always be joyous and youthful.

When life and work become dull and uninteresting then we have gone stale —then we look back wistfully on the good old days of our childhood, when every hour seemed full of adventures —in reality there are more thrills to the minute now than there were then in months.

If we would keep young, ask questions—all kinds from all people. Read books, study new inventions, watch living things about us, know Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," Frazer's condensed volume of "The Golden Bough" that tells about the dark stream of black magic which still seeps through our modern conduct. Read the "Microbe Hunters," and feel a new respect for men flame within you. Ask questions about yourself. Uncover the motives that lie behind your fanciest gestures. Open the mind—invite life to come in—go out to life—in fact be interested in everything and everybody. Leave the petty confines of the little cells of self in which we live and behold the new wonders of the new age.

In time we will have become so absorbed in the new heaven and the new earth that the modest black taffeta reclining on the side lines with the soft unholstered rocking chair brigade that we so longed for when we felt placid middle age creeping upon us, will have completely vanished from our vision. We will then swim, dine, dance, golf and tennis with all the vigor and vim of the younger generation. It takes patience and practice—but like the violin it takes the years to bring out the sweet harmonies and melodies—learning just how to touch the strings —Life is like that.

Whether one is old or young at 40, depends upon themselves. We all write our own age tags. The greatest modern improvement is the lengthening of the span of youth. It has brought more happiness to humanity than the automobile, radio, ships de luxe or all of the joy-giving inventions combined.

There are the thrilling thirties, the fearless forties, the sound sixties and the serene seventies when all are as old or as young as their arteries or their artifices. Yoshio Markino, a Japanese artist who spent four years in the United States, says, "A Japanese woman is like a crescent moon; an English woman, like the full moon —beautiful—while the American woman is like Circe, dazzling, fascinating, bright and charming." To quote him further, "Woman is the fundamental sex, man only the supplement. Women are greater than men in every way, but up to now have had little chance of developing themselves."

As Aunt Kitty Hathaway has so wisely said, at the grand age of eighty, young—"Old age is opportunity no less than youth, only in a different dress. It is not old age, as the years creep on, but a new age with widening horizons, finer concepts and richer experiences."

East Decatur Reminiscenses

The East Decatur picnic will be held at the grove on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lemcke the second Sunday in August, which will be August 10.

The Lemcke farm is perhaps better known as the Lewis farm, John Lewis, father of Mrs. Lemcke, having bought it of a man by the name of Jones some fifty years ago.

The Lewises were among the early settlers of East Decatur. Mrs. Orrie Carpenter Clark gave the writer the following sketch of the family:

The spring of 1867 saw a stalwart young man, John Woster Lewis, by name, trek westward, leaving his family behind in New York state, to become one of the early settlers of Michigan.

He settled on an 80 acre farm in East Decatur, spent the summer there, and becoming convinced that it was a good place for a future home, returned to New York that fall for his family.

The family consisted of his wife, Orpha Jane Lyman Lewis and three sons: Millard, aged 13; Henry, aged 11; and Johnny, aged 2 years. That fall of 1867 saw the family settled and beginning in earnest the task of wresting a living from Michigan sand.

Sometime later John Woster Lewis' parents came to Michigan and he sold the south forty, with the buildings on it, to them. He built his own home on the north forty where he lived for over forty years, or until his death in 1910 at the age of 84.

His widow remained some years on the farm until her age and health compelled her to live elsewhere. She passed away in May, 1920, lacking only 20 days of being 91 years of age.

The oldest son, Millard, became a doctor in Boston where he made his home until his death in 1921. He married but had no children of his own and his widow passed on several years before his death.

The second son, Henry, made his home in Hartford, Connecticut, many years. A few months before his death he and his wife went to his only daughter's home in Rochester, N. Y., where he passed away in the early summer of 1930. He left to mourn his loss his widow, Nellie R. Lewis, the daughter, Grace L. Coachman, and two grandchildren, Lawrence and Martha Coachman.

The youngest son, John Lyman Lewis, spent most of his life on a farm in East Decatur, near the old homestead. He passed away in February, 1928, after a very short illness of pneumonia, leaving his widow, Mary Luella, two daughters, Bernice and Helen, and one grandson, Lewis F. Bissell.

A few years later Mrs. Lewis married Melvin Lyle and both are now passed away.

MOULTON'S PHILOSOPHY

By Will C. Moulton in Moulton's Live Wire, Seattle, Washington.

Some men use their heads.

* * *

Others are on the Welfare.

* * *

They're just ordinary men—two arms, a couple of legs—and a head.

* * *

All are created equal.

* * *

Some want to work—some don't—some don't know how.

* * *

Besides inclination, the greatest thing is to know how to work.

* * *

The times are tough—work is scarce —but they get by.

* * *

Some make things and sell them.

* * *

Just little things—but they fill a niche.

* * *

Some go into the woods and fashion leaves and twigs into baskets, stands and trinkets.

* * *

Some make bird houses, boats and toys—and paint them in bright colors —and are happy in their work.

* * *

Others sit

* * *

There's a tremendous demand for inventive genius.

* * *

For men who can use their heads —and learn how to work.

* * *

The country is calling for American-made toys, novelties and the like.

* * *

Most of these we get are foreign.

* * *

Where do we find the American make?

* * *

It's easy to work for others—the job's all cut out.

* * *

It's easy to follow the leader—but the work is scarce.

* * *

It's not so easy to create yo' jobs—

* * *

SENTIMENT

F. L. K.

Sentiment is often as good or better than sense. And how we do love to dream of the plesant things of the past.

I was visiting our dear friend, Mrs. Kittie Hathaway at Ann Arbor the other day, charming wife of the late Benjamin Hathaway, well known to many of your readers, Arba, as the creator and owner at the edge of Little Prairie Ronde, of the premium small farm of this state.

Miss Helen Hathaway, the genial and talented daughter of the former noted agriculturist and famous poet, was living there with her mother in their charming, happy home at 1240 Ferdon Road in that lovely University city.

Enjoyed also a fine visit with Jennie and Flora Buell who live close by in their palatial home. Miss Bertha Buell is teaching the summer term at the Normal at Ypsilanti. Those ladies have had an interesting and successful career. The city has grown out to the fine farm purchased in 1893 by the father, Mr. B. G. Buell, and is now being subdivided and will make a beautiful residence addition.

Memory easily slips back to the days of my youth at the Prarie when I was one of a number of boys employed on the Hathaway farm, learning not only scientific agriculture, but many things vastly more important. No person could come under the tutelage and inspiration of that great soul without taking on much good from his ennobling influence.

Some thought Mr. Hathaway a visionary dreamer but I knew him to be progressive and practical far ahead of his day. He loved his growing things and thought by intensive methods to produce the maximum of marketabe commodities which he constantly sought to improve. He developed many new varieties of fruits, flowers, grain, and vegetables, some of which are still popular and he was a very succesful nurseryman.

Mr. Hathaway, like the late Mr. Burbank, whom I knew in California, loved his plants and talked to them with words of praise and encouragement. The language was that of fertilization, intensive cultivation, pruning, spraying and everything needed to induce the highest attainment in quality, appearance and quantity.

Many times as I worked beside him, he would leave his hoe to spend a few moments at the bedside of his aged mother whom he loved and revered with the tender devotion of a child. She was a patient suffered from painful sciatica.

Frequently Mr. Hathaway would pause in his work to jot down a line or two on a bit of paper he carried in his overalls,—great thoughts that couched in beautiful figures of imagery, appeared later in the books of poetry to immortalize his name.

Today I am wondering if I were working by his side when he was creating the noble tribute to that faithful mother in the stanza quoted below, captioned—

DREAMS

I looked upon her fourscore years, that seemed
So barren of delight: "O, Friend!" I said,
"How fares it with the heart when love is dead,
That dreams no more, no more, as once it dreamed?"
Her furrowed brow with saintly radiance gleamed
The while she answered, "Age but glorifies
The dreams of youth; and love,—love never dies.
More beautiful, transfigured and redeemed
From base desires, from ill and pain and strife,—
These are the dreams of Age, that cannot die;
In these is joy, the joy of youth above;
These of all good more truly prophesy;
Perennial blossoms on the Tree of Life,
Whose fruit shall ripen in the Heaven of Love."

ORVILLE COTTRELL'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE

Coming home from the funeral of his step-mother near Coldwater last week Tuesday Orville Cottrell had a strange experience. With him were his aunt, Mrs. Emma Vaughn, and his wife.

A half mile east of Athens they met a Chevy coming at a speed of about fifty miles and covering both sides of the road as a drunken man sometimes travels the sidewalk.

Just before the cars met the door of the Chevy suddenly opened and a young girl jumped out onto the hard gravel road. She rolled about a rod and was stopped by a ditch. The Chevy kept on at its mad pace.

Orville stopped and went to the assistance of the girl who was unconscious. He placed her in his car and took her on to a doctor's office in Athens and reported the occurrence to the deputy sheriff.

The trouble occurred at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Orville learned later that the driver of the car was a rural carrier aged about 40 years. The girl was 16. She lived about a mile west of Athens, was going in to mail a letter and accepted the carrier's invitation to ride.

The girl was badly bruised but fortunately escaped serious injury.

There most certainly should be another chapter to this story.

KRIS KRINGLE OF THE PINES

It was Christmas Eve at Rocky Point
And most of the boys came in,
While back of the stove at the Silver Bar
The fiddler played with vim.

The music ceased, then Frenchy spoke
"I miss my partner, Bill."
"He that was lost in the jam this spring
Where the river bends 'round the hill."

"I wonder what his widow does?"
The Bar-keep quickly spoke,
"She takes in washing and sewing, too
But most of the time she's broke."

The boys sat there in silence
A-gazing at the floor
And, as one man, they all stood up
And headed for the door.

Down to the general store they went,
Like a bunch of bashful boys
They stood there jammed in the narrow aisle
Surrounded by groceries and toys.

Flour, sugar, butter and lard
Pork, beans and canned goods, too
Clothes, candy and toys for the little folks,
Were bought by the happy crew.

To the little shack at the edge of town
On the porch they piled the goods
And Christmas morn was dawning
When they headed for the woods.

There was joy in the little shack that day
But the mother alone did know,
That their Santa Claus was a lumber jack
By the footprints in the snow.

Submitted by Lowell Mattox
1930

PROMINENT PRAIRIE PIONEERS

By Frank L. Kern.

In the "Genealogy of the Puritans" we find a Copley family tree showing that they had been prominent citizens and officials in England for generations and had numerous coats of arms and various titles. This aristocratic line finally figured among the prominent pioneers who settled in the northeastern part of Cass county.

The first settlement in Volinia township was made on March 27, 1829, by Samuel Morris on section one which afterward became the Elias Morris farm. At the same time his brother, Dolphin Morris, and Henry D. Swift made settlement just across the line in Van Buren county. At about the same time came Johnathan Gard, Samuel Rich and Elijah Goble, settling on the west side of Little Prairie and on what was known as Gard's Prairie, Jacob Morlan and Jacob Charles came the same year.

The next year came William Tietsort, Josephus Gard, John Curry with Samuel and Alexander Fulton. Then in 1832 a bunch showed up including William Griffis, John Shaw, David Crane, James Newton, Levi Lawrence and Amos Huff.

In the summer of 1832 Alexander Copley reached Volinia from Dayton, Ohio, with his large family, coming the 235 miles with three teams in 21 days over roads which in those days were something terrible. He obtained the land upon which the town of Nicholsville later developed. Being a skilled mechanic, he built the first saw mill there in 1835 having the irons cast at Mishawaka, Indiana. He also built a cooper and cabinet shop. In 1849 he helped to make the road across the swamp to Decatur, previous to which farm products were teamed to Niles, St. Joseph and Paw Paw. Some of us still remember the old plank road.

It was descendants from the large families of Alexander and his brother Thomas, that gave the many Copley families that we knew in later years. Alexander had a family of twelve children of whom the well-known Alexander Bennett Copley was the youngest.

The tall Elhanan, who taught the Prairie school two winters in the sixties; Gilbert, son of Asel; LeGrand A. and Delphina, mother of our S. N. Echenberger, represented four children of the Thomas Copley line.

Alexander Bennett Copley and his two talented sisters, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Buell, were charming people, very talented and universally admired and loved during those stirring years from 1860 to 1890, when to my mind it was hard to find a community in all respects its equal.

Many people now living knew Hon. A. B. Copley, founder and president of the First State Bank of Decatur and succeeded by his son Edwin B., who was president from 1899 to 1916, since which time that position has been acceptably filled by his son, Earl E. Copley.

A. B. Copley was first of all a successful farmer and for long years owned the all-prairie farm upon which stands a house in fairly good condition which was built by his father in 1840.

He served four terms in the legislature of Michigan and was a successful banker, but we of the Prairie knew him best as the inspirational leader of the noted Sunday school for many years and which is still sweet in our memories. Mr. Copley was an idealist and it was his desire to overcome and antidote the pernicious influence upon the young people through association with the depraved and low-minded farm help. The Civil War was telling terribly upon public morals, so through those thrilling but dark and dreadful years of heartache and loss, this noble man of peace and love exerted a powerful influence for good. He could offer up a fervent prayer and make a telling appeal in words of soul-reaching eloquence and inspiration so much needed by that active band of young people coming up through the critical, formative years of adolescence.

In this great and good work Mr. Copley was nobly assisted by his wife, her sister, Emma Hathaway, who later became his second wife, the Huycks, with charming Ella at the organ, Mrs. Doctor Thomas, Mrs. L. B. Lawrence, Hattie Buell, Charlotte Morris, Amanda Thorpe and others, in all an array of splendid talent for that good work.

"Dare to do right, dare to be true." But nearly all have "gathered at the river where bright angel feet have trod."

I entered this school when an impulsive, ignorant and impressionable lad whose feet were all too easily slipping down the broad, easy way of depravity and destruction, and here found the one great, potent influence, outside my dear mother's love and teaching, that inspired me to try to fight upward towards a better life. Two years with Benjamin Hathaway and three years in the Richard Huyck home were of untold benefit to me.

But Arba calls time and I must close.

Some decades ago, just as the harvest began, the sifter hit the bottom of the flour bin with no bakery in sight. The old mare was hastily detached from the binder and loaded with a sack of grain, son of the household behind and back of him a grinning black boy as they quickly pushed off for the mill at Nicholsville admonished to hurry.

It was too late for a baking but in time for a spanking when they returned. "Don't tell me again that the mill broke down," said the irate mother. "But Mommie, they were whoppers right by the dam site!" To poor little Earl, bread may have been the staff of life, but every normal boy knows that fish and fishing are life itself.

The Curry Family

The first settlement was made in Volinia township in March, 1829, by Samuel, brother of Dolphin and John Morris on land now known as the Elias Morris farm. Others followed a few days later and the following year quite a number came in from Indiana. Among these were John Curray,—later shortened to Curry, and his brother, David. I will name here just a few of the families who came and homesteaded land in 1830: Johnathan Gard, Jacob Morlan, Samuel and Alexander Fulton, Samuel and John Morris, Jacob Charles, Christanna Gant, C. Charles, Josephus Gard, Samuel Rich, Samuel Morris, Elijah and John B. Goble, John Shaw, Alexander Copley, Levi Lawrence, David Crane, Daniel C. Squier and William Griffis.

The first school house in the township was the Crane school, 1833, and the first school was taught by Michael V. V. Crane.

The first weddings were those of David Curry and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth, daughters of Josephus Gard. Both couples were joined in the same ceremony in the spring of 1832.

The first birth was that of John H. Rich, October 21, 1829. The midwife on this occasion was Mrs. McKenny, who was brought fifteen miles on the back of an unbroken colt.

To David Curry and his wife Elizabeth were born nine children, the oldest of which was Johnathan Curry, born in 1833. Well known to the older people of today were three bachelors, Johnathan, Quinton, David Quiller, familiarly called "Doc," and the three girls, Elizabeth, Juliet and Jane. The family seemed not much addicted to matrimony, but luckily Jane married Jake High and left two daughters, Jennie who married Will Lee and Nellie who became the wife of Claud Kern and this amiable matron has two fine sons, Carl and Lowell. Carl manages the old homestead adjoining the Dolphin Morris farm and the rest of the family occupy the former Curry farm at Marcellus.

The Currys owned a farm just at the eastern edge of Marcellus, but sold this and bought the 160 acres of fine timber land just at the west side of that town, a part of which is within the corporation limits now, contributing liberally to the support of the municipality. A saw mill converted the timber of this fine farm into lumber, planks and railroad ties.

Everybody loved and highly respected the genial Curry boys, and Doc, who had the brains of the whole community, was always popular. He was a valiant soldier through the Civil war and finally aided in the capture of Jefferson Davis, the Confederate chieftain.

A baby had collic and D. Q. recommended that they get some hog oil (lard) and rub on its tummy. This brought the kid up smiling and won the medical title.

Doc made an eloquent speech at Fish lake on July 4, 1901, when the Kern launch, "Lan-a-Bes" was christened by Imogene Welch.

At a revival meeting, the enthusiastic preacher invited Doc to say a few words, as the spirit moved him. He

apologized by saying he was too full for utterance, and if Doc ever failed to think of funny things, he could always depend upon Hank Morris and Aus Charles to help him out.

The Goble Family.

Our well-known and genial citizen, Jont. Goble, tells me that his father, Elijah Goble, with his brother John B. and cousin, Josephus Gard, came to Michigan in 1829, but the history of Cass County, published in 1875 shows that the Gobles took up land in Volinia township in 1830. They settled first on what we know as the Amos Morris farm but sold that and moved to Pokagon.

Elijah Goble married Eliza Tittle whose mother was a sister to Dolphin Morris. Austin Charles' mother was also a sister of Dolphine Morris.. Elijah Goble operated a hotel at Charleston for over twenty years, ten years of which it was a stage station for buses operating between Kalamazoo and Niles and that is likely where our genial Jont got his versatility of tongue and the fertile recollection of all the details of the old life when our dear old Michigan was still in the amateur class. His old father had acquired a fund of pioneer information that would fill a big book. His parents were Honland Dutch. The history of Cass county tells us that he first came to Michigan in 1828 but returned two years later and made settlement as above stated.

In those days silver money must have been rather plentiful as two of Elijah's sons sneaked out a little each day and hid it away in a can which when found, contained about two quarts of that fine "chicken feed." Then those lads danced while the father beat time with a strap.

Hark! What is that noise? Well you know men wore cowhide boots in those old days and when they danced they danced. Jont says the Kern boys fiddled at the first dance he attended, but he later became some fiddler himself and well, Arba, you need not sit there looking so pious and saintly for you danced after Jont's playing and when "Old Zip Coon," afterwards christened "Turkey in the Straw," inspired the jig, no one could hear the music or calling because of the noise your old boots made. Now you tell one.

In those good old days all we asked for was a goodly supply of johnnycake, spuds and salt pork and the coming of sundown so we could hustle off to a dance. But how we worked and this with the simple, wholesome food, made possible the sturdiness ascribed to the pioneers of this country notwithstanding the fact that there was fully twenty times more drunkenness then than we have today.

In the series of papers given your readers some years ago, we featured ten men who were prominent among the early settlers and who made Little Prairie an outstanding community of high-toned and worthwhile people. In the review proposed, the writer wishes the assistance of all who may feel interested that we may set forth the good things we can remember, for it is the good we do that should live after us. Our sub-captions will be families rather than individuals.

The Anderson Family.

Old Swift's lake, more water lilies, pickerel weeds and mud than water—frogs, bogs, turtles and mudhens, but still a fairly good place to catch bass and perch of mucky flavor and always fine for duck-shooting in the early spring and fall.

It was long ago that Mr. Arza Swift settled on the north shore and made a prosperous farm home, with orchard and garden. He had served, I think, in the war of 1812 and was with the Morrises and Andersons among the first settlers of that section. Adjoining the Swift farm and reaching far West into that splendid hardwood forest, was the excellent farm owned and improved by thrifty "old man LeGrand Anderson," as he was called. He was of sturdy stock from Ohio and reaching away back among the F. F. V.'s of Virginia.

This staunch Unionist was sitting on his porch one spring day just as the Civil war was starting down in Dixie, when an unpromising lad showed up in tattered pants, cut down from man's size, freckled face, warty hands and dirty, bruised feet. "Lackaday Dutchy!" exclaimed the dear old fellow who put the L in my name. Seeing that I was big enough to handle a sandwich of johnnycake and salt pork, he set me to work at $6 per month and found. (Sometimes asleep in the fence corner but more often "found" under the early apple tree vainly trying to fill that bottomless pit just below the hat brim.) Now quit your kidding for there may be a lot of things that should be omitted from a fellow's biography. But really the first start in one's life is of prime importance and due credit should be given to those who helped to give that start on the right foot. And there should always be hope for the farm lad with a perennial appetite that astonishes his neighbors and worries his mother. The fastidious, sissy types do not usually get very far up to a self-supporting basis.

On morning as the kind old gentleman was reposing in his large, easy chair on the long porch, with his many pounds of extra baggage, loudly singing, "Happy day that fixed my choice," his pious son William, took that young "hired man" down to the only semblance of a swimming hole and baptized him good and deep, doubtless hoping thus to wash away some of his many sins. Probably that zealous preacher of long sermons, who later married the popular teacher, Frances Huyck, little dreamed that years after, that convert of his would capture his wife's youngest sister!

LeGrand Anderson had the thrift to own and maintain free of debt, one of the most desirable farms in Van Buren County where he reared an interesting family of two sons and two daughters. Son William had a fair fortune and while living in Decatur where he died in 1887, was known widely for his sound religion and as a generous philanthropist and temperance reformer. Whiskey drinking was very common in the old saloon days, especially among poor men who could ill afford it, and it required the hell-ranting itinerant preachers of that day, of the type of Brother Sodom of Rev. Eggleston's Hoosier Schoolmaster, to figuratively knock 'em down and scare the devil out while pounding the old-time religion in. People are all so good now that such redhot gospel is unnecessary.

Redmond, a younger son, was very successful as a farmer and capitalist and shortly after I struck my first job, he married the handsome and modest Susannah, only daughter of Dolphin and Nancy Morris, about whom we shall hear later. The little Dutchy was later turned over to work for Redmond when his first-born Gracie, now Mrs. Hammond of Decatur, was about one year old and one of his duties was to frequently rescue that little lady from a mudhole and change her clothing with maybe some spankings that have never been recorded.

The older daughter Mary, was ambitious and saving, becoming the wife of Benjamin Murdock, merchant of Paw Paw, passing on some years ago at 96 years of age, leaving her fortune mainly to educational institutions.

The youngest of his family was Jane who suffered spinal meningitis when young which left her largely handicapped for life.

It may be a compensation and consolation to become too old for some types of farm work as we did it in those old days. I actually helped to chop and saw down some great walnut trees which were left at time of clearing in that big field over near the John A. Shaw school. We split up into rails the clear portion for fencing in that tract which was the most fertile soil I ever saw outside of Hawaii's volcanic ash.

LeGrand Anderson was very kind to the poor with help more substantial than his words of wisdom and inspiration. His charity covered a multitude of needs. I knew him on cold, winter evenings to hitch up his team to take to her humble shack the widow whose day's work ran from five a. m. to nine p. m. at times, and the sled contained fuel, food and clothing for the children over there just across the lake. Here was expression of innate, God-given goodness that should rest his soul in peace forever. It was a trait common among those prominent Prairie pioneers of whom I love to write in terms of gratitude and praise.

And now business calls me to the far west and a number of fine families who figured in the early days in such a way as to immortalize their names, must be laid over until some future time. There are the Lawrences, Rosewarnes, Warners, Finches and many others intimately associated with that memorable past, but I have allowed the summer to slip by, but oh the lure of the lakes, there to dangle the unsuspecting worm before the credulous fish!

There is, however, one family well known to everybody, standing out distinctly in my memory as almost unque in every quality and an attribute of character, distinguished in marked degree by an ideal home life, correct language and proper conduct. That was

THE THOMAS FAMILY

Doctor Nathaniel D. Thomas came from one of the leading families of Kalamazoo county, near Schoolcraft, and settled near Huycktown in the fifties. There with his good wife Marcia they raised their fine family of two boys, Marcus and Willard, and three girls, Jessie, now Mrs. Edwards, of Decatur, Isabel, who passed on some years ago, and May, who is Mrs. Ballard of Niles.

The Thomases, while holding themselves above reproach, were not in the least proud or exclusive, for I happen to know that in the refining influences and happy atmosphere of this home children of the poor and ignorant were first invited on equal terms with those we then believed to be very rich, but with the rule requiring good manners and proper behavior strictly enforced. This practice soon became quite general on the Prairie, resulting in a marked uplift to the lower stratum of society, eliminating those incapable of improvement. This may have been responsible for some of the somewhat unexpected life combinations of later years. Search me, I'm innocent.

Dr. Thomas was a skillful and highly successful physician and surgeon of the Allopathic type but not so orthodox that he could not learn and practice all the best things in the other schools of medicine.

So great was the demand upon him over a large territory, that he was literally in the saddle or gig nearly all the time winter and summer. He made long rides over almost impassable roads, through the forests among Indians and wild beasts and in all weathers until he almost broke down and had to let up and devote his time largely to his farming into which he worked quite extensively, buying and clearing land at high cost when greenbacks were worth about the third of a dollar in gold and when later it took a hundred cents on the dollar to meet the deferred obligations. And yet, those children were liberally educated and all made good.

During the Civil War as men responded to the constant call for troops, they invariably came to the good doctor requesting him to care for their dependent loved ones. God knows how many bereaved families thus became a charge upon the great-hearted physician. Many a long ride was made through mud, slush, rain, snow and sleet to bring comfort, care and remedies from that ample leathern saddlebag to the afflicted without a thought of charging a fee.

Doctor and Mrs. Thomas were a constant help, comfort and inspiration to my widowed mother, struggling to keep her five children. This old world is full of heroes whose praises are unsung, who have fought bravely in the hard battle of life but whose full recompense must be found in the life that follows this. The Thomas family lived pure and useful lives, scattering blessings all along the way and this world is wiser and better at every point where they touched it, and to such there is always provided ample compensation.

Until the day when I must say my final farewell, I must keep fondly recollections of those promient Prairie pioneers and their families.

THE HATHAWAY FAMILY

During the last half of the 19th century probably no man was more widely and favorably known in this part of the state than was the renowned farmer-poet, Benjamin Hathaway. Not only in his various and valuable contributions to agriculture, horticulture and forestry, but as a literary genius he gave to the world some of the very best high-grade poetry.

It was just about the time Michigan was taking on statehood and striving upward while battling the awful money panic of 1837 that Benjamin Hathaway Sr. with his practical, diplomatic wife Naomi, moved from Cayuga county, New York, and bought the big farm reaching from the middle of Little Prairie down one mile through a valuable timber tract to Bunker lake. Here they assumed a debt obligation that no farmer today would dare to tackle, but the Hathaways were of the resourceful and thrifty type of those early days.

Unusually intelligent and with quick, clear judgment, plenty of ambition and courage with strict integrity of purpose, they carried through all the tests of hardships in the raising of a big family as was the custom, while clearing, equipping and paying for that half section.

Two sturdy sons, Benjamin and Judson, and five talented daughters, all of whom became teachers, made an irresistable force in fighting through all the losses and discouragements. The father was an excellent cooper and turned his timber into fine barrels and kegs which were teamed to St. Joe and shipped to Chicago.

After the father's death, Benjamin took the south half, 110 acres, and Judson the north half. It was in the spring of 1854 that the writer of this sketch began the two great formative years of his life, as one of the many young fellows employed in the general farming, gardening, orchards and nurseries of that unique Benjamin Hathaway farm. He managed to manage us unruly fellows and patiently tried to teach us all kinds of particular tasks, taking infinite pains to work for us while we shirked for him. Not only tried to teach us his winning methods, but sought to inspire us in ways of clean living and thinking, thrift and manhood.

I am attempting to characterize an unusual individual of dual nature. When a tot, I can imagine that—

"Nature, that dear old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story, picture book
Thy Father hath written for thee."

So he wandered away and away with Nature, that dear old nurse and she sang to him day by day the songs of the universe.

Thank God for my intimate relations with him on that dear old ideal farm.

Mr. Hathaway and his old mother were ever producing, always saving in every little detail but never miserly or stingy in the least. I was in position to know of their fine charities and favors to the needy. It was a characteristic common with nearly all those old pioneers and their children. They might argue for an extra half cent per bushel, but they built fine homes for their families and provided liberally in the way of food, clothing and education.

Benjamin Hathaway had but little schooling, but he was an earnest thinker, ever reading the finest literature, applying what he learned and keeping close to nature. So dearly did this great heart love the soil, the trees and vast diversity of nature that he often became all unconscious of self or the laughable, uncouth condition he found himself when the dinner bell called him to the wash basin. We might have called him "L'homme du bois" as the fastidious Parisians dubbed their famous bushy-haired artist Millet of Barbazon.

Mr. Hathaway tranformed his farm into a veritable Villa Rustica, the beauty spot of Cass county with its once rare foliage, evergreens and flowers in every nook and in 1865 a cash premium from the State Board of Agriculture as the handsomest small farm in Michigan. You may see there today a lovely forest of over 2,000 beautiful maples, ash, pines, spruces, chestnuts, etc., which he planted in rows among the native trees which he had trimmed up to forty and fifty feet. There is probably not the equal of it in the state or nation.

The late Luther Burkank, plant wizard of California, said he loved his plants well enough to give them proper care, exactly what Mr. Hathaway used to do. After thirty years of careful selection he evolved the famous Hathaway Improved Yellow Dent corn which is still favorite in several states. Crossing a wild strawberry with a choice tame variety he gave us the delicious and prolific Hathaway No. 5. From wild stock of South America he produced the Cusco and Chili potatoes. He worked out improvements and new varieties of many apples, pears, grapes, vegetables and flowers.

After supper some boy was told to mount Jockey and go for the mail and "let him chitter right along." Could Jockey, the little lanky black, do any chittering? Follow us down to the Buell farm and a good stretch of level road where we were joined by Clark Day and his little bay scooter and a race was on with Chalker Buell holding the stakes.

Mr. Hathaway never did know who rode his Jock to victory and used to wonder what that wobbly creature was good for since he was of so little use on the farm. Poor old Jock, it was the only fun he had and we boys liked it, too.

Will tell of Hathaway, the Poet-Philosopher, in a later critique.

History records that from 1830 to 1836 a band of Potawatamie Indians, consisting of about twenty families occupied the ground that afterward became the B. G. Buell farm. Chief Weesaw, friendly to the whites, was in charge.

The winter of 1832-3 was so mild that at New Years, buds were started, grass greened, bees and house flies were busy and wild flowers bloomed in the woods. But in 1835 a severe freeze occurred

on June 21, killing the wheat and corn so that the following winter was a particularly hard one owing to the extreme cold and food shortage.

THE BUELL FAMILY

I distinctly remember the day, away back yonder in 1862 when Barber Buell, the bachelor who looked and acted much like Abraham Lincoln, married the charming Hattie Copley and took her to be the inspiration of his beautiful Greenwood Farm home, one of the finest in the country and a close rival of the premium farm of his adjoining neighbor, Benjamin Hathaway. And then we saw coming along Lincoln and Jennie, Frank and Flora, Harry and Bertha. There were three pairs to draw to,—fine children of patrician parents. I do not know of any finer and you don't.

Aristocratic, proud and high-toned were the Buells, but democratic and human with all lovable and admirable traits. That wonderful plantation reached from away up on the Prairie, with the little pond in a depression, then down about a mile through the hard wood forest, past the good old farm home, barns and granaries to the lovely peach orchard of forty acres of delicious Crawfords and Elbertas bordering Bunker lake.

Barber with his brother Emmons and a maiden sister Eunice came from Batavia, N. Y., where I was born just one year before they moved to Michigan there to buy that Greenwood farm of nearly 400 acres of John Shaw. The Buells were naturally agrarian and took to agriculture and stock raising, always looking for the best breeds and strains to experiment with. Those Morgan horses brought from Iowa by Emmons were always sleek as velvet and the pure-blood Merino sheep and Poland-China porkers obtained by Barber gave foundation for the best in their line. I well remember the haughty, keen-minded Emmons, when a member of the state legislature, took me to Climax, Kalamazoo county to drive back 200 sheep to the Greenwood farm.

Barber Buell was intimately associated with the prominent stock raisers and farmers of the surrounding country. Also in his civic interests and activities of farming he was associated intimately with such well-known men of the time as A. C. Glidden, the Woodmans of Paw Paw, P. D. Beckwith, the Bonines, Chapmans, Reids and others who were especially active in the seventies.

Barber Buell immortalized himself in many ways. Mr. Hathaway was the noted nurseryman of the Prairie but the evergreen nursery developed by Mr. Buell was the source of the fine spruces and pines which today are the effective windbreak on the west with single specimens dotting the large yard, appropriate memorial to a great man. For Barber Buell was a great and good man and a leader in ideals and achievement. I was proud and much flattered when the son Frank was sent away to be educated under my direction.

The oldest son, Lincoln, made for himself a name and position as leader of the Y. M. C. A. work of Michigan and founder of the noted camp for boys at Torch Lake called "Hayo-wetha," in honor of the hero of Mr. Hathaway's immortal work, "The League of the Iroquois."

Wish I had space to go into details covering the successful careers of those Buell children and tell of some of the good things learned last summer when I visited their spacious suburban home and farm at the university city. Jennie Buell became the first assistant to State Secretary Cobb of the Patrons of Husbandry, then a flourishing order and still persists with Jennie the State Lecturer, still working to save the most important and public utility we have—food production. "Jen" is going to live forever for she told me that people never grow old until they desert their ideals.

Vividly do I remember the successful township fair held on the Greenwood farm in the seventies. Chalker, Mr. Buell's nephew, my dear old chum, always playing jokes, took me out in the woods and taught me how to enjoy my first and last smoke, and we fought to a finish those long, black Maduros, high-grade two-for-a-nickel stinkers wrapped in shrunk cabbage. We were men. Pushed back our caps and talked metaphysics and political science. Then this old earth got to revolving in several directions and I rolled off the log. Barber's Poland-China hogs got the blue ribbon, but had a prize been offered for the biggest chump, I would have it after filling my body with that rank, wicked poison and my soul with a disgust words cannot express.

At his home farm at Ann Arbor, Mr. Buell, after seventy years of age, planted an orchard of choice fruits such as peaches, grapes, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, etc. and made a very successful experiment with wild plums that were a fine sight in blossoming time and fall fruiting.

It is my recollection that Barber Buell was the first superintendent of the Prairie Sunday schools, succeeded by the Hon. A. B. Copley, whom we will feature in our next sketch.

Frank L. Kern.

It is proposed to run a series of short sketches in the Republican, as space may permit, covering some reminiscences of the old settlers on and about Little Prairie Ronde, characterizations that should be of interest to their children and grandchildren.

I was intimately acquainted with those substantial forbears away back in the fifties, sixties and on up to the time of their passing on and feel an obligation to express my gratitude for the good derived from my early association with them.

One who comes up to the time when he is just pottering around, making garden and fishing, naturally ponders upon his boyhood days and loves to talk about them, write about them and his associates; loves to feature himself as one of them and point out some little morals as opportunity offers. Will try to state only facts,—but have been known to make mistakes.

Our good friend, Jont. Goble, could write it better as he has kept in closer touch than the wandering one, and has a fine collection of relics, curios, heirlooms and souvenirs to prove his assertions.

Something like a quarter century ago, I made for the Republican some sketches of the ten prominent Prairie pioneers for whom I worked when a lad from eight to eighteen years of age but there are others who deserve honorable mention.

I am thinking of the Andersons, Rosewarnes, Kerns, Copleys, Morrises, Thomases, Lawrences, Huycks, Finches, Buells, Hathaways, Fultons, Warners, Van Curens, Highs, Morelands, Gobles, Currys and several others, and there was not a failure among them. They were men and women of clean habits and good language, and in the main, educated and cultured with excellent credit standings. Some professed religion and many showed a lot of religion without professing it.

Maybe I am a little over-generous in my tributes, but after traveling about somewhat and meeting all kinds of folks in various parts, I must set down those people back yonder of whom I write, as not ordinary people in character, intelligence, ideals, ambitions and intercourse during those formative decades. They had unusual integrity, stability and dependability in those old days when educational facilities and economic advantages were not so good.

Those hardy sons of toil made their fine farms valuable assets and provided liberally for their families. We then believed with Shakespeare that Opportunity was providentially bestowed and came but once. Now most people believe that it is man made. Then they believed it rang your doorbell once and if you neglected to answer, it went away forever. Now they believe it drives up to your curb and honks, if you fail to answer, it simply drives around the block and then honks and honks.

Then they hated debts and used the motto: "Pay as [illegible]." Later [illegible] almost [illegible] and w[illegible] econo[illegible] were

many [illegible] capacities and su[illegible] out less

In the period of flush times just after the Civil war, the age of great invention began and every day along came peddlers of some new machine or labor-saving device on easy terms, but that had its seamy side. Severe droughts were experienced then as now but deep and frequent cultivation gave paying crops. Train loads of fine fruit had no markets and rotted on the ground or froze on the trees. We bought the finest winter apples, picked them ourselves, ten cents per bushel. Rather easier than ten cents per pound. Some day there may be none at all to keep the doctor away. Anyway at that rate, in 1991 an apple will cost just $14.10!

Roads were rutty and slow; farm taxes light but money hard to get in panicky times. Marriage was for life and they fought it through, thinking doubtless that "it is better to endure the ills we have than fly to others we know not of." Large farm houses painted white with green blinds. Children from three to seven, husky and hustling. There was a little envy, jealousy and gossip,—but we had to have something or some one to talk about. Good thing they do not indulge such things now.

The influence for good exerted by old time friends was far-reaching and is reflected today in the sturdy and prosperous citizenship of their grandchildren. It is also shown in the better lives of those who came under the wholesome and uplifting inspiration of their good examples.

And now in sketching some old-timers we come to a household which to me was ideal and unique,—so peaceful and happy that they had but one family jar. That stood in the pantry and from which a hungry farm boy sneaked many a tasty cooky while a member of the

Huyck Family

It was back yonder in the spring of 1836 that Mr. John Huyck took up a homestead in Marcellus township when there were but a few families in that unpromising wild and fuzzy wilderness.

The first settler was John Baer in 1832. The Huycks were of Dutch descent and the name was formerly Houck. John Huyck had a family of seven—four boys, Abijah, Richard, Norman and William and three girls, Adelia, Rosetta and Eveline.

People made a living, such as it was, which was rather easy in those primitive times when wants were few and opportunities many for exercise, including shaking with ague, fighting mosquitoes and dodging rattlesnakes. But in 1870 the Grand Trunk railway ran diagonally across the township, since which time Marcellus has stood among the best in the county.

The first school house was built in 1840 by Abijah and Richard Huyck, John Savage, Daniel Rouse and John Beebe, since known as the Patrick school. Delia Huyck taught the first term and this humble scribe taught his first term there thirty years later.

Abijah Huyck, associated with his brother Richard, started a saw mill in 1850 on what was known as the "Little Rocky," near his farm in Marcellus township on the banks of Huyck lake, where his grandson, Paul Savage, now resides. Some of the lumber was teamed to Decatur over the new plank road across the swamp which in those days was no prophecy of prosperous farms of celery, mint, onions, cabbage, etc.

The Richard Huyck family was prominent among what was known more than a half century ago, as the Prairie aristocracy. It was not an aristocracy of wealth or official position, but of brains and character.

Richard Huyck began life as a teacher, married Sarah Fellows of Big Prairie who had been his pupil and raised a talented family of four daughters, Francis, Mollie, Ella and Edna, and one son, Alvah, all of whom were well known in Decatur.

Mr. Huyck was town clerk, postmaster, merchant and farmer when I was a little boy. Later when a member of the family I learned to rate the Huycks above any family I ever knew. If I had a big flock of qualifiers I would use them all in making a nice little testimonial of my regard for Richard J. Huyck. Genial and highly respected and loved by those who knew him intimately, he was ever honest, earnest, dignified and always for the right. Never pretended religion, but practiced it with all his might. Never grasping or in the least mercenary but thrifty and successful.

Mr. Huyck refused to employ a man who swore. Said profanity indicated ignorance and depravity and was always offensive. He used to say that people who criticised their neighbors reflected their own unworthiness. Gossip was in the dictionary in those days but we were all too busy to look up the definition.

Oh how Richard Huyck disliked debts. Once advised his indulgent hired boy to get thrifty so that some day he might lay off from hard work, travel, do as he pleased and have what he wanted. Well, well.

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY, THE POET-PHILOSOPHER

In a previous sketch covering the Hathaway family, we featured Benjamin as an expert agriculturist, horticulturist, forester and florist. He was all of these and in each ranking with the best. O yes, we, his neighbors of the common garden variety, flippantly called him "Ben," little dreaming that one of the great minds of the world was among us and of us. The French poo-pooed at the humble Henri Fabre as he daily studied some common bug, but had nothing to say when he finally ranked with the world's greatest naturalists.

Hoeing at his side, I have seen Mr. Hathaway pause and jot down some notes on a scrap of paper or a shingle to be worked out at night into beautiful figures of imagery and lofty aspirations. A great farmer by day, but at night a classical poet-philosopher, letting his soul sing those sweet songs without words to which he strove to give utterance in thoughts so pure and deep that few of us possessed the "mens divinior" to fathom their meaning and beauty. He could submerge himself into that divine part of his being which so very few of us are at all conscious of possessing, and dwell in that world of subconsciousness, the super-soul-life, and find the things that only such a seer can apprehend and he well said that "All hearts the poet fires are his." Alas that so few can be thus fired! But it may be that in the years to come, the world may learn what he tried to do for it.

His principal contribution to the world of letters, were three handsome volumes, Art Life and Other Poems, The League of the Iroquois, and the Finished Creation. There was another volume nearly ready for the press at the time of his death. Writing immortal books seems easy to those who can soar away in imagination to the remotest corner of this great empyrean.

Mr. Hathaway had sentiment and could be an ardent lover. He wooed and won the talented Amalia L. John, a high-honor student of the University who eight years later passed on leaving a baby daughter, Helen, who like the mother became a woman of high culture and refinement and today occupies a responsible position at Ann Arbor.

When Helen was four years old, Mr. Hathaway married Miss Kittie L. Richmond, well known and highly regarded by her many staunch friends in that community, long known to him as a warm friend of his former wife. Few people know how this tactful and devoted woman filled a crying need in that household, vitalizing the vicarious motherhood she assumed. Few people know of all the keen trials she has borne, nobly fulfilling every obligation, successfully completing every fine task undertaken and ever giving the orphaned child a love and devotion as true and tender as any mother could give her own.

Here we have in that sweet and noble heroine, the true friend and charming personality, truly typifying ideal womanhood. Our friend Kittie is the last representative today of that good old Prairie Aristocracy which was the second generation from the original pioneers which we are trying to tell you about and she is a type embodying all the virtues and abilities possessed by that high-grade community at its best.

With a machine invented by Mr. Hathaway I made circular berry boxes in the low shop across tthe road under the spreading chestnut tree planted by him with a view to its special use. It matured, was fabricated into lumber which was finally fashioned into a fine casket by his friend, Linneus Lawrence, in which his earthly remains rest at Nicholsville cemetery, marked by an immense boulder which Mr Hathaway selected and had engraved by a friend.

"He serves best, no creed confessing,
Who writes his name in deeds."

Pastime for me, space-fillers for the Republican, sketches of old Cass county settlers have appeared from time to time. We have a few more families in mind to feature, if not petitioned to desist, but just here wish to comment a bit on the

INDIAN FAMILY

These pioneers antedate the whites so far back that no one has yet discovered just when or where.

Michigan derived its name from the two Chippewa words, Mitchaw and Sagiegan, meanning great and lake. Michsawgyegan means a lake country, hence the name Michigan. Also suggests worms and fishing.

The French are said to have explored a part of this state as early as 1610. In 1632 Father Sagard took some Indians of the Huron tribe to Quebec. Later Jesuit priests came to explore, make settlements and establish missions. Among these were the famous Fathers Allouez, Dableau and Marquette. They reported such tribes as Hurons, Ottawas, Otagamies, Fox, Iroquois, Tawas, Potawotomies, Menomines, Algonquins, Chippewas, Sax and some others I do not now recall.

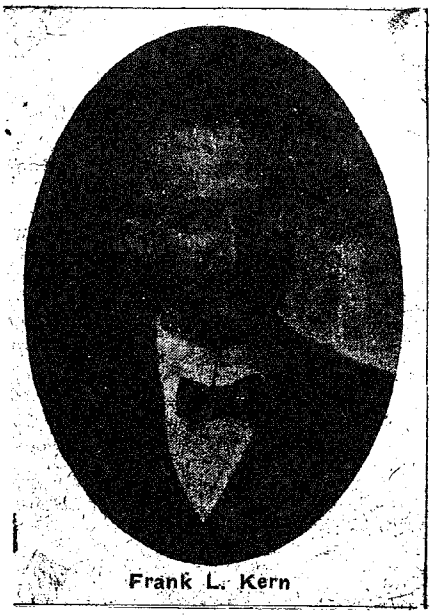
During the early seventies, through intimate acquaintance with John Ward, half-breed son of Capt. E. B. Ward of Detroit, and as his guest, I came to know the Tawas and Pottawaotmies then still numerous in Mason, Lake, Manistee and Wexford counties. To me they were interesting as are all primitive peoples. Skilled in woodcraft and fairly good at hunting, fishing, and trapping, but in the main the "braves" were thieving, lying, lazy louts who generally allowed the squaws to do all the work. I saw Indian lads of ten or twelve so skillful with bow and arrow that they could hit a big penny at thirty to forty feet distance.

Governor Cass, after whom Cass and Cassopolis were named, in 1820 effected a treaty with the Indians for all the lands south of the Grand river and eight years later secured the remainder of their lands in Michigan excepting certain reservations. He then became Secretary of War under PresideJnt Jackson in 1831, closing his eighteen years as governor of the territory of Michigan. Six years later Michigan became a state and was granted the upper peninsula for good measure, then considered of no value excepting for its fisheries and fur trade.

In this vicinity there were many scares but few wars but always more or less trouble due to clashing interests before the final treaty made in 1828. The Indians gradually moved westward, remant of some tribes reaching the Pacific. About twenty years ago a very old squaw living in Tulare county near my grove, told me that she was the sole survivor of a tribe whose ancestors came from Michigan and Indiana.

Archaeologists dug into the many mounds once found everywhere in this region and also studied what seemed to be the pleasure ground and flower gardens of the remote tribes but little was found of interest or satisfaction. We boys once found a few bones in what was known as "THE OLD INDIAN BURYING GROUNDS," on the William Rosewarne farm near Swift Lake, with flint, arrow and spear heads, and some celts and stone axes were frequently plowed up. Every family had about a peck of them.

It is pathetic to read of this terrible hardship from cold and hunger mainly, suffered by the scattered settlers during the severe winters of the thirties and fortys. Often the friendly Indians shared their scant supply of corn and brought



Frank L. Kern

fish and game to suffering families. Crops were never sure but they could always count on chills and fever, especially during the spring months.

It is worth while to read up on the events of those old pioneering days. The massacre at Chicago, the battle of Tippecanoe and other stirring events of that time.

What largely saved the day for the whites was the splendid work of the missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, among the various tribes, especially the unfriendly ones.

Upon the whole, I believe had I been an Indian during those hard years I would have done just what they did.

1931

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

Dear Arba:—

You want a little story about that Quaker organization in Cass county that helped runaway slaves escape to Canada during the two decades before the Civil war. Well, you may search me, for the old family Bible says I was born in 1853, so surely I did not do it.

From reliable information I find that the decade following the election of Harrison in 1840, an "organized Christianity" mainly composed of Quakers, conducted that famous Underground Railroad that started at the Ohio river, led to its main headquarters in Cass county where it made a junction with a line from St. Louis, and then pursued a common course to Canada. Usually the conductor who started with a convoy from the south, brought them through to Michigan.

Regular conductors plied between stations and were always ready with fleet horses and covered wagons to forward the hunted chattels toward the sheltering protection of the British flag. The password was in the question by the conductor: "Can you furnish entertainment for myself and another person?"

There were two stations in Cass county, kept by Stephen Bogue and Z. Shugart, the latter acted also as conductor and forwarded the fugitives either to Wm. Wheeler at Flowerfield or Dr. Nathan M. Thomas at Schoolcraft, grandfather of Mrs. Jessie Thomos Edwards of Decatur.

Wright Modlin and Wm. Jones, were most actively engaged in the running from Kentucky via this Quaker line. And some idea of the amount of business done in less than a decade or until the organization of the Free Soil party in '48, according to the statement of Erastus Hussey of Battle Creek, who reported that over fifteen hundred runaway slaves, representing a million and a half in value, were fed and forwarded by him. Dr. Thomas of Schoolcraft assisted at least one thousand to escape from "free America."

"The wooly head in the cellar," was no myth to these brave zealots who gave much time, risking their property, their liberty and often their lives in obedience to their Master's injunction to "Let the oppressed go free."

At first the slave running was done entirely by night with great caution to escape observation, but public sentiment became more in sympathy with the fugitives when they were carried from station to station in broad daylight, and finally some of them dared to settle down in the free state but always near their friends, the Quakers, for protection.

In 1856 it was estimated that there were over a hundred runaway slaves in Cass county, mostly in Penn and Calvin townships, and they proved to be honest and industrious, striving to make homes for their families.

Bourbon county, Kentucky, was being rapidly depleted of slaves and the masters formed an association in 1847 to get back their servants that had been stolen by "those rascally Abolitionists." This was something like the society formed here later for the punishment of horse thieves which is another good story.

Then a young Kentuckian entered a law office of Charles E. Stewart of Kalamazoo, ostensibly as a student, but in reality to spy out the land and locate the wandering property. Under the name of Carpenter he visited the colored settlements in Calhoun and Cass counties calling himself an abolitionist from Massachusetts and was warmly received and given all the information he desired.

Then a party of Kentuckians tried to kidnap a colored family when two neighbors turned out to drive the party away. Returning home and detailing their defeat, mass meetings were held and the tale of wrongs and outrages by the northern Abolitionists were greatly exaggerated. They declared that there was no getting justice under the law in fanatical Michigan. Maybe here was the entering wedge that opened the Civil war in 1861.

In the fall of 1847 thirteen hardy men arrived at Battle Creek. They came with good teams and covered wagons, claiming to be agents for a new washing machine, but their true character and designs were soon dis-

covered. One Erastus Hussey, the famous fighting Quaker of Michigan, assembled the Kentuckians in a barroom, charged them with being slave hunters and ordered them to leave at once as the people were determined that not one fugitive should be returned to bondage. They left but went to Calvin township and there tried to capture some negro family for deportation to the south. They got possession of nine when a mob of neighbors assembled and a near riot was prevented by the proposition that the matter be taken to the court at Cassopolis. But the yankee tricks at law were too much for the southerners and they went home in disgust. F. L. K.

HON. ALBERT M. TODD

Kalamazoo's Widely Known Citizen and the World's Largest Producer of Peppermint, Passed Away October 6 at the Age of 81.

Decatur feels something of a personal loss in the passing of Albert May Todd at his home in Kalamazoo October 6.

Mr. Todd became interested in muck land farming about the time the muck land men of Decatur began the clearing and draining of the Dowagiac river valley. For many years he watched the development of muck farming here and at one time considered seriously the idea of taking an active part in it.

Some forty years ago he bought of Lyscom Brigham 80 acres on the Deuel road, planted it to peppermint, and for the ten years or more that he owned it was a frequent visitor to Decatur. It was a tradition of that time that he intended to buy a large acreage here, some 2,000 or more, and make Decatur his headquarters for developing the peppermint industry. But holders of the land already had visions of great wealth to be derived in the future from this rich black soil and Mr. Todd was unable to buy it at a price he was willing to pay.

He accordingly sold the eighty which he intended to make the beginning of a big farm in Decatur and bought the 3,500 acres now known as the Mentha and Campania farms, located to the north of us in Van Buren and Allegan counties.

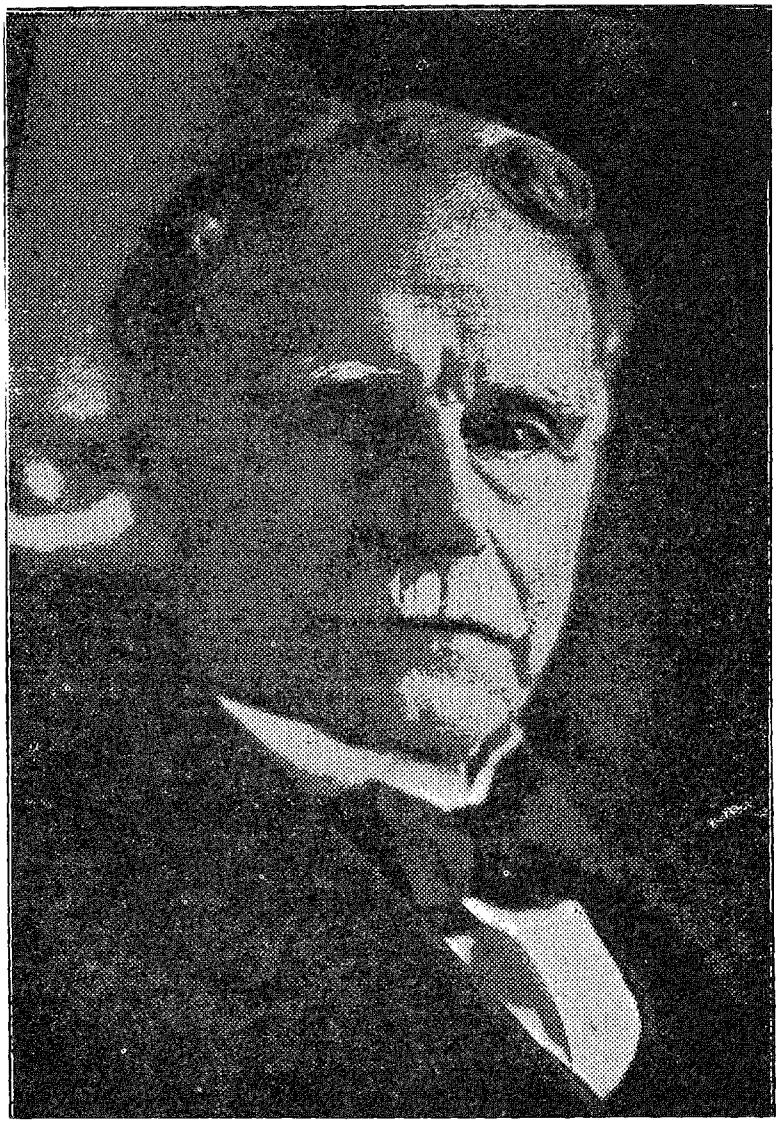
But Mr. Todd always kept an active interest in Decatur and the A. M. Todd Company Limited has bought many thousands of pounds of peppermint oil here, Theo. Borst being his local representative for the past eight years.

Mr. Todd was born near the village of Nottawa in St. Joe county June 3, 1850. He had been experimenting with the growth of peppermint oil since boyhood and by constant study and hard work he became the world's recognized leader in the production and merchandising of essential oils.

Three years ago at the age of 78 he retired from the presidency of the A. M. Todd Company and turned the active management over to his sons who had been associated with him.

Mr. Todd was also prominent in other lines of activity and he was a noted philanthropist. Although a Democrat in a strong Republican district he was elected and served a term in Congress. If we remember correctly he and Judge Yaple were the only Democrats elected to Congress from their district since the Civil War.

Mr. Todd took a special interest in public ownership, studying the question in Europe as well as America and he spoke and wrote extensively on the subject. At one time shortly after returning from a trip to Switzerland he delivered a lecture on municipal ownership in Decatur.



HON. ALBERT MAY TODD
1850-1931

He was a collector of works of art and rare books, having by far the finest collections in Kalamazoo, and he has made many gifts to schools and colleges.

A MICHIGAN BENEFACTOR WHOSE PRAISES HAVE GONE UNSUNG

By Bessie Fuhrman

When Van Buren county was new it had a swamp south of Decatur, and Allegan county just north of Van Buren also had a swamp land of many acres. Almost everybody near either of those swamps was subjected to a now - forgotten malady — ague, a chill and fever experience that must have been a dreadful outlook for people there in the spring. No one knew how to cope with the ailment, but herbs (probably those suggested by Indian medicine men) were used to offset the sickness. One kind of gentian was called the ague plant. Although no solution to the problem appeared for a long time, one did some time after Michigan became a State, and without anyone seeming to have thought it out.

The story of the routing of the ague did not begin until some years after a family from England came to Michigan and quite a while later planted some peppermint plants which they had brought from their native land. The name of the English family was Todd.

This family had a son named Albert M. Todd and that son want-

ed an education enough to work and earn it. So he worked his way through what is now M. S. U.

Some time during his efforts to get his education, he planted some peppermint roots and soon he was learning to get better and better results. Somehow he discovered that the richest land around lay under the swamps near Fennville and another strip of land that was later named Mentha. But in order to grow a crop of peppermint on those swamp lands, they had to be drained and plowed. Nevertheless, Albert M. Todd had discovered a gold mine, although it was very black at first.

The prospects for mint growing on a large scale would have been very small if it had not been that a company making tooth paste, and another company making chewing gum discovered the benefits of peppermint for their products. So about the time that the Todd mint was available, the prices of peppermint were most inviting. Others wanted to make money "quick" too, and there was a swamp near Decatur that held just such possibilities as did the swamp land that Todd had drained, changed to peppermint lands and had reaped a harvest on peppermint oil.

Naturally somebody was going to profit by Mr. Todd's ideas, but who was the one to get that movement underway?

But apparently too many people got into the act and too much peppermint oil was grown so the price went down to the point where it was no longer a safe venture for a crop that could "pay off."

But there was the same black muck and it could grow anything, it seemed, and grow it better. So the former swamp land was changed to farm lands to grow corn and vegetables. Celery was a good venture, and fields of celery growing on both sides of the Swamp Road into Decatur have their own ways of inviting visitors to Decatur with their delightful

that grows.

Somewhat recently still another growing use has been found for that still rich muck. It is a greenhouse now known as the Michigan Muck Greenhouse, and there plants of many kinds are raised for resetting, as well as cut flowers and potted plants that are grown in luxurious surroundings for their kinds.

While A. M. Todd did away with ague in his locality, the draining of the Decatur swamp did the same for Decaturites and those south of the swamp, as well as proving to Decatur that a gold mine is not always in the form of gold dust, gold nuggets, or metallic deposits of actual gold.

What Else Can We Learn About Congressman Todd?

Well, quite a good deal, for he seems to have acquired a considerable fortune. One of his business deals was the building of the Todd Block in Kalamazoo. Still another one of his beneficial activities was his collecting hobby. He became an art and rare book collector and collections were given to the Kalamazoo Library and Western State University, where they may be seen, but are not circulated.

The Personal Success Of A. M. Todd

All this result of his success might have been possible had he remained single, but he did not. He married and had a family. His grandson, Paul M. Todd is following in his footsteps as our Representative from the Third District.

Since this is enough to show that Albert M. Todd started out right despite his having to earn his way through the University, it is clear that before his descendants have reached the 14th generation, he, too will have a blessing from God by the benefits of his posterity. So shall we not say that God blessed Albert M. Todd exceedingly?

October 26, 1911.

George Hopkins, pioneer resident of Volinia, died at the home of Walter Spence Sunday at the age of 90 years. He resided in Volinia 50 years and built up one of the finest properties in the township.

Augustus Weeks died suddenly at his home in Chicago Sunday. The body was brought to Decatur and buried in Lakeside cemetery. He was a stationary engineer. He had bought the Gottschalk property east of this village and expected to reside here upon retiring.

Alice Ackley, after years of suffering, passed away Wednesday morning.

The shriek of the fire whistle at one o'clock Saturday night raised the town from slumber. The fire proved to be in the Warner grocery, the handsome brick building erected by Frank Potts. Nightwatchman George Steele saw the blaze through the window while making his round of the stores. He did some quick work in spreading the alarm and no damage was done. The fire was caused by a lighted cigar stub dropped into a box of sawdust by the stove. The Warner grocery has since installed an up-to-date cuspidor.

Mrs. Sallie Smith, widow of Fred Smith, died of heart distase, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Wolfe, Tuesday morning.

The George M. Lyle farm of 485 acres has been divided and sold. Robert Vincent of Volinia bought the 160 on which stands the beautiful home and other buildings; Fred Woodman bought the 80 lying north of the east and west road and Jack Gorle of Decatur bought the balance. The land was all sold for cash and aggregated $28,000.

The races at Keeler last Thursday called out a big crowd.

May 4, 1911.

A Well Known Citizen

Capt. Eri Beebe, once a well known citizen of Decatur, died in Portland, Oregon, about a month ago. He was a captain in the 25th Michigan Infantry during the Civil war and resided in Decatur for 8 or 10 years after the war.

Capt. Beebe was active in politics and when Grant was inaugurated President in 1869 he and Capt. Ed. Farmer, Lieut. Don Rogers, Chas. Duncombe, S. T. Conway and others went to Washington to attend the ceremonies.

Grant remembered his veteran friends and later Capt. Farmer was appointed internal revenue collector, S. T. Conway, assessor, and Capt. Beebe, postmaster. Capt. Beebe succeeded Mrs. Phelps as postmaster in 1869 and four years later he was succeeded by John Rogers. He then went west and died at the age of 88.

Landmark Wrecked

The Potts building, one of the oldest in the village, will be a landmark no longer. Mrs. Potts has sold it to Fletcher and Son who will tear it down and use the lumber in their houses.

James Potts kept a grocery store in this building until his death six years ago.

Carrie Barnes Browning was born in Concord, N. H., in 1856, and died in Battle Creek in 1911. She was married in Gideon B. Browning in 1882 and he passed away in 1902. They were parents of one daughter, Marjorie.

Lewis C. Hall died April 30 at the age of 49 years. He is survived by two brothers, Henry T. Hall of Delano, Calif., and Frank Hall of Decatur, and one sister, Mrs. Homer Bowers, of Delano.

Dr. W. P. Bope is the owner of a new five passenger Ford touring car bought of Flagg and Thomas. They all went to Kalamazoo and drove the car home.

May 11, 1911.

Doc. Irwin of Volinia induced Mrs. Mary Lovall to give him $500 to invest for her in Texas property. Time went on and she received no return from her investment or any evidence that it had been made. She employed a Cass county lawyer but no results. Finally she went to that rising young attorney of Paw Paw, Earl L. Burhans. Doc was arrested and before Burhans got through with him he had settled for $626.

Mrs. Amelia Taylor died May 4. Her husband was Isaac Taylor, a Civil War veteran. Mrs. Taylor was a member of the Methodist church at its dedication and her husband was the leader of the choir. He died in a Philadelphia hospital a year after entering the service and was buried there. Three sons are left, William C., Winfield and Har-

vey.

Fred Forbes came to town with a broad smile over his countenance. Alvira Ann was born May 9.

Marvin Hinkley received word Tuesday of the death of his brother Homer in Petoskey.

Dr. R. J. Huyck bought a Regal roadster in Kalamazoo last week.

M. E. Chadwick is the owner of a handsome E. M. F. demi-tonneau automobile, one of the best in its class. M. S. Carney and Geo. T. Pomeroy went to Kalamazoo with him to help him drive it home.

Willard Place died in Revenna, Ohio, April 29.

May 18, 1911.

J. L. Flagg has traded his 40 for a two story building in Lawrence and will fit it for a machine shop and garage. He has bought a 5 passenger Reo of U. G. and will do a livery business.

Class of 1911

Jeanette Hooper, valedictorian
Dorothy Criffield
Ruth Thomas
Anita Youells
Dorothy Abbott
Harold Dwight
Frances Creagan
Harold Rose, president
Dana Phelps
Bessie Taylor
Florence Lindsley
Ralph McGowan

William Scott and Ida Priest were married at the Methodist parsonage at Paw Paw by a Presbyterian minister May 17. Today they are receiving congratulations.

Elizabeth Curry died at her home in Marcellus May 17.

The Vowell farm was sold last week by E. F. Brown of Chicago to Mr. Schmitt of the same city for $15,000.

At a meeting of the Hamilton fair association last week Herbert H. Creagan was elected secretary to succeed C. F. Cole who has moved out of the township. The other officers are George Conway, president, and Luke Tinney, treasurer.

Vera Cole fell while roller skating near the L. L. Hamilton home and broke her arm.

Rev. John Orr has received a year's fellowship at Berlin university.

Frank Flagg closed school for the year in the Nesbitt district Friday.

The Home Bakery is baking on an average of 500 loaves of bread a day and last Saturday baked 700 loaves. All sold to Decatur people.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE PAST

And Other Reminiscences. By One of the Republican's Old Time Readers and Friends.

Have read several descriptions and histories of the pioneer district schools around here in the sixties, and what makeshifts they were.

Any student who could pass a 10th grade examination could teach, until 1883, when a law was passed that no one could teach but a graduate from high school, and many of our best people wanted it repealed, thought teachers did need such high learning to teach the district schools.

How times have changed in this almost new state of Michigan since I first looked upon some of the old shabby school houses at that time, and yet some district schools are nothing to be proud of yet, but could be made pleasanter at very little expense.

Farmers have been taxed unlawfully for roads, so could not afford much for district schools, but our roads have got more improvement in the last two seasons and now hope we can get five miles to town without being stuck in mud.

The district school I attended is always fresh in my memory after being here 50 years. I've never seen a country school to compare with it. It was built by good stone masons of black rocks from a quarry near by; stones were faced and built to stand for ages. It was plastered rough like some stucco houses today, then it was white washed, looked white as snow and was slated. It had a flower garden on south side with flower beds laid out and planted by a landscape gardener and was full of beautiful flowers, with showers and sunshine to make them bloom from March when snow drops and daffodils came until the last of September when dahlias and autumn flowers ended the season.

This garden was enclosed by a white wall built to match the school house. It was capped with large rocks so no one wanted to climb over and there was an iron gate painted green, locked after school hours.

It was well furnished and seated to accommodate over 100 pupils; had large maps, one of the world, Ireland, Europe, England, and Scotland, a large book case, teacher's desk and a large table painted mahogany color, where Mrs. Taggart sat and called the different classes to the chalk line.

We had to toe the mark and recite our lessons, or read or point out what she called for if it was Geography review on some of the maps I spoke of, or perhaps working problems on our slates. Pupils who were right went up and failures went down. We worked hard to stand at the head of the class and if any one could stay there two weeks he got a prize.

Teachers always had a good supply of text books so children could always have one at little cost. We got all our books this way. They were furnished by government at cost. We would get a book for 25 cents that would cost $1.50 bought here now.

We had a fire place on west end and stove on east; had pictures of most all kinds of wild animals hung around the room up next to the ceiling like a border on wall paper (government sent them); birds were life size; animals about 15 inches square, and large birds and snakes. You see that the only kind of snake in Ireland was its picture.

Ireland is called Queen of the World. You know the poet said, so long ago, "Beautiful Isle so green."

We studied Arithmetic as high as Decatur High 50 years ago; algebra, bookkeeping, higher geography, astronomy, grammar and the best spelling book I've seen, it was a real dictionary containing all the most difficult words in the English language; Latin, Greek and Anglo Saxony roots and other things too numerous to mention.

Our teachers most of them had life certificates from Dublin University. Many schools had men teachers, 30 or 40 years old. Boys attended their schools and were taught agriculture as well as the other studies I've mentioned. The Bible was read in all schools every morning and I think if it was here there would be better citizens and not so much money wasted on criminals.

Several of my school mates became Presbyterian ministers; some came to the United States and were preaching last I heard. A neighbor farmer had five sons; eldest stayed on the farm, the other four became ministers, some of them famous.

Some of the girls came to Canada and got positions teaching, as textbooks are the same in both countries.

I thought I might study up and teach here, but text-books and all were different here and pay was small so I took the road of least resistance and worked in Professor Upton's family. They were as fine people as any I ever knew, all of them. I used to go to church evenings and other places of amusement with Katie and Lucy. Conde was a fine little fellow of 7 years. I've heard him speak of Arba Moulton, you were chums, I think. But I never thought I would be writing this reminiscence after 50 years and Arba might condescend to print it in the Decatur Republican.

Mr. Warren was editor then. I was in their home, as his niece, Lizzie Warren, was Katie Upton's chum, and I was with her when she called on Lizzie one evening.

Some who don't know Ireland are mistaken about it. President McKinley's grandfather's home still stood there near us when I lived there, and when President Johnstown, N. Y., was proud to see Sir William Johnston's and Aides' life size of white marble on main square of the city. He helped Washington in the Revolution. My sister said, he is from our country, North Ireland.

I like to see the right and give honor to whom honor is due.

A Reader for Many Years.

DECATUR'S OLDEST RESIDENT

Asel Scott Has Lived Here 75 Years and Holds the Record Unless Someone Can Beat It.

Jont. Goble has made a list of 74 people of Decatur township and village who have been residents 50 years or more. We asked him to name the oldest resident, but he could not do that.

After some inquiry we have concluded that Asel Scott holds the title to being the oldest resident of Decatur. He was born in this village April 27, 1856, and accordingly has a record of over 75 years.

Asel first went to school in a small building located where the old Hinck-

ley livery barn now stands. The barn is now owned by O. A. Isham and is used for storage. The next location of the Decatur school house was on East St. Mary's street where the Leo Rose home now stands. He remembers playing on the foundation of the big brick building which burned down 12 years ago. It was built in 1865.

If anyone has lived here longer than Asel Scott will he please report.

ROCKING CHAIR MEMORIES

I love it, I love it and who shall dare
To chide me for loving my old rockin' chair
I have treasured it long as a real prize
It's been covered with tears and lots of sighs.

I remember so well that my mother sat there
So it's a sacred thing, that old rockin' chair
I sat and watched her many a day
While her eyes grew dim and her locks grew grey.

She often told me that shame would never betide
With truth for my creed and God for my guide
She taught me to whisper my very first prayer
As I knelt by her in that old rockin' chair.

by ROBERT PIERREZ

In Rawson's Kandy Kitchen there hangs a picture of that famous team of Decatur ball players. Most of them are remembered or known to our citizens of today. They are,—

Frank C. Stapleton, catcher
Frank W. Thomas, pitcher
John Hughes*, first base
Claude Haydon*, second base
Harvey C. Taylor*, third base
Dan J. Carney*, short stop
George Kruse*, left field
Edward J. Rawson, center field
Marion E. Chadwick*, right field.

Others who played at times were John O'Leary* and Stanley Briggs of Paw Paw and Howard Smith of Lawton and Ralph Slater.

*Deceased.

THE FAMOUS SICKLES BRIGADE

Well Remembered Decatur Citizens Who Fought With the Seventieth New York Regiment in the Civil War.

A few weeks ago the Republican contained a story of Company C, 70th New York Volunteers, first regiment Excelsior Brigade.

This was the Company of Van Buren county young men who were organized at Paw Paw, marched to Lawton, took the train for New York and joined General Sickles Brigade to fight in the Civil War.

The flag which was given the company by the ladies of Decatur was carried by them through the war and now is in the possession of Editor Hal. Spicer of the Paw Paw Courier-Northerner.

The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the company was held at the home of the late Edward Carney of Decatur twenty years ago last spring.

Mr. Carney's daughter, Mrs. Frank Hall, brought the Republican a framed record of this famous company which contains the names of all of the officers and privates.

The captain was William H. Hugo, and among those who were once residents of this county were Sergeants Thomas J. Chaffee, Willard Place, J. Chavileer and L. Dutton; Corporals Harvey Case and Edward Carney; Privates David Briggs, William Bullard, Henry Myers, Stephen Perry, Ira Putnam, Albert Cummings, Carlton Coon, Mark Worthington, John Barnum, Peter McGhan, John Rickard, Corporal Mike Ryan, James Abrams, John Sirrine, Art. Sirrine.

Among those killed in actions were Corporal Henry Beals, Corporal Alvah Moon, Alfred Barnum, Daniel W. Rowe, Augustus P. Tucker.

Mat Longwell was promoted to Captain, Don C. Rogers to lieutenant, Henry Chamberlain to Lietutenant, and Charlie Cockett to Commissary Sergeant.

The company was engaged in 13 actions.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

The Beautiful Ballad of Old and How It Came To Be Written.

This beautiful old-time ballad, 'The Old Oaken Bucket," was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he'd ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, teardrops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss covered bucket that hung in the well," was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well——
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

That mcss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet would tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hangs in the well!

THE LAKES OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

Complete description of the 96 Van Buren county lakes and a list of the county's trout streams are contained in a 120 page Michigan Lakes and Streams directory published by the Magazine of Michigan, of East Lansing, first copies of which have been received in Decatur.

The Van Buren county lakes, according to the directory, are distributed by townships as follows: Almena, four; Arlington, four; Antwerp, two; Bangor, nine; Bloomingdale, 11; Columbia, 12; Covert, one; Decatur, three; Geneva, one; Hamilton, four; Hartford, one; Keeler, six; Lawrence, seven; Paw Paw, eight; Porter, five; Pine Grove, 10; and Waverly, eight. This grouping does not take into account lakes included in more than one township.

Twenty-one of the lakes are listed as having extensive resort development, 38 have boat liveries, 42 have good swimming, and 55 are much frequented.

Names which are duplicated in the county and the number of times they occur are; Bullhead, two; Cedar, two; Eagle, two; Mud, two; Muskrat, two; North, two; Pond Lily, two; Round, three; and School Section, two.

The directory contains infromation assembled from many different sources, including the following Van Buren County supervisors; D. M. Allen of Paw Paw, Frank A. Burger of Bangor, M. B. Cullom of Hartford; R. B. Fox of Berlamont, L. O. Gillesby of Decatur, J. C. Hover of Bangor, John Krolne of Keeler, George Landrus of Grand Junction, Edwin J. Loehr of Covert, James Pollock of Lawton, W. J. Richards of Kendall, Charles E. Robinson of Lawrence, Paul H. Smith of Paw Paw, Jay G. Sutton of Decatur, Homer Turner of Lawton, and Ralph Watson of Lacota.

Harry J. Lurkins

A TRUE ESTIMATE

Word of the sudden death of Harry J. Lurkins, former Berrien county agricultural agent, in Sarasota, Fla., Tuesday, was a shocking blow to his literally thousands of friends in western and southwestern Michigan.

Only a fortnight ago Mr. and Mrs. Lurkins left their Paw Paw home for Sarasota, intending to spend the winter.

Six years ago a heart condition compelled Mr. Lurkins to retire after 22 years devoted to the interests of agriculture and horticulture as county agent. Those were years of revolutionary changes in farming, marketing and rural development, but always in the forefront of progress was the dynamic personality of this natural leader.

Mr. Lurkins often said he knew 4,000 growers by their first names, and that statement was no exaggeration. He was gifted with the sort of character and personality and magnetism that make enduring friendship and his knowledge of farming in all its phases was so complete that his advice and assistance were constantly in demand.

It was inevitable that Harry J. Lurkins should become one of the most prominent and respected farm agents in the midwest. He was literally a tireless worker whose enthusiasm and interest never flagged.

In the past few years, Mr. Lurkins was forced by his physical condition to conserve his strength, but that never meant any decrease in study and interest. And his interests were not limited to farming, but covered the whole range of life. Fellow Kiwanians in Benton Harbor looked forward eagerly each week to meeting him at luncheon and in good weather and bad he drove here from Van Buren county for these weekly get-togethers.

Mr. Lurkins never became involved in politics, but it is said he found difficulty in accepting the complicated ramifications involved in today's price controls, quotas, subsidies and other bureaucratic experimentation. To him farming was to be close to the soil, and be akin to the sun and rain, bluster and tranquility of the good earth in the revolving seasons.—Stanley R. Banyon, Editor, Benton Harbor News-Palladium.

MISS LARIDA A. SCOTT GETS B. M. DEGREE

Miss Larida Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Scott of Hamilton, was graduated from Olivet college Monday with the degree of Bachelor of Music.

Miss Scott was further honored when it was announced that she would become a member of the Olivet faculty next fall. Besides her degree Miss Scott has earned a life certificate in public school music.

Mrs. Aileen Bennett drove to Olivet Monday to attend the commencement exercises. She was accompanied by Mrs. Seth Fassett and Mrs. Scott.

THE CHEVELIER SISTERS

Mrs. Bessie Welcher Anderson has heard from her cousins, the Chevelier sisters of early Decatur days. They were daughters of John and Kate Morlan Chevelier who lived south of Decatur by the hill that was named for them. The big hill was known for many years as Chevelier, but when the family left and the Fifields located there the prestige of this family brought about the change of name and from that time to the present it has been known as Fifield hill.

The Cheveliers moved to Nebraska 65 years ago. Grace Chevelier Rawson was then 18 and remembers early residents of Decatur and Volinia of that time. Her sister, Effie Chevelier Bay was only five and remembers no one here. Grace, who is now 82, wants to come back to the old home once more before she leaves this earth and will come this summer if she can. Effie isn't interested and Grace will come alone. The sisters have lived for many years in Minneapolis.

HE'S MASTER FARMER (WALDO PHILLIPS)

For nearly thirty-five years he has followed the profession of farming, except during 1907-8 which he spent in Washington D.C. as accountant in a government printing office.

He has been an active member of the Farm Bureau since its organization and served several years as Van Buren County president. For several years, also, he served as Master of the Hamilton Grange and of the County Grange, while Mrs. Phillips served as lecturer. He operates a 200 acre farm in Hamilton Township on M-40 five miles west of Decatur.

Headed Farm Bureau

Mr. Phillips was president of the Michigan Farm Bureau at two different times and has been a member of its board of directors for 10 years.

In 1920, while manager of the Decatur Co-operative Asso. he assisted in forming the Michigan Elevator exchange, a state-wide sales agency for farmers elevators, handling grain and beans and was known as one of the most successful ventures in Co-operations in the United States. He has served continuously as director of this organization and two terms as its president.

For nearly the past 4 years he has been local Federal Land Bank appraiser in this area, and necessarily has been less active in the farm organizations.

"Organized Agriculture," says Mr. Phillips, "is essential to the prosperity and well being, not only of the farm groups but of all industry, for it is the keystone and balance wheel of the economic life of the nation."

Although inclined to independence in politics, he is known as a Democrat. His belief that "we mortals are part of a Divine Power's great plan," sustains his optimism and liberal religious ideas in the face of occasional discouragement.

Mr. Phillips comes of pioneer stock. Born in Silver Creek Township, Cassopolis, in 1883, he was the son of Mr. & Mrs. Frank E. Phillips, both early settlers. His mother was the former Mary E. Jessup. His father died when he was but 11 years of age.

A graduate of Decatur High School in the class of 1920, Mr. Phillips entered the University of Michigan in the following autumn. In 1903 he was married to Edith L. Osborne of Hamilton Township. The first home was on a rented farm, where Mr. Phillips began putting into operation the progressive methods of agriculture which now prevail on his 200 acre farm.

THE DEPRESSION

Someone has remarked that America can never find her way out of the present depression until she definitely locates the cause. What could be easier?

Is not every man we meet ready to tell us just what has caused this distressing state of affairs? Our statesmen have told us. Our bankers, too, and our wealthy captains of industry. The farmers have explained it in full in every village grocery store and the clergy have thundered it from ten thousand pulpits.

The policeman on the beat has told us. Our barber has not left us in doubt and if these were not enough, newspapers and magazines without number have been very explicit in enlightening us.

However, the fact that these many informants do not agree seems to worry them but little. May we then, state some of these reputed causes and perhaps venture a comment now and then.

"The drought," says someone. "Look at the terrible crop failures in some parts of the country and see how the grasshoppers have destroyed acres of crops."

But in a land so wide as ours, crop failures are not general but local and while they may bring hard times in a measure to certain localities, this very shortage provides a better market for the produce of other sections and furnishes employment for transportation agencies as well.

"Overproduction," another shouts.

"Of what?" may we ask. Of wheat? Suppose we attempt to tell the thousands of hungry unemployed that the causes of their misfortune is too much wheat. Or we might try telling them that there are too many overcoats, too many pairs of shoes, too much bread, butter, fruit and vegetables and that this is the reason they must suffer the lack of these things. Will we not have great difficulty in convincing them?

"The government is to blame," exclaims another. "It is the fault of this blankety blanked administration," and the speaker usually adds, "I could have told you this was coming when that bunch of grafters was elected."

Well, as we recall it, every administration has been charged with full responsibility for all the misfortunes that have occurred during its tenure of office. When have we enjoyed a "good administration" in which all the people said, "Amen."

But someone else interrupts after this fashion.

"We are in the clutches of the moneyed men. This whole situation was deliberately planned and purposely imposed just in order to oppress the poor man and make the rich man richer."

Then in rising frenzy he shouts, the labor class will have to rise up and blow their blamed heads off and take their millions and their billions and divide them up."

Well, that plan is being very diligently tried out and we are fortunate in that it did not have to be tried out here. A representative of the New York World has just returned from Russia and reports that he saw people with their hands full of money begging for bread; not begging anyone to give them bread but imploring someone to sell it to them. If everyone had a lot of money, it too would be worthless, would it not

"It is just this foolish waste," says another. "Look at the automobiles. Look at the women's clothes. You can't tell the poor man's wife from the rich man's wife. They are all dressed alike. Think of the food that is wasted. Why don't folks try living the way their grandfathers did?"

Whether it be automobiles or food or clothing and whether it be wise or not, is not waste an important factor in creating demand? The farmer, for instance is not worried over the amount of butter which the editor wastes for he is trying to make a living supplying that very article.

"We are taxed to death," another cries, "and the tax money is only wasted, thrown to the four winds. Cut down these salaries" and usually the speaker goes on to enumerate the salaries which he wishes to see cut and of course he does not mention that particular job in which his own son or daughter is employed.

If we are to begin cutting salaries, let us be very careful to begin in the right place. Shall we begin with the school teachers? There are no school teachers in the writer's family so that will be a good occupation to consider. Is not the salary paid to a school teacher just so much money invested in youth and where can America find a better investment than her own youth? Now this is not a defense of school teachers any more than it is of janitors or postmen but how many teachers or janitors or postmen could be paid with the five or six figure salaries of a dozen swivel chair officials in state or national capital?

"It is fear," says some thoughtful person. Everybody is scared. The losses in the stock market and the collapse of bonds have thrown investors into a panic. They attempt to sell their deflated holdings at a great loss and if they do sell them, they are afraid to reinvest."

Is it not possible that investors have been led to put their money in the wrong place, to invest in the abnormal growth of the distant city to the impoverishment of their own home town and the rural community? Have they not been looking for four-four-leaf clovers too far from home?

"This is a judgment of Almighty God for the sins of the American people," says another.

We may well hesitate before endorsing such a statement but we must acknowledge that we have not by our righteousness really earned any Divine favor. Moreover, if the American people wish to try something new and extraordinary in the interests of prosperity, we might begin by accepting one or more of the Divine challenges. The Supreme Being has actually dared us to try Him out along certain lines.

For instance, in Isaiah 58:13 we read:—

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth. * * *

Or this, Malachi 3:10, 11:—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house and prove me now herewith if I will no, open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the destroyer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Stanley Myers exhibited an old ox yoke which is almost as old as Hamilton township and in an early day was the property of the Conway family. This poem was tacked on it and both recived a blue ribbon,—

THE OLD OX YOKE

I

My history is lost—
It was put on the shelf,
So I guess I will have
To speak for myself.

II

In the good old days of '49,
(That's when I was right in line.)
I helped to log and grub the lands
On which our little village stands.

III

Through the mud and over the hills,
I drew the grain to the Nesbitt mills
Where it was ground on the old mill stone
To make the farmer's bread and pone.

IV

The ox is gone but the cow is here yet
So the steer and ox you will never forget,
The farmer don't need corn pone any more,
For his bread is delivered right at the door.

V

But I'm just a piece of old crooked wood,
My place on earth here is gone for good,
So I must go and hide my face
And let the tractor take my place.

Slim Fellow,
S. D. Myers.

"DECATUR, MICHIGAN"

Radio Talk Given Over WLS Through Courtesy of Swift and Company from Its Studio at the Union Stock Yards on Monday, June 8, by Arba N. Moulton, Editor of the Decatur Republican.

The great Chicago packing house of Swift and Company has made this a big minute for Decatur, Michigan, and I hope to make the most of it.

To the folks at home and to former residents and friends I extend a greeting, and to the world at large I shall endeavor to tell some of the advantages of a residence in this favored community.

In the southwestern corner of Michigan where the point of land reaching to the southerly curve of the lake beckons to Chicago, the counties of Berrien, Cass and Van Buren are located, and in the southern part of the county of Van Buren lie the township and village of Decatur. The Michigan Central Railway Company located and named the station when building its line from Detroit to Chicago in the late forties. The mile board reads, "167 miles to Detroit, 116 miles to Chicago."

It is not at all improbable that the Latin motto so appropriately describing Michigan was inspired by the picturesqueness of this southwestern section, studded by nearly 300 inland lakes and traversed by the Paw Paw and St. Joe rivers. Translated into English the motto reads, "If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, look around."

Decatur is a part of this wonderful section where the blossoms are thick in the spring time and we gather the fruit in the fall. It may properly be termed the hub around which are found in abundance the beauties and bounties of nature.

Circled around Decatur are the favored towns of Lawton, known for its grape vineyards; Paw Paw, our county seat; Lawrence, a dairy and fruit center; and Hartford, where is located one of the best county fairs in the state; and across the line into Cass county are the city of Dowagiac; Cassopolis, the county seat, and the village of Marcellus.

The smoke of furnaces, the hum of machinery and the noise of factories do not disturb the peaceful surroundings of Decatur. Out here the air is pure and invigorating. The sun does not have to find its way to the earth through an atmosphere of fog, and dirt, but shines bright and clear, giving ambition and strength to the honest toiler and encouragement to all.

Decatur is distinctly an agricultural town. It depends for its prosperity almost entirely upon the land surrounding it. It is especially fortunate in being surrounded by soils of different classes, so that the community is not seriously effected by the failure of any one crop.

I have spoken of the surrounding villages, but of even greater importance to this community are its neighboring townships having no incorporated villages. Our nearest neighbor and closest friend is Hamilton, a township of comfortable homes, fertile and well kept farms and fine people. It is something of a coincidence that these townships, lying side by side, were both named for famous Americans, who, in the prime of life were killed in duels. I assure you that the citizens of Hamilton and Decatur are a peaceful people, accepting for their motto only the first line of Commodore Decatur's well known toast, "Our country, may she always be right."

To the west of Hamilton is Keeler, not named after a man of national prominence, but equally proud of the fact that Stephen A. Douglas once scratched his name on a pane of glass in the old Keeler tavern. And there are to the south and east of us the townships of Wayne, Volinia and Porter, also inhabited by good citizens and enterprising farmers whose friendship and patronage our village enjoys an appreciates.

Coming over the highway from the south one approaches Decatur from the summit of Fifield hill, and the scene below with the rich black belt of the Dowagiac river valley stretching out in front, and the peaceful village nestling among the maple trees beyond, is one not easily surpassed in beauty. From the top of the hill to the heart of the village it is a three mile drive across a long strip of well developed muck land which can be seen at its best in June.

The cultivation of this rich black soil comprises the chief industry of Decatur. Fifty years ago this muck land area was a swamp in which the Dowagiac river had its source. It was grown up to reeds, rushes and boggy forest and was almost impenetrable. Wild game abounded there, elk and deer horns have been plowed out of the ground and wild turkeys were the common prey of hunters.

To those pioneers who visioned the wealth that lay in the soil beneath is due the credit for developing one of the richest areas of muck land in the United States. These men spent their lives and fortunes in clearing and draining this worthless tract of land on which today are comfortable homes and bountiful crops.

We hear much of the work of the government in reclaiming at a cost of many millions of dollars the arid lands of the west, but little of the courageous Decatur pioneers, who, unaided by government appropriations, discouraged in their efforts by incredulous fellow townsmen, limited in capital, but unlimited in faith and energy, brought forth for the benefit of a future generation this vast garden, so fertile and productive that it has become familiar to buyer of produce near and far.

There is as yet no monument of granite erected to their memory, but the names of Nutting, Rawson, Clark, Brigham, Carney and perhaps others should never be forgotten by those who have at heart the welfare of this community.

The muck land crops which have made the village of Decatur, Michigan, nationally known are celery, peppermint and onions. Of these celery comes first, 1,200 acres being grown last year. Decatur celery means good celery. Our leading growers are determined that it shall mean nothing else, and through more careful grading and packing it is becoming recognized as such.

Hollanders are famed as celery growers and a thriving colony of these industrious people has settled in Decatur, enough of them to support two large and active church organizations.

Four cold storage houses for celery with a combined capacity of 300 cars are in operation here, and buyers and shippers and packers and truckers also help to make a market for the crop.

The growing of peppermint is second in importance. 25 peppermint distilleries distill the oil from the plants, and they have all passed the government inspection as perfectly legitimate distilleries.

The growing of onions is next. There are three storage houses for onions, and a superior variety of seed known as Dexter E. Brigham's Long Keeping Yellow Globe has been developed here. Carrots, beets, cabbages and turnips are also grown extensively on the muck.

In normal times thrifty Hollander families have made from 2 to 3 thousand dollars per year from 10 acres of this muck land.

As I have said before, Decatur is purely an agricultural town, but it is not dependent entirely upon its muck lands. It is surrounded in part by good upland farms where grain, stock, fruit and vegetables are grown. Last year 61 carloads of grapes were shipped from this station, and the growing of asparagus also has become an industry to be recognized.

The village has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best market for live stock in southwestern Michigan. Farmers living as far as 40 miles away bring their stock here in trucks for shipment to the central markets.

As the crow or the plane flies Decatur is less than 100 miles from Chicago and it does not take a far glance into the future to see Chicago business men living in beautiful country homes in this community and going to and from their work by plane.

Decatur is justly proud of its public school system. Housed in modern buildings with ample equipment and efficient instructors, its graduates are

recognized by the North Central Association of Colleges as worthy of entrance without examinations.

There has developed in the music department a symphony orchestra of 50 pieces which apparently is without an equal among schools of its class in the United States. For six consecutive years it has won the state championship, and on the 15th of last month at Cleveland, Ohio, it won the class C national championship. This was a cause for much rejoicing in our town, and the national trophy will be in the possession of the Decatur High school the coming year.

Decatur, Michigan, is located on the main line of the Michigan Central, on an improved highway extending north and south, and on the state highway east and west known as M-40.

The signs at the village limits bid you welcome, and in closing I repeat that welcome, both on behalf of its citizens and of its newspaper, The Decatur Republican.

THE EARLY LODGES OF DECATUR, MICH.

The lodges of early Decatur were of vital importance in the growth and development of its citizens and controlled to some extent the social life of the community.

The oldest lodge of Decatur on record is Lodge #99 of the Free and Accepted Masons. It was organized here on Jan. 1st 1858. Some of the early members were E.R. Farmer, James Haynes, W.T. Gerow, C.S. Crockett, J.S. Dowd, Fred Mines, W.N. Codman and H.W. Botsford. Meetings were held on Tuesday evenings or on the next preceeding full of the moon. In 1896 the lodge listed seventy six members. At present, the membership has been greatly enlarged and regular meetings are held at the Masonic Hall located above the Fox Hardware.

The next lodge to be formed in Decatur was the Sprague Lodge #113 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It was installed here Oct. 28, 1867 with five charter members. In 1896 it listed membership of 118, several of which are as follows: O. Van Hise, N.G. Clayton, T. Tittle, Allon Week, and Homer Smead. Regular meetings were held in Odd Fellow's Hall located in the Poor Block.

Another organization worthy of note although not a lodge, was the Decatur Grange #396. Patrons of Husbandry was organized in 1865 to foster a spirit of cooperation among the farmers of the community. It started with sixty members and remained in continuous operation through the next half century. During its last years the Decatur Grange Hall was on the site of the Reformed Church on St. Mary's St.

Next came the Decatur Rebekah Lodge #6. It was installed here in 1829 with seven or eight charter members and by 1891 listed a total of eighty eight members. There is no record of early members. Their home for aged members is located in Jackson, Mich.

Decatur's most colorful lodge was that of the Knight of Pythias #112. It was organized in 1890 and enjoyed a large membership, with white plumes on their caps, and full regalia it was a thrill for bystanders to watch the men drill as they marched in unison on the streets of Decatur. Their meeting place was what is now the Gale Bldg. but was formerly known as the Stewart building. The organization ceased to exist about twenty years after it was started. Early members were as follows: A.L. Moulton, C.W. Williamson, Chas. Hill, John O'Leary, Will Adams, Frank Crotzer, Frank White, Chas. Yase, George Jackson, Chas. Criffield, Henry White, Jerry Lee, George Baker, Will Secord, S.O. Van Hese, Ben Desenberg, J.H. Haynes, Fred Mosier, Oscar Newell, Frank Thomas and John H. Collins.

The Knight of Pythias ritual was written by Justus H. Rathbone during the winter of 1859-60 at Eagle Harbor, Mich. The little school house in which he taught is preserved as a shrine by the Knights of Pythias National Association in Keweenaw Co.:

Pythian Shrine
Eagle Harbor, Mich.

While teaching school here in 1861, Justus H. Rathbone, founder of the order Knights of Pythias, wrote the first ritual of the order. This property was purchased by members living in Mich. in 1905. It was presented to the Grand Domain of Mich. in 1921, who in turn, presented it to the supreme lodge, Knights of Pythias, Aug. 16, 1930. It is the purpose of the members of the order to perpetuate it as a Pythian shrine and to express reverence to the beloved founder. Officially dedicated this 11th day of July A.D. 1931.

The Maccabee Lodge of Decatur was organized in 1896, as a social cult with insurance benefits for its members, when started, there were separate groups for men and women. Starting with thirteen charter members, their regular meeting place was in the hall over what is now Dine's Grill but which at that time was Van's Harness Shop, operated by the late Willard C. Van Antwerp. Because of great insurance rates the Detroit office brought the men's and women's groups together in 1923. From 1923 to 1930 there was no lodge in Decatur. Since the reorganization it is a ladies' lodge with fifty-two members and in addition to insurance benefits it keeps busy with charitable and relief activities. Their home office is located at Alma, Mich. Their meetings are now held on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at the village hall.

Decatur's newest lodge is the Star Chapter #336, Order of the Eastern Star. It was organized here in 1905. It is unusual that the members can be either men or women. Being the auxillary of the Masonic Lodge, qualification for membership requires that one must be a Mason or a mother, wife, daughter or son of a mason. When first organized, meetings were held over what is now Weaver's Tavern but which is known as the St. Germaine building at present. The local order of the Eastern Star has a membership of over a hundred. During recent years many clubs and service organizations have been formed within the community. Their work is worthy of mention but cannot be classed as early lodges.

'31

TEACHER AND PUPILS OF 70 YEARS AGO

MRS. ANNETTE OSBORN, WHO TAUGHT THE FIELD SCHOOL IN 1861-2, AND FOUR OF HER PUPILS WERE GUESTS AT THE SCHOOL LAST FRIDAY

Last Friday afternoon there was an unusual gathering at the Field school house. Mrs. Annette Osborne, who was teacher of that school seventy years ago, was present with four of her former pupils—Mrs. Mary Hungerford, Mrs. Esther Brooks Sloan, Mrs. Hattie Tisdell, and Mr. Esban Cady. Two of her pupils, Mrs. Percy Nash Seymour and Mr. Lewis Stewart, were ill and could not be present.

A short program was given by the pupils of the school after which Mrs. Osborn gave the school history. The roll call of seventy years ago was then read by the present teacher, Miss Catherine Howland.

Light refreshments consisting of cider and doughnuts were served by the teacher and pupils. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in reminiscences of the days of long ago.

Others who were there were the members of the school board—Mrs. Pearl Tinney, Miss Grace Osborn and Mr. Elmer Webb. Also Mrs. Elmer Webb, Mrs. Emily Tinney, Mrs. Laura Osborn, Mrs. Waldo Phillips, Mrs. Helen Myrkle Rydenour, Miss Marjorie Myrkle, Mrs. Harold Myrkle and little niece, Mrs. Henry Howland, Mr. Otto Wagner and Mrs. Osborn's great grandchildren, Gertrude and Gordon Myrkle.

School History

The following story of her early school experiences was written by Mrs. Osborn, who will be 90 years old in December, and was given by her at the gathering last Friday,—

When I stood in this place, kind friends, seventy years ago,
The names on my list numbered sixty-two;
As far as I know, five of us are all who have not yet responded to the last roll call.
Districts then were broad, large families the rule,
The means of education small except by the district school.
This one had earned an evil name
And some friends were most firm,
That I never could get through a winter term.
The attempt had not been made by anyone in ten years,
And there was really cause for their plain-spoken fears.
The ages from five to twenty-four, and all along the way.
Wages sixteen dollars for twenty-two day month and my board bill to pay.
Six from one to four years older than myself there were;
But gentlemen all, and their example I think went far.
That needful good order be every day preserved,
And proper school room rules well and duly observed.
Of the twenty-five children some are dear to me yet.
Their unfailing goodness I can never forget.
Among the thirty in their teens, of fine girls there were ten.
Besides an even twenty of large boys and young men.
With these it was easy, right relations to sustain.
But a few on nerves and will-power placed a very heavy strain;
And then one of the eldest insistent grew that we
Should carry out his well-laid plans, and our lives united be.
So in '64, one March day, unvexed by doubts or fears,
We embarked upon a voyage that lasted fifty years.
Then the captain was called hence,
And of help in sorest need
The mate faced storms and griefs

That the stoutest heart would dread.
The journey has been long.
Let us hope that I may not be
Too many wearying years left
"The last leaf on the tree."

Pupils of 70 Years Ago

The Field school house was built in 1848. The following are the pupils who went to school to Mrs. Osborn 70 years ago and their ages at that time. Those marked with a star (*) are still living:—

	Years
Mary Whitlock	13
John Whitlock	9
Dolly Adams	16
George Geer	24
Charles Bartlett	24
*Percy Nash	10
Parshall Van Duzer	12
Henry Brown	16
Philo Brown	11
John Geer	18
Ryland Geer	16
Herbert Geer	12
Alvah Bradley	7
Jennie Holmes	11
Bryan Stewart	13
*Lewis Stewart	11
Eliza Fowler	13
*Mary Tryon	14
George Tryon	15
Loren Lynn	18
John Lynn	16
George Lynn	14
Two little Lynn girls	..
Frances Dean	10
Ella Dean	7
Oscar Field	23
Warren Field	18
Florence Field	16
Estelle Field	14
Herbert Field	11
Alene Field	7
Oliver Geer	18
Clara Geer	16
Rose Geer	14
Libbie Comley	16
Alec Comley	9
Lucinda James	16
Henry James	12
Margaret Brooks	15
John Brooks	9
Sophia Cady	16
Matthew Cady	13
Charles Cady	11
*Esban Cady	6
Louisa Byers	1
Henry Byers	10
Delia Byers	7
*Ruby Byers	5
David [illegible]	11
Wesley Suffin	12
Orlando Baxter	22
Lucian Baxter	20
Edward Osborn	11
Eliza Osborn	9
Frank Baxter	16
Erastus Osborn	24
Chauncy Osborn	24
Charles Hungerford	17
Elmer Weed	16
John Suffin	18
*Esther Brooks	16
*Sarah Suffin	16
*Hattie Comley	..
Cassias Fields	..
Clint Fields	

LYLES FARM TO LIVE

By Irvin J. Mathews in the Michigan Farmer.

Cuts furnished through courtesy of the Michigan Farmer.

In the spring of 1842, Grandfather Lyle could have been seen walking briskly along the old Indian trail, that wove in and out between the knolls and swamps, leading to the southwest of Paw Paw. The urge of spring was in his veins and the earth felt springy under his leather boots. He was out looking for a piece of timbered land that would work down into a farm.

About five miles southwest of Paw Paw he left the path and reconnoitered among the timber that lay to the west. Here were tall shaggy maples, gnarly gray-blue beeches struggling up to the sun with occasional elm trees reaching out above these like overlords of the forest. The ground was covered with years of leaf mold that had never felt the tread of any save the stealthy Indian, the ginger-footed deer and the heavy-hoofed elk; wild turkeys and lesser birds that kept close to Eagle lake.

Grandfather Lyle scuffed up the leaf mold. "This looks like heavy soil" he told himself and where the spring freshets had washed a tiny gulch into the side of a knoll, he found a clay subsoil. This shrewd pioneer spent the greater part of the day walking about over a tract of three or four thousand acres north of Eagle lake. It appeared quite level with only occasional slight undulations.

He picked out an 80 acres which he bought. And soon the big trees were quaking at the whack of the axe and the innermost recesses of the forest twitched reverberating with the thunder of [illegible]. All was action now in an arena that hitherto had known only the moccasined tread of the redman as he stalked the nimble buck and with the unerring noiseless arrow guaranteed an already long overdue feast for the hungry squaw and her crew in the tepee by the lake.

In time, Granfather Lyle hacked out a clearing among the trees and built himself a home. He worked from sun to sun as most men actually do who are interested in building a home with all its unworded and unutterable pleasures.

What a surprised man he would have been if he could have seen his grandson, Jay Lyle, that November day in 1930 whisking along on an artificial stone road, borne on the wings of gasoline from Texas and rubber from South America, to East Lansing, there to be titled a Master Farmer!

What would he have thought if he could have foreseen that this same farm, 83 years after he had cleared it of trees, was being replanted with trees but this time, apple, peach and cherry? He would have smiled had he been told that Paw Paw would later become the center of the grape industry of Michigan.

But all of these things would have been breakfast chatter, compared to his amazement at knowing that less than a hundred years later, his grandson Jay would be adding to these same clay loam acres limestone to grow clover and chemical fertilizers to put the zip into wheat and potatoes. And the iron horse that works best when it is hot, that never tires, with a plowman who rides all day long! Surely this would have been a pure pipe dream as he stretched out in the shade, resting from the buffeting of plow handles and lashing roots, while the weary cattle panted and trembled in the fence corner.

And surely Grandfather Lyle would have experienced deep untold emotion had his feet felt the seagreen Persian rug of alfalfa now on this farm and he would have known that he was building even better than he thought, could he have seen his great grandson, blond, curly haired, six-foot Kenneth Lyle, in the 1927 graduating class of Michigan State College, which in his day was only an evanescent dream on the horizon of education, like a bubble on a pan of biscuit dough.

Wouldn't his eyes have danced to see the sunburst in the Lyle home when the electricity was turned on for the first time?

And both he and his wife would have been delighted to know that their children and their children's children could sit in their own living room right on this farm and hear great persons and great artists in far off parts of the country and the world.

Then it was a good half day's trek to Paw Paw and back with the light horses, and Decatur, over on the edge of the big swamp, was a village that he visited very seldom. Now his great grandson Kenneth plays with a musical organization recruited from both these towns and they can get together often and quickly.

Some historian has well said that no country bids fair to become great until it takes stock and makes adequate appraisal of its history.

Millions of people have passed this Lyle farm. About two miles south on M-40, from where it leaves U. S.-12 at Teapot Dome, there is a school house on the east side of the road. To the west a gravel road leads through a lane of old maple trees that join arms across the road. As you speed along, just glance down this lane and you see something unusual, three groups of shrubs that are right beside the road.

These are in front of the Jay Lyle home.

The home was built 17 year ago. It is of stucco and tucked in behind a velvet lawn with maple trees. In May, the spirea are like banks of snow in front of the screened in porch. Although this home was built at a time when little emphasis was being placed upon convenience in arrangements, it does not need any altering even now to be approved by the fine farm home fans.

This farm which Jay Lyle and his son Kenneth now operate consists of 160 acres all in one body. The old orchard close to the road is cared for in accordance with the College spray calendar. And the Lyles have much faith in the future of the Michigan fruit industry.

Seven years ago, they planted another apple orchard back on the other corner of the farm, and last year they put out four acres of peaches and filled the blank spaces along the north side-road with cherry trees. There are six acres of grapes, too.

Each spring Mr. Lyle methodically spreads some limestone and as we walked out over wheat that was a thick carpet of dark green, he said with evident pride, "Here's where I put on a bag to the acre of double strength goods, 12-24-12. You see that's equal to 250 pounds per acre of 6-12-6."

And again when he was telling me how he grows his potatoes. On a clover sod, which has been heavily manured, he uses 500 pounds of 0-14-14 fertilizer in addition. And remember that this is heavy, well maintained soil to commence with.

A bit of history was woven in when he told me how Jason Woodman, Michigan's patron saint of the lowly spud, came over to the Lyle farm one Sunday morning. He balanced himself on the fence, as was his custom. His mind worked best when he was whittling. "You know, Jay," he said with that perpetual enthusiasm that was his, "The time will come when we will grow as much as 160 bushels of potatoes to the acre around here!"

Jay Lyle's blue eyes opened wide too, and he brushed his tawny hair back from his forehead, "You think, so, Jason?"

But now, it is a dry season or something else goes wrong when Jay Lyle doesn't raise more than 160 bushel on every acre he has into potatoes.

This is a very much diversified farm, with eggs in many baskets. There is the fruit, the potatoes, an acre and a half of asparagus, besides some poultry well housed and fed.

Both Jay Lyle and Kenneth, who are working together, keep abreast of the advancements in agriculture. Their 14-cow grade dairy herd has come clean in three years of tuberculosis testing and the owners have kept a pure-bred sire at the head of the herd. The milk is retailed in Decatur.

"And what is this flat iron plug for?" I queried, fingering the cord that was looped on the wall.

"Oh, that's where we plug in our two unit milking machine" and at this, he brought out the milker from another room. "We can cut a lot of corners with this thing and it has proven perfectly satisfactory."

While the Lyles are producing a high testing, clean, raw milk, they are feeding their own home grown grains balanced by adding protein concentrates.

"Of course, silage and good alfalfa hay are the basis of our roughage," Kenneth continued. "Silage twice a day and alfalfa hay three times."

"In the winter we mixed 100 pounds each of cottonseed meal, oil meal, and two hundred pounds of 32 per cent protein supplement with 1,500 pounds of our own grains which were generally 700 pounds of corn, ground cob and all, and 800 pounds of ground oats. Sometimes we substituted ground wheat and ground barely for some of the oats. The cows get about a pound of grain for each four pounds of milk produced.

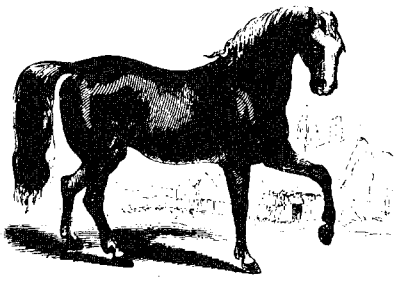
My impression was that the Lyles get a lot of fun out of living. For eight years they had the same farm lighting plant which they found very satisfactory but which was traded in for an electric refrigerator when high line juice became available. There is a bathroom upstairs, toilet facilities on the first floor and a shower bath in the basement. "Nothing like a shower bath when a fellow comes in from a dusty day in the field," Mr. Lyle commented.

In the kitchen Mrs. Lyle can, with comfort, pursue her job of cooking for the family and what work is more creative than building crisp crusted, thick meated pies or cakes, lovely to look upon and even better to taste? An electric range, sink, running water, convenient working surfaces, worlds of cupboard space!

Kenneth Lyle's work room, I mustn't say den because that sounds too high toned, tells volumes about the way this young man interests himself in agriculture and community.

His parents have been members of the Country Club for 13 years and this is a real country club, made up of folks who live and have their beings and pleasures in the country.

The Lyles know the distinction between a living and a life. They seem to live life as it comes and enjoy it, not fretting about what they haven't and laying up against a future day of pleasure which generally doesn't come.



NEWS OF DECATUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

CHAPEL FOR OCT. 1

The assembly program for Oct. 1 was particularly enjoyable, opening as it did with a cornet solo by Mr. Freeman, head of the Music department. Mr. Freeman was accompanied by Beverley Newell, and the selection, as well as the encore, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," an old English air, was greatly appreciated and enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Washburn, always a favorite speaker with the H. S. assembly, entertained us next with a talk about Indians. His time was up long before his audience was ready for him to stop, and while he still had, we know, many more interesting things to tell. The assembly is hoping for a return in the near future.

Mr. Washburn became interested in Indian relics while a boy on his father's farm, and recently in local Indian pottery. Someway, we always supposed the only Indians who used pottery were those of the southwest, but we not only learned that the northwestern Indians used pottery, but we were permitted to see and examine pieces picked up in the vicinity of Decatur. These Indians made their pottery by lining a grass or reed basket with clay and subjecting it to heat. On the pieces displayed were the marks of the reeds or twigs used as a mold.

All of the Indian pottery found in Michigan is in small pieces, owing to weathering, Michigan climate being much less conducive to the preservation of material forms than the dry air of the southwest.

Most of the Indian relics found near Decatur came from places which were evidently former Indian villages, namely Pickerel lake, Mud lake and another Mud lake, east of the village, sometimes called Limerick lake. In these localities are found not only arrowheads, hatchets and pottery, but ruins of several hearths, or fireplaces. may be seen there as well.

Mr.. Washburn also told of a visit to the sand dunes near Lake Michigan where Indians used to come apparently to gather blackberries, acres of which still flourish even in a dry season, mulched by the sand of the advancing dunes. Here the speaker and his party found a mound five feet high and twenty or twenty-five feet across made of stones all blackened and angular. Here was an Indian fire pit, the ground covered with chips of flint and pieces of broken pottery, parts of seven different bowls showing an attempt at decoration.

Other places mentioned were New Era, up in the northern part of the state, near which there are more than a hundred mounds, some of which have been opened and four tons of relics taken to the Field museum. There is a plan to open several more this coming summer, the project being sponsored by the U. of M. and Michl-

gan Historical Society in a hope to get history material.

Ohio also has a great fascination for the Indian enthusiast, having more mounds than any other state. Much of the history of the life of these supposedly first Americans is still shrouded in mystery but there is a world of interesting reading for the digger and the student in the graves and home sites they have left.

60 YEARS AGO IN DECATUR

Republican of 1871 Given the Office by Mrs. Annette Osborn of Hamilton.

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Annette Osborn of Hamilton township for a copy of the Decatur paper, then known as the Van Buren County Republican, of April 12, 1871, sixty years ago.

No one in business at that time is in business in Decatur now. The paper contains the names of few persons now living. Older residents have heard of some of them and the present Editor found pleasure in reading it.

E. A. Blackmond was the Editor then and the office was in the Poor block. Mr. Blackmond established the Republican in 1867.

The Poor block still stands as a silent reminder of a generation long since passed from the earth.

The first time the writer ever visited the Decatur printing office it was located in this block, on the second floor of the building now occupied by Beek's 5 to $1 store. That was in the seventies.

Baker, Keables, Rogers and Ross were the doctors. The names of most of them are on tombstones in Lakeside.

Foster and Field and Upton and Tucker were the lawyers. Now Decatur does not support any lawyer.

H. Galloway is proprietor of the Duncombe house which was formerly known as the Galloway House. General stage office. Free hack to and from the cars.

Rowley and King were the dentists and both showed samples of the teeth they made.

John Shaad has just received his new spring stock of boots and shoes for the spring trade of 1871. Elegant new styles of ladies' walking boots. That was John Shaad Senior. John Junior is still on deck.

J. C. Holmes is well and favorably known as an artist in photography. He is never satisfied with a poor job.

Emperor Napoleon is no more, but Henry Rosenberg, king of clothing, still retains his crown. He keeps just a step ahead of all competition.

Dowd's is the place for choice family groceries and Eri Beebe is the postmaster.

Eckenberger and Vallencourgt beat the world at painting and papering and Mrs. L. M. Barney has the very latest new spring styles in millinery.

Wm. Hodges has bought out the news depot of Curtis Botsford.

The sidewalks on Delaware and Sherwood streets need the attention of the Marshal. There are places that are absolutely dangerous.

The dogs are being poisoned off pretty rapidly, but one thought he would do a little killing before he died and so attacked Village Marshal Don Rogers as he was walking past the residence of Mr. Lyon. The dog died very suddenly of a fit occasioned by powder and ball.

Hawks, the jeweler, has a new stock of Seth Thomas clocks.

Sealed bids will be received for the erection of a school house in District No. 7. Leet, Harris, Genung and Burnes are the building committee.

White and amber wheat flour per barrel $8 at the Decatur Flouring Mill, A. A. Abbott.

James Haynes, proprietor of the Decatur Planing Mills.

E. E. and J. L. Chadwick, dry goods and millinery.

W. H. Clark has just received three carloads of furniture at the Poor block. Cane and flag chairs reseated. A large stock of metalic, rosewood and walnut caskets and common coffins. Hearse in attendance for funerals.

E. Neff, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. Measure work.

Village Ordinances of 1871

It shall be the duty of the common council to erect and maintain a pound suitable for the confinement of all animals found unlawfully at large in said village.

It shall not be lawful for any fowls to go at large in said village, on pain of forfeiture to the person on whose premises they are found.

It shall not be lawful for any dog to run at large in said village. It shall be lawful for any person to kill any dog so found running at large.

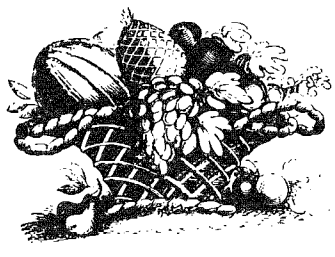
It shall not be lawful for any person to keep open any billiard saloon or any bar where spirituous liquors are kept between the hours of ten o'clock afternoon and five o'clock forenoon.

It shall not be lawful for any dealers in meats to slaughter animals within the limits of the village.

It shall be unlawful for any person to play at any game of chance or hazard for money or other stakes in said village.

It shall not be lawful for any person to ride or drive any horse or horses at a faster rate of speed than six miles per hour upon any of the streets of said village.

Mrs. Osborn also sent a tax receipt for taxes assessed against the property of Samuel S. Whitlock for the year 1841. The property taxed was the north half of section 31, township of Hamilton, containing 308.12 acres. The total tax was $7.97. The receipt was signed by Joseph Gilman, county clerk, and John McKinney, county treasurer.



HISTORY OF THE BRAYBROOKS DISTRICT

By Miss Frank Howard

in Lawrence Times.

I was unable to find out just when District No. 4, known as the Braybrooks school was organized, but some time before 1868.

Before it was organized the children of the neighborhood went to school in what was then the Baker school.

The school house stood where the Morrill house now stands in the Lanphear district.

The first school in the district was taught by Miss Dolson of Breedsville, in a small house on section 29, across the road from where Roy Root now lives.

After that Helen Torrey, later Mrs. Manning Fiske, taught in the small house of Nick Thierjung, which then stood on the farm now owned by the Hartwigs.

In 1868 a new school house was built by Stacey Sterns, Henry Hale, Charley Earl, and a man by the name of Danks. It was built on section 28 where the present house stands.

Two men in the district offered to give a site for the new house but this being the most central location it was where they decided to build.

The land was taken from the Braybrooks farm. It could not be bought because Mrs. Braybrooks would not consent to it.

She said that if she leased, it would come back to her after 99 years.

She was offered the money but would not take it and for years it was kept in the treasury so she could have it any time, but she never called for it, and I do not know what it was used for.

Stacey Stearns, Turner Howard, and James E. Jacobs were the first school officers.

I do not know the dimensions of the school house but it was of goodly size.

On each side of the door were shelves and hooks for dinner pails and wraps.

The teacher's desk was at the back, or east end of the room. On three sides of the room there was a platform about six inches high and three or four feet wide, at least it was wide enough for the back row of desks and the board seat which ran along the sides and a little way on the east end.

In front of the back desks were rows of seats and desks for the smaller children. The boys on one side, the girls on the other facing each other.

Everyone wanted the corner seats at the east end of the room and the one who arrived at school first on the first day was the lucky one.

The water pail with its long handled dipper sat on the back seat in the southwest corner of the room. The water was passed usually twice a day, once in the forenoon and again in the afternoon.

The pupils took turns passing it as

it was a job they all wanted to do. The water was mostly carried by the pupils from the spring where John Dunn now gets water for his home use but later it was brought from Mr. Gould's, where the children liked to go, for water was not the only thing they got when they went. Sometimes it was a bouquet of beautiful flowers, sometimes a fried cake or a lump of maple

Amelia [illegible] was the first who [illegible] Sow[illegible] Fo[illegible]

Mrs. Silas McGowan, Rillie Peterson, sister of Clarence Peterson, Eugene Hinckley, Cornelia Hinckley, Kitty Cooper, Charles Sowers, who later became an M. D., Mulford Buskirk, Blanche Smith and Burr White. The school house was also used for church services. The only two ministers I remember hearing about were Rev. Megan and Rev. Rewey, both were Disciples. When they baptized new members into the church they built a dam across Red Creek and held their services there.

In the beginning of the year 1886 this house was burned. All books and clothing were gotten out and they even saved the barrel of kindling wood and the pail of water. At the time of the fire Blanche Moffatt, later Mrs. Henry Drullinger, was teacher.

The following summer the new house was built by Wm. Bidwell and two helpers. Some of the men of the neighborhood donated work.

The first teacher in the new school house was Effie Howard.

Blanch Moffat, J. E. Maxwell, now an M. D., Wm. Preble, Wealtha Braybrooks, Isa Howard, Maude Gould, and Frank Flagg were some of the earlier teachers.

Sunday school was organized soon after the house was built, by Wallace Allen of Prospect Lake. This was carried on for a number of years and it was at this time that the organ was purchased. The money was raised by socials which were held in the homes of the district, except a few small subscriptions.

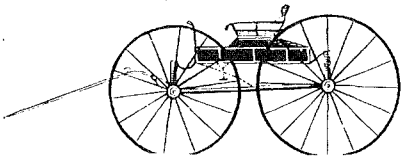
The bell was given to the district by J. E. Maxwell when he was teaching here.

Some of the pupils who attended here became teachers themselves. They were: Catherine Buss, Frank, Bernice, Gladys Dean and Vivian Flagg, Mamie, Maude and Helen Gould, Effie, Fannie, Marcia, Dorothy and Marion Howard, Ernest Probyn, and Lewis Shaw. There may have been others but these are the ones I recall.

There were four I recall who attended school here who answered the call of Uncle Sam to serve in the World War: Burl Parks, Lyle Cook, Cloyd Wright and Ernest Probyn.

The rest of us are just plain dirt farmers. "But the farmer is the man that feeds us all."

There are five farms in the district that are owned by the same families as when the district was formed: Elijah and Alden Johnson, S. H. Gould, Patrick Dunn, and Turner Howard.



LOOKING BACKWARD

From the Files of the Decatur Republican of Twenty Years Ago.

Sept. 11, 1911.

HON. PHILOTUS HAYDON
By Abe Norwood

When we came to Hamilton in 1857 we heard a good deal of Philotus Haydon. Did you want to buy or rent a farm or buy anything you were directed to Haydon.

It was not until the spring of '59 that I got acquainted with him. My father wanted a farm and sent me to see about it. The farm in question was known as the Brought place, oposite the Rowle[illegible] place.

It was a cold windy day early in March I went to the Haydon home. The proprietor himself received me in a gracious and friendly manner, led me up to the fireplace and told me to sit down and get warm. As soon as he had finished a little writing he would talk to me.

In a short time he faced around to the fireplace and said, "Well, young man, what I can I do for you?"

I told him my business and then he went on to say he wanted to rent the place. He said the place was badly run down and the seeding did not do well so we could pasture that. He told what we could do with the balance and wound up by saying if we had many apples we might bring him some, if we hadn't many to never mind about it. He said we could take possession any time.

I went home greatly, pleased with my bargain and pleased with the man who had given it to me.

J. Bernard Creagan of Calgary, Canada, attended the wedding of his brother John in Grand Rapids and has been enjoying a visit at the old home in Hamilton.

Mrs. Rachel L. Dimic of Hamilton, one of the oldest and best known citizens of the county, died September 17 at the age of 90 years nad 3 months. Mrs. Dimick came to Michigan in 1837. She became a resident of Keeler in 1854 and of Hamilton in 1876.

Chas. Rosevelt has a thousand bushels of wheat which he raised on 50 acres of ground. The price now is 85 cents and he hopes to be able to sell it for a dollar a bushel.

Sept. 28, 1911.

Anna, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haefner, passed away at Akron, Ohio, September 31, at the age of 19 years. She was united in marriage to Leo C. Worth of Spring Arbor March 25.

The marriage of Horace Lincoln and Miss Clara Trounsell took place in Joliet, Ill., September 20.

All roads lead to Hamilton fair Friday. Hamilton fair is a day of home coming and a big event every year.

Levi McPherson of the Nesbitt farm hauled his last load of cucumbers to the market and settled with Manager Otto Van Hise Friday. He raised 1⅜ acres and received $184.21 for them.

The Republican installed a new Huber press last week which somewhat delayed publication of the paper.

Mrs. Ida Yeckley and her mother, Mrs. Ellen Lurkins, returned last evening from a six weeks visit to Bay View.

FLOYD STARR NATIVE OF DECATUR

Founder of Starr Commonwealth for Boys Remembers Old Citizens.

Floyd Starr, founder of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys at Albion, was born in Decatur on the north side some 55 years ago. His father was Marshalli Starr.

Thomas Culverhouse says his family and the Starr family were neighbors.

When the boys were conducting the tag day collection a week ago Saturday Mr. Culverhouse gave one of them a note to Floyd Starr in which he said, "I wish you good luck and God bless you."

In reply he received this letter,—

Mr. Thomas Culverhouse,
Decatur, Michigan, Route 3.

My Dear Mr. Culverhouse:—I certainly appreciate the litte note which you handed to one of my boys wishing me Godspeed in the work which is being done at Starr Commonwealth for some of the "least of these." I remember my mother used to quote from Vandyke: "Make new friends, but keep the old, those are silver, these are gold." As the years pass and as I grow older, I appreciate more and more the old friends who have known me from my infancy.

Again thanking you for your good wishes, I am,

Yours with kindest regards,
Floyd Starr.

ANNIVERSARY OF MORRIS MURDER

Jont. Goble, our local historian, says that it was 52 years ago the 28th of September that Henry Morris and his wife were murdered at their home on Little Prairie Ronde.

The mystery of that murder remains a mystery to this day. Old timers still talk about it and speculate on how it happened, who did it and how they got away.

Jont. says there must have been more than one in it for there were seven shots fired, all 45's and one revolver held but five bullets.

The masked horseman headed south toward South Bend was seen by Charlie Rosewarne and Abner Hathaway. Charlie had been to a West Valley concert and Ab. was going home from seeing his girl. That was about midnight. Both were frightened, but of course had no idea that a murder had been committed and gave no alarm. They recognized the horse as the fast driving horse of Henry Morris.

LOSING HIS WAY

BY ANNETTE OSBORN

"Better take a lantern along with you, Ethon."

"I don't believe I will need it, mother. The snow on the ground lights the road pretty well. It has stopped snowing and maybe it will clear off."

"Better take it," urged his mother. Scripture says, 'A lamp to the feet,'--and it makes special mention of them that choose darkness rather than light."

"Are you aiming that text at me, mother?"

"Well, not exactly, but if the coat fits you might as well wear it. No occasion to apply it to you as I know of. The most I was thinking of just then," turning to another elderly lady who occupied an easy chair in the room, "was Uncle Jabez Smiley over at Smiley's Corners. You remember him, Mahala? spun there once. He would carry a antern no night. Said he 'follered his ose and his two great toes; thought man that wasn't capable of doing hat shouldn't be out after dark.'"

"You don't seem willing to apply hat rule to me," said her son.

"'Tain't always safe," answered the eady-tongued old lady. "They do say hat coming home his path was somemes pretty crooked."

"Maybe that was why he did not arry a lantern," said Ethon. "Perhaps e was afraid he would fall down and reak it and so invite premature combustion."

"Land sake, you don't suppose we had erosene lanterns in them days, do you, ith glass globes? A tin lantern would ot break even if you fell on it. Not uch danger of exploding, either, but ne piece of candle was ready enough o go out and leave a person in the ark, no matter how bad they needed ..."

"I don't blame him for not carrying lantern if he had to use a tin one," aid Ethon, laughing, with his hand on he door knob.

"Yes, don't forget the lamp wick and wo balls of cotton yarn No. 20. I've got ny woolen about all knit up. Thank goodness, I've been able to spin my own woolen so far. If the time comes can't do that I shall be lost. I wish o mercy I could get hold of some old-fashioned cotton that I could double and twist myself instead of this factory stuff that don't wear none. If you go across the bay look out for holes."

"All right," he answered, "but there aren't any holes."

And then after he was on the steps he turned back to say, "Don't worry about me, mother. If I shouldn't happen to be as early as usual. The roads are bad and the stage is likely to be late, and I want my mail. The February magazines will probably come. I would wait till morning, only that cousin Mahala is with you."

"Well," said she, "look out for the holes any way. Ice is treacherous stuff at the best and young folks are careless."

The last part of the sentence was addressed to Miss Mahala Loomis, who on a visit to her niece, Susan, (Mrs John Vaughn) had come that [illegible] noon to spend a few days with cousin, the widow Franklin.

Having grown up on adjoining [illegible] a way down east and each an only daughter the five years difference [illegible] for the first time in twenty five years.

Ethon Franklin and his mother best known in all the country around as Aunt Esther Franklin, had for twenty years past constituted the household in the old red farm house beyond the big hill.

He nearly forty, was the only one of her five children who had survived early childhood. Then he was eighteen and while still a pupil in the village winter school, a sleighing party had been arranged for the evening.

He was to escort Lois Hathaway, the prettiest girl in school. A boyish regard for her, which would in time grow to the full statute of a man's love, had possession of his mind and he was elated tonight not only with the anticipated pleasure of her company, but with the certain and present pleasure of having gotten the start of his rival.

The rival in this case was Arthur Olney, son and clerk of a man who had come within the past year to carry on a bank at The Point. His two or three years of seniority in the matter of age being more like a grown up young man; his more stylish clothes and more polished address, and above all, his most flattering attentions to Lois made him a rival much to be dreaded by one who, like Ethon, had seen little beyond the boundary of the horizon within which he lived.

Many of the elders did not look with approval upon the Olneys, either father or son, some harboring suspicions with regard to the bank, while others thought that the business which each alternately made an excuse for their frequent trips to the city, must be of a most arduous and wearing nature, because Lewis always returned looking as the landlady of the hotel where they boarded expressed it, "clear beat out and as though he hadn't slept an hour since he had been gone."

Before his advent into the community Ethon had had no difficulty securing Lois as a companion, but within a few weeks had met with occasional disappointments which he had borne like a stoic.

This particular entertainment had been planned during one of these absences of Lewis from the post of duty and though he had as a matter of form been asked that morning to join them, he had given rather a churlish refusal, and to one of the party at least, his room would be preferred to his company.

That night Ethon walked on air, although the squeaking of his boots might not have given a listener that impression, and he went about doing his allotted and customary tasks mechanically, where a purely mechanical process would avail, and where it would not, doing them in a manner so absent-minded and altogether wrong end first, as would have provoked a sharp rebuke from any one less patient than his doting and indulgent father.

To him he was the embodiment of boyish grace and perfection, and though loving him as the apple of his eye, being undemonstrative by nature, with his habits of thought and action controlled by strong sense, he had avoided the spoiling process; so that Ethon had been "made to mind" and "brought up to work," and was accounted a good boy, as boys go. His thoughtful, provident mother had laid out and brushed the garments that he was to wear, so that he was able to dress and get started without stirring things up from the bottom as much as might have been expected.

Soon after he had gone Aunt Electa Fordham, a near neighbor, came to spend the evening, bringing her husband and her knitting work.

"Ethon didn't know whether he was walking on his head or his heels tonight," said Uncle Reuben, by way of apology, for being a little late with his chores, and making his toilet for the evening by removing his coat and boots, putting on his pumps and combing his hair and renewing the fire in the heating stove with a small sized beech log.

After these preparations the four old friends proceeded as they had done almost countless times before, to the enjoyment of mild social intercourse. The men, after a casual survey of current events, settling as usual upon politics and of course disagreeing, while their wives exchanged views upon various housekeeping topics, varied with some gossip of the harmless kind.

The room itself would be considered a picture in these days of hunting for antiques. The striped yarn carpet upon the floor, the chest of drawers, the "settee" with rockers, the splint-bottomed chairs, the home spun and woven linen sash curtains, bordered with knit edging, the braided rugs and even the few ornaments spoke of times already gone by.

Choice sentences of the talk of one pair would now and then reach the other couple thus it happened that Mr. Franklin heard some mention of eggs, which brought his mind swiftly from the men and measures over which they were arguing, to a matter quite different as well as nearer by.

"That puts me in mind," he said, "I guess Ethon isn't the only forgetter. I saw three eggs in a nest at the edge of the straw just beyond the trap door. They're likely to chill before morn-

ing,' so drawing on his coat and boots and settling his hat on his head he started out, saying, "No, I don't want any light, I can go straight to them and straight back again. I know my way around the barn as well as if it was this room. It won't take me over three minutes."

"I should hope he knows it better," said his wife. "I have to find most everything he wants here."

"That's because he's a man," observed Mrs. Fordham.

"Maybe it's because he's human," said Mr. Fordham. "I've known some of the female sex to be that way, too. He bears his age well. Must be nearing sixty."

"He'll [illegible] sixty five next spring," answered [illegible] Franklin, "and I'll be sixty [illegible] was considerably younger than [illegible] said Mrs. Fordham. "I'm most sorry [illegible] but what he's just as [illegible] as he was ten years ago and could [illegible] work to [illegible]

[illegible] again," said [illegible] know when [illegible] what may [illegible] but Electa. "If anything should happen to Ethon now I think it would [illegible] Uncle Reuben down real fast."

Was it by chance that the talk had changed from light to serious, or even solemn? Or was it the tragic thing that unknown to them had happened near?

Some way they could not help watching the clock. The three minutes were passed and five, and presently ten.

For five minutes at least no one had spoken.

"We'll be going," said Aunt Electa, as soon as he comes in."

Aunt Esther couldn't even say, 'Don't be in a hurry."

"The stove will get out," pursued Aunt Electa. "'Taint first rate to keep a fire."

"Maybe he has seen something that has been left undone."

"He couldn't," said Aunt Esther almost fiercely, "without no light!"

"That's the fact truth," again said Aunt Electa.

The Deacon, who all along had wanted a pretext for going to the barn, now started up without saying anything, hurried out. The two women sat silent and motionless, as the sound of his footsteps died away. Very soon they were heard coming swiftly back over the hard packed snow path.

"I called and didn't get no answer," said he. "I'll take a light."

The lantern was quickly ready and Aunt Esther nervously set back the chairs, replenished the fire and made tidy any little disarrangements of the room that had come from the evening's occupation. Slight as they were they were not completed when rapid steps were again heard.

Aunt Electa scarcely conscious of what she did, took her own shawl in her hand and reaching another from a peg handed it to Aunt Esther.

"Bring the camphor. He's hurt," was all the Deacon said this time, and they were quickly all at the scene of the accident and bending over the injured man where he lay at the foot of the stairs in the basement stable. He breathed but was unconscious and their efforts to restore him proving ineffectual they decided to remove him at once to the house. They laboriously accomplished the task, making a strong blanket serve the purpose of a stretcher.

"I know just how it happened," said Deacon Fordham as they were toiling toward the house. "Ethon forgot to shut that trap door and when Uncle Enoch started to walk across right over the foot of the stairs all at once he went straight down. He must have struck on the grindstone that stands right at the bottom of the stairs first."

There was soon a neighbor dispatched for a doctor and other neighbors and friends were apprised. The physician gave them no hope from the first and after two days of unconsciousness the end came, and Enoch Franklin was laid to rest with his forefathers; for the Franklins had lived in that country since before the Revolution and four generations of them were lying in the burying ground at Northville.

That was how it came about that Ethon Franklin and his mother had lived so long alone.

With the first shock and horror of the calamity fresh upon him, he pursued in a dazed sort of way the routine of duties which were required to be done almost mechanically and yet with methodical precision, giving to each detail exact and minute care.

For a long time he regarded himself as worse than Cain, because he said in his bitter self-upbraiding, "Cain did not kill his father." And he would hardly have passed through that stage of his troubles without losing his reason had it not been for Adam's curse, which so often has been turned into a blessing to his descendents. The necessity for work was ever present and increased with the advancing season, and the constant labor with the sound sleep which in youth is compensation for fatigue, was the best medium for his sorrow and remorse of soul.

The resolve which he early formed to do every thing that his father had done, being day by day carried out, became as time passed a fixed habit. His mates were at first shy of him, as if a gulf suddenly opened to separate them and the position in which he found himself seemed to so mature him, that those who had been his companions seemed not to be companions any longer, but boys several years younger than himself. Of Lois Hathaway it seemed wicked to think. Since it was to please himself with her company that he had carelessly sacrificed his father, he felt as though he had no right to enjoy it any more, and allowed himself to think that she probably must despise him, after the dreadful thing he had done.

"I belong to no one but my mother," was the thought uppermost in his mind.

She partially and luckily for her own peace not thoroughly comprehending the mental struggles from which he suffered, resolutely kept her own grief out of sight and tried to be as cheerful as she could "for Ethon's sake."

He had even in childhood something like a "grown up life" with his parents, so that now when he and his mother were left the sole daily companions of one another, they came the sooner upon common ground, each reaching out and going half way to meet the other, so that in their twenty years of companionship, if she could not be said to have actually grown young, she had not grown old very fast, but until within a few months had "held her own remarkably," as the neighbors said; but some sharp-sighter ones began to suspect that she was "giving out a little" of late.

Ethon having determined to carry on the work which he and his father had done easily together, was obliged to turn every hour to account and plan and perfect every detail, so as to economize steps and time and strength and it soon came to be remarked that "Ethon Franklin was as good as any man-and-a-half on that place of theirs and seemed to do it easy too."

In the first weeks when he found himself as a few times happened among his old associates, their gayety seemed so far removed from his sore heart and care-filled life, that he was glad to retreat to his own home where he was none the less sure of sympathy, because it was unspoken.

And the farm had prospered. Aunt Esther did not care about changes indoors and the improvements which Ethon put into use outside were of a kind that paid cash returns on the investment. He bought now and then an article of furniture, as he saw occasion, and Aunt Esther kept everything scrupulously neat, but he was conscious of the house having rather an old-fashioned look which he did not know how to modernize and as his mother seemed satisfied, he decided not to worry her by trying to make innovations which after all might not be improvements.

Not feeling it right to leave his mother alone he went from home but little in the evenings, but occupied those and the "leisure" rainy days and a good deal of time in some of the awfully snowy winters in revising his studies and reading the newspapers, magazines following naturally after the papers.

Then as his intellect expanded and his taste improved, the books which he saw advertised and quoted, attracted him and there being no bookstore at the Point, he now and then ordered one from a publisher.

These first ones, strange to say, not having satisfied his appetite, but stimulated it, were succeeded by others and yet others, so the neighbors began to say they believed he had as many as Elder Hammond or Lawyer Elliot and the uncounted hours which many good people spent in idleness and others in worse than idleness, he had "passed away" to so much purpose

that he was good company for parson or lawyer and esteemed by them the best read man in the vicinity.

Lois Hathaway at first missing the usual attentions from Ethon and then becoming a little piqued at his continued neglect had been consoled by those of the handsome and dashing Olney, who improved his opportunities so faithfully, that he won her consent to a secret engagement, which ended in a runaway marriage, on the day before his father's disgraceful failure, made the place "too hot" to hold him.

So her married life began by the trial of being obliged to stay away from the only home she had ever known, where her girlish vanity had been tickled by the fancy that she would occupy the place of a banker's wife, and her position be admired if not envied by her associates. Her first disappointment was succeeded by wearying home-sickness, when her longing for familiar scenes and friends whom in her silly vanity she had once fancied she almost despised—became nearly insupportable. Other trials came, beside which these first, compared only as ripples to great waves.

She early found herself to be nothing better than the slave of her husband's selfishness and was soon forced to earn by hard labor the means of supplying her own necessity and when he was out of employment, which was often, to provide for him as well.

Three children she bore, but their brief and puny lives were the mockery of a blessing, her miseries turning to bitterness even the happiness of motherhood and infancy.

After something over a dozen years of this sort of life, Olney disappeared altogether, without her knowledge, though she had strong suspicions that complicity in some crime for which he feared exposure was the cause. After his taking off she obtained steady employment by which she was able to support herself in comfort and even lay by a little sum each year.

Seven years had passed and she had almost ceased to fear his return, when

---

the community was startled by the news of an attempted burglary and murder. An old man had been murdered in his house and the attention of a policeman being attracted by some suspicious appearances about the premises, he with hastily summoned assistance, surprised the perpetrators in their search for plunder. A desperate fight ensued in which one policeman was dangerously wounded and one of the murderers killed, the other two being secured. The dead burglar proved to be Lewis Olney, though such a strata of aliases had to be dug through before reaching his real name, that they were like to never find out who he was.

Lois' budding regard for him, which under different circumstances might have blossomed in the full flower of happy love, had been chilled by neglect and crushed by ill usage, so that it had long ago turned first to fear and soon to loathing, and when she knew that she was really free from him in the sight of God and man, the tension of her nerves gave way so suddenly that she fell in a dead faint, to be followed by a long illness. When recovering from this she was again overpowered by homesickness and she resolved to go home.

When not too wretched she had kept up an irregular correspondence with the uncle's family in which she was brought up, though she had never visited them. Her poverty and pride had prevented while she lived with her husband, and after his disappearance there had always been a lurking dread that he might follow her among them, to her disgrace and theirs.

The uncle and aunt had been many years dead, but one cousin for whom she always felt an especial attachment, was still in the old homestead. The accomplices of her husband were being now tried in the county town where she resided and in her weak state she found the associations peculiarly trying, so she thought to bury herself out of sight until it should have been forgotten in the street talk.

The sleigh goes slowly, for the snow is falling thicker and the roads become heavier. Another person might find the ride tedious, but Lois in her absorption neither regards its discomforts nor notes the passage of time. As it it, her silence has won the respect of Jehu.

"Good thing you wasn't goin' fur, ma'am," he vouchsafes as he assists her to alight. "There hain't bin no track these two miles, and if it should come on to blow, it'd soon be drifted so you couldn't get through. Here's the half dollar that's goin' to you. The fare ain't but fifty cents. Shant I carry in your grip, ma'am? I guess the team just as soon stand."

She thanks him absently, but says it isn't heavy and takes it herself. She hardly notices that the snow is ankle deep as she walks up the path. A woman whom she knows for cousin Sarah answers her rap and civilly invites her to come in. Having come so far she does not seem to know what to do next, but stands silent in the fire-lighted and lamp-lighted room. Not so, Cousin Sarah.

"Why, Lois Hathaway!" she cries, "I've been thinking about you this very evening."

After a hearty kiss on the cold cheek, she proceeds to remove the snowy wraps and having drawn a couch to the fireside, sees Lois comfortably seated wtih a foot stool and hand screen. Just in these first moments this meeting is more to Cousin Sarah, than to Lois.

Lois has been coming to it all day, even in all these years of self conquest. Cousin Sarah's life has been tranquil; a trifle monotonous, but the round of homely duties had never seemed irksome, and the simple social pleasures that came in her way had been made the most of and her emotions were not often stirred to waking; but just now being thoroughly roused were very nearly in rebellion and determined to have things their own way. With a resolute, "Now Sarah Vaughn, don't you cry," she addresed herself ostentatiously to shaking the snow from Lois' garments and hanging them by the kitchen fire to dry, and sweeping out that which had fallen in at the opened door, from the piled up threshold.

This completed and no excuse remaining for continued activity, the emotions refuse to submit to being any longer subdued, but become utterly insubordinate and Cousin Sarah, sitting down by Lois with both arms around her waist, proceeds to disobey herself by crying heartily.

Lois much moved, though not to tears, says, "I don't know as I did right to surprise you so."

"I don't care anything about the surprise," answers Cousin Sarah. "Of course I'd rather not act so much like a baby. But, Lois, I've wanted to see you worse than anybody in the world. You don't know how many times I've pictured your coming. I've thought of it so much and so long that it's been next thing to not thinking of it at all like the things we do every day the year round and hardly realize them.

"I never felt afraid of your not being glad to see me," said Lois.

"There never has been a minute that I wouldn't have been glad to see you, just now is most the luckiest time in the world. David was called way down into Pennsylvania to help his aunt settle up some business of her husband's that died last summer and he had to go just as soon as he got the word because the letter had been delayed on the road. He wanted to get somebody to come and stay with me, but I told him I'd just rather stay alone than be bothered with anyone around. The chores aren't much. The well room's right joining the kitchen and the cistern pump's there, too, and the wood shed right on beyond that. And there's a door through from that to the buggy shed and again from there to the corn crib that opens into the pig pen and stable. He keeps all the stock across the road in the summer and the horses all the time, but he isn't keeping so much stock as common this winter and his brother was glad to work the horses for their keeping while he was gone, because he's got wood to draw to the Point.

"There's only one cow giving milk now and I told him I could just as well fodder them and milk her and throw the corn to the pigs and carry them their drink and feed the hens, everything being so handy and I'd rather do it than be wiping up tracks after a boy.

"I've been awful lonesome today, though, and worse yet, when it got towards night and snowed so fast and I thought maybe I wouldn't see a soul for a week. But then I shouldn't have been a mite better off with a boy here. I should have worried for fear he'd set things afire, or wouldn't do things just right. And then if we had been snowed up here a good spell like as not he'd got lonesome and uneasy, and I'm not afraid to stay alone night."

"I suppose the road fills up in hard storms just as it always did," said Lois.

"Yes, being a north and south road, and the storms mostly from the west. In fact, worse because the timber is cleared away more to the west of us, and the wind has a wider sweep. They keep a road open through north of us generally from the timber south and east, to the river and right across the

bay to the village. David has left a strip of woods standing there mostly on purpose to cover that road and we most always have a track across the field to it so we can get out that way if we want. I don't know as there's any call to worry about David's getting through all right, because he's ahead of the storm. He started yesterday and will be to his journey's end before this time. I'll write to him right away and send the letter by the first chance to let him know you are here and then he will not worry about my being here alone. And what a good visit we will have. I shall be perfectly happy. But there, I mean just as happy as I can with David gone. Now, what can I get you for your supper? If there's anything in the world that you'd like just speak right out and it will do me more good to get it than it will you eat it."

"Thank you," said Lois. "My digestion has not been quite strong of late and still requires a little humoring. I think a slice of dry toast and a cup of tea is all I had better take tonight. I can think of a good many things that Aunt Fanny used to cook that I am sure I should enjoy."

"Mother was a good cook. We will try together everything we can think of that she used to make. What we can't remember we will study out. I'll agree to the dry toast arrangement tonight, but I want to see you in better flesh before many weeks. You are just about as pretty as ever, but I want to see your cheeks rounded out a little better."

"Take care that you don't pamper me into dyspepsia. I begin to mistrust my own self-restraint at the mere prospect. I think that when you have something rarely and especially inviting which I suspect will be about three times a day, you must call your own good judgment to the rescue and 'stint' me as we used to call it when we were children. However, I don't want to be scrimped on the country air and must take as much out door exercise as possible."

"I think very little will be possible in the next few days," answered Cousin Sarah, "by the way the snow is falling now."

"True I had forgotten that. It is coming so quietly. This cheerful fire and curtained windows effectually shut out all thoughts of cold or discomfort. Well, I shall have to help you find the pigs."

After the tea and toast had been disposed of, Lois told Cousin Sarah of her husband's death and her own sickness, feeling relief when the recital was finished, as having an unpleasant task accomplished.

Neither felt much in the mood for conversation after this and Sarah having shown Lois her bed, made everything safe for the night and they retired; Sarah to dream of following Lois' shadow through interminable snows, and Lois to the companionship of her own conflicting thoughts and wavering fancies. The morning was well advanced when she appeared in the pleasant kitchen.

"I hope I shall not oversleep like this again," she said. "I wanted to help you with your work and now I suppose it is all done."

"Yes, nearly. After I had finished the chores and changed my dress, I went to your door to ask you what you could think of that you would like for your breakfast, but you were sleeping so soundly that I didn't like to disturb you. Did you rest well all night?"

"It was not very early when I went to sleep but I slept well after I began."

She refrained from saying that her "not very early" meant after the old fashioned Connecticut clock had struck three. Those old rooms changed in many ways and in many ways the same did not seem ghostly any more, as they had done the previous evening.

It still was snowing hard, but the daylight was there and soon cleared from her mind the cobwebs and vapors which had been clinging there since she began this sudden journey.

"You look brighter this morning," said Cousin Sarah.

"Yes, I feel more like myself than I have done, I was near saying in twenty years. I seemed to awake in a new world this morning. Whatever are you doing? What is that delicious smell?"

"Only some ham I am cooking on the coals for our breakfast."

"Oh, and broiled potatoes. I remember so many times Aunt Fanny has broiled ham and potatoes for me when I was a little girl when I fancied I was more dainty than usual. Dear Aunt Fanny, how kind she always was to me and how strange it was that I could have treated her and all of you as I did."

"Yes," said Cousin Sarah. "Mother felt very bad. We all did." And then seeing the look of pain on Lois' face, "There I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Never mind that. I don't believe they can get many new hurts."

"I suppose not," replied Cousin Sarah with her voice full of pity.

"I have no wish to shirk the responsibility of what I did," continued Lois, "or to lay the blame to any one else and yet I was not so deliberately wicked as it might seem. I had no intention of hurting you all as I did. It was only that I was entirely thoughtless, completely thoroughly selfish. My vanity had been so flattered and the prospects before me was so glittering and so attracted me that I never thought of the pain that I was inflicting. It has been one of the strangest mysteries of my life, hod I could have been so heartless."

"Never mind," said Cousin Sarah, well meaning though rather clumsy. "I guess you had the worst of it. I expect your punishment was a good deal harder than you deserved. Not that that made it any easier for us," she added in correction of her blunder. "We would have been glad enough to have helped you and made it easier for you if you ever would have allowed us to. But we never knew the worst of it till long after 'twas past and maybe we don't yet."

"I hope not," whispered Lois under her breath, standing with her back toward Cousin Sarah and looking through the window at the rounded outlines of all the snow covered landscape. She said nothing aloud.

"Mother always blamed herself a good deal," Cousin Sarah continued after a little pause. "Especially after Aunt Rhoda came over and talked to her. Aunt Rhoda told her you had always had your own way too much and that she ought to have kept you back and kept you down more. That she never had exercised any discipline over you. Mother said you had been a mind to do about right and as long as you had never been a bit disobedient she did not know how she could discipline you very much she told Aunt Rhoda. Those were her very words, that you had always been just as docile and sweet tempered as a child could be ever since you first came here to live. But still she always worried more or less after that, about the fault being some way in your training. She said too, you had read a good many stories and maybe thought it would be romantic.

"The mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart," murmured Lois to herself, then to Cousin Sarah. "Not the least of my punishment has been the thought of the pains I caused those who loved me so well. One thing I do not believe you ever knew was that Lewis maried me solely and entirely because he thought I had money."

"Why in the world should he have thought that?"

"Because I really had. An elderly gentleman who loved mama before she ever knew papa had died about a year before that and left a large sum of money to mama if living or to her heirs. An inquiry was inserted in one of the Eastern papers and Lewis on one of his visits to New York happened to see it and as none of the papers strayed this way he was the only one who knew it. Then after we were married he had me petition to have his father appointed guardian. In the meantime the bank in which the money was deposited failed, paying twenty cents on the dollar so that instead of ten thousand dollars I received two or rather he received it in my stead."

"Two thousand dollars is worth saving," observed practical Cousin Sarah.

"I don't think it was saved long."

"Didn't you have it after you were twenty-one?"

"No. I never saw any of it."

"Didn't he have bondsmen?"

"I presume so, but circumstances were such that I could do nothing."

"It was too bad for you to lose it though," persisted Cousin Sarah.

"Well, it was not losing it exactly, because I had never had it, but the knowledge that Lewis would never have cared for me if he had not known about it, robbed me of what seemed like the whole world just then. I had believed in my foolish vanity, that he loved me."

"There was nothing so very foolish in your thinking that, as long as he deceived you so. You were the prettiest girl around the Point, and I guess there were others felt all that he only pretended," observed Cousin Sarah, who had a good memory.

"Well, it isn't much use talking about it all," answered Lois. "I thought I would tell you about the money. I am glad it snows. I am glad I came just when there is going to be a blockade and there will be more coming in. We can have such a long quiet visit."

"Don't you want to see the other cousins and the other old neighbors?"

"Oh, yes indeed, I want to see everyone who wants to see me. I suppose they all blame me and feel hardly toward me."

"Well you know what human nature is," replied Cousin Sarah. "There are probably some who would be more easily reconciled if your marriage had turned out lucky."

"Yes, there is a wide difference between the light of success and the shadow of misfortune."

"You have borne so much of the actual misfortune that I guess you will be able to endure the shadow, and I don't believe any of them will hold much of a grudge against you. I don't know how they can after they see you.

"I suppose you can't help knowing that you are pretty. Mother always said she didn't know why it was that you were always so much more ladylike than Jenny or me, and your dresses so much easier to fit. I guess it's just the same yet," looking this time at the dark blue morning dress, which as she reflected was "more stylish than any one she ever had."

So with reminiscences of old times, and reports of old companions, the stormy days passed swiftly to the reunited friends. As soon as the storm passed, the River road across the ice to the Point was opened again, but the main thoroughfare on which the house fronted was still untraveled. John Vaughn left his load of wood standing in the road, one day and came up across the field to see "if Sarah was all right," and being assured that she was provisioned and in every way prepared to hold out till spring if necessary and that if anything was needed she would hang a yellow cloth on the bill post in plain sight of the road, they were left without further molestations. Lois happened not to be in the kitchen when he came in and Sarah did not mention her being there.

"There was no call to say anything ɔut it as I knew of," adding mentalthat there was "no hurry about setting everybody buzzing."

So on the night when this rambling narrative opened she had been there a week. The weather had grown warmer so the snow was settling, and through the afternoon a rain had been falling, which in the evening was succeeded by a mist, which settled like a pall, obscuring all objects at the distance of a few feet, leaving each pedestrian to occupy seemingly a world of his own and a very small one at that. The rain had ceased and the wind which brought the mist was still on its way, coming from the northwest when Ethon left his mother and Aunt Mahala to their comfortable fireside and their evening's chat of times past and present. They were both too old to think much of the future on their own account.

"Ethon never has made you much trouble has he, Esther, since that one dreadful mistake?"

"No, he never has, " returned Mrs. Franklin. "You might say not any."

"It seems as though he's managed well, too."

"Yes," again assented the mother. "Far be it from me to say aught against him that's gone; but Ethon has a better business faculty than ever his father had. He was hard working and faithful and honest as the day was long, but he never appeared to flourish. To be sure we lost children and had sickness and expense of that kind some, but that wasn't all that made the difference. There's some that's calculated to git along and others that are not. Uncle Johnny Shaw says it makes a difference what time in the morning a body's born in. I don't know about that, but the longer I live the more I believe folks can't go much against nature."

"Ethon has added to the farm, hasn't he?"

"Yes, it's more than three times as big as it was and he's got quite a sum in the bank and out other ways. I don't rightly know how much. He has wanted to build a new house, but I've always opposed it. He's kept this up and it's good enough for us two. He said he'd have it done so as all the men would board themselves and all that, but it seems as though I can't bear the bother of it. So he doesn't say any more."

"His books must have cost a good deal?"

"Yes they do. He takes quite a number of papers and magazines and often buys books. Some of them is good solid reading and then again others are nothing but novelty. I don't believe in novelty much myself, but he seems to see great good in some of them."

"Susan's husband says his opinions are very much looked up to," said Aunt Mahala.

"Like enough they be," returned the mother complacently. "Novelty is better than hanging around the tavern. I have heard that Deacon Newton's son has got a notion of going down to the bar room evenings to play whist. They say his father and mother are awful worried about it. I don't know as Ethon is perfect, but I can't see as I have any reason to complain of him."

"It is pleasant for you to have so many books and papers about."

"Well, yes especially the papers. I like to keep the run of the fires and shipwrecks and murders and all such. I like rational reading myself, too; religious books and sound orthodox sermons, and I used to like good poetry. There were 'Parardise Lost' and 'Pollock's Course of Time.' They were something to keep a body awake. And Alexander Pope's writings were interesting reading. But, land! when I look into Ethon's books of poetry that he's bought lately they don't seem to be nothing better than verses."

"Do you remember the time when you and I read the 'Children of the Abbey' unknown to our folks?" asked Cousin Mahala.

" Land, yes! I guess I do,"said Aunt Esther laughing. "Young folks will be young folks. They don't have no such novels nowadays."

"Ethon never keeps company does he?"

"Never has," said Aunt Esther. "I never have known of his taking a girl anywhere since the night his father was hurt. There was a girl named Lois Hathaway that he used to go with some before that, but she was married a spell afterwards and pretty poorly married too, I suppose. I think maybe 'twould have been different if there hadn't have been some one to coax Lois away."

"She would probably have been better off if she had married Ethon."

"A sight I expect. People say she has had a hard life. I always felt sorry about it. She had a look to me like my Lucy that died when she was four years old. She came to live at her Uncle Timothy's about a year afterwards and was about the same size. I'd have been glad to have taken her then, but I never said nothing. We had all we could do to get along and the Blakes had the first claims."

"It must have disappointed you then, as well as Ethon when she went away?"

"Yes, I guess it disappointed both of us, but we never spoke about it. I've talked to you more than I ever have to anyone. I suppose because it's been so long since I've seen you and our being girls together. Folks get in a habit of keeping things to themselves living alone a good deal."

"He'll have to have a housekeeper some time," suggested Aunt Mahala. "In the course of nature he will outlive you."

"I know it," answered Aunt Esther. "I often times think of it." And then after a pause and with a lower voice, "Sometimes I think maybe I am not going to last long. Sometimes I have kind of spells, but I never said anything before."

"What are they like.?"

"It seems like my heart. It feels as though it whirls around and rises up and I can't breathe very well, and sometimes I can't see."

"Have you had a doctor "

"No."

"Does Ethon know it?"

"No. I have often thought I'd speak to him about it but I've always put it off. I rather guess he mistrusts something, for two or three times lately he's asked me if I felt well, and said it seemed to him I didn't look just right. But they've always happened when he wasn't here, and I am not sick any after they pass off. Still I don't feel real rugged."

Her companion made a mental memorandum to the effect that Ethon should know all about it in less than twenty-four hours. Ethon did. But she only pursued aloud, "Why don't you keep a girl?"

"Ethon has spoken about that, too, but nine times out of ten I'd only be worse off. Girls don't do as they did when I worked out. They litter, scatter and break and waste and don't take no care and you have to keep watch closer than if you were doing it yourself. I had one two weeks a year ago last winter and she'd leave the pork barrel uncovered and put up the bread tray without washing and set away sauce with a spoon in it, and hang clothes on the line just any way, whatever she happened to get in her hands first, if it was a table cloth or a night cap. And I've known her to let her feather tick lie till the middle of the afternoon without ever a shaking it up and airing it, a thing I always do as quick as I'm out of bed in the morn-

ing." And Aunt Esther paused, partly because she was out of breath and partly because she was overcome at the recollection of all she underwent with that girl.

"Girls are not brought up to have as much respect for feathers as they had when you and I were young, Cousin Franklin," said Miss Mahala. "I dare say you remember Grandmother Hicks used to say a goose feather was worth climbing two fences to get.."

"Yes," said Aunt Esther, laughing. "She used to say there was no way you could make an old woman mad so quick as to meddle with her geese or her young ones."

"But I don't feel just easy about your being alone so much," resumed the visitor, "after what you say about your health."

"Well," returned Aunt Esther, "some times I don't and then again I don't know as it makes much difference. I'm kind of careful not to be around the stove when I feel any of those symptoms; though if my time's come to go, I don't know but I'd just as soon be took suddenly as any other way—a good deal better than some other ways. He went suddenly. That was violent. I shouldn't want to meet with a violent death, but when the Lord's time comes he'll find me ready. I've had my grave clothes made these ten years."

"Ethon will hardly feel like sparing you though."

"No. I do wish Ethon was well settled and had some one to take care of him. I don't feel quite so particular about my house work nor anything as I did a year ago. The work here isn't much and if I could get Clarrisa Jane's I'd keep her the year around. She's old and steady, leastways she ain't young, and she never makes me uneasy, but her mother is feeble and she can't be away from home only once in a while a week."

"If Ethon should marry, his wife's ways probably would not be just like yours'."

"I shouldn't care a mite. If Ethon should bring a wife home she could be mistress and have things her way. I couldn't feel like that with a girl, of course, not while I am boss, but it it was Tenthon's wife. I wouldn't never interfere with her, if she'd only be good to Ethon, and I'd do my best to please her. Why, it sounds as though a sleigh drove up."

In a moment a rap at the door, and a man came in from Susan's. Her baby had a fit and would Aunt Mahala come back? So she hastily prepared herself to go and looking at the clock as she was ready to leave the house said to Aunt Esther, "It wants fifteen minutes of eight. I hope Ethon will come soon. Good night."

"Good night," answers Aunt Esther. "Come back as soon as you can and finish your visit. It'll take me a good while to think of all the things I've got saved to say to you. It seems as though I haven't begun to ask you questions yet about the old places and the folks."

We have left Ethon a long time on his way to the village store in which the post office was located. The road proper went down the big hill and across a flat through which ran a creek spanned by a narrow bridge, around two sides of a hill called the ledge, close to the base of which it was crowded and meandered away through the village to the river. Whether by angle or fork or curve always to the river. The hill was perpendicular and rocky and nearly inaccessible as to its face; bleak and almost bear of soil or vegetation upon its summit; rising like the back of a couch upon whose seat the village rested with the river in front and a bay on each side. There was barely room for the village on the seat of the couch. One step more and the hill would have stood even with the water's edge. If it had not stopped where it did there could not have been a village. At the best it had to hang its feet in the water, as anybody could see on a fine summer day, when the skiffs of all sizes and fashions were constantly going out or coming in, or lying moored to the docks and rocky shore. In winter they were drawn up and under cover as was proper and necessary.

The rain had ceased falling, but the sky was still overcast and a heavy bank of clouds in the northwest gave evidence that something more in the way of "weather" might be expected. It was not a cheerful night and although Ethon had left home with cheerful words upon his lips they had not quite come from his heart and his thoughts became serious, if not actually gloomy.

The rain and warm temperature of the past 24 hours had lowered the immense body of snow but it was still a foot deep and softened to the conditions best described as "slumpy," so progress was slow at best and not ill suited to Ethon's frame of mind. There seemed an unseasonable oppressiveness in the air.

"I wish things at home could be changed a little," he was thinking, "but that's just what makes everything wrong. I am afraid they are changed already or changing or getting ready to change. Mother is some way different. She doesn't look right and seems to me her mind is not just what it was. I believe I shall see Dr. Blair about her tonight. I suppose I ought to have married if I could and perhaps I could, but whenever I thought of any girl to [illegible] ry one face that I have not [illegible] twenty years rose before me [illegible] don't fancy any woman could [illegible] be my wife if she knew some [illegible] held the first place and the be[illegible] And I should want her to know [illegible] I should not, for I should not [illegible] to be there. It is no use for me [illegible] about it. I have cherished the [illegible] of Lois Hathaway too long to ever change. I have no right to complain, but my life has been lonely. It may be that it has, when I compare it with others. Peaceful and prosperous, and my books are good company, but it has been dull. Yes, it must have been dull and I do not know why I feel it more forcibly tonight than ever before. A man can't lose what he never has had. I never realized it very much before. Mother has been the very best mother in the world but after all a mother isn't a wife. Oh Lois!

Just then as he passed a house one opened the door of a sitting room and stepped out upon the porch. In the brief time that the door was opened with the sound of voice and piano were borne to him the words,—

"Only to see you, darling,
Only to hear your voice."

It was the voice of his thought and both melody and words kept singing themselves in his mind; all the evening and until,—until when? Wait a while and you may know.

He had aimlessly taken the road that skirted the village and was close to the ledge and as he passed along glancing through the parted curtains of bright rooms, cheerful family groups, Ethon, strong-hearted both by nature and habit, fell into such depths of self-pity as might have befitted him had he been the solitary dweller on an uninhabited island in mid-ocean; shut off from the companionship of his kind.

So sentimental a frame of mind is rarely well adopted to the practical human nature of this age, and is extremely liable to come into collision with hard facts,

Suddenly as if it had just "risen," there close to his right was a large tree. Nothing to cause alarm, but most astonishing and unexpected. He stopped a moment bewildered, saying to himself, "Why, how did I cross the bridge without knowing?" Then he began to know vaguely that the tree at the foot of the hill on the other side of the bridge should be on his left when he was going toward home; and growing more and more amazed, he looked around only to discover that this surprising tree was one of a family and a large one apparently. They were in front, on both sides and even behind him, in the way he had just come, but only this one grew quite close to the track. A bend in the road prevented his seeing how far he had advanced into the wood, but seeing a glimmer of light to the right of where he was standing he went forward a few steps and saw that it shone through the window of a house.

"Well," he said to himself, "I am not lost because I know where I am. That light is in David Vaughn's house. I know by its shining through red curtains. I did not notice when I came to where the track forks on the ice and I followed the river road and these are John Vaughn's woods. Let me see the nearest way home is to go right up across past the house to the other road. I want to talk with David Vaughn about timber for my barn frame, and I will just stop in and see him now, I am so near. It must be toward nine o'clock, but they are up of course with such a bright light. And Cousin Mahala is with mother. It seemed it was I that turned instead of the wind. It stayed in the east and is now even moving a little to the north."

The road across lots was a little broken and rough, but Ethon did not notice it much. His thoughts were busy with the memory of a time when he had hurried over this same way with Lois clinging to his arm. They, too, had been out on the river and a sudden thunder shower drove them back to the shore. The storm broke just as

they stepped from the skiff and they made all haste across this very field and reached the door drenched and splashed, but "safe, thank Heaven," he remembered whispering in her ear as he hurried her through the door. "I wasn't much frightened," she had answered, though her face had lost all its color.

"I was for you," he had said, but now here he was at the back porch, and rapped on the old fashioned green and yellow panelled door, with panes of glass on both sides and over the top.

"She will never stand at this door with me again," he was thinking as he waited for admittance. Now he hears steps approaching and has time to notice that it is some one bringing a lamp and coming from the room in front of the one with the red curtains, which opens into the hall at the farther end and on the same side. There is one instant's pause when the steps reach the door and "Who's there?" in a voice that he did not recognize, though something in the tone set his pulses in a tumult.

"That is not Sarah Vaughn," he thinks while he answers, "Ethon Franklin."

Then the bolt is drawn with a fumbling uncertain motion he forces the door is swung open slowly and he sees —Lois.

She has had a chance to think while undoing the door, a chance which she did not improve, for the cyclone seemed to have started in her head again.

However, being used to confronting emergencies and being a woman she reasons herself first and says, "Will you come in?"

"Yes," answers Ethon "I [illegible] shake hands with me."

She put out her hand [illegible] took it into his with a pres[illegible] would tell his story almost [illegible] words.

All the waiting of twenty y[illegible] the loneliness which had so [illegible] trated and weighed upon him [illegible] ning melted away in the w[illegible] that clasp.

He was again a boy. Lois w[illegible] a girl, and they were togethe[illegible] practiced as he was in wom[illegible] the answer which Lois' han[illegible] to his for the moment, satisfied h[illegible] thought of no inconvenient p[illegible] ties. Nothing more was sai[illegible] till they had traversed the length of [illegible] hall and stood within the room from which Lois had come.

"Our maid Sarah and her husband are not at home," she said, setting the lamp on the table.

"I had forgotten all about them," answered Ethon. "I came to see Mr Vaughn."

"Oh," said Lois with a little start which was not lost upon Ethon.

"Did you think I came to see you?" he asked.

"I did not know whom you came to see, and had not thought," answered Lois flatteringly.

"Well, I think that must be what I really did come for," he said almost gravely, "but I did not know it because I had not heard you were here."

He had taken off his overcoat and laid it with his hat across a chair while Lois replenished the fire by way of occupying herself. He turned toward her while she stood with a glow of the fire rosy upon her face, but he noticed a moment after the stove door was shut that the glow remained and her eyes were shining with a light which they had not borrowed from the fire.

He started toward her but paused after one step as if a sudden obstruction had appeared at his feet. The blood rushed to his heart, his head was giddy and he put out his hand as one who cannot see.

"Lois," he said, and his voice was like a hoarse cry, "Lois, are you free?"

"I am a widow," she answered quietly, though not without effort.

"Thank God," broke from his lips with such strength and vehemence that both were startled, but he the most.

Neither of them saw that, only the earnestness of the moment kept them from touching the ludicrous.

"Oh, Lois, forgive me," he begged in fright and distress. "I did not think indeed I did not mean. Oh you cannot understand what it is to me!" As if she could not!

And then driven by an irrisistable impulse he came close to her and taking her hands and looking at her with eyes hungry for love and recognition "Lois do we belong together?"

"I hope so," she said, her eyes [illegible] ly shining with tears that [illegible] all the misery of her past [illegible] not accept this baptism [illegible] hers, she could only "hope so."

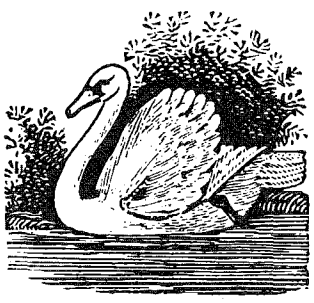
"Oh, my darling! my darling!" and the embrace with which his answer was welcomed, left no room for doubt as to who that belonged to.

"You can see Doctor," said Aunt Esther, "that it is good for an old woman to have her own way. Since I frightened them all into doing just as I wanted them to today I'm so much better; I feel as though I might live ten years longer."

"You are undoubtedly better," answered Dr. Blair, "but I should hardly look for you to live ten years."

She lived just ten weeks and there were Easter lillies on her coffin. The day before she died she said to Lois "If you were my own little Lucy now up, your hands could not be kinder."

(The end.)



VILLAGE ELECTION

No Excitement. One Ticket. Present Officers Re-Elected.

The village went through the formality of an election Monday. There was but one ticket and it was so satisfactory to the electors that most of them did not take the trouble to go to the polls to vote.

The election was held in the town hall and the election board was composed of F. B. Buys, chairman; Chas Ellsworth and Geo.T. Pomeroy, clerks, Mrs. Leona Vroegindewey and Miss Bernice Haynes, inspectors, and Edward Mullinex, gatekeeper.

The total vote cast was 43, one was thrown out and 42 votes were cast for the ticket elected as follows:

E. R. Washburn, president.
Percy Harris, clerk.
Emory H. Squier, assessor.
Garrett Osterhouse, Ray Graham and Frank McWilliams, trustees.

DEATH OF PIONEER RAILWAY EMPLOYE

Michael W. Burns, 71, of Kalamazoo, died at Borgess hospital the night of June 18 after an illness of two weeks.

He was a native of Ireland, came to Kalamazoo in 1880 and entered the employ of the Michigan Central as a section hand the same year. In 1918 he became road master for the Kalamazoo division, and retired from the service February 28 after serving the company 50 years.

As road master he was a frequent visitor to Decatur and had many friends here. His last visit here was to the funeral of the late James Mahoney.

Thomas Mahoney and family attended the funeral in Kalamazoo Monday morning.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free, M. S. Carney.

DEATH OF PIONEER RAILWAY EMPLOYE

Michael W. Burns, 71, of Kalamazoo, died at Borgess hospital the night of June 18 after an illness of two weeks.

He was a native of Ireland, came to Kalamazoo in 1880 and entered the employ of the Michigan Central as a section hand the same year. In 1918 he became road master for the Kalamazoo division, and retired from the service February 28 after serving the company 50 years.

As road master he was a frequent visitor to Decatur and had many friends here. His last visit here was to the funeral of the late James Mahoney.

Thomas Mahoney and family attended the funeral in Kalamazoo Monday morning.

IS DECATUR GROWING?

Have you noticed the new houses that have been, and are now being built in Decatur? No? Well, wouldn't you like to walk around the village and take a peep at them?

Last spring we voted to provide for ourselves a fine water system and we have, in every sense of the word, succeeded. This was the beginning of our seeming prosperity for before the pipes for our water system was all laid, Mrs. McClung began the erection of her pretty home which was built by Decatur's efficient carpenter, Mr. S. D. Sweetland.

Wm. Secord then began the building of his small but neat and cozy little home.

Following these came the artistic and beautiful home of Frank Stapleton. His house was built by Paw Paw contractors and adds much to the appearance of our village.

Geo. Smith's cottage, the only one in town, was the next to be erected. This also was built by Paw Paw contractors and is an ornament to our beautiful town.

S. D. Sweetland then began the erection of his pretty home and also that of Sumner Sherrod. These two fine houses are built side by side and adds much to the north end of Phelps street.

We will now interest you in W. H. Stoddard's elegant home. This was built by Decatur workmen. The hall with its winding stairs is Mr. Stoddard's delight and is certainly beautiful. The hall, parlor and sitting room are finished in oak while the other rooms are in pine. It is nicely arranged and finished in the best manner. The wall paper is of a very pretty design and the woodwork is fine which was finished by Messrs. John and Sela Eckenberger with hard oil. The house is one of the finest in town.

Now we bring you to the magnificent home of Dr. Rose which has been remodeled in the latest fashion. There is the large porch, the large corner window from which a magnificent view can be obtained. But let us enter. What a lovely hall and stairway. Doesn't that wall paper make one think of the grand old hangings we read about? No, the bannister is not glass. It is varnish. Those oak doors are as pretty as can be seen anywhere. The parlor is the pleasantest room in the house. The sitting room is lovely and that fireplace makes you long to sit down and stay all winter. The doctor's library with its beautiful walls and oak finishings is a very pleasant room. The dining room is large and spacious and will never cramp one at Thanksgiving or Christmas time. The doctor sits next the large window and if he finds the table moving too near him as he eats, he can raise the window and lean out. A bright idea of his, wasn't it? The pantry and kitchen are both as handy as can be and is nicely finished. We might give the workmen the credit they deserve and will say the carpenter work was done by Paw Paw contractors, the interior hard oil finishing by Messrs. John and Sela Eckenberger, the paper hanging by R. A. Secord and the elegant mantel was set by Dan Carney, Jr.

Solon Fuller's house is nearly completed. It is one of the finest in the village and when completed will be an ornament to our booming town.

Mrs. George Baker has a pleasant home erected which is a very pleasant place, thus making another valuable addition.

Henry Selby has a house under construction and it will without doubt, be a very fine and cozy home for himself and family.

Look back upon the past year and say that Decatur has been dead. She is coming to the front rapidly and the probabilities are there will be as much progress in the coming year as there has been in the past. What's the matter of Decatur? She's all right!

(The above article is reprinted from the Republican in the 1890's. Many of the homes mentioned are still some of the better homes in Decatur.)

A FAITHFUL OFFICER

James R. Price Was 83 April 17 and Puts in a Full Day's Work Every Day for the Village of Decatur.

James R. Price, assistant to the village marshal and street commissioner, had a birthday the 17th of April and now he is 83 years old.

He has been in the employ of the village about 25 years, much of the time as marshal. He has been a faithful and efficient officer, always at work and seldom absent from duty. It is doubtful if anyone has served the village as long as he and none have has been more faithful.

Jimmie Price, as he is known by his many friends, was born over in Berrien county, but a mile and one-half from Buchanan, and he has been a resident of Decatur since the fall of the World's Fair in 1893. He was never married but has always found good places to live among the residents of the village.

A short time ago he went to the home of his sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Wright, and niece, Mrs. Ella Wright. Mrs. Sarah Wright will be 85 her next birthday and her health is fairly good for one of her years.

Joshua M. Price is the baby of this family, not having yet passed his 78th birthday.

WALTER ROSE A GOOD CITIZEN

The death of Walter Rose was recorded in the Republican last week. He was 85 years old and one of Cass county's oldest pioneers.

His father was a Methodist minister who gave up the ministry for farming and located on a farm in Volinia township two miles south of Thompson's corners. Walter Rose lived over forty years on that farm.

He left the farm after the death of his wife in about the year 1915 and since that time had made his home with his son Carl and family. Carl passed away two years ago.

He was a capable farmer and a prosperous business man. He was also a good councellor and many neighbors and friends went to him for advice. He was highly respected and thoroughly honest and reliable, a leader in his community.

The funeral was held at the home in Marcellus Thursday afternoon. There was a large attendance including Dr. W. P. Bope and Frank White of Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wickett planned to go but had a punctured tire and did not arrive in Marcellus till the service was over.

ANOTHER TABOR DEATH MYSTERY

Florence Tabor Believed To Have Committed Suicide. Found on Porch of Lake Cottage

Mrs. Florence Tabor, well known in Kalamazoo and Van Buren counties as principal witness in the Tabor trunk murder mystery of 1919-'20, and a native of Lawton, is dead at Olivet, believed to have committed suicide at the cottage at Pine lake.

The body was found on the back porch of the cottage last Friday, and beside it was a box of tablets. Officers stated the woman had been dead about three weeks..

Mrs. Tabor, who also was known by the name of Florence Tabor Critchlow, having been married for a time, was held by Van Buren county officials in 1919-'20 in connection with the death of a sister, Miss Maude Tabor, whose body was found buried in a trunk in the cellar of the Tabor home in December, 1919.

Mystery Never Solved

Mrs. Sarah I. Tabor, 92, mother of Florence and Maude and who now is an inmate of the Kalamazoo county infirmary, was charged with the murder

of Maude and the trial at Paw Paw in 1920 attracted nation-wide attention. Florence was never formally charged with the crime, although she was held in jail as a material witness.

The body of Maude Tabor was unearthed by Florance one night in December, 1919, when she went to the cellar to dig about for kindling wood. Officers were notified and it was brought out during the investigation that Maude' body had been placed in the trunk and buried in the cellar in May, 1916. The Tabor trunk mystery was never clarified.

Writer of Stories

Holding degrees from a number of universities and colleges, Florence Tabor was regarded as a highly talented woman. She was a writer of short stories, most of which were of the weird and mystery type and many of which she sold to magazines. While held in the Van Buren county jail as a material witness, she penned a number of stories.

Prior to the Tabor murder mystery, Florence and her aged mother had resided alone in the Tabor mansion at Lawton. After the trial the mother and daughter were beset with financial difficulties and ill health. They moved to Kalamazoo a few years ago and Florence attempted to earn a livelihood for herself and her mother by writing fiction. She did not find a steady market for her literary efforts and was in destitute circumstances. She sought work in many lines of endeavor. The mother entered the infirmary sometime ago.

The dead woman held degrees from colleges in Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and California. She was at one time an instructor in French and other languages in several exclusive girls schools in the East. Recently Mrs. Tabor went to Olivet and for a while lived with Mrs. Ida Walker. She became despondent over ill health and financial troubles.

She was the daughter of the late Lester A. Tabor, prominent Van Buren county lawyer.

FIFTY YEARS IN HAMILTON

(Compiled in 1911 by Abe Norwood).

Following are people now living who have been residents of the township of Hamilton fifty years:

Ezra Barnum
Arthur Foster
Emory Foster
Mrs. Foster Hale
Mr. and Mrs. John Sutfin
Mrs. Horace Smith
Byron Lee
A. C. Bidlac
John Young
A. L. Norwood
Frank Stearns
Zabina Stearns
Mrs. Robert Nesbitt
Miss Minnie Nesbitt
Mrs. Hannah Conway
Mrs. Jacob Knoll
John Conway
Mort Haydon
A. W. Haydon
Lester Osborn
Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Osborn
E. A. Osborn
Roll Harris
Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Osborn
Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Osborn
Charles Hungerford
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Osborn
John Comley
Alex. Comley
Fred Comley
Miss Libby Comley
Uncle John Comley
John Brooks
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Byers

ROGERS HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE

Cause Thought To Be Defective Wiring. Harry Johnson the Sole Occupant. One of the Town's Land Marks.

It is a sad duty we have to perform, that of writing an account of the burning of the Rogers home in the early hours of last Sunday morning.

The building was not completely destroyed but was so badly damaged by fire and water that it is doubtful if it will ever be repaired.

Harry Johnson, present owner of the building, was its sole occupant. Some time after midnight he turned on an electric toaster to heat some water.

At about four o'clock he was awakened by dense smoke coming into his room. He slept in a front bedroom upstairs and was unable to escape by the stairway. He went out of a window onto the roof of the porch and shouted fire. A number of neighbors heard him and Miss Bernice Haynes rushed to the telephone office and turned in the alarm.

By the time the firemen arrived the fire had gained great headway. It apparently started in the basement or near it and those who investigated hold to the opinion that it started from defective wiring in the flooring.

The firemen did valiant service and Jarius Halleck, chief of the water department, said they threw more water than at any other fire in the last twenty years.

They finally put out the flames but the building was practically ruined.

A fine refrigerator, a stove, practically all of Harry Johnson's best clothing and his golf clubs were destroyed.

The house could not be rebuilt for $5,000. It was insured for $2,000 in one of the companies of the Pomeroy agency.

This fine home was located on East Delaware street between the Christian Reform and the Presbyterian churches. It was one of the land marks of the village. It was built by Jack Tuttle, one time Decatur lumberman, in 1863, and contained the best material obtainable. The siding was of white wood.

Mr. Tuttle sold the house to his brother, William, and he sold it in 1881 to Joseph Rogers, familiarly known as "Banker" Rogers.

It was his home until his death and continued to be the home of his widow, Mrs. Franc Rogers, and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Burlingham, as long as they lived. Then it became the joint property of Harry Johnson, as a reward for his faithful services, and Mrs. Randall of Berrien county, a distant relative.

While it was the home of Mesdames Rogers and Burlingham, their nephews, the famous Dodge brothers of automobile fame, and families were frequent visitors there, and it probably contained the finest and most valuable furniture of any house in the county.

ONE OF THE CLASS OF '80

Miss Bernice L. Haynes, secretary of the Decatur Alumni Association, has been spending considerable time endeavoring to locate all of the graduates of the D. H. S. She has received some interesting letters from graduates who have been away many years. The following is from Jennie Williams Lamb, a member of the class of 1880:

St. Helena Sanitarium,
Napa County, California,
May 18, 1931.

Bernice L. Haynes.

Dear Cousin:—So glad you wrote me and really it was wonderful of you to take so much pains to look me up. Of course I knew your father and mother and John Haynes, the father of Loren, who married my sister Dora when I was nine years old.

No, I was not aware that my classmate, Cora Chamberlin, lived in Long Beach. Thank you for giving me her address, also Fanny Foster's. I lived one year at Fanny's home in Decatur after her father died, but have not corresponded with them, so do not know anything about them now.

After our family moved from Decatur to North Dakota I was with them until father and mother died, then I went to Battle Creek, Mich., and took the nurse's course and was then several years after graduating. One year of the six was nurse at the college near the sanitarium and took a two years course in Bible and general history. From there went to Union College near Lincoln, Neb., as school nurse and after school closed that year became matron and head nurse at the sanitarium near by. Was there five years, from 1894 to 1899. The work was strenuous and I enjoyed it and threw my whole heart into it. After spending another year at Battle Creek as nurse in the sanitarium and superintending and teaching the nurses at the Orphans' home there, I went to Huntsville, Alabama, where I was nurse and teacher at the Southern Junior College three years. Next I was emergency nurse and teacher at Dayton, Ohio, for the National Cash Register Company. From there I came to California in 1905 and have nursed more or less since then, most of the time among the poor. While in Dakota I taught district school, was there seven years. I was very happy in all my work in the sanitariums and also private nursing.

I shall be seventy next Christmas and am able to work some yet and am free from rheumatism and most of th afflictions of old age. However, have weak heart. At present am helping care for some children daytimes, so am quite busy. Kindest regards to yourself and mother and to any who may remember me.

Jennie Williams Lamb.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Tommy Culverhouse was 80 years old last October. He came from ol' England some seventy years ago and his ancestors were in close touch with the Royal family.

Mr. Culverhouse was named after his uncle, Tommy Atkins, body guard of Queen Victoria when she ascended the throne, and his cousin was Prince Albert's tailor.

From the time he landed in this country Tommy Culverhouse has been associated with great men.

One day last week he brought to the Republican office a maul, bent with age and deeply dented by use.

Mr. Culverhouse says that 65 years ago at Salem, Illinois, he split rails with this maul side by side with Abraham Lincoln.

The maul is made of a black ash knot and surely looks as though it might once upon a time have split a rail.

Tommy Atkins' nephew further says that when he was clearing a field on his farm near Decatur 60 years ago he lost the maul and when planting corn last week he dug it up with his hoe.

Our octogenarian citizen is running over with graphic reminiscences like the above, and like old wine they seem to grow stronger with age.

HOW MICHIGAN TOWNS WERE NAMED

In the history of Cass county published in 1882 the statement is made that in the petition to the Legislature circulated by Daniel G. Rouse in 1843, asking for the organization of the township, the name of Cambria was mentioned as the choice of the settlers but there already being a Cambria township in the state, Judge Littlejohn, the representative from Allegan, suggested the name of Marcellus. Mr. Anderson, the representative from Cass county, accepted the name.

Now, in comparing maps of Michigan and New York states, one is immediately struck by the similarity of names. I imagine at least 100 cities and towns in Michigan were named after places in New York state and this is explained when we learn that Michigan was largely settled from that state by men and women who brought their home names with them to their new homes.

At the time central New York was settled the principle subjects studied in schools and colleges were the Greek and Latin authors. The men who named these New York towns seem to have been scholars who remembered their classics because they used so many Greek and Latin place names, among them being Marcellus, Syracuse, Ithaca, etc., and there seems no question in my mind that Marcellus, Mich., was named after Marcellus, New York, which had been named after a Roman family.

There is a notable coincidence in the fact that Mr. John M. Smith who used to live near the U. B. church, was born in Marcellus, N. Y., and died in Marcellus, Mich.—Mrs. Schoetzow in Marcellus News.

THE WAY TO MAKE BRONZE

Thomas Heap is the husband of Iril Hathaway Heap, daughter of Mrs. Jont. Goble of Decatur.

He works for a company that puts fire extinguisher spraying equipment into large factory buildings. He had just finished work in a factory that makes all colors of bronzes and he sent some samples to Mr. and Mrs. Goble.

He says that to make the large pieces of bronze they melt copper, zinc and aluminum together. To make silver bronze they use but little copper.

After it is melted it is tempered in water to make the large pieces. Putting it in water while hot makes it hard and crisp.

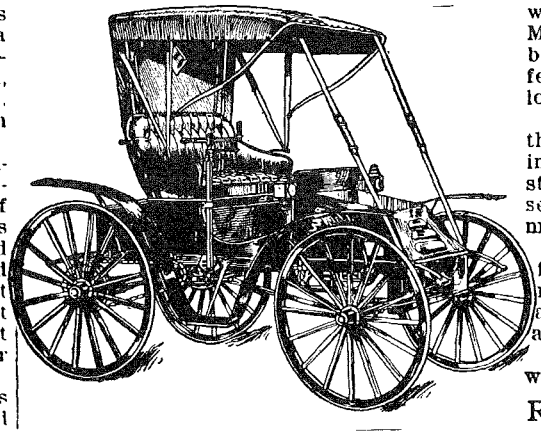
Then they run it through beaters and beat it to powder. They make pink, gold, silver, green, purple, blue of many shades.

Mr. Heap also sent Mr. and Mrs. Goble a key to the city of New York guaranteed 24 carat gold plated. The key is about eight inches long and is calculated to unlock anything worth seeing in the city.

February 9, 1911.

DRIVING THE NEW CAR HOME

Austin Lawrence and son Harold drove their new Warren car home from Detroit Sunday. Paved streets were soon left behind and then came frozen roads where their speed was reduced to 10 or 12 miles an hour. When they came to a good stretch of road they would make from 25 to 30 miles, keeping up an average across the state of 20 miles.



A TICKET IN '76

How They Voted in Van Buren in 1878. Decatur Had Candidates Then.

The Republican is indebted to Charles Duncombe of Keeler and to Andy Kemp, the carrier, for a copy of the Republican ticket, state and county, for the year 1878.

In those days the tickets of the different parties were separate and the voter called for the party ticket he desired to vote. There were no booths but he could take the ticket and change it as he desired. If he wanted to vote for some one not on the ticket it was done by stickers. The wise politicians often were able to fix to their own liking the tickets of those who were less informed or were unable to read or write.

The Republican ticket of 1878 was 5¾x2½ inches in size. The candidate for governor was Charles M. Croswell of Lenawee county, the candidate for Congress was Julius C. Burrows of Kalamazoo; for state senator of the 12th district then comprising the counties of Cass and Van Buren, James M. Shepard of Cassopolis; for state representative, E. Parker Hill, of Decatur.

The County Ticket

For Sheriff—Nathan Thomas of Hartford

For Register of Deeds—Samuel Ellis of Decatur

For County Clerk—Henry S. Williams of Porter

For County Treasurer—Stephen W. Duncombe of Paw Paw

For Prosecuting Attorney—Benjamin F. Heckert of Paw Paw.

For Circuit Court Commissioners—John W. Knowles of Paw Paw and John J. Sherman of Decatur

For Coroners—Henry M. Brodrick of Decatur and Albert S. Haskins of Lawrence.

It will be seen that Decatur in those days was well represented in county politics. It has been about 20 years since this township has furnished a county officer, not since Volney R. Hungerford was Commissioner of Schools.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO

Neal King says that 36 years ago the first day of January he was husking corn out of doors on the Dodge farm near Mud lake. The sun was shining and the bees were buzzing. He was working for Will Hamlin and Neal Mabry was around there hunting rabbits. Mabry saw a black snake six feet long sunning itself on top of a log and shot it.

The next day it started to rain and the next day it was snowing and blowing so he could not see across the street. The next day the storm was so severe that Will Hamlin, who was the milk man, could not deliver.

After that during the entire month of January the thermometer was from one to 20 degrees below zero. That same year nearly all of the fish in Mud lake were frozen.

That spring the Duncombe House was destroyed by fire.

RECALLS MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS

Frank McKee remembers Decatur in 1875 when the Republican was printed that contained the death of G. G. B. Yeckley. His parents lived in East Decatur and he was a "foreign scholar" in the Decatur High school.

Prof. Burked was the superintendent, Emma Rice was the principal and Ella Lyman taught the Grammar room.

Among the others who went to school that year as Mr. McKee remembers them were,—Camilla and Wade Yeckley, Mort and Addie Haydon, Frank Tucker, Dan Dimick, Edna Huyck, Jim Jordan, Mack Wooster and Willard Sweet.

FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO IN DECATUR

Copy of the Van Buren County Republican Preserved by E. W. Cady.

The Republican is indebted to E. W. Cady for a copy of the Decatur paper of March 25, 1875. Not many now living remember Decatur in that early date and none of the persons mentioned are here today.

E. A. Blackmond was the editor and he founded the Republican in 1867.

The news feature of the paper is the account of the life and death of Hon. Geo. G. B. Yeckley of Hamilton township, Representative in the State Legislature from the western district of Van Buren county.

The paper states that no death which occurred in this part of the county for many years has caused more deep regret in the public mind, or given rise to a greater sense of public loss.

Mr. Yeckley was born in New York in 1831 and had just entered upon his 45th year. He located in Hamilton in 1860 and held the office of Supervisor several years. He was elected to the State Legislature in the fall of '74.

The funeral was under the direction of the Grange, arrangements being conducted by John Bennett, overseer. Six fellow members of the Legislature acted as pall bearers.

Hon. A. B. Cooley of Decatur was also a member of the Legislature at that time and spoke in the House of Representatives and at the funeral service in the Presbyterian church in Decatur.

He said in part, "We are here as warm personal friends of the departed. If all the friends, in the body in which our late associate was an honored member, had come, there would have been 99 instead of 6.

Three days ago, in less than two hours from the time when the death angel hovered over the beside of our friend, the lightning flashed the sad news, all too soon, to your capital.

The flag of your country, beautiful symbol of power, which had been grandly waving over the state house at the head of the staff, came slowly down half way, mournfully swaying to and fro as if in mute acknowledgement of a higher power than that it represented.

Three weeks ago this morning he asked leave of absence till the Wednesday following—little did he or we dream that an indefinite leave would be accorded him.

The Decatur Odd Fellows lodge of which he was an honored member, held a special meeting and passed resolutions signed by J. Merrifield, Wm. DeBolt and Geo. W. Wait.

Governor Bagley ordered a special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Yeckley and the Republican convention to nominate his successor was held in Hartford.

Our esteemed citizen, Wade Yeckley was a son of Hon. G. G. B. Yeckley, and two daughters, Mrs. Gorham and Miss Yeckley of Aurora, Ill., also survive.

Among the advertisements in this paper of 56 years ago are the following:

L. T. Rawson, agent for Jackson wagons.

R. Hoppin and Son, light and heavy harness.

John Shaad, boots and shoes.

B. R. Desenberg, the new grocer.

E. L. Hawks and Co., jeweler.

Vincent and Pritchard, cabinet makers. Coffins, caskets, shrouds.

Thomas and Quinn, hardware. Tickets sold to and from all parts of Europe.

Hermann and Schuster, clothing.

THE OLD SONGS AND OLD TIMES

As They Ramble Along in Memories of the Past

Jottings by Jont. Goble.

Old Dan Tucker had a lively time in his day.

Yankee Doodle Dandy liked the girls because it comes so handy.

The Girl I left behind me.

Pop goes the weasle.

Happy day, happy day, when all my sins are washed away.

The Old Folks at home.

O where, O where is my little dog gone, with his ears cut short and his tail cut long.

Jessie James killed by Howard.

I want to be a farmer and with the farmers stand, a pocket full of hay seed and a straw stack in my hand.

My dog will follow me everywhere but the pencil that I write with has to be led.

Nellie Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep.

There is a place that is hotter than this where we won't have to shovel the snow.

In the prison cell I sit thinking mother, dear of you.

Who stole the lock off the chicken house door?

Happy is the miller that lived by the mill.

The little old log cabin in the lane.

Down in the diver's bell in the bottom of the sea.

Where is my wandering boy tonight

Mr. Goble has presented the above subjects of the old time songs and he has in his mind many others. Now if some of our readers will send in the words of these songs we will print them.

Following is a stanza of a song that was popular sixty years ago,—

"Thou hast learned to love another,
Thou hast broken every vow,
We have parted from each other
And my heart is lonely now;
I have taught my ways to shun thee,
When coldly we have met,
For another's heart hath won thee
And thy voice I must forget.

REFRAIN

O, is it well to sever
This heart from thine forever?
Can I forget thee? Never!'
Farewell, farewell, forever."

PIONEER SCENES TO BE RELATED IN CASS PAGEANT

That the pageant to be given at Cassopolis on Friday and Saturday evenings during the Centennial celebration, August 21, 22 and 23, will depict pioneer scenes in a realistic way that will be of greatest interest to the spectators is apparent, now that the program has taken definite shape.

First will be an Indian scene with Chiefs Pokagon, Weesaw and Shavehead in council during war with the Sioux, embracing an Indian legendary love story, a rescue from burning stake, and arrival of the first French voyageurs.

The removal of the unhappy Indians from their homeland follows, closing with a symbolic ballet, "The Dance of the Prairie Fires."

The Log Cabin home of Abram Tietsort, first white settler here, on the bank of Stone lake, showing prairie schooners with the arrival of some of the earlier well known families, and a pioneer marriage.

The first military drill of Cass county's male population, which is one of the most amusing incidents in Cass county's early life, will be shown. 900 men reported for drill, the day was wet and cold, and barrels of whiskey from the local distillery ruined the drill.

The "underground railway," one of the most stirring events in all Michigan history, will show how southern slave owners came into Cass county and tried to capture some runaway slaves who had located here and were defeated in their purpose.

Incidents of the third annual pioneer picnic will be repeated in the pageant.

The pageant will be interspersed with symbolic dances and music, and will wind up with the episode of the World War.

A SOLDIER IN THE BRITISH ARMY

Horace Wright of North Hamilton was a pleasant caller last Saturday. Mr. Wright bought the Gla Brown farm some ten years ago and has done fairly well there, but now like other farmers he is having his struggle to make both ends meet. He is not disheartened, however, and says that one good thing about farming is that he can always get enough to eat.

Mr. Wright is 68 but hardly looks 60, and he has seen more of the world than most farmers of this community. He is a native of England and served 15 years in the British army. Five years of his service were spent in India and three years in South Africa. He served in the Boer war under General Kitchiner.

One day his regiment marched all day through the rain in South Africa and when camp was made at night a young boy was among the number chosen for outpost duty. He was the youngest in the regiment and not strong and rugged like the seasoned soldiers, but he went without a murmur.

During the night the Sergeant making the round of inspection found him asleep at his post, marched him into

camp and sent another soldier to take his place.

The next morning the boy was taken before the Major, tried and sentenced to be shot.

Some of his soldier friends pleaded for him before General Kitchiner and after an investigation the General remitted the death penalty and sentenced him to two years in prison.

The soldiers all loved General Kitchiner.

THE STORY OF PAW PAW

By Harold D. Spicer, Editor of the Courier-Northerner, Broadcasted Over Station WLS, Chicago, April 13.

Following is the major portion of the story of Paw Paw as told over the radio by Editor Spicer:

Through the courtesy of Swift & Company, I want to present to you something of the attractions of my home town community, Paw Paw, Michigan, the home of the Killefer boys, known to every baseball enthusiast in the country. Wade, better known as "Red," manager of the San Francisco Mission team of the Pacific League and "Bill," manager of the St. Louis Browns, formerly manager of the Chicago Cubs.

At the very outset may I say that I am speaking to you of Paw Paw, the county seat of Van Buren county and NOT Paw Paw lake, which is in Berrien county. The two places are often confused and while we have nothing against Paw Paw lake and its attractions, it is of Paw Paw, Van Buren county, that I wish to speak.

So much of the background of our county was so well given over this station a few weeks ago by my friend and fellow editor, Donald F. Cochrane of Hartford, that it is not necessary for me to dwell on that part of the story, but simply to say that Paw Paw and its immediate environs enjoys much of the same atmosphere and local appearances that he so splendidly pictured to you.

Paw Paw is located on U. S. 12, about midway between Detroit and Chicago and is 17 miles west of Kalamazoo, is also on M-40 and M-119, north and south, and is served by a branch of the Pere Marquette railroad.

It is a community of about 1,800 persons, the town being modern in every respect, with a municipally owned electric light plant, water system, complete sewerage system and many paved streets. Its citizens are men and women of culture and refinement, many of whom boast of New England ancestry and whose families have resided there for many generations, in fact we have men in business now whose grandfathers founded the business they now conduct.

The town is located in the midst of an agricultural and horticultural section of Michigan, whose fields abound with trees, bushes and vines bearing almost every kind of fruit known to the middle west, when added to the agricultural and dairy interests, make it a most desirable place in which to live.

The community was settled early by the Indian of the Pottawattomie tribe and at first was called Lafayette, later being changed to Paw Paw.

As for location, few small towns have been more favored than Paw Paw. Nestled as it is, in the midst of twelve or more small inland lakes within a radius of eight miles, and having a lake with ten miles of shore line starting in the village limits, nature has outdone itself in preparing a setting which is most conducive to quiet and rest for those seeking such relaxation and also in the giving of such pleasures as come from frequenting the golf course, tennis court, or fishing [illegible] among a people where [illegible] abound.

Paw Paw's recreational facilities have been recognized by many Chicago [illegible] summer homes in [illegible] several club organizations [illegible] their membership to the [illegible] every summer.

The main business of the people of Paw Paw is the cultivation of fruit crops, the raising of potatoes, asparagus and dairying, and the thousands of acres of vineyards, with their masses of purple fruit greet the eye of the visitor each fall as he travels the paved highways east and west, north and south from Paw Paw. It is a veritable fruitland, nearly all the summer season.

Paw Paw boasts of the Paw Paw Bait Company, which concern manufactures artificial fish baits, trout flies and other sundries for sport lovers, ships its products all over the world and buys many articles which enter into their making from foreign countries.

The Tuttle Floral Company, Paw Paw, distributors for Swift & Company, has during the past years built up a splendid business in its line of flowers, shrubs, ornamentals and caters to a large territory, not only in retail trade, but wholesale as well. The Paw Paw Nurseries, under the same management since 1860, also do a fine line of business, and the Budlong Pickle Company has large pickle stations in Paw Paw where hundreds of barrels of dills are made annually.

The Fruit Growers' Package Company makes all kinds of fruit and asparagus packages and the Paw Paw Co-operative Association cares for large tonnage of fruit each year.

Two feed grinding mills and a planing mill are also in daily operation in Paw Paw as well as several other small industries, while together with about 60 business houses, all catering to the best in their respective lines, three banks doing a business of over two million dollars annually, five Protestant churches and a large Catholic parish, a well established library of 13,000 volumes, several men's clubs, a Commercial-Farmers' Club under whose auspices I am speaking today, whose membership numbers more than 200, a most enthusiastic Kiwanis Club, a Retailers' organization and several other smaller community clubs, all work together to make Paw Paw one of the very best of Michigan's smaller towns.

A fine hotel, "The Dyckman," several first class tourists homes and restaurants and last but not least, Hotel DeHamburger, known to tourists from coast to coast, will care for your wants while motoring, as will the numberless garages and gas stations along the highways.

The communities about Paw Paw are also alive to the spirit of the times and the State of Michigan is just now establishing a fine large fish hatchery at Almena, just six miles east, where one of the largest rearing ponds for trout will be located.

A branch of the Michigan State Police is located in Paw Paw, but please do not infer from that remark that Paw Paw is a speed trap, for it is not. Visitors and tourists are always welcome, but we ask that you will please drive carefully.

DISTRICT GRADERS TAKE FINAL EXAMS

130 from the Nearby District Schools Given Tests for High School Promotions Last Thursday and Friday.

Last week examinations of pupils of the seventh and eighth grades of the townships of Hamilton, Decatur and Keeler were held in the assembly room of the Decatur high school. The seventh graders came on Thursday, 62 in number, and the eigth graders, 68 in number, came on Friday.

Principal Henry Houseman conducted the examinations and said they were a bright lot of young people. He thought nearly all, if not all of them, would pass and that most of them would come to Decatur to school next fall.

He invited the eighth graders to the ball game Friday afternoon. Several wrote the composition on the state fair at Detroit. The winner in the state will be given a trip to the fair with all expenses paid. Following are those who wrote the examinations:

EIGHTH GRADE ENROLLMENT

Dist. No. 1, Decatur, Dorothy Parker, teacher—Marian Adam, Anne Geraldine Cipri.

Dist. No. 2, Decatur, Mrs. Winifred Knolls, teacher—Mildred Malito, Sylvia Marie Baldwin, Frances Elizabeth Huff, Evelyn Pauline Cramer.

Dist. No. 3 frl., Decatur, Mrs. Labadie, teacher—Nancy Elling, Joe Sumichrast, Wesley Wellington Wickett.

Dist. No. 5, Decatur, Nellie Dunnington, teacher — Gilbert Arthur Higgins, Lillian Margaret Kussy, Mike Rybinski, Mamie Turk, Katherine Siskaninetz, Mildred A. Labadie, Anne Turk, Julia Siskaninetz, Adam Polomcah, Frank Lapekas, Paul Rybinski, Joe Pavlinac, John Laskovy, Charlie S. Macek, Dorothy Laskovy.

Dist. No. 6, Decatur, Lois Dobson, teacher—James Burrel Dillenbeck, Casimir Edward Kabara.

Dist. No. 7, Decatur, Miss Dorothy Kinney, teacher—Max Louis Yetter, Bearl Macoski, Robert Kenneth Smith, Dorris Fanny MacKellar.

Dist. No. 3 frl., Hamilton, Mrs. C. C. Camp, teacher—Eugene Michael Wolkoff, Nellie B. Marks, Caryle Marks, Walter Mike Rybarski.

Dist. No. 4, Hamilton, Miss Cath-

erme Howland, teacher—George Quan Kennedy, Lyle Webb.

Dist. No. 5, Hamilton, Miss Hilda Hazzard, teacher — Bernard Stanley Socha.

Dist. No. 6, Hamilton, Miss Naomi Woolfe, teacher—Johanna Van Dyke, Lillian Lucille Cukes, Harry Lyle Barnhart, Lawrence Mead, Anthony Matzon.

Dist. No. 7, Hamilton, Mrs. Fanny Ballard, teacher—Francis Marie Grice.

District No. 8, Hamilton, Miss Carey, teacher—Clayton Ernest Osborn, Victor Lewis Booth, Ivel Osborn Tryon.

Dist. No. 9, Hamilton, Miss Ruth Conrad, teacher — John A. Morford, Sadie DeBoer.

Dist. No. 1, Keeler, Leah Barnes, teacher—Beulah Graelene Smith.

Dist. No. 3, Keeler, Gladys Stafford, teacher—Dorothy Ax Cena McCowen, Malcolm M. Broadhurst, Mabel Broadhurst.

Dist. No. 5, Keeler, Miss Hazel Udell, teacher—Lester Albert Williams.

District No. 6, Keeler, Letha Culver, teacher—Berwyn Allen Timmons.

Dist. No. 7, Keeler, Mrs. Ruth Foster, teacher—Eileen Anne Putney, Donald Woodrow Miller, Eldridge De Lois Brunette, Nora Marie Case.

Dist. No. 8, Keeler, Miss Maud Toogood, teacher—Agnes Marie Mundt, Lyman Russell Rathbun, Vivian Frances Ostrom, Donald Richard Straw, Harold Max Conklin, Vivian Pauline Myers, Loretta Marjorie Ostrom, Eleanor C. Straw.

THE STORY OF A CANE

How It Was Cut from the Boulder Canyon Thirty Years Ago, and Has Traveled Across the Continent and Back To Be Lost in Decatur.

L. L. Hamilton proved to be the owner of the red cherry bark cane advertised in the Republican last week. Mr. Hamilton was transacting business at the office of the Consumers Power Company, Mr. Pete Bosker in charge. He was looking into the advisability of putting in the gas, which he afterwards did, and he also offered them a fine location for an office in his building.

When he went out he left the cherry bark cane with the crooked handle hanging over the back of a chair and Mr. Pete upon discovering it put the advertisement in the paper.

Mr. Hamilton saw the ad. and came right down after it and while he was waiting for Mr. Pete to come back from a fishing trip to the Eagle Lake hotel he told this story about the red cherry cane:—

L. L. Hamilton and his brother-in-law, H. M. Burgess, were tramping over the gold fields of Colorado. With them was a millionaire from New York City who was there to buy land and they wanted Mr. Hamilton to buy land, but he didn't, he had cold feet. Everybody knows that he is a pretty careful buyer. He does not do any plunging.

While they were riding along down the rocky gorge behind a mule team with brakes on the wheels towards Boulder, Mr. Burgess spied the cane growing on a bush with a crook in it. He remarked that it would make a good relic for Mr. Hamilton to take home to his boy.

So they stopped the stage while he got out and took his jack knife and cut it. And this was 30 miles from Boulder. They stayed all night in Boulder and left the next day for Lincoln, Nebraska, the home of Mr. Borgess.

All this happened thirty years ago. Mr. Burgess has long since passed away, but Mr. Hamilton brought the cane home and it has been in his possession ever since and has steadily grown in value each year.

Mr. Hamilton named it his Boulder Canyon cane. He brought it home and put it in the attic.

It stayed in the attic till five or six years ago when Mr. Hamilton went to LaJunta, Colo. He dug the cane out of the attic and carried it out there and back. He was lame and it helped him around on the cars. He took it to see Dr. Rollin Thorp and Rollin said he could not find another like it if he hunted all summer.

The funny part of it is that all these years it has kept its beautiful wild red color.

The greatest trip the cane ever took was on Mr. Hamilton's recent trip to California, 3,500 miles there and 3,500 miles back. He carried it every step of the way and it brought him safely home.

Two weeks previous to his return from San Louis Obispo he took an auto trip to Paso Robles, the great "Hot Springs" of California. When he was helping the other passengers into the car he hung the cane on the rear bumper behind the car and forgot it. About two miles along on the pavement someone called out, "Hey, grandpa, you're losing your cane." They stopped the car and L. L. got out and sure enough there was the cane hanging onto the bumpers and dragging along behind.

We tried to get Mr. Hamilton to put a price on the cane but he would not. He said he wouldn't part with it, but he would be a fool not to accept an offer of $25 cash for it.

He expects to give it to his grandson, the only grandson which will carry his name down to posterity, John DeLos Hamilton of Buchanan. And that cane should be a good cane a hundred years from now.

Addendum: The lady who took them on the trip fom San Louis Obispo to Paso Robles in her automobile, a round trip of 100 miles, is a friend of Mrs. Bessie Hamilton Lawrence. Her name is Alice Nelson and she may be here on a visit this fall.

P. S.—F. L. Kern, who butted in while this story was being dictated by Mr. Hamilton, said that this cane is a bird cherry cane and that the botanical name of it is—Amalanchier, and the specific name is Canadensis. Its full name is Amalanthier Canadensis. And he spoke it right out without hesitating.

P. P. S.—If there are any mistakes in this story it is because of two much haste in trying to keep up with the narrator.

VISIT FORMER HOME TOWN

Homer Hungerford of Greenville, South Carolina, was a caller at the Republican office one day last week. He was accompanied by his wife and their son and his wife. He made a flying visit here six years ago and the visit before that was twenty years ago. He has a brother Frank living on a farm between Decatur and Dowagiac and a brother Newell in Birmingham.

Homer Hungerford went to school here in the eighties and learned to be a telegrapher under the late W. H. Tuttle at the Michigan Central station. He left Decatur in 1889 and found work with a railway company in the south. He became a first class railroad man and grew in favor with the company. Finally he became one of the leading officials of the road so that his trip here 20 years ago was made in his own special car.

On his trip last week he found a few of his boyhood friends still here.

Clarence L. Smith is another old time resident who visited Decatur last week. His once thick wavy black hair is now grown thin and grey but he looks well and prosperous and was readily recognized by the Editor of the Republican who had not seen him for over 20 years.

Mr. Smith came to Decatur in 1901 and worked five years in Peterson's, now St. Germaine's drug store. He was not married but lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts. Now he has a wife and two young children.

He is a capable druggist and always found good positions. He went from here to Elkhart and then west and for some years has had a drug store of his own in Detroit.

GEORGE H. GREENMAN

1850-1931

In the death of George Greenman Van Buren county loses one of its very oldest citizens. He was born March 16, 1850, on the farm on which he died.

His parents were William R. and Matie McCumber Greenman. They left the old home in New York in the early forties and came to Michigan, settling first in Kalamazoo county. While there William Greenman learned of the fertile country and beautiful lakes further west and was at once interested in them. He traded a gold watch for a tract of timber on the south bank of Christie lake and drove an ox team carrying his family and small belongings there to establish a home in the wilderness.

That was in 1847. He built a small log house and there George was born 81 years ago.

He grew up on the farm and helped to clear it. His father was ambitious and a forceful character. At one time he owned between 500 and 600 acres on the south and east border of Christie lake.

George was married in 1870 to Katie Wallen and they raised one son, Dr. Newton H. Greenman, who has practiced medicine in Fairmount, North Dakota, the past 30 years. Mrs. Green-

man passed away seven years ago last April.

George Greenman is survived by his son and two half brothers, Asa and Wilber Sheldon of Paw Paw. One brother, Wallie, and several half brothers have gone before him.

Funeral services were held at the home last Friday morning at ten o'clock. Rev. E. H. Bradfield officiated and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

PASSING OF EDWIN L. CADY

A Good Citizen Has Gone from Us. He Was Born in Hamilton Township and Spent His Life There and in Decatur.

1860-1931

One of the best definitions I know of heaven is that heaven is harmony. And when a man lives in harmony with his fellow men, in harmony with the world about him, in harmony with his conscience and the Golden Rule, he is as the Saviour said of one of the scribes, not far from the Kingdom of heaven. Thus can it also be said of our life-long fellow citizen and friend, Edwin L. Cady.

He has resided in this one community beyond the allotted span of three score years and ten, and if he had an enemy anywhere I never heard of him. If he ever intentionally did anyone an injustice it has not been made known.

He has lived a quiet, unassuming life, doing the work that came to him to do, dealing justly with his fellow laborers, paying his obligations in full, and making his home community and the world at large a little better for his having lived in it.

His parents were pioneers of Decatur and Hamilton. Like many other sturdy farmers of the east they became imbued with the desire to push westward, to join the industrial army of young men and women who were undertaking the development of the vast territory which venturesome explorers had marked out before them.

They left the old home in Rushford, New York, and landed in Decatur in '56, before the village was incorporated, and while yet the trees were growing in the streets. Today our township hall stands on the site where the Cadys first established their home in Michigan. There were 8 children in the Cady family,—Lucy, Sophia, Matthew, Charles, Esbon, Grace, Edwin and Hattie. Of these 8, only Esbon and Mrs. Hattie Cady Wagner survive.

Edwin Cady was married to Anna Fletcher of Porter township November 23, 1887, and she passed away March 7, 1915. Their only son, Dorsey, passed away in 1909 at the age of 20.

Edwin Cady has been a successful farmer. He early turned his attention to muck land farming and became an extensive buyer as well as producer of celery. For the past 15 years he has been associated with the Chicago commission house of G. H. Cross and Company, spending several winters in the service of the company in Sanford, Florida. He has been for many years a faithful member of the Masonic lodge at Decatur.

The early settlers who cleared the land and built the first substantial homes of this community have long since gone to their reward, and but few of their children remain to link the present with the past. New residents are taking the places of the old; new improvements and ways of living supplant those outgrown. But the new generation are fortunate that they have to guide them the examples of such splendid pioneer citizens as the one whose passing we mourn today.

If they hold the standard of right living as high as did Mr. Cady they will build on the solid foundation laid for them, and peace and prosperity will attend their efforts.

Edwin Lyman Cadly was born in the the township of , Hamilton May 22 1860. His parents were Charles Perry and Sally Ann Lyman Cady. They were married in Rushford, NewYork, February 25, 1841.

They came to Decatur in 1856 when the Michigan Central was built only to Niles. Mr. Cady drew logs for Flanders, who had the contract for buying timber for the railroad.

In the spring of 1857 he went to work for Philotus Haydon on the farm. He lived over Broughton's store which was located on the farm lately known as the Lester Osborn farm. Two years later he moved onto the farm known as the Captain Hendricks farm where Edwin L. Cady was born.

Funeral services for Edwin L. Cady were held at the home on West Delaware street last Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Frank Flagg officiated and A. N. Moulton read the estimate of his life printed above. Decatur Masonic Lodge No. 99 attended in a body.

Burial followed in the family lot in Hamilton cemetery, the Masonic burial service being conducted at the grave by Worshipful Master Elwood Scott.

DEATH OF FORMER DECATUR RESIDENT

Chas. Tase Passed Away at Home of Daughter in Hammond, Indiana. Was Once Landlord of the Duncombe House.

Meeker Shookman and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bert Shookman, of Dowagiac, were visitors to Decatur last Thursday. They were called to Cassopolis on business and came this way home.

Mr. Shookman was a resident of this village fifty years ago, moving away in 1895. It was to him an impressive sight to look down upon the rich black muck land from the top of Fifield hill and compare it in memory with the vast swamp he knew in his boyhood.

Mrs. Shookman passed away last spring and their son Bert a year ago last spring. Mr. Shookman's brother-in-law, Charles Tase, passed away Septembr 25 at the age of 78. He had been a resident of Hammond, Ind., the past 20 years and resided with his daughter, Mrs. Ed. Murden. Death came to him quickly and peacefully. He retired as usual at night and failed to awaken in the morning.

Chas. Tase was once a well known citizen of Decatur. When he came here he opened a hotel in the Teed house which was located about where Kidman's blacksmith shop now stands. From there he went to the Duncombe House on the corner of Main and Sherwood streets. He was a successful hotel man and did a flourishing business in this big three story frame building. The Duncombe House was destroyed by fire in the nineties.

MRS. HARRIET HUFF HAEFNER

Pioneer Resident of Cass County Passed Away August 18 and Was Buried on 92nd Birthday.

Harriet Huff Haefner was the oldest child of Abram and Mary Green Huff and was born in the township of Wayne, Cass county, August 20, 1839. She passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John McCully, in Penn township, August 18, 1931, and was buried on her 92nd birthday.

Her father, Abram Huff, was one of the first settlers of Cass county. He was one of the forty-niners who went to California with an ox team to dig for gold.

She was married to Christian G. Haefner February 15, 1858, and he passed away March 23, 1914.

For the first six years of their married life they lived in Volinia township where Mr. Haefner worked in the saw mill of her uncle, Amos Green.

It was during this time that they purchased the first 80 acres of their home farm which was covered with virgin timber and there was not even a road that led to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Haefner were parents of ten children of whom five are now living. They are Clarence of Decatur, Mrs. Mary High of Volinia, Mrs. John McCully of Penn, Charles of Decatur and Leslie of Volinia. Two children passed away in infancy, a daughter, Mrs. Ida Griffis, died 20 years ago. William died 14 years ago and Frank of California died last October.

Mrs. Haefner is also survived by her sister, Mrs. Eva Fletcher, of Dowagiac, by 26 grandchildren, 34 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Many years ago she united with the Baptist church of Volinia and has always lived according to that faith.

Since the death of her husband she has made her home with her daughters, Mrs. McCully and Mrs. High. She was a great home body, a hard worker and a good neighbor as well as a fine mother.

Funeral services were held at Wayne Chapel Thursday afternoon at 2:30,

Frank Flagg officiating. Burial was in the family lot in Wayne cemetery.

Among those from a distance who attended the service were Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Haefner and two children of Detroit, Mrs. Clifford Starkweather of Pontiac, and others from Dowagiac, Vandalia and Decatur.

THE DEATH OF MRS. CHAVILEER

Last of the Eleven Children of Jacob Morlan, One of the First Settlers of Little Prairie Ronde. Lacked but a Few Days of 90.

Mrs. Catherine Chavileer succumbed to death from old age and the flu after a short illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John E. Baye, 3954 No. Queen Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., January 1, 1931. Catherine Morlan was born January 28, 1841, in Cass county, Michigan; married to John F. Chavileer August 3, 1864. To this union four children were born—Grace C. Rawson, who lives at the same address; Maude Hurle Goble, who passed away April 12, 1922; Claude who died in infancy, and Effie C. Baye.

The family moved to Nebraska in June, 1886, where Mr. and Mrs. Chavileer resided until his death July 1, 1914. Since that time she had made her home with Effie most of the time. She is survived by two daughters, Grace and Effie, five grandchildren and several great grandchildren, all residing in California.

The funeral was held January 3 at 4 p. m. in Minneapolis. Interment will be made at Chico, California, where her husband and daughter are buried.

The announcement of Mrs. Chavileer's death as printed above came in a letter from her daughters to their cousin, Frank Morlan, last week.

Mrs. Chavileer was the last of her generation of the well known Morlan family of Little Prairie Ronde and nearby.

Her father, Jacob Morlan, was a native of Virginia and was born in 1797. Her mother, Sarah Poe Morlan, was born in Ohio in 1805. The parents were married May 4, 1826, and came to Michigan in the fall of 1829. They stayed the first winter on the farm of Joseph Gardner in Pokagon and settled on the south side of Little Prairie Ronde in the township of Volinia in the spring of 1830.

There were eleven children in this family of whom Mrs. Chavileer was the last survivor. They were Susie Richard, Sevilla Andrews, Mary Van Hise, Sarah Squler, Mrs. Farmer, John, Jacob J., Joe, Lewis, William and Mrs. Chavileer.

GEORGE JOHN KERN

1849-1931

George John Kern, older son of George John and Magdalene Arndt Kern, was born in Batavia, New York, November 10, 1849, and died at his home in Decatur April 13, 1931.

George came to Michigan with his parents when four years of age and lived his entire life in the vicinity of Little Prairie Ronde. In 1874 he was united in marriage with Mary E. Rosewarne, also of Little Prairie Ronde. He leaves beside the wife, two sons, Claude William of Marcellus, Michigan; George Edwin of Chicago, and five daughters, Kate Lillian, Indianapolis; Martha M. Kidman, Decatur; Gertrude R. Goodspeed, Little Prairie Ronde; Hazel V. Cady, Hamilton, and Lana B. Kern of Akron, Ohio. One son, Karl George, died in infancy. He also leaves nine grandchildren and one brother, Frank L., of Los Angeles.

George Kern was a fine character, honorable, trustworthy and patriotic. He was a worthy example for his family. He saw and appreciated all the beauty in life and enjoyed all out-door sports. He was ever the friend and companion of youth and was never so happy as when surrounded by his family and friends in the great out-doors.

His wife and children were constantly with him during his last illness and by his request he was borne to his final resting place in Anderson cemetery by his two sons, two sons-in-law and two of his grandsons.

Rev. Frank Flagg conducted the services at the home and grave, comforting the hearts of all who heard him with his beautiful thoughts. Added to these were the flowers, a wealth of beauty, silent tributes of love and esteem.

East Decatur School
Jan. 31, 1901

EAST DECATUR HOME COMING

Seventh Annual Event at Lewis Grove Last Sunday Brought Out Large Crowd of Former Residents.

Reported by Mrs. Hattie Roberts, Sec.

The seventh annual East Decatur home coming was held in the Lewis grove August 9th, 1931.

As we reached the grove our eyes were again gladdened by the sight of "Old Glory" proudly floating over the entrance to a roped off inclosure in which were grouped the three new twelve-foot tables just purchased and an extension table.

Plenty of chairs were furnished for which we have to thank O. W. Newell of Decatur for loaning them to us, as well as the thoughtfulness of our hostess, Mrs. Mary Lewis and also those who helped to bring them.

Saturday night's rain had cooled the air and laid the dust, which was doubly welcome after the extremely hot weather we had been having. It must have also delayed the crowd somewhat as they were rather tardy in arriving; nevertheless, about one o'clock the tables were all heaped with good things to eat.

The cars still kept coming until at the last count there were 141 in attendance.

Something still seemed lacking, so many had been kept away by illness and we missed the genial faces of Vern Caldwell, Herbert Stewart, Mrs. Mary Creagan, Mrs. Addie Fuller, Mrs. Belle Howland and Rollin Norton.

The meeting was called to order by the president, J. J. McAdams.

The minutes of the last meeting were called for, read and approved, and the treasurer's report was accepted as read. Expenses for 1931 were $18.00. The collection taken up yielded $10.83 and that with the $8.71 still on hand paid all bills, leaving a balance of $1.54 in the treasury.

Talks were given by vice president, James Durkee Sr., of Grand Rapids and N. L. Eastman of Lawrence. Mrs. Winnifred Empson of Colon, Mich., read an article written by the late Le-

Grand Fisher about an Eastman family reunion held at his house in Decatur, and said that the next reunion would be held at her home in Colon, Mich., August 30, 1932.

So many, when called upon for speeches, refused to respond that it was suggested a roll call be had next year and as their names were called each one must respond with a speech, poem or an anecdote as they chose or pay five cents fine.

The secretary promised to try to get a roster ready for the president's use next year, so brush up your memories and come prepared to help out with the program with something so as to save your nickle.

The same officers were re-elected:—J. J. McAdams, president; James Durkee Sr., vice president; and Hattie Roberts, secretary and treasurer.

The ice cream being disposed of, the meeting adjourned to meet the second Sunday in August, 1932.

We wish to heartily thank Mrs. Mary Lewis for her hospitailty; also to thank Arba N. Moulton for his courtesy in doing so much printing for us; also the editors of the Paw Paw Courier-Northerner and Kalamazoo Gazette for the printed notices they have given us.

Harriet E. Roberts,
Secretary.

Roster for Home Coming for 1931

Mrs. Mary Lewis, East Decatur.
Messie Bissell and Lewis, East Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lemcke, Jackson.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McAdams, East
tur.
. and Mrs. Herbert McAdams, Batreek.
illiam Eastman, Lansing.
W. Eastman, Coloma.
arry Grow, Colon.
r. and Mrs. Fred Hurlburt, Paw
.
. W. Westboy, Crown Point, Ind.
H. Westboy, Crown Point, Ind.
W. Westboy, Valparaiso, Ind.
r. and Mrs. Reid Westboy, and son,
y, Ind.
r. and Mrs. N. L. Eastman, Lawe.
r. and Mrs. E. D. Alderman and Lawrence.
rs. Winifred Eastman Empson,
on.
lmer Empson,, Colon.
Irs. Hattie McDole, Decatur.
Irs. Allie Rosevelt, Decatur.
liss Mary Rosevelt, Decatur.
ed. Rosevelt, Decatur.
Irs. Carrie Olds, Lawrence.
Ir. and Mrs. Jas. Durkee, Sr., Grand pids.
Ir. and Mrs. Jas. Durkee, Jr., Grand pids.
Ir. and Mrs. Dale McAdams and ily, Decatur.
Ir. and Mrs. J. J. McAdams, East catur.
Ir. and Mrs. H. J. Howe and family, hester, Wis.
awrence Howe, Paw Paw.
eorge McAdams, Jackson.
Irs. Gertrude Smith, Jackson.
Irs. Ella McAdams, Jackson.
hilip Smith, Jackson.
rs. Nellie Lewis, Schenectady, N.Y.
len Gates and friend, Battle ek.
lmer Gates, Battle Creek.
. Lizzie Maguire, Decatur.
r. and Mrs. R. Larkins, Paw Paw.
r. and Mrs. Rob McWilliams, Paw w.
Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Roberts, Decatur.
Mrs. Grace Lanning, Kalamazoo.
Miss Marian MacKellar, Detroit.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Ray and family, uth Bend, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Graham and family, Kalamazoo.
Dell Howland, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Graham, Maud and Howard, Paw Paw.
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Salisbury, Paw Paw.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jordan and son, Paw Paw.
Mr. and Mrs. Heuston Elliott, Decatur.
Frank Carpenter, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Kalamazoo.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Vanderwoode, Decatur.
Mrs. Emma Bratt, Decatur.

(Continued on last page)

(Continued from first page)

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Killitts, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Lake, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. Garet Van Haaften, Kalamazoo.
Mr. and Mrs. William Carpenter, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hinckley, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hood, Paw Paw.
Ira Roberts, East Decatur.
Robert Dunnington, Paw Paw.
Miss Nellie Dunnington, Paw Paw.
Miss Mable Schuneman, Paw Paw.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hall, A. Hall, Centerville.
Jay Eaton, Marcellus.
Mrs. Lillian Deyo, Kalamazoo.
William Howe and family, Kalamazoo.
Sherman Deuel and son, Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Higgins, Decatur.
Mrs. Sarah Norton, Alamo.
Julian Norton and Mary, Alamo.
Miss Margaret Graham, Valparaiso, Ind.
Mrs. Ethel Ray Stromquist, Battle Creek.
Eilene Stromquist, Battle Creek.
Mrs. C. Labadie, Decatur.
Mrs. Minnie [illegible] Jackson.
Mrs. Maud Howe, Decatur.

CAMPAIGN OF 35 YEARS AGO

Old Copies of the Decatur Paper and Republican Rally Caps and Capes Found by Firemen.

In cleaning out a store room in the village building the firemen came upon a pile of campaign caps and capes. The caps bore the names of McKinley and Hobart.

This was the campaign of 1896,—McKinley and Hobart vs. Byran and Sewell;—McKinley and the full dinner paid, Bryan and silver; The Gold Standard vs. 16 to 1.

The Republicans of Decatur put on the last of the old-fashioned campaign rallies that fall. They organized the Young Men's Republican Club, but old men were not barred, and the veterans of the Civil War who were also veteran Republican campaigners, took an active part in it.

The club bought twelve dozen blue capes, caps and torches and had some big evening parades. Finally some South Haven campaigners borrowed our torches and that was the last we ever saw them, but the "uniforms" were packed away in old copies of the Decatur Republican to come to light again last week.

Chief Woolfe gathered up some of the old papers and brought them to the office. They were copies of February, 1897, the month after the present Editor took possesion of the Republican.

Fred Stern, Mary Shaad and Criffield and Dewey were the big advertisers in those days.

The country was just coming out of a depression that had lasted since 1893 and was said to be the worst it had ever known. Wages were a dollar a day and clerks in the stores worked for $5 a week. The former Editor of the Decatur paper went to work as foreman for $7.50 per week, naming his own price.

Dr. Maxwell and L. L. Hamilton are the only advertisers of 35 years ago whose advertisements will be found in the paper today. Other advertisers then who are still in Decatur were Fred Stern. Neils Rasmusson, B. J. Hinckley, Wm. Popendick.

Among the active citizens of that time whose names appeared in the paper were M. S. Carney, Miss Winifred Copley, Earl Miller, Sumner Sherrod, Miss Lizzie Byers, Barney O'Dell, N. S. Rathbun, Harry Hammond, Isaac Monroe, Mrs. E. L. Price, J. I. Huff, Rev. W. H. Moore, Robert Sloan, Dennis Jordan, Maud Place, Maud Hughes, Miss Bent, Olivia J. C. Woodman, Elder J. H. Hammond, Evangelist Bullin, etc.

Here is an item: Thomas Culverhouse and wife left Liverpool for New York on the steamer St. Paul last Saturday. Mrs. Culverhouse will return at once to Decatur but Mr. Culverhouse will go south to look after his business interests in Georgia.

Here is another: A tramp applied at a house for something to eat. The lady handed him a saw and told him to saw a few sticks of wood while she was preparing his breakfast. The tramp took the saw and went to the wood pile. Presently the lady went out to call him to breakfast and to her surprise he was not in sight. Instead she saw the saw standing against the wood and attached to the handle was this roughly scribbled note: "Tell them that you saw me, but you didn't see me saw."

DECATUR ORCHESTRA WINS U. S. CHAMPIONSHIP

Competed With Six Orchestras at Cleveland, Ohio. Returned Friday With Trophy. Learned at Ohio City That Decatur Had Also Been Awarded State Championship for 1931

GREAT PRAISE DUE DIRECTOR BUYTENDORP

The Decatur High School Orchestra with its Director, Prof. Hendryk Buytendorp, has added another jewel to its crown—one much larger and of greater lustre that the seven previously won — this one a national championship for Class C Orchestras.

The 660 mile trip to Cleveland and return was made without any serious mishap and all the youngsters and elders, too, returned Friday tired but happy.

THE TRIP IN DETAIL

By Supt. L. A. Shaw.

The D. H. S. Orchestra, fifty strong left for Cleveland and the National contest at 10:30 Wednesday morning. The trip was made in eleven autos each carrying five players and a chaperone. After the usual flurry of last minute preparation, the steady grind of forty miles per hour began with the cars in numbered procession, Mr. Rafter in the lead and Mr. Shaw bringing up the rear. Mr. Buytendorp was sent on ahead to provide rooms and make necessary arrangements for practice and contest.

The first lap to Kalamazoo was accomplished without incident, but just beyond the city a car blew a gasket and trouble began. After a two and one-half hour delay the repair was completed and three delayed cars again took the road in an effort to overtake the main group who had gone on at reduced speed.

Now cities and detours began to take toll until by the time Toledo was reached the main group was cut to five, the second group to two, with Mr. Buytendorp, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Shaw as strays scattered all over northern Ohio.

Mr. Johnson was the first to arrive in Lakewood, our rendevous, where he was presently discovered by Mr. Buytendorp who was busily searching for rooms. Mr. Shaw soon drove in and started a reunion which was repeated every few minutes as the other groups put in appearance.

Prof. Hendrik Buytendorp

But at the hour of 10:30 two cars had failed to arrive, and everyone kept up a buzz of queries as to their whereabouts. At last everyone gave them up and went to the hotel, where pandemonium reigned supreme for some time as everyone rushed hither and thither trying to locate clothes and rooms. Some night clothes were in the missing cars—so some girls were worried.

Finally as quiet was slowly descending on the hostelry, a series of yells from outside brought everyone out to welcome the missing ones who had recognized our cars parked on the street and made known their joy by a series of warwhoops, calculated to raise the dead. A gab fest followed but at last quiet and sleep again.

Thursday morning at 8:00 everyone was ready for breakfast. Then after roundup and roll call we took the fifteen mile trip to the gymnasium where we went to practice.

Practice, then lunch, and down to Severance Hall at 1:30 left no time for play. Everyone reported except one who was minus a high heel. Music gone. Three instruments missing. Worry and then some, until missing heel, girls and instruments all showed up together. Worries over—for a minute.

Then someone discovered that we had not the selection required of all Class C orchestras. Everyone was in the "dumps." Managers conferred, and Decatur was told to go on, and penalties would be determined later. We were to play "Sinfonietta" by Schubert, and "Hunting Song," by Lazarus, the same as we played at Lansing. Everyone went on with the determination to make it so good that no penalty would disqualify.

And did they? They did. They played Sinfonietta so well that but one orchestra dared to play it in the finals, and that orchestra placed fourth. No one had any question of Decatur's superiority—but oh, that penalty!

The sight reading test was passed with flying colors.

Then followed suspense until at 5:30 when news came from the conference that we had placed on the first four and were to compete in the finals. Along with this Leona brought news that the decision at Lansing had been reversed and that we had been given the state title. Our penalty was set at [illegible] on each item of contest, making a total handicap of 540 points. All were wild with joy and determined to make it so good there could be no question.

Next, supper, and back at Severance Hall at 7:30 for the finals. Decatur was to play last, competing against Mentor Ohio; Evans City, Pennsylvania, and Greencastle, Indiana.

All listened to the wonderful playing of the first orchestra, then withdrew to the preparation room. At last our turn—the curtain rose, our numbers were announced. Mr. Buytendorp entered, and the orchestra rose and was seated. Mr. Buytendorp cooly opened his music, and they played the "Hunting Song." Then "Sinfonietta" —and it was over.

There followed a pause and all orchestras gathered in the auditorium. The judges filed in. All were introduced and each spoke briefly. Time passed slowly, and the tension of the listeners increased. Who should it be? At last the old Judge arose and after a short preamble announced Greencastle as the winner of fourth place. Quiet applause, and great tension among the remaining ones. Then third place was given to Mentor. Stronger

applause and greater tension. Then second place was given to Evans City, and the Decatur group went wild, some shrieked, some sat silently and wept. Mr. Buytendorp slid down in his seat with a satisfied smile, then avidly answered his call from the stage and marched up to receive the two trophies emblematic of the National Orchestra Championship of America.

The joyous crowd returned to the hotel and celebrated 'till the wee hours of the morning. Then sleep, and on our way again at 9:00 o'clock. A tired crowd drifted into Decatur at nightfall to find flags flying and banners floating in honor of our first national title.

Many thanks to the people who so kindly furnished money and cars for our trip. We are glad we could live up to your expectations.

Five Judges

Judges were George Dasch, conductor of the Metropolitan and Little Symphony orchestras of Chicago; Clarence Byrn, director of music of Cass Technical High school, Detroit; Chalmers Clifton, guest conductor of the Minneapolis and Cincinnati symponies, and orchestras in Baltimore and Paris; Lee M. Lockart, supervisor of instrumental music of the school of Pittsburgh, and Vladimir Bakaleinekoff, assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony.

Hendryk J. Buytendorp is a graduate of the King's Conservatory of Music in The Hague. He started his musical studies at the age of 12 taking up the 'cello and tuba. He received his diploma on the tuba in 1916 and remained another year to complete his study of the string bass. He has played under many noted directors of Europe. He played two seasons in the orchestra of the French opera and three seasons in Italian opera.

He teaches two days a week in Decatur and also teaches at the University of Michigan, besides giving private lessons in Kalamazoo, which city he makes his home.

In his work as director of the D. H. S. orchestra he has shown unusual ability and there unquestionably is a bright future for him in his chosen profession.

And did Decatur play? There was quiet and attention and a director away above any shown in Class C. Mr. Buytendorp surely put everything he had in the directing of the contest and the members of the orchestra put everything they had in the playing. Anyway, two members of the Mentor orchestra threw up their hands and conceded they had heard nothing to compare with Decatur's playing there that day.

The first four orchestras and their positions and points were as follows:

Decatur, Mich.	5285½
Evans City, Pa.	5233¾
Mentor, Ohio	5195½
Greencastle, Ind.	5103

We were particularly taken with the sportsmanship of these Mentor members. It was their first attempt at national honors and they were there to win, but if the judges decreed otherwise they took what the decision gave them without complaint.

Evans City were peeved, which was shown by one of the friends of the orchestra when he asked Mr. Tremaine how an orchestra could take first place and not play the required piece. We overheard some of the Mentor boys talking about this question on the way out of the building when one asked the others why that guy wanted to ask that question for anyway, that Decatur won and deserved to win.

The following paragraphs are taken from the official program of the National School Orchestra Contest:

When your orchestra matches its skill against that of other picked organizations from other parts of the country, you will be playing in the permanent home of one of America's great symphony orchestras. This home is new, having been opened in February of this year, and it furnishes the Cleveland Orchestra (Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor) with what has been termed the world's finest quarters for an organization of this type.

Notice some of the unusual features of Severance Hall—the comfortable seats, the orchestra lift, the movable organ console, and the latest applications of science to acoustics and lighting.

Stanhope High School of Stanhope, Iowa, was last year's winner of the national Class C trophy, which will pass to other hands this year. The Class C trophy is a combination of a panel and a column, surmounted by a bronze figure.

Autoes making the trip to Cleveland were those of Postmaster F. G. Rafter, who led the procession and had the banner; Mrs. Eva Hamlin, Supt. L. A. Shaw, John F. Brigham, Director Prof. Buytendorp, Mrs. Adelaide Toof, Mrs. A. J. Clark, Max Graham, Harry Johnson, Mrs. Clarence Maxham and a car that was loaned for the occasion driven by Joe Knolls. A car driven by Clarence Taylor left Wednesday afternoon. It contained besides the driver Mrs. Clarence Taylor and son Robert, and Mrs. Elmer Woolfe and son Reynolds. Mrs. L. A. Shaw, Mrs. Fred G. Rafter and Miss Esther Mary Atkinson were among the chaperones. Miss Frances Toof helped in the driving of her mother's car.

This is the second time the Decatur orchestra has attended a national contest. In 1929, this organization, under the direction of Mrs. Aileen Bennett, went to Iowa City, Iowa, and entered in Class B as there was no Class C that year.

EAST LANSING PAPER ON STATE CONTEST

The East Lansing Press gave the East Lansing High School Orchestra an extended write-up and fine compliment for winning the state contest at M. S. C. The East Lansing orchestra is composed of 46 pieces and is under the able direction of Miss Frances Ayers.

This is all changed now by the reversal of the decision of the judges which awarded first place to Decatur, but the following paragraph from the story shows the respect they had for their chief competitor,—

Winning of first place in this contest by the orchestra is considered more than the usual honor because of the fact that one of the best high school orchestras of the state, in Class C, went down to defeat before the local organization, the Decatur orchestra losing by only one point. Decatur has been winner in Class C six different years and two years ago was not allowed to compete in the state class C finals because of the fact that they had won the state title for three consecutive years. Defeating an organization such as this is considered a feat of outstanding merit.

The local organization by winning the state contest, is eligible to participate in the national contest, although school authorities have decided that the orchestra will not compete. The reason for this decision is the fact that the state and national requirements for the various classes are not the same and while in the state contest East Lansing is in Class C, if competing in the national contest it would be necessary to enter the next higher class as the enrollment in the East Lasing school is greater than is allowed for a Class C school in the national contest. It is thought inadvisable by school authorities to enter the national contest and compete against schools in the higher class.

D. H. S. ORCHESTRA AGAIN WINS IN DISTRICT CONTEST

Maintains Its Place at Kalamazoo Last Friday as First Among Orchestras of Its Class in This Section of Michigan.

Decatur again won first place in the district meet at Kalamazoo, and those who accompanied the orchestra thought the Western State Normal had somewhat over-figured their program before the competition of orchestras started.

We were advised that the playing would begin at 3 o'clock, eastern time, so we were there at 2 o'clock so we would sure be ready, but instead we waited while chorus after chorus sang, until some 15 of them had done their best, which was very good at that, if rather tedious waiting. Miss Flagg, with her Galesburg singers, won third place for which we congratulate Miss Flagg.

About 6 o'clock the singers, the violin quartets, wood winds and other quartets finally gave way for the orchestras and they started with Bellevue which was awarded second place, followed by Watervliet, then Decatur, and then the winner of third place, East Grand Rapids, and lastly Paw Paw.

Paw Paw took first place in the band contest; Watervliet, second, and Olivet, third.

Our Decatur orchestra, apparently, had no trouble to take first place. As usual, we had the largest number of players, with a good balance, and a director better than any other town could show. One Who Was There.

There are 53 members in the orchestra as follows:

First Violins — Buytendorp, Newell, [illegible] Violin Workoff, [illegible] Rafter, Mary Matousek, [illegible]rick Maxam, William High, [illegible]old Woolfe.

Second Violins — Darlene Hodge, Dorothy Knolls, Allen Copley, Olive Herran, Earnestine Ballard, Ruth Howe, Evelyn Oberburn, Phyllis Kinney, Marie Shaw, Loretta Christensen, Margaret Haefner, LeGrand Watson.

Cellos—Marvel Abbott, Norma Simmons, Joyce Shaw.

Violas — Emma Abbott, Jessie Woolfe, Leota Hodge, Altha McAdams, Irene Hull.

Clarinets—Arnold Hamlin, Winston Clark, Glenn Bailey, Genevieve Kinney, Betty Herran.

Flutes — Jean McKee, Margaret Schonbok, Areta Hodge, Isabelle Brigham.

French Horns—Max Kinney, John Brigham.

Trumpets — Elizabeth Ellsworth, Robert Taylor, Donald Southworth, Austin Dwight.

Oboe—Hollice Savage.

Trombone—Harold Cooper.

Double Basses—Leona Haefner, Adeline Lapekas, Marjory Albright.

Percussion—Ralph McWilliams, Joe Knolls, Annabelle McWilliams.

Sousaphone—Lynn Stickney.

Much credit is due to the orchestra leader, Prof. Hendryk Buytendorp, who came to the Decatur school last fall. Mr. Buytendorp, although a man of wide experience in orchestra work had never had charge of a high school organization before. His duties at Decatur take only a part of his time, the rest of it being spent in Ann Arbor at the University, and he gives instructions to students of Central High in Kalamazoo, which city he makes his home. He also plays a double bass in the Kalamazoo Symphony orchestra, of which three others from Decatur are members—Katherine McKee, violin; Leona Haefner, double bass; and Emma Abbott, viola. Miss Vivian Flagg, teacher at Galesburg under Supt. R. W. Harper, and a former member of the D. H. S. orchestra, holds a chair in the Kalamazoo Symphony.

Harper C. Maybee, head of the department of Music at Western State Teachers' College, was chairman for the contests. The judges were: Clara Starr, supervisor of music in the Detroit public schools; Orin Dilley, of the University of Wisconsin; J. W. Wainwright of the public schools of Indianapolis, Ind.

The orchestra commenced practicing Monday evening for the state contest Friday, May 8, at Lansing.

The first championship orchestra of 1925 was composed of 31 members under the direction of Mrs. Aileen Bennett, who was with the orchestra until she resigned a year ago this spring. Of these members there are still playing Beverley Newell and Darlene Hodge. Darlene has been a member continuously and has never missed a tournament, and went on the trip to Iowa City two years ago.

The orchestra will lose by graduation in June six members. They are Mary Matousek, Darlene Hodge, Emma Abbott, Margaret Schonbok, Harold Cooper, Leona Haefner.

New members added to the orchestra this year are Lynn Stickney, Phyllis Kinney, Loretta Christensen, Joyce Shaw, Marie Shaw, John Marshall Brigham, Elizabeth Ellsworth, Robert Taylor and Austin Dwight.

The last three with Donald South-

(Continued on last page.)

(Continued from first page)

worth compose the trumpet section, which with this year's experience, should be a much improved section next year.

Phyllis Kinney, Margaret Haefner, John Marshall Brigham and Robert Taylor were not allowed to play at the contest because they were below the seventh grade in school.

Jessie Woolfe was unable to accompany the orchestra to Kalamazoo because of illness.

Decatur citizens going to Kalamazoo to the contest were Supt. and Mrs. L. A. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Houseman and daughter Elsie, E. R. Washburn and daughter Edythe, Jerry Hemr, Miss Esther Mary Atkinson, Miss Marjory Spaulding, Miss Florence Lindsley, Miss Lydia Schuur, Mrs. Lucille Osborn, Mrs. Jessie Savage, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Rafter, Mr. and Mrs. John Brigham, Rev. and Mrs. L. F. Cooper, Albert Dwight, John Shaad, Miss Ida Trowbridge, Mrs. Florence High, Mrs. Eva Hamlin, Mrs. Sallie McOmber, Mrs. Charles Haefner, Mrs. Milton Knoll, Mrs. J. M. East, Mrs. Ward McKee, Mrs. Herbert Abbott, Mrs. A. J. Clark, Mrs. Claire Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McWilliams, Mrs. Jake Flagg, Mrs. Jessie Hodge, Mrs. Charles Danner, Graham Haefner, Mrs. Addie Toof and daughter Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Taylor, Mrs. O. W. Newell, Mrs. Elmer Woolfe. As the upper six grades were dismissed for the afternoon, many students were in attendance.

TALENTED EUROPEAN MUSICIAN IS W. S. T. C. SUMMER STUDENT

Hendrik Buytendorp, Graduate of King's Conservatory, Played Under Direction of Richard Strauss and Others Here.

In order that he may meet the requirements of the state for a teachers' life certificate, Hendrik Buytendorp, who holds the degree of Bachelor of Music from King Conservatory at the Hague, has done two years of graduate work at Leydon University and has played under some of the greatest orchestral conductors in the world, is enrolled as a student at Western State Teachers College for the summer term. He is taking two courses in English, taught by Miss Lucille Nobbs.

Mr. Buytendorp is engaged throughout the year as a member of the faculty at the University School of Music in Ann Arbor where he teaches cello, string bass, trombone and percussion. He also coaches the high school orchestra at Decatur which won the national high school orchestra contest in Cleveland last year. He is a member of the Kalamazoo Symphony orchestra.

Born in the Netherlands Mr. Buytendorp early started his study of music and after the completion of his preparatory work he entered King's conservatory graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Music after which he took two years of graduate work at the University of Leyden.

Played in Great Orchestras

He has travelled all over Europe as a member of leading orchestras, and to play for grand opera. For some time he played for grand opera in Paris, and he also travelled with leading European companies in operetta. Among the directors under whom he has played are Mengleberg, Richard Strauss, Rene Baton, and Snegvogt, the Danish conductor heralded as the greatest living interpreter of the Ninth Beethoven Symphony.

Mr. Buytendorp came to this country two years ago and during practically all of that time he has been associated with the University School of Music. Despite the numerous offers which he has received from orchestras in various parts of the country he prefers to continue in the field of teaching he states.

Feeling for Music.

Indicative of Mr. Buytendorp's fine musical feeling and his ability to give expression to it is the following which he wrote for an assignment in Miss Nobb's class on the theme, "How Music Makes Me Feel":

Those who produce music, as I, may feel it differently from those who merely receive the finished product. I may receive far more personal thrills than any one who hears. In playing or in listening to music I am freed from the physical and spiritual plane on which I ordinarily live, and sent to far off thought-lands from which I am unwilling to return. Music affects me in so many ways: some parts make me homesick for my native land, make me want to see my mother. Tremendous

compositions make he feel little,—so insignificant that the vastness of things overwhelms me in thoughts of beauty, love, goodness, grandeur. Music makes me realize that there is a sublime something—some call it God, some, Nature. It takes me into another atmosphere, another world. When beautiful music is speaking to me in its ways I am hoping it never come to an end.—Teachers College Herald (Kalamazoo).

PEPPERMENT CROP IS LIGHT

Cut Worms and Dry Weather Did Serious Damage. Need of Dams in Dowagiac River Drain.

All of the old peppermint and most of the new peppermint in the Decatur muck land area has already been distilled.

The oil has been running very light, the growth of the plant being from ¼ to ½ of normal. This is due in the first place to damage in the spring by cut worms and later to the excessive dry weather.

There were fields of mint that came up luxuriously in the spring and withered away.

Harm Smith makes a specialty of custom distilling and is in a good position to know the crop conditions. He has distilled about 1,500 pounds for 27 customers.

The average yield of the mint brought to his distillery has been 20 pounds to the acre. The plants were full of oil and had there been an average growth the yield would have been from 40 to 60 pounds to the acre.

Lytle Ickes had 78 pounds of oil from two acres. This was the best yield recorded.

The present need of the Decatur muck land is for a better water control. The big Dowagiac River Drain which cost the farmers as much as their land was worth, has proved to be a benefit only in wet seasons. In dry season it is an actual damage.

To insure sufficient water dams must be constructed in the big drain so that the water can be raised or lowered according to the season. It would require two dams above and two dams below Pickerel lake. The cost of constructing these dams would probably be not far from five hundred dollars each, but they would pay for themselves several times in one dry season.

We have talked with several muck land farmers whose land borders the drain and they are convinced that if dams are not constructed that will control the water level they might as well quit trying to raise muck land crops.

A FINE HOME IN THE COUNTRY

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Kelsey are among the many who have abundant resources but feel the pinch of the times.

They own the Carpenter farm north of their home farm. It consists of the house and 40 acres of good land, six acres of which are muck. The house is insured for $2,500. There is also a valuable gravel pit on the farm.

There is but $1,500 against this place but the mortgagee, a resident of Paw Paw, has begun foreclosure proceedings. Jesse says they intend to pay this off before the time of redemption.

The handsome Kelsey farm home consisting of forty acres of land and one of the best houses in this section of the country is also for sale.

The house contains 16 rooms and is equipped with gas for lights and cooking, water and steam heat. The lower floor is finished in oak, the second floor in yellow pine and white wood. One bedroom on the first floor is finished in black walnut.

It is a city home in the country. The house could not be built today for $6,000 and the full basement barn, 35x60, could not be built for $4,000. The entire property is offered for $6,500.

Jesse says a fruit farm of 15 acres over near Hartford was sold recently for $4,300 and the buildings were almost ready to fall down. So he thinks the Kelsey place will be a bargain for somebody.

He spends his time at the Shell station and if the farm is sold will move into the village.

A SOLDIER IN THE BRITISH ARMY

Horace Wright of North Hamilton was a pleasant caller last Saturday. Mr. Wright bought the Gla Brown farm some ten years ago and has done fairly well there, but now like other farmers he is having his struggle to make both ends meet. He is not disheartened, however, and says that one good thing about farming is that he can always get enough to eat.

Mr. Wright is 68 but hardly looks 60, and he has seen more of the world than most farmers of this community. He is a native of England and served 15 years in the British army. Five years of his service were spent in India and three years in South Africa. He served in the Boer war under General Kitchiner.

One day his regiment marched all day through the rain in South Africa and when camp was made at night a young boy was among the number chosen for outpost duty. He was the youngest in the regiment and not strong and rugged like the seasoned soldiers, but he went without a murmur.

During the night the Sergeant making the round of inspection found him asleep at his post, marched him into camp and sent another soldier to take his place.

The next morning the boy was taken before the Major, tried and sentenced to be shot.

Some of his soldier friends pleaded for him before General Kitchiner and after an investigation the General remitted the death penalty and sentenced him to two years in prison.

The soldiers all loved General Kitchiner.

COME ON, DEACON, LET'S GO HOME

We thought our veteran barber, Deacon White, had a fair claim to being an old man at barbering and brought him out on his 76th birthday as the oldest active barber in Michigan.

The story caused so many comments and our candidate has had so many challenges from other towns that we have been compelled to take the Deacon under our protecting wing, poetically speaking, and beat a hasty retreat.

But Barber White of Decatur is in no wise dismayed by the Methuselahistic records of his competitors. He says that he intends to cut and shave his customers at the same old stand for the next 20 years at least, and that being the case we will trot him out on each succeeding birthday till our fellow Editors of Bangor, Berrien Springs, Cassopolis, et cetera, and so forth all take to the tall timbers.

Then the championship there will be none him to deny,—and the diamond belt will dangle round his form.

The following is by Editor Berkey in the Cassopolis Vigilant,—

Every town likes to claim a championship. The Decatur Republican claims that "Deac" White, aged 76, is the oldest barber in the state actively work at his trade.

We'll admit that Deac does pretty well for a youngster of that age, but how about Zebedee Beverly, who used to shave the Vigilant editor when it was more a matter of form than of cutting off whiskers?

Mr. Beverly pleads guilty to seventy-eight years and is still running his shop in Battle Creek. After attending school in Cassopolis, he went to the Michigan Agricultural College and later took up barbering.

He ran a shop in Cassopolis for many years, or until the people of this county elected him register of deeds. After serving there he was given a position in the governor's office and remained there for several years, finally resigning to go back to his trade, at which he has been busy for many years.

His has been a long life and a useful one, and we claim the championship for him. His shop is in Battle Creek.

BUILDING A BARN IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

By Jont. Goble.

Fifty to seventy years ago if you were to build a barn 40x50 you would hire a barn builder and two or more men, take them to the woods and pick out trees suitable for the frame.

The men would cut down the trees, ross two strips of bark the length of the timber, take a line well chalked and draw tight, then snap the line and you have a straight line to score and hue to.

All the timbers were shaped out in the same way,—sills, posts, beams, plates, perline plates, girts, rafters and braces.

Blocks are cut 8 or 10 inches long, split in square pieces, rounded off, sharpened at one end. These are the pins that hold the timbers together.

Now comes your carpenter with auger, chisel, saw, hand axe and mallet,—with these tools he makes the mortise and tenons.

The carpenter in those days took pride in having all of this framing go together without a mistake, for it would take more than an eraser, to rub out a mistake in this work.

Now all is ready for the barn raising. The date of the raising is given out and 25 or 50 men are there on the job.

The timbers are carried to the location and put together. Every piece fits as intended. When all bents or sections are in place then comes the raising. Men are placed where needed. The carpenter starts the men to lifting the bents one at a time by—"He-o-he, up she goes.

Do you know why he says, "She"? Because it takes men to handle her. They keep lifting until all four bents are in place and pinned by driving the pins in with a sledge hammer. There were but a few men who could work at the top 20 or 30 feet in the air.

They used long pike poles to raise the heavy timbers after they were out of reach.

This is all hard work. Sometimes one or more are hurt. So there was always plenty of whiskey or hard cider on hand, and a big dinner at noon.

Now come the barn boards, roofing and flooring and stalls. Lumber is used that was sawed out the year before. The hinges are made by the village blacksmith and are held in place with wrought iron nails. They could be bent to clinch on the under side. Cut nails are used for the nailing.

Next came the barn dance with Austin Lawrence, first fiddle, Linneus Lawrence at the organ, George Kern, second fiddle and call. Here we go, right and left four, men in cip or cow hide boots. The ladies,—we did not see their shoes for they wore long dresses at that time.

ELIAS SHERMAN

From the Centennial Address by His Great Grandson, Carroll B. Jones, in the Marcellus News.

One hundred years ago on the banks of this lake stood the cabin of Abram Tietsort, surrounded by a dark, dense forest. It would not have been surprising to see an Indian, a deer or even a bear, enter the little clearing around this cabin, but one day a strange thing happened. Out of the woods came a lawyer. There was no open season on lawyers, even then, and they were permitted to roam the woods at will.

This lawyer was twenty-eight years of age; his name was Elias Brewster Sherman, being named after his most illustrious ancestor, William Brewster, the chaplain of the Mayflower. He had just come from Ann Arbor, where he taught the first school held in that city. He came to this vicinity to settle government land and practice law.

Among his first clients was one Dr. Fowler who desired to plat the village of Geneva and have the same named the county seat of Cass county. For his services young Sherman was to receive one lot in the new village of Geneva. But Dr. Fowler failed to deed him the lot. It was a bitter disappointment, for he had worked long and hard. But as is quite frequently the case, that which seems an unbearable disappointment, often turns out to be a blessing in disguise, and this disappointment proved to be an inspiration to Elias Brewster Sherman.

He set about to have the act declared void which named Geneva the county seat, for the reason that the commissioners who named it were self-interested, having personally purchased land thereabout. He also cast about for a suitable location which he himself might buy, plat and have named the new county seat; and in his wanderings no spot seemed to suit his fancy better than the place where Cassopolis now stands.

It was at this point that he came to the cabin of Abram Tietsort, and here he learned that the three Jewell brothers also wished to purchase this same eighty acres. The purchase price was one hundred dollars. He had fifty dollars, so he walked to Edwardsburg, where he was able to interest his young attorney friend, Alexander H. Redfield, in the venture to the extent of forty dollars. Again he set out on foot, this time for White Pigeon, where the government land office was located.

Time did not hang heavy on his hands, but the corpus magnus seems to have hung heavy on his feet, for he soon borrowed a horse from a man named Meachum and continued on the rainy way.

That night he stayed in a deserted cabin along the trail, leaving word with the katydids to call him early. The next morning as dawn was breaking, he rode into the village of White Pigeon, negotiated a loan of ten dollars, bought the eighty acres for one hundred dollars and started on his homeward journey. On the trail he met the three Jewell brothers en route to White Pigeon—history does not record what comments they made when they learned that they were too late.

Redfield and Sherman platted the village of Cassopolis, donated the land for the county buildings and the cemetery, and named three of the streets after the three commissioners who were to locate the new county seat; and one hundred years ago Cassopolis became the new county seat of Cass county.

Elias Brewster Sherman lived to be the first Probate Judge, the first Prosecuting Attorney, the first Circuit Court Commissioner, and the first County Surveyor in Cass county. He was also the first man to be married in Cassopolis, an Episcopal Bishop having ridden half way across the state to perform the ceremony. * * * *

DEATH TAKES BRIGHT YOUNG MAN

His Parents Were John and Grace Chadwick, Once Well Known Residents of Decatur.

Many Decatur people will learn with regret of the death of Burns C. O'Leary, formerly of Cassopolis and prominent in the service of the government. His mother, Mrs. Grace Chadwick O'Leary, was a native of Decatur and lived here until after her mariage to the late John O'Leary, who for many years had charge of the repair department of the Thomas hardware store. The Chadwick home was on East Delaware street and is now the home of Geo. Em. Smith.

The following sketch is taken from a New York paper:—

Burns Chadwick O'Leary died Saturday, June 28, at the Wyoming county hospital from a blood clot on the heart, the aftermath of an attack of appendicitis. Mr. O'Leary was engaged in an investigation for the Federal Department of Justice, in Rochester, and had been there about two weeks when he was stricken on Friday morning, June 19th, and was sent to bed in his hotel. The usual symptoms or manifestations of appendicitis, which make one think he has a severe case of indigestion, caused him to phone his mother, Mrs. Grace O'Leary, at her home in Detroit, Sunday night. Mrs. O'Leary phoned her sister, Mrs. L. A. Cass, in Warsaw during the night, and Mr. and Mrs. Cass went to Rochester and bought Mr. O'Leary to Warsaw and placed him in the hospital, where he was operated on at 2:12 Monday afternoon. The appendix was ruptured in three places and the danger of peritonitis was extreme. However, his rugged constitution and good care brought him through the ordinary hazards, and on Saturday morning he was considered practically out of danger. But, the one element, which is said to occur about ounce in 3,000 cases, appeared, and the fight for his life was lost. His mother and his brother, Lawrence O'Leary of Detroit, were with him from Tuesday morning on. The Department of Justice had a representative in Warsaw every day until the danger was thought to be past, to bring the resources of the government to his aid if necessary or possible.

Burns O'Leary was born August 2, 1895, in Cassopolis, Mich., the son of Grace Chadwick and the late Jack O'Leary. He was educated in the schools of Cassopolis and Dowagiac and South Bend, Ind. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the navy, and went through a school for officers and was graduated an Ensign and after a few weeks of shore duty was given command of one of the Eagle ships, which were used so constantly in chasing submarines, convoying transports and other extremely hazardous duty. At the close of the war he was put in command of a fleet of ships to take from Newport News through the Panama Canal and up to Seattle.

After that he served as Navigation

Officer on the battleship Nevada, and other forms of sea duty until his discharge.

He was not at libery very long before he was asked to re-enter the service of the government in the Law Enforcement division of the treasury department with special attention to water duty. Several years of that work brought him the recognition that caused his transfer to the list of Special Agents of the Department of Justice, of which there are 170 in the entire country, with the United States as his field.

The place he held in the esteem of his superiors was indicated by the telegrams and telephone messages from Washington and Detroit, and calls from his fellows from Buffalo and Detroit to see that he was getting everything that science could do for him.

The remains were taken to Toledo, by his brother, Kenneth O'Leary, on Sunday evening, and Mrs. O'Leary and Lawrence returned to Detroit on Sunday afteroon. Obsequies at Toledo, Tuesday afternoon.

HUNGER AND COLD

By F. L. K.

It takes a calamity to awaken the great, warm heart of humanity.

It is a cold March 10 in Dixie and I am opening packages and telegrams, for it is my birthday, nearing the biblical allotment of life with just the stock of hair and teeth with which I began life. And what I see about me of poverty and need, especially over the line in Arkansas, reminds me of a period of hard times in the long, long ago.

Buchanan had beaten Gen. Fremont, the great Frenchman, who was the first candidate of the newly-organized Republican party, and had just been inaugurated, but a tall, angular and awkward fellow named Lincoln was debating some vital questions with the dapper southern orator and polished scholar, swinging the divided Republicans into line for their wonderful achievement since then.

I was really too young back there in 1857 to recollect details of world history, but can recall an event that I told you about twenty-five years ago. You know that some of my sketches are more or less true. I was too young in 1856 to be the hero of this yarn, but there was a brave and loyal heroine, the dear mother, who gets the honors this time.

It was the day before Christmas when that poor German widow trudged through the snowy, frozen field across to the old ramshackle house near the Morris pond, just east of the Prairie, and near the woods where then prowled bears, wildcats, wolves and foxes and where wild deer were daily seen.

"Ach! meine, kleinen Liebchen! Vas ist los mit ihnen?" (Oh my dear little children! What is the matter with you?) she exclaimed when she saw three young daughters and the two little boys huddled close to an old half-warm, broken stove, hungry and red-eyed with weeping. Baby Frank, the weeping willow of the household, sobbed and tried to tell in simple German-English how big Kate had just told them that the good old Saint Nick could never drive his reindeer through that drifted lane and they could have no merry Christmas on the morrow.

The poor tired and discouraged mother thought of her dear old Vaterland, far across the sea where the wonderful toys and Christmas novelties are made and where the happy yuletide was everything the heart could wish. She remembered the better days when the strong father of her hungry little flock was on earth to provide food, clothing and luxuries for all.

Then there were many families on the Prairie who were rich beyond comprehension, for whom she worked at house-cleaning, butchering, washing, etc. The Andersons, Morrises, Copleys, Thomases, Lawrences, Buels, Huycks, Hathaways and others who could give their children lovely things while hers could not even have a warm fireside and suitable food to say nothing of new things with nuts, candy and raisins. So she mingled her tears with those of her sad-hearted children and then went bravely out to wallow through deep drifts to gather dry sticks and broken rails for fuel. Soon there was a hot fire and a wonderful dinner was under way. It was a thick but tasty soup, popular to this day among the peasants of Rhenish Germany and even the bourgeoise of northern France. Cube up some salt pork and potatoes and boil them and then add flour browned in lard and some bread crumbs and there you are. Try it.

Dinner over, the pious mother read from the family Bible again that charming and heart-stirring story of the coming of the Christ child to bring peace on earth and good will to men; that on the anniversary of His birth, people should sing and rejoice for it was a time of thanksgiving and praise and generous giving. But her words fell on dull ears and could arouse no warmth in the unhappy hearts about her. They said they were only a lot of ragged Dutch children for whom no one cared and that no good Saint could come to that out-of-the-way place. When lo, the jingle of sleigh bells outside and they all shouted, "Kris Kringle! Kris Kringle!" And sure enough, it was Kris Kringle, for a big team of bays were plowing through the snow and soon Elias Morris was unloading a big load of dry logs. Elias had recently married the handsome and kind-hearted Charlotte Dunning from Edwardsburg, and installed her as the queen of his elegant new home. Charlotte had no boys of her own then but it was learned the next day that the big basket smuggled into the back room proved her to be a good cook and an excellent judge of just what poor children need.

Soon across the field came tall Mat Finch with sharp axe and his coat padded out with the good things Aunt Lib thought of and they, too, found their way into that back room. The logs were cut up and stored inside and a big back log placed in the old fireplace as a yule log for the morrow. Later the Rosewarne hired man was sent over with a bag of red apples, some fresh pork and some of Martha's famous doughnuts. That evening Dr. Thomas dropped in just to inquire after the health of the family. He never presented bills at the homes of poverty those days. But we learned the next day that he too had made a sneak into that back room with warm mittens and neck scarfs including home-made candies and other sugared goodies,—for Mrs. Thomas always had more than her own bunch of babies needed.

Ah well, what mattered it if the holes in those stockings were as big at one end as the other? The poor widow's heart had been warmed and she sang sweetly a German home-song as she mended the stockings and it proved a wonderful Christmas after all by that humble fireside and a song of gratitude has been singing in grateful hearts ever since and maybe is now echoing about up younder. Maybe those generous souls are right now hearing the Master say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these."

Some grandchildren and great grandchildren may know as they read of this that there is a sure immortality for those who "visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction."

LOST VILLAGES OF EARLY CASS COUNTY

More Early History of County—Towns Laid Out, Not Developed.

(Cassopolis Vigilant.)

The opening up of a new country always brings to some men the vision of an opportunity to lay out a new town and grow wealthy from the sale of lots, and so it was in Cass county, but not all of them ever became towns, and some which did become thriving towns disappeared later and do not now appear on the maps of the county.

Some of these towns were only "paper" towns, for they never existed except on paper, being a purely speculative proposition. All that was necessary for the promoter of such a town to do was to have a piece of land surveyed and platted, and then go out—often to distant fields—and sell lots. It is claimed that in some cases they didn't even bother to have a survey made, but laid out their plat on paper and went to selling lots. Some of these towns have probably never been heard of by the present generation, hence we have selected "Lost Villages" as the subject for our historical sketch this week.

The Town of Venice

Wayne township was only five years old and but sparsely settled when, in 1836, Orlando Crane (or Craine) concluded to plat a village which he called Venice, and in order to give his village a true Venetian aspect he chose as a site a piece of land in the southwest corner of Wayne township, near the Dowagiac creek. Here he platted an imposing village of 544 lots, but it never grew into a town. Today there are six different additions to the city of Dowagiac which overlie the plat of Venice.

Charlestown

This village, the site of which was in north Volinia township, once gave promise of becoming a midwest metropolis, and was indeed a thriving village for those days, although one driving along that road today would not suspect that there was ever a village there.

Charlestown was laid out in 1836 by Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Elijah Goble, Alexander, Samuel and David Fulton, and so good were its prospects for growth that the following year they laid out an addition. Here the first store in Volinia township was opened by James Herron in 1931, Morris & Clifton opening up another store in 1837.

The daily stages between Niles and Kalamazoo passed through Charleston and added to its importance, and its tavern prospered; but alas, the Michigan Central railway passed a few miles to the north of Charleston and the village died a slow, lingering death.

Mechanicsburg

There is a school some four miles or more west of Cassopolis on the Pokagon road known as the Mechanicsburg school, but we never knew until very recently that a town was once platted there.

The founder of this village was John F. Petticrew, great grandfather of Ralph W. and James O. Hain of Cassopolis. Mr. Petticrew was a veteran of the Revolutionary war who came into LaGrenge township about 1830 or '31.

Tradition says the village was called Mechanicsburg because among the Petticrews, Hains, and possibly others, there were fourteen mechanics in that little pioneer community. The village plat made in 1835, included land where the home of Otis Lawson now stands, close to the creek. The town never grew.

Shakespeare

The village of Shakespeare, which never was a village, is probably the most outstanding case of pure speculation and dishonest advertising ever attempted in Cass county.

This town was laid out in 1836 on sections 8 and 9 in Pokagon township, on the "Long Rapids of the Dowagiac River," there being 87 blocks in the proposed city.

The promoters were a man named J. Brown and Elias B. Sherman (the latter one of the founders of Cassopolis), but Brown's advertising matter and his representations to prospective customers were so fraudulent that Sherman withdrew from the partnership.

It was proposed to run a canal from one point on the Dowagiac creek to another through Shakespeare, and copies of the plats sent to distant points to promote lot selling showed vessels lying at the wharf. Topennebee Spring, named for the old Pottawotomie chief, was represented as flowing water sufficient for a large population.

The town was never built, but a lot of people lost money on lots. Brown and a brother had promoted the "Lockport Manufacturing Co." at Three Rivers, and Sherman accepted stock in this for his part of Shakespeare, but the stock proved to be that of but another speculative venture that did not pay.

Newberg

This town was laid out in 1837 by Spencer Nicholson, and consisted of 92 lots on the bank of Lilly lake. There is no record that there was any considerable sale of lots, or that the pioneers of Newberg township ever started a town there.

Volinia-Nicholsville

There is still a village of Volinia, but it is not the village of Volinia which was laid out in 1836 by Levi Lawrence, David Hopkins, Obed Bunker and John Shaw, nor has that village been "lost" except in name, for it has had two names since those pioneers laid out the town and named it.

Volinia was laid out at the south side of sections 11 and 12, only a few miles from Charleston. The stream from Finch lake to Bunker lake afforded water power, on which Harry George built a gristmill in 1851, and this mill was later sold to Nichols Bros., from which fact the town took the name of Nicholsville.

As late as 1895 or thereabouts the postoffice name of this place was Little Prairie Ronde, but the village, now badly depleted as to population and business, is still known as Nicholsville.

Howard Rogers' history credits this town with having, in 1876, two general stores, one blacksmith shop, one cooper shop, one wagon shop, one shoe shop, one veneer and basket factory, one tannery, one gristmill, one steam sawmill, one hotel, two physicians and one law office.

THAT PARTY

Just hear the cars and racket—
What on earth is going on?
Why! Flossie gave a party
For her mother, Ida Swan.

O yes, it was her birthday,
The party a surprise,
When the crowd came stamping in,
How she did "bug" her eyes!

A good time? Well, I guess so;
There was an awful crowd,
And every other minute
Some one laughed out loud.

We played some interesting games,
And had some music, too;
And presently the hostess
Told something else to do.

You ought to then have seen the men,
Their faces filled with joy;
When Floss said, "Come and dine, my friends";
We all took part, O boy!

We hope that our friend Ida
Will have birthdays by the score;
How old She's sweet-er-s-s-h—
I won't tell any more.

I think that we're all wishing
(Who for some pleasure seek)
That Flossie'd give a party
For her mother every week.

—One Who Was There.

CHARLESTON

By F. L. K.

My Dear Arba:—

Just here I would like to digress a little from my series of sketches featuring the old settlers in and about Little Prairie, my old boyhood home.

It is still quite clear in my memory, the attempt to build up towns in Volinia township and when a little boy Nicholsville was a place of about one hundred inhabitants. It sustained two general stores, blacksmith and wagon shop, shoe shop, veneer and basket factory, cabinet shop, stave mill and cooper shop, saw mill, grist mill, tannery, hotel, saloon, two doctors, a lawyer and carpenter. The hotel had a dance hall with spring floor. Wakelee was started and Volinia, Huycktown and Charleston were bidding for favor. Will take only a little space here to mention Charleston, as it looked just a little bit lacking as I passed it the other day.

The first store in Volinia township was started by James Herron, a little distance north of where that same year, 1836, plans were made for laying out a town. In 1837 Morris & Cliffton opened a store in Charleston. That same year Richard Huyck opened a store and post office at what for some time was known as Huycktown.

Charleston was laid out by Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Alexander and Samuel Fulton and David Fenton, and platted into thirty-two lots with space for a cemetery. The cemetery is about all there is left other than the wreck of one house which when I was ten years of age, was occupied by the family of Nathan Tubbs, son-in-law of the original Samuel Morris.

That same year that Charleston was laid out, a town was started not far away to be called Volinia. This was platted by Levi Lawrence, father of Levi B. Lawrence whom we knew, David Hopkins, Obed Bunker and John Shaw and comprised fifty-five lots and a public square.

But Charleston was well promoted and seemed to be the coming urban center. It was probably named to honor Jacob Charles, father of Austin Charles, who was one of the founders.

During the forties and fifties and all prior to the completion of the Michigan Central railway, Charleston flourished with the splendor of a coming western metropolis. A line of stages passed through daily from Kalamazoo to Niles and all things indicated this as the coming city. There were three hotels all selling whiskey at three cents a shot,—I think they called it a snort, or thirty-five cents per gallon, customer to supply the jug and stopper, but really the jug was seldom corked.

Old Doctor Cogswell cured everybody if they did not get too drunk. There was a dance hall and the usual bill was $2.50 per couple, including a lap supper at midnight.

There was a good school which enrolled some seasons as high as fifty or sixty pupils. There were stores, two blacksmith shops, shoe shop, etc., and all was hurry and bustle and today not a sign of it all remains. Such is Fate.

In the fifties a line of the so-called

underground railway passed through Charleston, hustling slaves from the South by night on up into Canada, promoted largely by Quakers.

In the sixties one of the shops was run by Dean Lawrence, brother of Levi B. He had been a skilled machinist and did high grade work. I wanted a hurry-up weld and got it, but not until he had taken the time to put on a fancy polish and then you ought to have seen my old puller snatch out the stumps.

Little old one-eyed Ira Nash kept one of the stores and was genial enough to attract a good trade.

Vale, vale, Charleston; requiescat in pace.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEGRO SPIRITUALS

The Republican has a book to sell, a song book. It has taken an agency. We will tell you about it and quote one of its charming songs, and when you have read it we are sure you will want to buy the book. You will want to come in and look at it anyway,—and you will be very welcome to do so.

The book is entitled, "The Book of American Negro Spirituals." It is edited by James Weldon Johnson. It was first published in September, 1925, and is now in the sixth edition.

The book contains sixty-one songs of which this is one:

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
O swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, an' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get-a dere befo' I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Mammy in the little cottage door,
Curley headed pickaninny coming home so late,
Crying cause his little heart is sore.
All the children playing 'round
Have skins so white and fair
None of them with him will ever play.
So mammy on her lap takes her little weeping chap
And says in her kind old way,

Chorus—
Now honey you stay in your own back yard,
Don't mind what them white childs do
What show you suppose they's gwine to give
A black little coon like you?
So stay on this side of the high board fence,
And honey don't cry so hard.
Go out and play just as much as you please,
But stay in your own back yard.

All the other children as they pass old mammy's place,
Romping home from school at night or noon
Peering through the fence could see that eager little face,
Such a wistful, lonesome little coon.
But one day that little face
Was gone forever more,
God had called the little lonesome elf,
And mammy as before in her little cabin door
Sits and croons to her old black self.
Chorus—

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND LOOK"

By Frances Paul, Daughter of Fred Paul of Cass County, and Missionary in Beirut, Mt. Lebanon, Syria.

How we wish we could bring you readers and praying friends to the new location that God has given up in Beirut and let you "lift up your eyes and look."

Surely you would rejoice as we do in the beauty of these Lebanon hills that lie about the city of Beirut in a semi-circle from Jebail, across the bay to the north, where the cedars were brought down to the sea and sent to King Solomon's builders; past the historic Dog River, where ran the line of march for many an ancient conqueror; past Mt. Saneen, towering in the background waiting to gather to itself all the glories of Oriental coloring and hold them in a glow of sunset splendor; past many a hill and valley to our own Shweifat off to the south and a tawny line of sand dunes that fringes the Mediterranean in that direction from the city. And in between, a fertile valley edges this quarter of Beirut and then spreads out into a narrow plain that skirts the sea with olive and palm and all manner of fruit trees down to Saida, the Sidon of the Scripture.

It is a view that has many times turned our hearts in praise to God for the sheer joy of living in a world that He has made and with the glorious prospect of that time when "His land" shall own her King.

But there is more, much more to see than this. All up and down these mountains, nestled in valleys, clinging to their steep sides, or crowning their summits are villages. They dot its sides here and there, and sometimes they are so close together that you cannot tell where one village ends and another begin. As seen by the natural eye, they are merely little clusters of white dots that stand out in the morning light, or blur into the gray mountainside in the glare of midday, or twinkle at night as hundreds of tiny lights. But to the eye of the heart every cluster of dots means a little village with its white houses, its flat roofs, its steep narrow streets that are channels for little streams of humanity that go up and down and out and in and back and forth and never find rest and peace because they have not yet found "The Way."

There are some fifty or sixty of these villages easily discernible from our balcony, but there are over nine hundred on Mt. Lebanon.

But there is more to see, even closer at hand. The city of Beirut lies below and about us with its population of 180,000 souls. They press along its streets, they fill its markets and coffee houses, they haunt its places of pleasure, yes, they even throng its places of worship, but the burden of sin goes with them. And who will lift it? Only One can, and they do not know Him.

"But," you say, "Surely all these people are not entirely unreached by any religious message." Indeed not. It is not a "heathen" population. They are civilized, and, in general, educated. Many are cultured as the world thinks of culture, and many are wealthy. This is a country full of religions. There are Mohammedans and Druse and every branch of the Christian religion, Greek Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Maronite, Gregorian, and Nestorian. There are even Protestant sects of many shades and degrees of doctrine and organization.

False religions of all kinds ply their trade and prosepr. Fanaticsm of many varieties is busy. Modernism with its emasculated message has representatives in abundance who are willing to face the need of these thousands of souls who are bound for eternity and discuss "reasons why Mohammed is better than Christ." Of the old, old story of the Cross which has power to save through the shed blood very little is heard.

And what are we doing about it? Pitifully little, we have to confess, in comparison to the great need. We have our new work in Beirut where we are reaching into the lives of little children and planting the Word of life; we have the Sunday services for children and adults and the night school in Bible and English; we have opportunities for personal work here and there; our colporteur is distributing the Word of God both in Beirut and in the mountain; we have the work in Shweifat that continues to bring boys and girls to know Him as their Saviour and to touch them for His service.

But surely God wants more than this. We believe that God wants to enlarge the work both here and in Shweifat. We believe that if all of us (and you prayer-helpers are just as truly "on the field" as we) lift up our eyes and look at these needs in the light of eternity we shall let His love constrain us to greater things. We believe God is able to give us soon the new Bible school where we may give sound practical training to the young men and women who desire to enter His service that we may send out a trained ministry to reach their own people

We believe God is able to give us

better equipment and buildings in Shweifat where we can accommodate many more children to be won and trained for Him. Through the work here we can reach souls in this needy city. Through the work in Shweifat we can reach the needs of the mountain villages. Through the new Bible school we can train lives for both.

"Lift up your eyes and look." Look to Him who has given His all for us. Look to the fields that are white with a harvest that He died to win. Look steadfastly ahead to the victories that He has covenanted with us to bring as we trust Him.

CHURCHILL E. YOUELLS

Pioneer Citizen of Decatur and Hamilton Passed Away July 15. After Long Illness.

Churchill Eugene Youells was born near Mount Morris, New York, and came with his parents to Michigan when a small boy. They settled on the roughest and hardest farm to clear in the state and Church and his brother George helped their father clear it.

The father's health failed and George took the farm over and made it the nice level farm it is today. It is located on the west bank of Lake of the Woods and is known as the Gothe or Kakis farm.

Church always worked hard. He loved his home which he bought 38 years ago and made it a beauty spot. He was kind and indulgent in his family and loved them with an unselfish devotion. He was a kind neighbor and a good citizen, interested in all improvements in the town.

Twenty-one years ago he joined the Presbyterian church and enjoyed the men's class which he attended regularly as long as he could, and he was also a loyal member of the Knights of Pythias.

In 1889 he was married to Edith Wise, who with one dauhgter Anita he leaves to mourn,—also his little granddaughter Evelyn and an only brother Richard.

Patient and uncomplaining always, especially during his last illness which was long and trying, he is now having his first rest which we are sure is in heaven.

Funeral services were held at the home on West Sherwood street Friday afternoon, July 17, at 3:30 o'clock, Rev. L. F. Cooper officiated and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

Those from away who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Youells of Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Benson of Benton Harbor, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Benson of Berrien Center, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Richey and Camilla Keener of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Foster and Mrs. Chas. Rosevelt and Miss Mary Rosevelt of Keeler.

CHURCHILL E. YOUELLS

A Tribute Delivered at His Funeral by A. N. Moulton.

As the sun sinks beneath the horizon in the west tonight the mortal form of another worthy pioneer will rest beneath the sod. But with the rising of the sun in the morning the calm influence of that gentle, peaceful life will continue to be with us, for good never dies.

[illegible] longer and no than the span [illegible] life [illegible] was a [illegible] the ho[illegible]ns [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

for even the very best of real estate, although real estate is the most stable and safest of investments.

These lands totaling 360 acres are to be sold at public sale to the highest bidders, subject to approval by the Probate Court, to pay the obligations of the estate. It is impossible for a stranger to step into a dead man's shoes and walk in the path laid out by former owner and operator with any degree of success, and there is always a large percentage of loss in closing up any business. It is probable that if Mr. Crippin had lived, he would have made his way through this present slump and have placed this fine farm on a sound financial basis, but the grim reaper shortens our ends, and makes naught of our plans.

Mr. Crippin very nearly accomplished his ideal and ambition of being the owner and operator of a big farm.

DECATUR'S FIRST RESIDENT

Taken from the Files of the Republican of Twenty Years Ago,—June 29, 1911.

Mrs. Aaron Sweet Leaves Decatur

Mrs. Aaron Sweet paid her first visit to Decatur in 1847. There was but one house in the village and but one family living here. That was the family of Charles Tucker where she visited.

Four years later, in 1851, she came here to live, and now after 60 years she is moving away. She is going to Arco, Idaho, to make her home with her son, Willard.

A few days ago, with the reporter for the Republican as an interested listener, she went back in recollections that are golden to the very beginning of the village of Decatur.

Charles Tucker, who married a sister of Aaron Sweet, had taken a contract to furnish ties for the Michigan Central. The track was laid as far as Kalamazoo but the company had purchased and surveyed its right of way to Niles.

To fulfill his contract to the best advantage he decided to locate on the right of way and built a log house across the hollow back of the Walter Brown house at the bend in the road on East Delaware street and moved into it in 1847.

The Michigan Central railroad was built through Decatur in the summer of 1848 and reached Niles the same fall.

Charles Tucker built the first hotel here in 1848 and was the first landlord. The Sherwood boys came here from New York and boarded with him while they platted the village.

The land all belonged to the Beers and Sherwood company of New York, a wealthy company which made a business of buying and platting large tracts of new land.

They bought the land of the government at $1.25 per acre and the entire village of Decatur cost them $768.75.

Neither Beers nor Sherwood ever saw Decatur, but the latter's sons, George and William, spent some time here and were bright and capable young men.

In platting the village the boys named the street running parallel with the railroad "Sherwood" for their father. The street west of Main street was named for William and the street east of Main street for George.

In 1850 Charles Tucker took up land south of the railroad and built the house which until recently has been known as the Moulton place.

Mr. Tucker was supposed to have discovered gold on this farm and great excitment prevailed for a time throughout the community. The gold well which he dug on the farm was still there when the writer was in the imaginative age and he spent many days digging it out again. But no gold was ever found there and the gold well became one of the joking traditions of the community.

Mrs. Sweet was Orpha White before her marriage which occurred in Otsego in 1845, when she was 16. Her father settled in Allegan county that same year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweet lived in Mattawan five years and became residents of Decatur in 1851. Ten years later they bought their home property on George street of the Sherwood estate.

Aaron Sweet worked for the railroad many years as track repairer. He fought with the 19th Michigan Infantry in the Civil War. In the battle of Spring Hill, his first battle, he was captured and sent to Libby prison where he was confined two weeks. He served the village as marshal and nightwatch 18 years.

Mrs. Sweet will be 82 in October. But two people are now residents of the village of Decatur who were here when she came. Mrs. Mary McCormick was an infant but a few months old and Mrs. Viola Pardee Smith was a child 6 or 7 years old.

TWENTY YEARS LATER
(August 8, 1931.)

Mrs. Sweet remained but a short time with her son in Idaho. It was too far from home. She returned to Michigan and spent her last years in the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids. If we remember correctly she lived to be 95 years old and was buried here in Lakeside cemetery.

The Sweet home was purchased by the late Linneus Lawrence and was the Lawrence home for a number of years. It is now owned by Mrs. Helen Bradley ————.

The farm which Charles Tucker took of the government in 1850 was bought by Charles A. Moulton in 1869. The writer was born there and it was his home through a part of his boyhood years. It is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin.

Aaron Sweet in his time was one of the most conspicuous citizens of this community. He was a fearless officer in the days when fearless men were in demand.

Decatur was a wide open town and about as wild as they grew. There were six or seven saloons and they all had their following.

Aaron Sweet's job was to keep the peace and he never hesitated to go where he was needed. On one wild night he was called to stop a fight in a saloon. He was a little man but he went boldly in. One of the fighters got him down and would soon have finished him, but he wiggled his revolver out of his pocket and it was the fighter who had the funeral.

One time a crowd of little boys of whom we well remember one were trying to throw stones through a knot hole in an old barn when Marshal Sweet came along. There was a panic among the boys but no one dared to run. Gracious no! Hadn't the Marshal killed a man! He wrote down all of our names with a stub of a pencil in a memorandum book and said, "Don't ever let me catch you doing this again." He didn't.

Aaron Sweet died here in 1896 and was buried with military honors.

REMINISCENCES

(Written in 1886)

"I 'spose you've give up spinnin' " said Aunt Esther to her companion after Ethon had gone.

"Oh, yes, years ago. In the city, you know, one does not even hear of such a thing or scarcely thinks of it. I expect if I should attempt it now I should break the roll short off, instead of drawing out the thread just as I did when mother first tried to teach me how. You do not spin flax any more, do you?"

"No not for a good while. I've got several hanks of home made thread on hand yet though."

"Have you still your little wheel?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Esther, and then with one of her comfortable laughs, "I was a'most clear put out last fall. One day I happened to look out to see two girls from the Point coming in the gate. I knew them by sight, seeing them to meetings, but they never had been here and I wondered what could be fetching them here, One of them's a daughter of John Porter and his mother used to be Homer Mallory. You remember her?"

"Oh, yes," assented Miss Mahala.

"Her name's Helen," continued Aunt Esther, but of course they call her Nelly. Her mother's been dead some time and she has mostly her own way about everything. The other was a Perry girl. They haven't lived here so long. I don't know what her natural name is, but they call her Vivy. I never had taken much fancy to the ways of either of them. Well, they came along in and were real polite, and talked about the weather and things for a spell, and finally the Porter girl spoke up and said, 'Mrs. Franklin, I called to see if I could borrow your wheel.' I was surprised enough to think the girls got some sense after all. I haven't ever given her credit. But I says out loud, which one do you want?"

"I don't know as it makes any difference," said she.

"I thought to myself, Land sakes! but I didn't say anything, only asked her if they were going to spin wool or flax?"

"Neither one," she says, her face turning red and I was so beat I didn't say anything more and she hitched about, kind of uneasy half a minute and said she, 'I'm going to give an old fashioned tie party and thought if I could have a spinning wheel to stand in the parlor it would add to the interest.'

Then the other girl thought she'd try to help her along some and she said, "With a handsome bow of ribbons it would be a beautiful decoration ."

"Yes," chimed in the Porter girl, kind of taking courage again, "It would be a means of education, too."

I 'spose 'twas foolish in me but I was so kind of upset I didn't know whether to laugh or be provoked, but finally I didn't do neither one out loud and I told them there wasn't anything ornamental about either of my old wheels, and they had never been used to wearing ribbons, and I thought bows would be unduly unpopular to them. I told them, too, that spinning when I was young was work, to help make our own clothes or somebody else's and hadn't anything to do with education.

"It had though," said Cousin Mahala. "Don't you remember when you and I used to lay our books on the bench of the wheel and repeat the abreviations or the multiplication tables, or maybe the rules of syntax, as we drew out the thread?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, did they take the wheel?"

"No. I told them I didn't think I'd better let it go, and they said maybe they could get one somewhere else and went away. I don't generally mean to get out of patience with folks, especially when I think they don't know any better, but I did feel dreadfully queer about that. I went up stairs after they hed gone and took my little wheel out of the closet where I kept it and wiped the dust off it and thought about the time when mother used to spin on it, and the cloth that I had spun the filllings and warp for, before I was married and since, and that everyone of my children had worn some of, and I felt as though I had been in danger of something happening to me. Now that's the fact, the truth. I never thought before how much I sat by that old wheel."

"Tying it up with gay ribbons," said Mahala, "and putting it in a company of gay young people would have seemed to you just as it would have been—highly inappropriate."

"Yes," said Aunt Esther. "It would have been doubly unnatural."

But unused as she was to the expressions of anything like sentiment she would on no account have confessed to her cousin that her feelings had been so wrought upon that she had actually shed tears, at the threatened desecration of her treasure."

CLEARING THE LAND

HOW THE FIRST SETTLERS WORKED

By Jont. Goble

In an early day many a man with his family went out into the solid woods miles from a town or railroad and bought of the government 10 acres of land at from $1.25 to $2.50 an acre. The tax on the entire quarter section was from $2 to $4.

This man and his family started in to build a home and to clear the forest of its heavy timber, cutting out the best of it for lumber and rails for the buildings and to fence the farm.

The rough part was cut off and piled, the brush was burned when dry. Then came the logging bee. The neighbors would come for miles around to help. Sometimes 20 to 30 were on hand at sun-up and would work until sun-down, for 10 to 20 acres of timber cut in skid lengths was a considerable job.

Usually 3 men worked at the log heaps, one to handle the ox team, one to hitch the chains. Four or more went ahead to cut the logs into short lengths. Some men followed up and picked up sticks and chunks to be filled in the open places in the log piles so they would burn better.

Sometimes 2 or more crews would race to see which cleared the most land. They usually had 2 or more water boys with 3 2 gallon jugs, 2 filled with good cold water.

After all logs and rubbish were in piles, then came the burning. It took two or three weeks to burn it. Then the ox teams were hitched to an iron beam plow and gee'd around the 20 acre lot. Go ahead 1 foot! Plow fast under a root. Get it out, start a few feet further and same thing happens again.

No use to swear or get discouraged. If a root flies back and slaps your shin don't go to the house for liniment for it is all in the day's work.

It is slow hard work, but by sun down the farmer has turned over one-half an acre. After the plowing is all done he hitched onto the old A drag and wallered the ground until a seed bed was in shape. All crops were sowed by hand, cultivated by a single shovel and hand hoe.

All the farmers cared for in those days were salt pork and sundown. To keep a mortgage off he let his automobile stay in the barn. He did not buy gas or coal. He went to distant towns riding on a board seat over an old linch pin wagon; speed 2 miles per hour over roots and chuck holes; one day to go to town and one day to get back to Little Prairie Ronde.

He would put 2 bushels of wheat or corn on a horse's back and take it to St. Joe. to be made into flour or meal. Get back the next day if lucky.

Well, such is life.

1931

THE SCHOOLS OF THE PAST

And Other Reminiscences. By One of the Republican's Old Time Readers and Friends

Have read several descriptions and histories of the pioneer district schools around here in sixties, and what makeshifts they were.

Any student who could pass a 10th grade examination could teach, until 1883, when a law was passed that no one could teach but a graduate from high school, and many of our best people wanted it repealed, thought teachers did not need such high learning to teach the district schools.

How times have changed in this almost new state of Michigan since I first looked upon some of the old shabby school houses at that time, and yet some district schools are nothing to be proud of yet, but could be made pleasanter at very little expense.

Farmers have been taxed unlawfully for roads, so could not afford much for district schools, but our roads have got more improvement in the last two seasons and now hope we can get five miles to town without being stuck in mud.

The district school I attended is always fresh in my memory after being here fifty years. I've never seen a country school to compare with it. It was built by good stone masons of black rocks from a quarry near by; stones were faced and built to stand for ages. It was plastered rough like some stucco houses today, then it was white washed, looked white as snow and was slated. It had a flower garden on south side with flower beds laid out and planted by a landscape gardener and was full of beautiful flowers, with showers and sunshine to make them bloom from March, when snow drops and daffodils came until the last of September when dahlias and autumn flowers ended the season.

This garden was enclosed by a white wall built to match the school house. It was capped with large rocks so no one wanted to climb over and there was an iron gate painted green, locked after school hours.

It was well furnished and seated to accommodate over one hundred pupils; had large maps, one of the world, Ireland, Europe, England and Scotland, a large book case, teacher's desk and a large table painted mohogany color, where Mrs. Taggart sat and called the different classes to the chalk line.

We had to toe the mark and recite our lessons, or read or point out what she called for if it was Geography review on some of the maps I spoke of, or perhaps working problems on our slates. Pupils who were right went up and failures went down. We worked hard to stand at the head of the class and if anyone could stay there two weeks, he got a prize.

Teachers always had a good supply of text books so children could always have one at little cost. We got all our books this way. They were furnished by government at cost. We would get a book for twenty-five cents that would cost $1.50 bought here now.

We had a fireplace on west end and stove on east; had pictures of most all kinds of wild animals hung around the room up next to the ceiling like a border on wall paper (government sent them). Life was good in those days.

1931

TEACHERS ELECTED FOR NEXT YEAR

School Board Selects All but Four of The Instructors Needed for New System

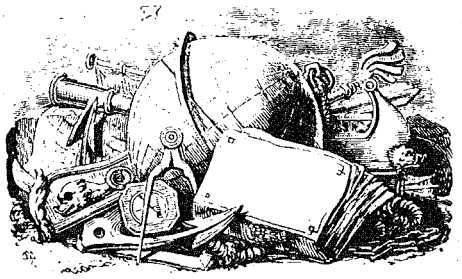
All but four of the new teachers to have charge of the Decatur schools next year have been elected by the school board. Weekly meetings of the board are being held and it is expected that the ones not yet selected will be chosen before the close of the present school year.

A number of the teachers of the present year will not return to the schools next season, some going to other places to teach, and others having decided to complete their education at college. Those who have been elected by the board to date are:

Kindergarten — Mrs. LeGrand Hammond
First Grade — Mrs. Belle Smith of Athens
Second Grade— Mrs. H. Morehead of Athens
Third Grade — Miss Anita Youell
Fourth Grade — Miss Fern Geer
Fifth Grade — Miss Johnson of Allegan
Sixth Grade — Miss DeHaas
Jr. High Sch. — Mrs. S.N. Eckenberger
High School
Superintendent — E.R. Washburn, Science
Principal — Miss Bessie DeVine, Mathematics
Music — Mrs. Aileen Van Buskirk Bennett
Domestic Science and Art — Miss Koch of Ann Arbor

Teachers have not been elected to have charge of English work and languages in the high school and one more instructor is needed for the Junior high school as well as for the manual training department.

1931



Decatur Public Schools

1932 - - 1933

Opening Date - - Tuesday, September 6

TUITION FOR NON-RESIDENT PUPILS

The rate of tuition for non-residents in the High School will be $75. Tuition must be paid before the completion of the first four weeks of school in each semester.

F. E. DODGE, Superintendent;
E. E. COPLEY,
Secretary of Board of Education.

HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

F. E. Dodge, A. B.....Superintendent
H. H. Houseman, A.B....Prin, High School
E. R. Washburn, B. S.....Science
Clark Muma, B. S.....History and Coach
Marjorie Spaulding,A.B..Latin and English
Florence Lindsley, A. B.....Commerce
Alberts Peets, A. B.....Mathematics
Wilma Kinney, B. S.....Home Economics
Jessie Savage, Life.....Jr. High
..... Music

GRADE TEACHERS

Chapin McAllister.....Prin. and 6th Grade
Marian Derby, A. B. .....5th Grade
Ruth Pollock .....4th Grade
Mae Wileye .....3rd Grade
Ina Busiek .....2nd Grade
Ursla Kunzi .....1st Garde

FOREWARD

By steady improvement in housing, faculty, and curriculum over the long period of their existence the Decatur Public Schools are on a par with the best high schools of the state and nation. This has been recognized by the University in giving us three year accrediting without inspection, and by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in acepting our membership for the same period. Our graduates have done much toward gaining us this recognition because of the high type of their college scholarship and citizenship.

Many of our graduates hold positions of trust and importance. All who have had contact with our system have been helped. Its policy has always been to give to every student those things which would help him most in his adult life.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Decatur Public Schools are intended first to meet the wants of Decatur and vicinity and also to act as a preparatory school for advanced work. Our standards meet the requirements of the University of Michigan and North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools; the school is on the three year accredited list. Graduates of our school are admitted to these institutions without examinaion.

The work in the primary grades is based on reading and then broadens to include English, Mathematics, Science and History as the more advanced grades are reached. Pupils are promoted when the work is satisfactorily completed or put back into the preceding grade when the work proves beyond the capabilities of the pupil.

In the high school certain subjects are required while others are elective and all students should make sure that they have taken care of their required subjects. If there is any question be sure to clear it up at the beginning of the year.

No student will be recommended for entrance to higher institutions the major part of whose work in the high school has not been good and who has not acquired such habit of study as will warrant such recommendation.

No high school student will be allowed to take fewer than four subjects nor more than four without special permission of the superintendent. Special cases will be considered.

County eighth grade graduates are urged to attend the Decatur High School. No greater advantages are offered by any high school of equal size in the state of Michigan. With our up-to-date equipment and the backing of the University of Michigan we are able to give you the very best.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Hendryk Buytendorp will return to Decatur to take charge of the High School Orchestra. He will be at the school house next Tuesday and asks members of the orchestra to be at the music room at 11 o'clock in the morning.

ADVANTAGES IN ATTENDING DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL

1—It has rating the equal of any high school in the North Central States, excepting none.

2—It is University accredited for three years.

3—It is North Central accredited for three years.

4—It offers complete courses in Home Economics and Commerce.

5—It offers four years of Science.

6—It offers four years of Mathematics including Trigonometry and Solid Geometry.

7—It has superior library facilities.

8—It offers full program of sports.

9—All subjects are taught by experienced

ADMISSION

Pupils entering the school for the first time will be assigned to such grades as their attainments seem to warrant. Pupils holding eighth grade diplomas from the rural schools will be admitted to the ninth grade. Such students may enroll with Principal Houseman on Saturday, Sept. 3, in the Office.

ATTENDANCE

It is very desirable that pupils enter at the beginning of the year. The importance of regular and punctual attendance cannot be over-estimated. An analysis of the causes of pupil failure shows that by far the greatest number fail because of irregular attendance. A written statement of the cause will be required of pupils for every case of tardiness and this statement must be signed by the pupil's parents or guardian.

EQUIPMENT

The Decatur Schools have a thoroughly up-to-date library of several thousand volumes. The laboratories are adequately equipped with modern apparatus to illustrate the essential principles of physics, chemistry and biology. Organized courses are given in both Home Economics and Commercial Work.

EXAMINATIONS

All students are required to take semester finals.

DIPLOMAS OF GRADUATION

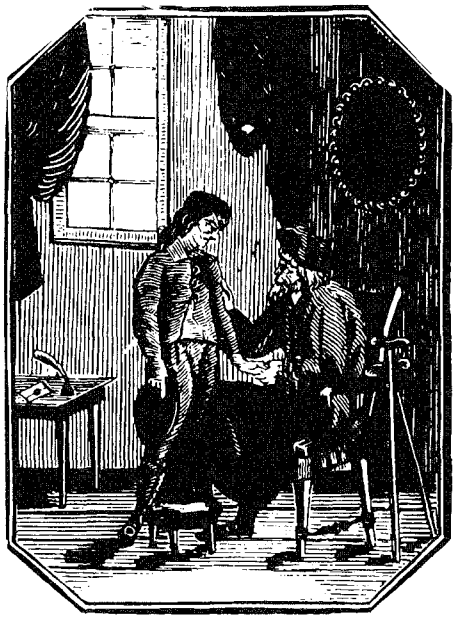
Diplomas of graduation will be granted those who have completed 16 full credits of work, including the following: 3 years English, 2 years Mathematics (Algebra and Geometry), 1 year Laboratory Science, and 1 year History (U. S. History). Those expecting to earn a Bachelor's Degree in college must have in addition to the above two years Latin and three other academic units.

However, any student wishing work materially different from the above may have a special two or four year course worked out to fit his needs. Note: A course differing materially from the above would not admit to college without condition.

COURSES OF STUDY

Jr. High—7th Grade—

History .. ..5 hrs. per week
Geography .. ..5 hrs. per week
Arithmetic .. ..5 hrs. per week
English .. ..5 hrs. per week
Writing .. ..2 hrs. per week
Literature .. ..2 hrs. per week



ALONZO M. LYLE

ALONZO MARSHALL LYLE
1846 — 1932

Alonzo Marshall Lyle, son of William and Nancy Labadie Lyle, was born in Paw Paw township on September 12, 1846.

On October 25, 1867, he was united in marriage to Mary Gates of East Decatur.

To this union were born two sons, William G. and Fred C. Lyle. His wife preceded him in death, passing away June 1, 1898.

He was the oldest of six children, all of whom have passed on with the exception of one brother. George M. Lyle of Chicago.

Mr. Lyle spent practically his entire life in and about Decatur, having been born on what is now known as the Robert Vincent farm, and at the time of his marriage settling in the old home across from the house in which he spent his last days.

He leaves to mourn his passing his two sons, one brother, eight grand children, nine great grand children, two aged aunts, the Misses Ellen and Marry Labadie, besides many other relatives and friends.

Mr. Lyle was not only a good farmer, but he was for many years a well known stock buyer of this community. He was fair in his dealings with others and always friendly. He belonged to one of the best families in this county, and was truly an outstanding pioneer citizen.

The work of the stock buyer has changed from what it was when Mr. Lyle began buying some sixty years ago. Now the stock is brought to Decatur in trucks and the delivery is swift and easy.

The pioneer buyers went out after the stock, bought it at the farm, and drove it to the yards in Decatur.

Payment was made in currency, instead of check. We of the present generation hardly realize how easy it is to do business now and what a convenience the banks have become to the public.

A.M. Lyle bought for a number of years with George Arnold, who died some forty years ago. They would take long trips into the country with the horse and buggy and leading the two ponies so well known around Decatur in those days. Will Lyle, who was then a small boy, often accompanied them and when the stock was bought he and George would mount the ponies and drive it to Decatur. Practically all the stock was driven to the local market over the highway, no matter how long the distance to be covered.

One time the three took a trip up into Allegan County and came to a place where there was stock for sale. They bought the stock and then asked to stay all night. There were several rough looking men in the family, and as they talked among themselves the buyers became suspicious that the men were planning to rob them.

The buyers were told that they could sleep on the hay in the barn, and the offer was accepted. Lon had about one thousand dollars in currency and a revolver in his pocket.

When they went to the barn to sleep he told the strangers that the first man who showed himself at the barn door before morning would get a bullet. The two men took turns in watching all night and they were not disturbed.

The Indians roamed the country when Alonzo Lyle was a boy, and he frequently played with the Indian children. They would camp for weeks on the Maguire farm, and pick huckleberries.

When we think that he was born before the Michigan Central Railroad was built, and before the village of Decatur came into existance, we realize that this country is still young. But there are few, if any, left who, like Lon Lyle, saw this community develop from the wilderness.

Mr. Lyle passed away at the home of his son Will on the first day of February.

Services were held at the home the following Wednesday, Rev. James R. Uhlinger officiating, and burial followed in the Cuddeback Cemetery.

Among those who attended the funeral were Fred C. Lyle of South Bend, Mr. & Mrs. George M. Lyle and Mr. & Mrs. Ed. Melone, Mr. & Mrs. W.A. Stewart of Chicago, Mr. & Mrs. Marshall Graham and Mr. & Mrs. Ed. Weddell of Kalamazoo.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the kind neighbors and friends who came to our assistance during the sad hours of the death, and burial, of Alonzo Lyle.

Mr. & Mrs. W.G. Lyle and family
Fred C. Lyle
Mr. & Mrs. W.G. Lyle

DECATUR'S OLDEST RESIDENT

Mrs. Clara Gould Born Here in '61. Her Father Was Calvin Lee, a Veteran of the Civil War.

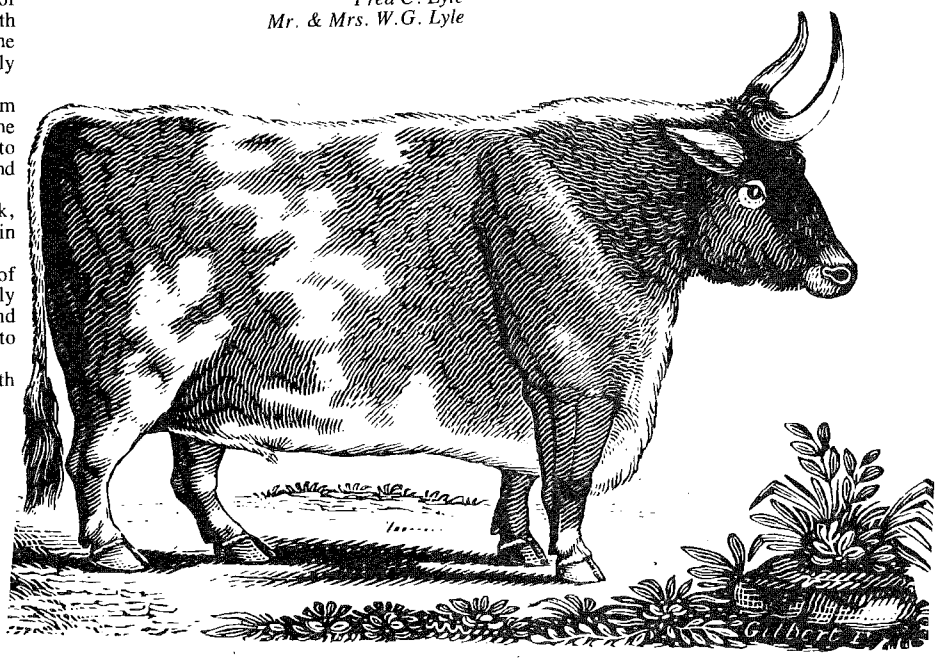
In renewing her subscription last week Mrs. Clara Gould said she couldn't get along without the Republican and she enjoyed reading the mistakes in it.

Jont. Goble, however, was responsible for the mistake she referred to. It was about the death of Joe Pierson back in '69. Mrs. Gould was eight years old then and remembers the incident well. Her father was Calvin Lee and her home was on East St. Mary's street in the little house between the Chevy garage and the First Reformed church.

The long funeral procession came over the Old Swamp road and George to St. Mary's street, west on St. Mary's street to Phelps street and thence to Lakeside cemetery. The little eight year old girl watched it go past her home and turn at the corner and the sight of it has never faded from her memory.

Mrs. Gould says that Joe Pierson was not killed in the Doolittle saloon on the corner but in a saloon in the basement of the Chadwick building in which Gale's hardware store is now located.

Mrs. Gould breaks the record so far recorded of the oldest living resident of Decatur. She was born in a cabin at the bend in the road just a mile north of the village and it will be 71 years ago in September. Her father was a veteran of the Civil War.



ters, Mrs. Camilla Gorman and Miss Gertrude Yeckley of Aurora, Ill.

Funeral services were held at the home Thursday, April 26, at three o'clock. It was a rainy day, but just before the beginning of the service the air cleared and remained so until after the burial.

Rev. L. F. Cooper gave the Episcopal service which was inspiring and helpful to the sorrowing friends who completely filled the house. The floral tributes were many and exceptionally beautiful.

Among those present from away were Mrs. Camilla Gorman and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gorman of Aurora, Mrs. Lillian Smith Yeckley of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Shults and John Stephenson of Battle Creek, and Mr. Mrs. Harry Lurkins of St. Joe. Two representatives of the Order of Railway Conductors of Jackson called to express their sympathy the day before. They were W. B. Ellsworth and C. L. Goodrich.

The burial was in the family lot in Lakeside cemetery.

Bought a Tramp's Memoirs

The audacity and wit of the American tramp are proverbial. A country house received a call from one of these species. He was dirty, unkempt and unmistakably a tramp. He also bore signs of strong drink and general worthlessness.

The one touch of "class" to his appearance was a fresh linen clerical collar which had been lifted from a nearby clothesline.

Madam, he said, I am a missionary but recently returned from long years of service in China. For the sake of health and relaxation I am renewing my acquaintance with nature and my native land in this uncenventional manner. To help pay my way I am selling for the mere nominal price of 15 cents this record of my experiences.

The fellow made his speech with a look in his eyes that showed he enjoyed the game.

The volume was a dirty castaway rescued from an ash barrel, but still "The Life of Rev. So and So, Many Years Missionary in the Far East."

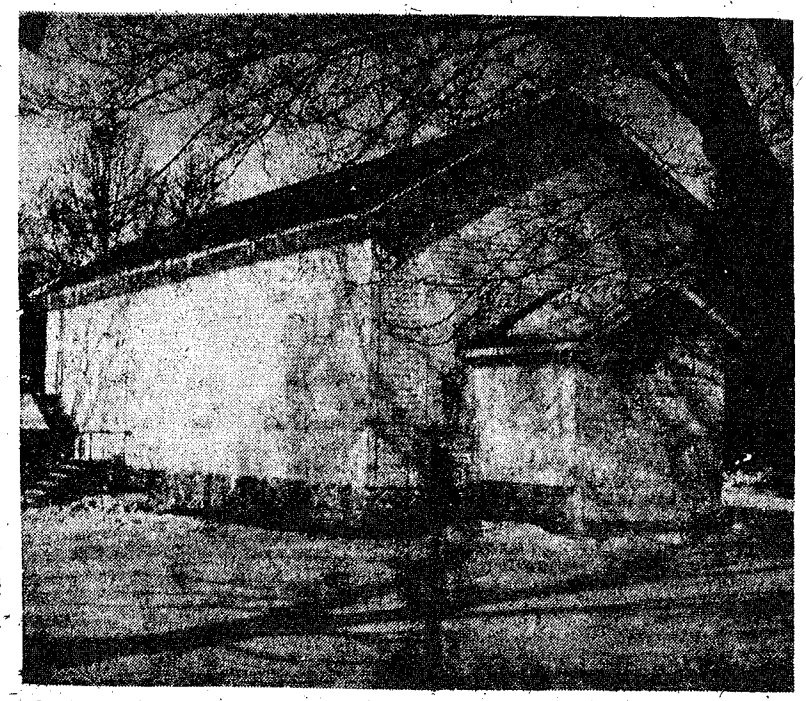
Dear, dear, said one of the ladies. Haven't you a clean copy?

Madam, there are others, but they are with my baggage, and they are 25 cents a copy, he added. This is the popular edition.

One of the company, charmed with the impudence of the scalawag, went in to get the change. Then he took the money, waved his dismantled derby and went along the highway.

The incident was happily closed by the purchase of the "Life" of the departed reading aloud the opening lines of the precious narrative: "I was born of humble parentage in the town of Glastonbury, Conn., March 18, 1792.

Hamilton Grange Marks 95th Year



ONCE LARGEST Grange in Michigan, the Hamilton Grange will be 95 years old on March 24th. While the National Grange observed its 100th anniversary last year, the following article is now being reprinted from the Republican files by request of some of the older Grange members. The picture above is how the hall looks today and the smaller photo is now it was in 1914.

AT HAMILTON GRANGE

Fine Program Presented by Mrs. Howell's Class at Open Meeting Last Saturday Evening.

Mrs. Howell's class in elecution gave a diversified and very pleasing program of entertainment at Hamilton Grange hall last Saturday evening, July 2, 1932.

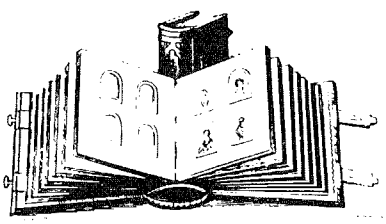
Mrs. Howell's work of a few short months with these young people shows able and conscientious training on her part and a ready adaptability on that of her pupils. The parts were assigned to fit and were executed indeed.

Julia Davies, a home town girl, delighted us with her ease and grace. Harriet Gillesby, also of Hamilton, gave piano solos in her usual, happy and talented manner. The piano solos by Leone Lewis, Dowagiac's blossom queen (who is also a piano queen) added pleasure to the program.

Mrs. Howel has a fine way with the children and they love to do for her. She did not appear on the program but gave us the promise of doing something personally at some future time. Following is the program as presented,—

Music by Grange.
Introduction of the Class—Julia Davies.
"The Land Where Hate Shall Die"—Julia Davies.
Reading—Evelyn Coats—"Did You Ever Stub Your Toe"; "Two Little Girls I Know"; "A Mortifying Mistake."
"Seeing Things"—Janice Smith.
Piano Solos—Miss Leone Lewis.
"To Bed in Summer"—Doris May McKenzie.
Reading—Albert Howell.
Piano Solo—Miss Harriet Gillesby.
Monologue — "Suberbinites," Martha Lamreaux.
Darbie and Joan "Playlet"—Margaret Jamar, Betty Wooster and Barbara Fickinger.
"The One Who Won't Be There"—Impersonation—Julia Davies.
Pantomime—Betty Wooster, Barbara Fickinger, Janice Smith, Margaret Jamar and Evelyn Coats.
Acid Test—Martha Lamreaux and Julia Davies.
Home Again—Margaret Jamar and Doris Mary McKenzie.
Flag Salute—By Class.

Miss Ida Osborn, manager of the Wolverine Nursery, furnished very pretty bouquets of flowers.



Jay Lyle Home Wins on Many Points

By Ila A. Leonard in the Michigan Farmer.

What constitutes a good farm home? The fact that no two of our thousands of good farm homes out in the state are built just exactly alike is proof that such a question has many possible answers. When it comes to building a home there is ample opportunity to express one's individuality as well as one's ingenuity. But in each of these thousands of good Michigan farm homes there are certain characteristics comomn to all.

These certain characteristics are the basis of the requirements of an approved farm home and around which a better farm home project is planned and sponsored by the Michigan State College and the Michigan Farmer co-operatively. The purpose of this project is to make available to our readers, who are planning to build a new farm home, or to remodel their old one, convenient plans of homes that farm folks are living in and that they are finding comfortable, convenient, satisfactory, as well as attracive. Anyone who is planning to build or remodel their farm homes or landscape their lawns can visit one of the approved farm homes of the type and size that meets their requirements and determine for themselves whether or not it would suit their individual requirements.

The latest home to be designated as an approved Michigan farm home is that of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lyle located in the eastern part of Van Buren county. Comfortably set back from the road and framed by lovely old native and orchard trees, this home is certain to attract a second lingering glance from a passing motorist. Surrounded as it is with an apple orchard, the shade of which extends on to the well trimmed lawns, and with a dignified row of majestic maples by the roadside, thoughtfully planted by some early pioneer, it welcomes one to loiter in its cool shade and to enjoy its quiet dignity and enduring restfulness and hospitality.

The Lyles thoroughly appreciate the value of recreation on the farm, having inconspicuously utilized their extensive lawns for a nine-hole miniature golf putting course.

One of the unusual features of this eight-room house built on a foundation thirty by forty feet is that it is arranged for two bedrooms downstairs with a roomy closet connecting each. This saves many steps climbing upstairs in this family for all rooms used regularly are on the first floor.

The spacious living room from which one enjoys a beautiful vista to the east and west and north is a cozy companionable room. This beauty of the central hallway is enhanced by the open staircase but its convenience in making each room easily accessible to the other rooms is a practical feature not to be overlooked by prospective builders. The large screened porch across the front of the house the Lyles have found to be one of the most usable and restful features of their home plan.

Work in the kitchen is made as easy as possible by the careful arrangement of well selected equipment. The wide built-in cupboards and sink under one window from which Mrs. Lyle enjoys a direct view of the orchards, is a convenient place to work. The home is equipped with electricity and Mrs. Lyle makes good use of this power in her kitchen, utilizing it to do her cooking by means of an electric range, to run the refrigerator, the washing machine, the vacuum and other smaller pieces of equipment. The first floor also provides a semi-bath and washroom that is particularly convenient for the men folks.

Upstairs the three spacious bed rooms open off a central hallway and each is connected with roomy closets that the semi-bungalow type house always provides. On this floor there is a complete room and a spacious linen cupboard.

The Lyles are keenly interested in the activities of their community organizations and church, where they have farmed over thirty years and enjoy sharing the conveniences and beauty of their attractive farm home with their neighbors and friends.

THE MISTAKE WAS OURS

I wish to correct Mr.Stewart's statement that I. B. Higgins ran a grocery, store on the corner occupied by Mr. Brigham. It was on the corner where Mosier's is now located. Mr. Shockley clerked for him, also for Higgins and Squier and for Al. Stevenson in the same building.

It was in the sixties. When one of the big fires occurred Mrs. Shockley rushed down to the store to see if she could be of any assistance. The door was locked, for Mr. Higgins was removing the money from the till, but when he saw who it was he was only too glad to let her in.

It seems there was a pump in the back room, but it was frozen. Higgins said he would go up stairs to Burnett's barber shop and get some hot water to thaw it out. There it was 2 o'clock in the morning and in the winter. She asked him where the salt barrel was and it wasn't long before she had it thawed. She stood and worked pumping water until she thought she would drop in her tracks, no man offering to relieve her.

Then Decatur had no organized fire company, the difference between then and now, but the citizens turned out with their pails and carried the water.

I distinctly remember when the Duncombe house was moved to the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets, but don't recall the year. Before it was moved a free bus was run from the hotel to the trains.

P. G. was the hostler. What his real name was guess no one knows. I remember when he and Eph Botsford had the small pox. Both died of the disease.

Mr. Shockley took care of P. G. in a pest house in the grubs toward the lake. Only a few years ago the house was used as a barn to a house on St. Mary's street.

Who remembers when James Shockley had a grocery store on Phelps street; also a furniture store on Sherwood street. The latter he sold to W. H. Clark.

Dell Kurtz clerked in the grocery and Jerry Johnson assisted in the furniture store.

Elma Shockley Bagley.

THE P. T. A. WAKES UP

Taking in New Members as Fast as They Apply. The Limit Is Off. Everybody Can Join.

The P. T. A. is waking up. Mrs. Raymond Gale, who was elected president last spring, felt that she could not serve and no one was elected in her place. So the P. T. A. languished for a time.

Last week the other officers met and unanimously elected Mrs. Lewis Graham to the position and from now on there will be something doing in that generally active organization.

The question has been asked, who is eligible to membership in the P. T. A. and here is the answer:—

Everybody who lives in Decatur, who ever did live in Decatur and who ever expects to live in Decatur is eligible to membership.

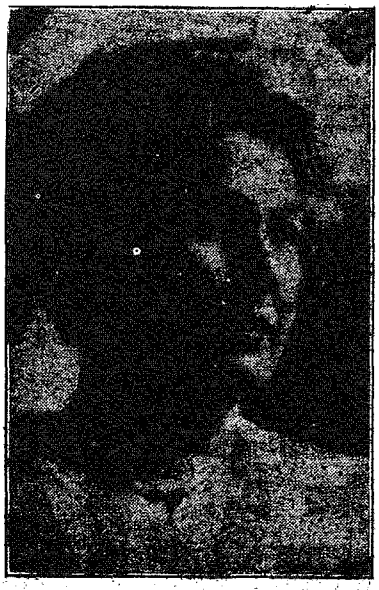
Parents of children, whether under, at, or over school age are eligible. Parents who haven't any children nor never did have any are eligible. Grandparents and great grandparents and aunts and uncles are eligible, and taxpayers and non taxpayers are all eligible.

The admission to membership is as free as the air and the qualifications are simply nothing at all. The educational accomplishments of the members will not be exposed.

Now, knowing the cost is nothing and the requirements are nothing, you are expected to join, and help to make the P. T. A. an avenue for much good work the coming winter.

There will be some worthwhile entertainment and perhaps an opportunity or two to contribute something to a worthy cause. Things are already being thought out by the officers who are working without salaries, and the Republican will keep you informed of the good things in store for its members.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER



Mrs. Mary Rose

Immortalized in literature, held dear in the hearts of those who felt kindly ministering of his helping hand, counsellor of the rich and poor, defender of the weak, father-confessor to young and old—the country doctor is but a fictional character to the younger generation. But to those who recall the days before the automobile, paved roads and the telephone, the pioneer country doctor was the one friend to whom the entire community turned in times of trouble.

To read of the hardships and sacrifices of these resourceful doctors is to bring a throb to the hearts of even the younger generation. Too often the story seems no part of our own community life; however, recently we have laid to rest the beloved wife of one of our pioneer physicians—one who himself might have stepped forth from the pages of Ian McLaren's "A Country Doctor."

The passing of Mrs. Mary Ellen Rose, wife of Dr. G. L. Rose, brings to the memory of the older residents the devotion to duty, the inescapable hardships and the loving grace of the country doctor back in the 80's. For more than thirty-five years Dr. Rose served our people before he stabled his team for the last time and passed on to a well-earned rest.

During these years of his faithful guardianship over the health and happiness of the community, his wife was a bulwark of strength to him. She was typical of those sturdy pioneers—the doctor's wife. It was she who waited through the long hours of the night for his return, cold and hungry from a hard ride over frozen roads, to prepare his warm supper and to hear of the new life brought to light that day and of the relief given to sufferers. It was her kind and gentle voice that allayed the fear of the late caller who found the doctor out and gave assurance that the doctor would come to the sick bed on his return regardless of the hour. She shared his burdens and worries and imparted to him the strength and courage necessary to carry on.

Long watch throughout the night, interrupted sleep, the very burden of the community were all extra duties for the wife of he country doctor. These could not interfere with the household routine of cleaning, cooking and mending, and getting her children away to school. Her duties as wife of the doctor were community duties and as such she contributed untold benefits to every citizen.

In the passing of Mrs. Rose there is more than the loss of a beloved friend—we have lost a symbol of those pioneer days when the joys, sorrows and troubles of the whole community were laid at the feet of the country doctor. The country doctor could accept his burden with a smile because of his loyal, kindly, helpful wife.

PASSING OF MRS. MARY ROSE

She Was the Widow of the Late Dr. G. L. Rose and Lived Many Years in Decatur. Died at Home of Her Son in New York City Last Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Rose, widow of the late Dr. G. L. Rose of Decatur, passed away at the home of her son Max in New York City last Saturday morning, September 3. Her age was 78 years, 1 month and 13 days.

She had been ill about a week but her mind remained clear and she was comfortable and cheerful till the evening before her death. Her son, Dr. Dalton Rose, arrived from St. Louis, Mo., Thursday and she was able to greatly enjoy the visit with him. The cause of death was heart ailment and the infirmities of age.

The body was brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rawson in Decatur Monday morning and funeral services were held there at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

George B. Rogers of Kalamazoo, who once served as pastor of the Universalist church of Decatur, paid a fine tribute to her character and brought out the thought that she had not died but had gone on to another and better life.

The house was filled with old friends from Decatur and elsewhere. The rich metal casket was surrounded and covered with beautiful flowers. The pall bearers were Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney of Chicago, Dr. J. C. Maxwell of Paw Paw, Dr. Ward Collins of Kalamazoo, Drs. J. E. Maxwell and W. P. Bope of Decatur and F. C. Stapleton of Hartford.

Burial was in the family lot in Lakeside cemetery.

Mary Ellen Kelly was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 21, 1854. She was the youngest of four children, and the sole survivor.

She met Dr. G. L. Rose while he was a medical student in the Cincinnati College of Physicians and Surgeons. The Doctor graduated from the college, opened an office in Decatur and practiced a year, then returned to the Ohio city for his bride.

They were married in 1873 and began housekeeping in a small house on West Delaware street. They had nothing to begin on,—only the optimistic outlook of youth and the Doctor's well placed confidence in his ability to succeed.

He became a typical country doctor of the pioneer days and far above the average. He never spared himself but answered the calls that came to him, night or day, in fair or stormy weather.

Few realize the hardships the country doctor endured in those early days. The roads were poor and sometimes in winter almost impassable and the horse and buggy were slow beside the swift moving cars of the present generation.

Dr. Rose's calls took him far into the country and often kept him out till far into the night. Mrs. Rose, most faithful companion, was always up waiting for him and her keen hearing detected the first faint clatter of the hoofs of the Doctor's lively team on the highway. When he came in there was warmth and nourishment and rest to brace him for other calls to come.

Dr. and Mrs. Rose were parents of two sons, Max and Dalton, in whom they took great pride and both have become highly successful men. Max is an official of the American Radiator Company of New York and Dalton is one of the leading surgeons of St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Rose passed away in Decatur January 5, 1907, and for the past ten years Mrs. Rose has lived with her son Max in Buffalo and New York City. During these last years her memory has constantly reverted to the old home in Decatur where she lived for 45 years, where her children were born and she passed the happiest years of her life.

PROF. T. W. CONWAY DIES AT RATON, N.M.

Was a Noted Educator of the Southwest, a Boyhood Resident of Decatur, and Graduate of the Decatur High School.

Thomas W. Conway was a son of Thomas Conway, one of the leading pioneer residents of Hamilton township. He spent his boyhood in this community, attended the Decatur High school and graduated in the class of 1877.

There were twelve in his class, ten girls and two boys. His classmates still living are Sarah Lumbard Smith, Amelia Smith Keables, Edith Wise Youells, Ida Lurkins Yeckley and Sumner J. Sherrod.

Mr. Conway was the second of four children and the first to pass away. His two sisters are Mrs. M. J. Hackett of Dowagiac and Mrs. C. B. Hackett of Jackson. His brother is Austin Conway of Hamilton.

The following notice of his death is taken from the Raton Range of Monday, November 21. It was sent the Republican by Dr. Thomas B. Lyon, also a former resident of this village. The Range is Northern New Mexico's only daily newspaper.

Thomas William Conway, widely-known educator and pioneer superintendent of Raton, was buried this afternoon in Fairmont cemetery. He passed away Saturday afternoon at the age of 77 years.

Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church of which he was a faithful member. Rev. Roger Brown conducted the service.

Mr. Conway was born May 11, 1855, in Genesco, N. Y., and at an early age moved with his parents to their forest homestead near Decatur in southern Michigan.

After graduating from the Decatur High school, he attended and graduated from the State Agricultural College at Lansing, Mich. Entering Ann Arbor, he spent one year studying for law, but was compelled to give up active school work for a time because of an illness.

The succeeding several months were spent as a private in the regular forces of the U. S. army and he was sent to Florida during the Seminole Indian disturbances. Going to the state of Kansas in 1878, he entered the state normal school at Emporia, securing his professional degree that following spring.

Choosing public school work as his profession, he entered the educational field as a leader and continued active work for a period of more than 50 years, until failing eye-sight compelled him to retire in 1927.

In addition to his school work as a rural school teacher while a young man, Mr. Conway held a number of important school positions, among them being the following:

School superintendencies at Independence, Kans., for 10 years; Pawnee Indian schools for 3 years; Arkansas City, Kans., for 6 years; Sterling, Kans., for 4 years; Raton for 8 years; Carrizozo for 2 years; Tularosa for 3 years.

Eighteen years of service were given to school work in New Mexico, one year of which was as secretary of the New Mexico Educational association.

For six years he was president of the Northwestern Normal school at Alva, Okla., a tenure immediately preceding his coming to Raton. During his eight years as superintendent here in Raton, Mr. Conway made a host of warm personal friends who remember him as an educational leader of great ability.

He served for several years as a member of the territorial and state boards of education; organized and conducted Shakespeare and Browning study clubs, by which he will be remembered by many teachers and old friends in Raton.

Mr. Conway was an active force in the building of Raton's high school in 1914 and was sought on diverse occasions as a toastmaster, public speaker and lecturer.

He was president of the School Master's Club of the state at one time and for a period of more than 40 years conducted from one to four institutes for teachers throughout Kansas and New Mexico, where his contacts with the teaching fraternity were legion.

During his educational service, Mr. Conway missed but few years in attending either the National Educational meetings or the annual national session of school superintendents.

Mr. Conway was a great reader and possessed at one time a finely selected library of more than 3500 books, the larger portion of which have been given in recent years to school libraries where he has taught.

His residue of books, comprising about 800 well-selected books on history and literature will be placed in the Raton public library as a memorial for the service of the people of the city which he loved so well.

Mr. Conway was an active church worker since early manhood and was a member and elder in the First Presbyterian church of Raton. During the first half of his long, active life, he devoted a great amount of time to work in Masonic and Odd Fellows lodge work. He was Master of his Masonic lodge in Independence, Kans., for two years; a Past High Priest in the Order of Royal Ach Masons; and an acting commander in the Order of Knights Templar.

A DECATUR BARBER 48 YEARS

Thomas Bass Celebrated His 73rd Birthday May 1 and Is Getting Into the Class of the Oldest Old Timers.

Thomas Bass, one of Decatur's two veteran barbers, celebrated his 73rd birthday the first of May.

He has been a barber in Decatur since 1884, but he learned the trade in Richmond, Indiana, where he lived 13 years. He was born in Raleigh, the captital of North Carolina.

He came out to Decatur with his brother-in-law, Alex. Shaffer, who was looking for a farm. Alex rented a farm near Lawrence and Tom went to work for old Aaron Burnett. He liked Michigan so well that he never went back to the Richmond home. One reason for his liking it was the meeting of Emma Hamilton who was employed in the family of Austin Charles. They were married in 1885 and celebrated their 47th wedding anniversary April 8. Rev. Robert Queen, a well remembered Universalist pastor of Decatur, married them.

In 1886 Tom bought of Aaron Burnett the shop which was located over the Frank Potts grocery store and moved it into the Duncombe House.

In 1893 Tom went to work for Frank Stapleton. The latter sold to Harry Tompkins in 1910 and Tom stayed with the shop. He was in that shop 35 years. Four years ago he again went into a shop of his own in the Brigham building where he can now be found.

The years rest lightly upon him. He is at his work every day, from early morning till closing time at night and he enjoys a good trade. Like all good barbers he knows all about the big league ball players, the champion prize-fighters and the country's foremost race horses, and he will not hesitate if you ask him to pick the winners.

The Thomas Bass barber shop is located in the Brigham building at the corner of Main and Sherwood streets and is known as the Park View Shop. Frank Brewer is his capable assistant.

THE CANNON IN THE PARK

A History of the Town Ornament Taken from the Files of the Republican of 35 Years Ago.

The cannon in the Decatur Railroad park does not look much like a terribly destructive weapon, but in its day it was one of the best.

It was presented to the United States by the U. S. Government and arrived here from the Brooklyn Navy Yards November 6, 1896. It was placed in its present position the following spring.

A. B. Copley carried on the correspondence which resulted in the gift from the government and he raised the money, $188.63, required for paying the freight on it and properly mounting it in the park.

In the Decatur Republican of June 3, 1897, is the following description of the cannon:

This cannon is a 100 pounder Parrott rifled gun weighing 9,792 pounds, the carriage and mountings 6,208 pounds and 100 balls, 13,000 total weight, 29,090 pounds.

It was cast and fitted at the west point foundry at Coldspring, N. Y., by the inventor, Robert Parker Parrott, superintendent of the works, and was shipped with five others to Boston or New York, presumbably the latter place, on November 28, 1862, and was placed ,on the steamer Quaker City, August, 1863.

This vessel was a side while steamer of 1,600 tons, chartered in March and purchased by the government in August, 1861. The gun in question, No. 12, was placed on her in August, 1863, and remained till the close of the war. She served principally in the Atlantic blockading squadrons during the war, going to the western gulf blockading in 1865.

The principal engagements in which she took part while this 100 pounder was on board were the two attacks on Fort Fisher, December 24 and 25, 1864. On the 25th of June, 1864, she captured forty bales of cotton, on the 5th of September she assisted in the capture of the steamer Elsie, a blockade runner; on the 12th of March, 1865, she captured the schooner R. H. Vermilyea; on the 16th of March, 1865, she captured the sloop Telmico; on the 17th of March, 1865, she captured the schooner General Burkhart; on the 24th of the same month she captured the steamer Cora and on the 18th of May, 1865, went out of commission at the Philadelphia Navy yard.

In August, 1870, this gun, No. 12, was placed on the Brooklyn and remained there till July, 1873, when it was landed at the Boston Navy yard, where it remained till November, 1896, arriving in Decatur on the 6th of the month.

While on the Brooklyn the vessel was cruising in the European waters. She was a screw steamer of 2,000 tons, wooden, carrying a battery of twenty guns. In 1869 this ship was condemned and went out of commission, her name being perpetuated by one of the new iron clads.

ADAM DINE, CIVIL WAR VETERAN

Short Sketch of a Good Citizen, a Pioneer of Decatur, Who Passed Away January 18, at the Age of 90 Years.

Adam Dine, veteran of the Civil war and pioneer resident of Decatur township, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hazel Anderson, in Paw Paw township, Monday morning, January 18. Aged 90 years and 7 days.

Funeral services were held at the home January 20, at 2 p. m., Rev. George Johnson officiating, and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery, Decatur.

Adam Dine was one of the most faithful of the vast army of Civil war soldiers, and his record is one of which his relatives and friends may well be proud.

He enlisted at Lawton October 20, 1861, as a private in Company H, Twelfth Regiment Michigan Volunteer Infantry under Captain Gilbert D. Johnson and Col. Francis Quinn to serve three years or during the war. The regiment was assigned to Peabody's brigade, Prentice division, army of Tennessee; later to First Brigade, Second Division, Seventh Corps, Army of Arkansas. He participated in engagements at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6 and 7, 1862; Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862, Matamora, Tenn., October 5, 1862; Middleburg, December 25, 1862; Mechanicsburg, Miss., June 4, 1862; Siege of Vicksburg, June and July, 1863; Siege of Little Rock, Ark., August and September, 1863; Clarendon, June 26, 1864.

By order of General Grant dated Holly Springs, Miss., January 8, 1863, the engagement of Middleburg was inscribed upon their battle flag.

Adam Dine was discharged December 19, 1863, to enable him to re-enlist as a veteran.

He received his final discharge with his regiment at Little Rock, Ark., February 15, 1866, as a corporal.

Mr. Dine was one of four brothers and one sister, children of Elijah and Elizabeth Dine, who moved from Ohio in the summer of 1849 and October 26 of the same year located on the farm in East Valley at the east end of the Blade and Dine road.

Thomas Blades lived on the farm at the west end of the road and the two men built a corduroy road through the swamp that has ever since been known as the Blade and Dine road.

Elijah Dine died at the age of 87 and his wife at the age of 91 and their married life covered a period of over 66 years.

Adam Dine lived on the old homestead until he moved to the village of Decatur about 25 years ago.

He was married to Lucy A. Hayden in Decatur soon after his return from the war in 1866. A few years later they joined a covered wagon immigration to Kansas and Missouri, where they stayed but a short time. He froze both feet at Sunny, Kansas.

They returned to take care of his brother David and father and mother. All of the four brothers of this family were in the Civil war. David was wounded at the Battle of Shiloh and died from the effects of it.

Mrs. Adam Dine died two years ago the tenth of January, after they had passed their 63rd wedding anniversary.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dine passed away at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Hazel Anderson, where they had been tenderly cared for in their declining years. They were both life-long members of the Disciple church.

PASSING OF MRS. MARY LYLE

1852-1932

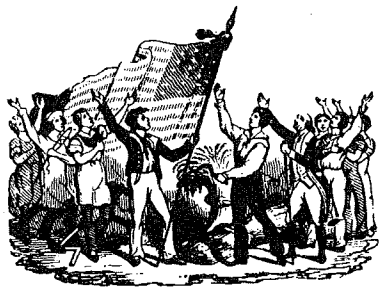
Mrs. Mary Lyle passed away at her country home in Paw Paw township, Wednesday evening, January 20, 1932, after an illness of but a few days.

Mary McWilliams, daughter of Archibald and Ann Pollock McWilliams, was born in Antrim county, Ireland, April 9, 1852. At the age of eleven years, she came to America with her parents and lived on a farm north of Decatur until her marriage.

On February 17, 1876, she was married to Marshall Lyle and went to live on the John Lyle homestead where she resided until her death. They were the parents of two children, Jason J. Lyle and Ethel Lyle Collins, both of whom survive, the husband having passed away April 3, 1898.

Besides her children, Mrs. Lyle leaves two grandchildren, Kenneth M. Lyle and Marshall E. Collins, and three brothers, James, Archibald and Robert McWilliams.

Mrs. Lyle was a member of the Presbyterian church of Decatur and was always interested in all church activities. The Reverend L. F. Cooper conducted the funeral service which was held at her late home, Friday, January 22. Interment was made in the family lot in the Cuddeback cemetery.



CATHERINE LOHROFF BECOMES MISS DECATUR

WON IN THE ELIMINATION AND ENTERTAINMENT AT TOWN HALL TUESDAY EVENING. JESSIE WOOLFE A CLOSE SECOND

15 GIRLS ENTERED AND ALL WERE LIKELY CANDIDATES

Catherine Lohroff is Decatur's candidate for Queen of the tenth annual Blossom Festival which will be held in Benton Harbor the week beginning May 1 and culminating in the mammoth floral parade on Saturday afternoon, May 7.

Decatur's charming queen was selected from a list of 15 candidates presented at the town hall Tuesday evening.

The judges were all strangers to the girls. They were Elwin Simons, commercial artist of Benton Harbor; Mrs. Eve Dawn of Benton Harbor, general chairman of the Queen's committee last year, and Mrs. Helen C. Reynolds of Rockford, Illinois.

They judged on points of grace, poise, carriage, stage presence and beauty of face. Each girl wore a number on her arm and the judges eliminated by number. In the elimination two judges were required to agree down to the final when all three judges must agree on the girl to be Miss Decatur.

It was a highly interesting and exciting event and the big town hall was filled almost to capacity.

Victor Wolkof was the official announcer and opened the entertainment by saying that tonight marks a new era in the development of Decatur, for it is the first time we have taken part in the annual Southwestern Michigan Blossom Festival which has become a national institution in the middle west.

Then the curtain rose and the girls, one at a time, walked across the stage and remained in view until all appeared. They were:

No. 1—Verl Byrd
No. 2—Juva Tuttle
No. 3—Lois Oliver
No. 4—Ilah Frye
No. 5—Allene Barnhart
No. 6—Aleen Stanley
No. 7—Bonnie Neidlinger
No. 8—Margaret Schonbok
No. 9—Irene Barnhart
No. 10—Annabelle Barnhart
No. 11—Jessie Woolfe
No. 12—Naomi Woolfe
No. 13—Elda Owen
No. 14—Vera Makay
No. 15—Catherine Lohroff.

The Eliminations

1st—Nos. 6, 7, 10
2nd—Nos. 4, 5, 8
3rd—Nos. 2, 3, 9
4th—No. 1
5th—No. 13
6th—No decision
7th—No. 14
8th—No decision
9th—No. 12
10th—No decision
11th—No decision
12th—No decision
13th—No. 11.

After the 7th elimination the two sisters, Naomi and Jessie Woolfe, and Catherine Lohroff were still in the running and the excitement was intense.

Finally Naomi went and the choice for Queen was between Jessie Woolfe, a stately blonde, and Catherine Lohroff, a graceful brunette. There was loud cheering for both. Both are popular high school students and the judges were clearly in doubt. As the girls stood together on the platform, equal in height and bearing, it was apparent to all that both were well fitted to be Decatur's Queen.

The Brunette Won

Catherine Lohroff is 18, a senior in the high school and a good student. She is the second of five children of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Lohroff. She was born in Hart, Michigan, and has been a resident of Decatur ten years. She is gracious and unassuming and those who know best say that she has a wonderful disposition. Certainly she is a beautiful girl and her parents, as well as the town she will represent, may well be proud of her.

Decatur will send her to the final elimination at Benton Harbor next Wednesday evening convinced that she will be named Blossom Queen of the Festival.

Jessie Woolfe, who came so near to the honor of representing Decatur, is a junior in the high school. She is the daughter of Alva Woolfe and was born in Decatur 18 years ago. Her mother passed away 4 years ago. Naomi, who teaches the Code school, is the oldest of this family of 4 bright children.

Miss Berrien Springs and Miss Paw Paw were present to welcome Miss Decatur.

Dr. Racette, President of Paw Paw, and Mrs. Racette and guests also were present and Dr. Racette complimented Decatur on its beautiful girls and the interest shown in the selection of the Queen.

ADVERTISES DECATUR

The Benton Harbor News-Paladium gave Decatur a 4-column display advertisement in its issue of last Monday.

The big line was, "Who Will Be Miss Decatur?" and a group picture of the 15 girls entered in the contest for Blossom Queen followed.

The 15 contestants and the Tuesday evening program were also printed.

Benton Harbor and the News-Paladium have been very generous in giving Decatur publicity in the Blossom Queen campaign.

R. W. Haynes and George H. Ellerman, representing the paper and the festival, have made numerous trips to Decatur to promote the contest and the elimination entertainment. They planned the entertainment and the details of the contest and were instrumental in creating and holding interest in the event.

The Liberty theatre was also a generous host in entertaining the girls at Benton Harbor and in bringing attractions to Decatur Tuesday evening.

PAW PAW CHOOSES QUEEN

The elimination contest at Paw Paw was held at the Strand Theatre Monday evening and Lillian Tellman was chosen queen for Paw Paw.

The event brought out a large crowd and Village President Racette was in charge. He read a letter from Dr. Bope, president of the village of Decatur, inviting Paw Paw's queen to attend our contest Tuesday evening and adding that he knew the Blossom Queen would be a Decatur girl, but he hoped Paw Paw would furnish the runner up.

A number of Decatur people attended the Paw Paw entertainment.

There were 8 entries in Paw Paw, 4 blonds and 4 brunettes. The winner is a brunette.

Dates of Queen Selections

This is "Queen Week" in Berrien county, Van Buren county and in the larger cities throughout the state selecting queens to be sent to the finals in Benton Harbor, the night of April 27, when a ruler will be chosen as the sovereign to reign during the 10th annual Southwestern Michigan Blossom Festial the first week of May in Benton Harbor and St. Joseph.

Selections of all the queens will be completed this week, according to H. J. Pound, secretary of the Benton Harbor Chamber of Commerce.

These are the dates of the blossom selections:

April 18—Paw Paw.

April 19—Decatur and Baroda.

April 20—Benton Harbor, South Haven, Dowagiac, Three Rivers, Kalamazoo, Owosso, Grand Rapids, Ionia, Stevensville, and New Buffalo.

April 21 Hartford and the combined Sawyer-Harbert and Lakeside event.

April 22—Three Oaks, Bangor, Sturgis, Bridgman.

Mr and Mrs. Elmer Woolfe, chaperons of the Decatur beauty queens, Miss Catherine Lohroff, Decatur's queen, and her court, are planning to attend the Blossom Queen Carnival at Paw Paw Monday evening, April 25th. This dancing party is given in honor of the Blossom Queens and their courts. Invitations have been extended to all the queens and their attendants in southwestern Michigan. The party is to be held at the Odd Fellows hall at Paw Paw and is open to the public Royal Rogues are furnishing the music.

POE'S RAVEN AND THE REASON

Parody on the Famous Poem Written By Joseph Bert Smiley, Once Editor of the Galesburg Enterprise.

A few weeks ago the Republican printed the poem, "St. Peter at the Gate," by Jospeh Bert Smiley, at one time Editor of the Galesburg Enterprise. Mr. Smiley was a poet of no mean ability. Each issue of his paper contained nearly a page of poetry and scattered throughout the paper was the notice, "Poety on page seven."

The poem about St. Peter brought to the Republican another poem by Mr. Smiley entitled Poe's Raven. It came through the courtesy of Mrs. M. G. A. Hammond.

Most everyone is familiar with The Raven. There is a story that Poe wrote it in one night on a wager that he could produce a poem which no one could understand. It is a remarkable poem but it probably won the wager.

We would like to print it here but it is too long. Here are a few of the verses,—

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "Tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From by books surcease of sorrow—
—sorrow for the lost Lenore:
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for ever more.

* * *

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing.

* * *

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obesience made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mein of lord or lady, perched upon my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

* * *

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

* * *

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

This is the parody by Joseph Bert Smiley,—

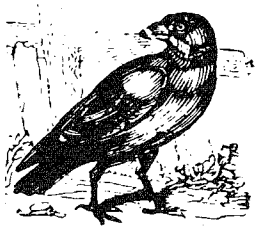
POE'S RAVEN

How distinctly I remember, late one evening last November,
I was sitting on a barrel that the moonlight gloated o'er—
'Twas an empty cider barrel and was useful now no more—
Worthless, now, for evermore.
As a few lone stars were blinking, I betook myself to thinking.
And I thought of that old raven Edgar Poe has told about—
That was quite a high old raven Mr. Poe has told about—
I kept thinking, thinking, thinking as those stars kept blinking, blinking,
And the more I thought about it, I was more and more in doubt;
Edgar's logic knocked me out.

And I found no explanation to that curious situation—
Here's the lamp upon the table, and the raven on the door,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming threw his shadow on the floor.
Think of where the lamp was sitting and you cannot help admitting
'Twas an awful crooked shadow to have ever reached the floor.
'Twas a humped-back, cross-eyed shadow if it ever reached the floor.
So I sought a clear solution to that shadow's dire confusion,
And my only strong conclusion was that Edgar had the snakes.
I am sure he had been drinking and he must have had the snakes.
So perhaps the raven, sitting on the cornice, never flitting,
With its fiery eyes a burning into Edgar's bosom's core
Was the whiskey he'd been drinking before he fell to thinking
Of his lovely lost Lenore,
It was bug juice, evermore.

Or perhaps the maiden, deeming such a fellow too demeaning,
Had preferred to share the fortunes of the friends who'd gone before,
And had perished broken hearted, as fair maids have done before.
May be he disgraced and slighted till she felt her life was blighted
And her lonely soul, benighted, wandered to a fairer shore,
May be Edgar's drinking killed her, as it has killed girls before.
It was bezine, ever more.

Get most anybody frisky on a quart or two of whiskey
And he'd think he saw some shadows, or some ravens or some floors
And the lamps would get befuddled, and the shadows awful muddled.
And he'd see one crazy raven perched on forty-leven doors;
And he wouldn't know a shutter from a dozen lost Lenores.
It is my profound opinion that if Poe had kept dominion
O'er his brains and o'er his reason, as they used to be of yore—
That if he had been less frisky and had guzzled down less whiskey
He'd have never seen that raven on the bust above his door.
Very likely that same evening he'd been on a bust before.
And got sober never more.



SPICE FOR THE PAPER

Stout-hearted Man

The woman lion tamer had her beasts under perfect conrol. At her summons the fiercest lion came meekly to her and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth. The circus crowd marveled—all except one man.

"Anybody could do that,' he yelled from the audience.

"Would you dare to do it?" the ringmaster retorted scornfully.

"Certainly," replied the man in the audience. "I ain't no more afraid of her than the lion is."

The Married Handicap

A very short man married a widow who was much taller than he and much larger. A few weeks after the wedding one of his friends noticed his glum look.

Friend: "What's the matter? Isn't your wife agreeable?"

Man: "She's kindness itself."

Friend: "Isn't she a good housekeeper?"

Man: "None better in the world."

Friend: "Then what's the matter?"

Man: "I'd be perfectly happy if people would only stop calling me 'the widow's mite."

A business man noticed one morning that his newsboy had a puppy at his stand, with a For Sale sign over him. Idly he asked the boy how much he wanted for the dog.

"$50,000," replied the youngster.

Two or three mornings later the man saw that the dog was gone.

"Did you get your price?" he asked.

"Practically," said the boy. "I took two $25,000 cats."

A bride was looking over the various meats at the market.

"And what can I do for you, madam?" asked the clerk.

Shyly she said:

"What have you that I can make over if I don't cook it right the first time?"

A customer entered a big store and made his way to the gardening department.

"I want three lawnmowers," he said.

"Three?" echoed the clerk. "You must have a very large estate."

"No," answered the customer. "I have two neighbors."

A woman walked to the edge of a swimming pool to watch the youngsters at play. A young boy came up to her and asked:

"Say, lady, do you go to church?"

"Yes, my boy, I do," she replied.

"Then," he said, "please hold this 25 cents for me while I take a swim."

20 Years Ago

September 26, 1912.

Mrs. Margaret Rich died at the home of her son, Hugh Rich, in Maywood, Ill., September 14. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeronemous High of Tiffin, Ohio, and was born in 1837. Her twin sister, Mrs.Ezekial Kimble, died 3 years ago. Her husband, John A. Rich, was the first white child born in Volinia. Their children were Mrs. Eva Paul, who died 4 years ago, and Hugh, and twin boys who died in infancy.

OLD TIME FOURTHS OF JULY

By Jont. Goble.

The Fourth of July, 1932, is quiet.

In the year 1868 as a boy 8 years old I remember a celebration in Charleston that was a loud one.

They had a tall flag pole in the center of the town and a stage built around it where they displayed the fireworks.

This celebration called the people out from a large scope of country. They had a drum and fife band. We used to call them sheepskin bands.

After the fireworks there was a dance in Draper's hall where 4 sets could dance at a time. Stuyvesant's band furnished the music. It was two fiddles and a bass viol. Ez. Stuyvesant and Perry Young were the fiddlers and I can not recall the player of the bass viol.

A few years later, 1875 I think it was, they had a celebration in Nicholsville, a hum dinger. They had the largest display of fireworks I ever saw and a dance in the evening in Potter's dance hall which was an old cooper shop.

Ez. and Cash Stuyvesant, Jay DeMoss and Ely Young were the music. All the old timers were there such as the Goodspeed boys, Et. Nash.

Warren Wood ran a bowery dance at the west end of Evart's woods across the road from the Dan Knight farm. Ten cents a dance or 3 for a quarter.

Ned Rathbun put on a bowery dance at the park in Decatur in the eighties. They danced until break of day. Stuyvesant's band played. It was great on bowery dances. I heard Ned say they ran off sets in 4 minutes. But they did not have Munnymusk, Firemen's, Tempest, Virginia Reel and Opera Reel.

Then we come down to house dances and lap suppers, then to dance halls and suppers for a dollar.

The old crowd was always on hand at the old time dances. Johnie Struble was one of them. He was a quiet, clean looking young man and a good dancer. He will have to come back here pretty soon if he wants to see any of the old boys for not many of them are left.

Wonder if he ever thinks of Potter's hall of Nicholsville, Ben Higgins of Wakelee's spring floor, Charley Thorpe's spring floor over his store, L. B. Lawrence's hall on the third floor where Fred Pollock now lives. Then there was the Volinia town hall and Townsend's hall near Glenwood.

Decatur dances got some of the Volinia boys' trade at that time. It did not take much whiskey and hard cider to make things gee around. In Volinia Becker and Murphy's orchestra drew large crowds.

Centennial hall of Marcellus was another trail we followed, and at Paw Paw it was Longwell's opera house. In those days we used a $100 horse, a $10 harness, a $50 buggy, 25c whip and $100 lap robe.

And so time goes along. The first 100 years are the best, so quit worrying.

DIAGNOSIS

An aged man at the union station
Discussed the business sitch-ee-ation.
I said that things were mighty bad,
And somehow or other it made him mad.
That aged man he tapped my knee—
"d' ye know what's wrong with things? said he,
"I've been in fights," and the old boy glared,
"And I always got whipped when I got scared.
Folks have forgot how to stand and grin
When hard luck socks 'em on the chin.
There's too much groanin,' not enough laughs,
Too many crepe-hangers, too many graphs,
It sure don't help a sick man's heart
To think of nothing but his fever chart.
There's too many people with an alibi,
I'd rather listen to a darn good lie.
As soon as folks quit hangin' crepe
You'll see business in darn good shape.
I've got no use for golf as a game,
But I speak the language just the same:
There's too few drives an' too many putts,
Plenty cold feet an' not enough guts.
You ain't my son, but if you was mine
I'd darn soon teach you not to whine."

—Contributed by O. W. Newell,
Furniture and Undertaking

REPLYING TO EDGAR GUEST

A Poem That Failed To Make a Hit With Our Old Friend, Frank Flagg, and He Woos the Muse to a Fairer Tune.

Dear Friend Arba:

I am enclosing the article I told you about the other day and if you wish to print it I shall be willing to acknowledge my guilt in writing it. It was written before Christmas, and as you will see it was just a friendly "come back" for one whose poems I have admired for their fine sentiments concerning home and good citizenship. I was more than a little disappointed when I saw the enclosed poem by Guest entitled, "The Saloon Business" and I raised my voice in friendly protest. The article did not appear in the Free Press, neither have I ever heard a word from Mr. Guest—I suppose it was not worth much attention, but it is a "Heap of Fun" to say my own say in the matter.

The fact that the Free Press has ignored other articles on this subject proves to me that they know which side of their bread is spread with "golden butter" and do not care or dare to let the other side be heard. I rather enjoy lifting my voice on this subject, and will try my hand at prophecying by saying, "Only a sober America can stand in these days of high speed." The slavery of Lincoln's day did not bring more grief than the slavery to alcohol is bringing in our day. This nation cannot hope to exist long with one part drunk and the other part compelled to dodge night and day for their lives.

Sincerely,
Frank Flagg.

THE SALOON BUSINESS
by Edgar A. Guest

We took it from the corner where we saw it as a blot,
We thought the man who ran it was the lowest of the lot.
We took it from the highway with its ever swinging door,
And we put it in the parlor where it hadn't been before.

The old saloon we banished with its smell of gin and beer.
We did it for our children! Such a notion now seems queer!
For we're prancing through the parlor with the cocktails which we make,
And we're passing round the bottle—as we say—for freedom's sake.

We voted prohibition to get rid of the saloon
With its slot machine piano and its brassy, jangling tune,
But we've opened wide the parlor to a wild-eyed drinking crowd.
And I wonder can the children of their folks be very proud?

We took it from the corner as a den of vice and shame
And we put it in the parlor—so we've but ourselves to blame.
Liquor's dangerous stuff to handle, for a profit or for fun,
In the parlor, on the corner, a saloon is hard to run.

TO MR. EDGAR A. GUEST

A protest from a friend on reading your poem entitled, "The Saloon Business."

Yes, we took it from the corner, where it used to stand and spew
Its horde of human beings all befuddled by its brew.
We took away the screen that hid the shame that grew within;
Yet there are a million parlors where the stuff has never been.

We did it for our children! That's the truth and it's not queer;
Our children and our women pass that corner without fear
Of the staggering, stuttering being whose better self was dead;
Who shocked us and disgusted us by what he did and said.

We voted prohibition and we closed the filthy den
That took away the manhood of a million mighty men;
That robbed them of their freedom and made them swinish slaves,
And sent them, younger, older, to untimely graves.

It's cost a heap of money yet the end is far away.
When people say "It can't be done," it adds another day—
Prolonging the Great Battle that will never, never end
Until each drunken driver is padlocked in his den.

My brother, you're mistaken, with your "editorial we."
It may be true for some one but it isn't true for me.
It isn't in my parlor, and there's a million parlors more
Where you cannot find a drop of gin—and it wasn't there before.

We're not trying to shape the morals nor curtail the liberty
Of a single human being in this land where souls are free.
We are trying to help our children to be worthy, brave and true
To the highest that is in them—AND WE WISH THE SAME TO YOU.

Frank Flagg.

O. A. ROBERTS RETIRES FROM MEAT BUSINESS

After 37 Years on the Street Sells Market to Lee Kinney of Lawton.

Orris Roberts has sold his meat market to Lee Kinney and will retire from business. Mr. Kinney took possession Monday morning.

The Roberts market was one of the oldest established businesses on the street.

Orris Roberts is a native of New York but the family located in East Decatur when he was ten years old. That was in 1869.

He came to the village in 1896 and began work in the meat market of A. M. Knight and Son. The next year he began work of I. B. Bagley. He bought the market of Mr. Bagley in October, 1898, and has been in business here ever since.

The market was first located on the present site of the Gafill Oil Station and in the fall of 1899 he moved into a new building which with the Potts building was destroyed by fire in February, 1910.

That was a bad fire but it did not stop the business of this enterprising market. Mr. Roberts bought out the Fred Lyle market doing business where the Beek store is now, and the same fall built and moved into the present location.

Mr. Roberts' activity on the business street covers a period of 37 years. He has always enjoyed a good trade and his market has been considered one of the best in this and nearby towns. He has always been reliable and honorable in his dealings and long ago won and has held the confidence and good will of the public.

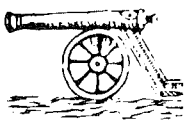
He will not leave Decatur but will try to enjoy a few years of well earned rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, September twentieth.

The new owner, Lee Kinney, is a young man who comes here from Lawton. He has had a number of years experience in the meat business and for the past eight years has been on a farm in Porter township.

He comes here well recommended and will undoubtedly uphold the high tanding of the market.

Mr. Roberts wishes to thank his pa- ns for their patronage and good during his many years in business He appreciates the loyalty of lends.



THE SPY OF SHILOH

Soon after the close of the Civil War two plays appeared, and for a time shared with Uncle Tom's Cabin the approval of the public. One was entitled, "The Union Spy," and Mr. Barton claimed the authorship. The other was entitled "The Spy of Shiloh," and Mr. Frank Howard claimed it was written by him.

The two plays were quite similar. The names of the characters were different and there were other minor variations.

Mr. Howard claimed Mr. Barton stole the play from him, while Mr. Barton insisted Mr. Howard had enacted a part for him and later appropriated the text.

There was talk of law suits, etc., but I do not remember that anything save violent talk resulted.

In the winter of 1873 Frank Howard came to Decatur, organized and drilled home talent, and in February the play was put on at the town hall. It was a success and then some.

The play was an excellent one. Mr. Howard, an actor of unusual ability, had the star part—that of the spy. The drummer boy (his brother) was Allie Abbott, a youngster of the village. Dick Lyon was the keeper of Andersonville prison, and toward the end he shot and killed the drummer boy for trying to aid his brother, who was also a prisoner.

E. A. Blackman had a prominent part, but the day before it was to be presented he received a telegram that his father was injured on the cars near Jackson, so he was not there. Jay Sherman took his place and did very well for such short notice.

The tableaux (there were many of them), and the music were prominent features. One tableau was "Secession." There were four northern states and four southern, and the Goddess of Liberty. The northern states all faced the Goddess, and the southern turned from her, except South Carolina. She drew a dagger on the Goddess, but Michigan stepped in between with a shield.

The bombardment of Fort Sumpter was shown, as was also the enlistment of soldiers, and the drilling of the awkward squad. Plantation darkies danced buck and wing and sang their melodies.

"Crowning the Victor" and Death of the Color Bearer" were tableaux long to be remembered, but the finest of all was "The Transformation Scene" at the close. It looked like fairy-land—the finest I have ever seen.

A few "episodes" not down on the bill occurred. In the prison scene, with one-half of the audience in tears, the Spy of Shiloh was holding his lit-

tle brother in his arms, and saying for the ear of the audience, "Is it possible my poor brother is dead!" and in a lower voice to his "poor brother" "more limpy, more limpy"—not so stiff. There's that Grove Tarbell in the third row grinning at me. For the love of Mike, that orchestra is playing a waltz."

Fort Sumpter's bombardment filled the hall with smoke and the ladies asked, and my school teacher, Miss Lyman, rather forced the drummer boy to hide most of the bombs before the second night. The scene was Mr Howard's pride and joy. The Republican would never print what he said when he found the supply short; but he never learned how they became lost.

A tableau that brought moisture to many eyes was that of the father, mother and sister of the drummer boy at their evening meal with a vacant chair at the table, and the song, "We shall meet, but we shall miss him," softly and feelingly sang by unseen voices.

Wish I might name many who took part in this play, but sixty years is long ago. Most have passed on, but descendants might appreciate the mention.

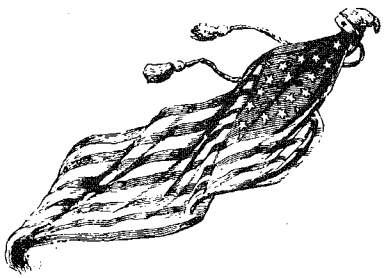
A. S. A.

MEMORIAL DAY, MONDAY, MAY 30

DECATUR WILL HONOR ITS SOLDIER DEAD. PARADE AT 2 O'CLOCK. FOLLOWED BY PROGRAM IN TOWN HALL. REV. HAROLD HAYWARD OF PAW PAW, SPEAKER.

Veterans of Foreign Wars Drum and Bugle Corps of Kalamazoo To Lead Parade

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Mourn of toil, nor night of waking."



Decatur will observe Memorial day with impressive services next Monday, May 30.

The last surviving veteran of the Civil War passed away this spring, but the veterans of the World War through the American Legion have taken their places in planning the observance of this day. American flags will decorate the graves of every veteran in the Decatur cemeteries, and there are over 100 of them. Commander H. H. Creagan will be officer of the day.

Veterans of all wars, the Patriotic Club, Boy Scouts and citizens are requested to report at the band stand promptly at two o'clock to form the line of march to the cemetery.

The march will begin an hour later than usual this year because the Veterans of Foreign Wars Drum and Bugle Corps of Kalamazooo will lead the procession and they cannot get here earlier.

This corps consists of from 25 to 30 players and is considered one of the best in the state. They will help materially to make this Memorial day one of the most noteworthy ever observed in Decatur.

The pupils of the Decatur public school are requested to assemble at the grade school building prepared to march to the band stand in time to start with the procession promptly at two o'clock.

Roll Call

At two o'clock Commander Creagan will call the roll of veterans of the World War who reside in Decatur and vicinity. One of the boys, Roy Shingledecker, has passed away since the roll call last year.

The list is printed herewith and if any are omitted they are requested to report to Commander Creagan or the Republican office:

Thor Anderson
Jett Bagley
Harvey Ball
Robert Ball
Frank Barber
Glenn Barber
Earl Bishop
Lyman Calahan
Edw. Chapple
Clarence Clark
Herbert H. Creagan
Fred Cress
S. Harold Dwight
Nevin Everett
Stephen Fedor
Clarence Feenstra
Joseph Feenstra
John Folk
Chas. Gailhouse
Dana Gard
Harry Genung
Harvey Goble
John Haak
Leo Helmer
Harry Houseman
Harold G. Hudson
Ross I. Hudson
Jesse Ickes
Andy Kemp
Ivan Keyes
Dick Klinkers
Tony Kowalski
Edward Menken
Ray Morlan
Howard Page
Harry Palm
Deron Paul
Guy Rutherford
Quido Stejskal
Robt. Snell
Luther Sly
Cleo Spence
Alfred P. Tice
Chas. Upfield
Lytle Watson
Lewis Weiss
Walter L. Wood
Clarence Taylor
Lisle Gwilt
Lee Zerbe
Ben Zwalua

Other Decatur veterans are:

Spanish-American War

Charles Lee
Charles Gould
Earl Simpson

Line of March

The march to the cemetery will begin at 2 o'clock in the following order:

Village officials, W. R. C., and guests in autos
The colors and color guards
Veterans of Foreign Wars Drum and Bugle Corps.
Veterans of Spanish-American war.
Firing squad.
American Legion and Veterans of World War.
Boy Scouts.
School.

The school children will decorate the graves of soldiers in Lakeside cemetery, and then the ritual service of the American Legion will be given at the soldiers' lot.

At the close of this service the line of march will again form and proceed to the town hall where the following program will be given:

Program at Town Hall

In charge of Principal Henry Houseman of the D. H. S.:

Invocation—Rev. L. F. Cooper.
Music.
Gettysburg Address—Victor Wolkoff.
Community Singing—Led by C. E. McAllister.
Address—Rev. Harold Hayward of Paw Paw.
Benediction—Rev. L. F. Cooper.

At 12 o'clock noon the church bells of the village will toll for five minutes and during that time all work should cease as a token of respect to the boys who gave their lives for their country.

MANY ACRES OF BLACK DIAMONNDS

Irvin J. Mathews.

Radio Talk—April 30, 1932, from WOWO on Farmers' Guide program, 12 to 12:30.

Thank you, Mr. Wheeler, and hello, you folks of the Big Farmers' Guide Family:

A few days ago, a man most of you know, said to me, "I. J., you've been around the country a lot. If you were to pick the one best place in the world to live, where would it be "

"If I could take my choice," I told him, "I wouldn't even bother to load up a truck. I'd continue to live in Pulaski county, Indiana, on a farm located two and a half miles south of Winamac on the historic and beautiful Tippecanoe river. I might consider southern Michigan if I could move the Tippecanoe river up there."

Where we now live, we have all of this world's goods that are really worth while. We are near enough to Chicago, South Bend, Ft. Wayne and Indianapolis to enjoy their advantages and at the same time, we have our evening weiner roasts and fish fries and for our children, big tree swings, fresh air and some constructive work to do. However, the area of fertile, black acres in nothern Indiana and southern Michigan is the background for its unusual advantages.

These black soils have a great capacity to produce crops cheaply; they conserve moisture and they use fertilizers more efficiently. Because they are so close to great centers of consumption, transportation charges take less toll out of the selling price muck farmers get for their produce. With Chicago and Detroit as ends, describe a broad oval and you have the most rapidly growing industrial area in the world.

Each year these areas of Michigan and Indiana are called upon to produce more of the salad crops of the world.

Some muck farmers fail to appreciate the value of what they have. There are times, especially when a fellow is on needles and pins with the muck itch, when he can be pardoned for not going into hysteria over its importance, but seriously, the black soil area is the garden spot of the middle west.

It was DeKalk county muck soil that wheeled Herman Pakop to world's championship corn yield of 156 bushels. It was Fulton county muck that grew Whit Gast's 506 bushels of potatoes this year and it was Noble county muck that made A. M. Minar a champion onion grower with 993 bushels.

But these black, organic soils respond to different treatment than our upland soils. Lying partially submerged or under water for long ages their easily soluble plant foods have been leached away hence they invariably respond to large doses of high-potash fertilizers. A ton and a half of 0-8-24 fertilizer is not an uncommon application among the celery growers around Kalamazoo and Grand Haven. From 600 to 800 pounds per acre of 2-8-16 or 3-9-18, 0-8-24 or 0-8-32 is the usual application for onions and potatoes. Many growers use much more.

During the last few months, there have been many new developments in muck soil management. But here comes Stuart. In a few minutes, I will be back with a bit of current events on these new developments.

Here's to the Onion

Investigations by Dr. Frost Hartner of the Michigan Experiment station have shown that onions do best on a medium acid soil.

Some onion growers have complained that onions on their sweet muck, particularly the spot that have been burned over, make a poor yield of pale yellow onions. In addition to the regular onion fertilizer, Harmer used from 500 to 2,000 pounds of powdered sulphur per acre on these sweet mucks, the amount of sulphur depending upon the sweetness of the muck.

On the C. E. Downing farm, south of Sunfield, Michigan, on nearly neutral muck all of which had received 700 pounds of 2-8-16, 500 pounds of sulphur increased the yield 404 bushels.

An application of 200 to 300 pounds of sulphur is generally enough. It can be mixed with the fertilizer just before it is applied.

On the other hand, Dr. Harmer found that beans, potatoes, carrots, [illegible] sweet corn, lettuce and radish growing on our mucks were whooped up tremendously by 50 pounds of copper sulphate per acre.

I would suggest that you onion growers write the Michigan Experiment station at East Lansing, Michigan, for Dr. Harmer's bulletin, No. 123 entitled, "Muck Soil Management for Onion Production." Incidentally, this is one of the most interesting and best illustrated college bulletins I've ever seen.

Turning back home in Indiana where the bulk of the mint oil of the United States is produced, plots which Bill Delaphane and I helped to establish on the M. H. Lake farm in Starke county have shown that an 0-8-24 fertilizer is the most economical treatment for oil. From 300 to 400 pounds of this is generally drilled in the early spring, about now, when the new mint shoots are from one to two inches high.

Mint growers should keep a close watch for the mint flea beetle, a pest which threatens to do a lot of damage. It first showed up about 1925, and increased rapidly. The beetles look like tiny dark specks that spring off the leaves at the least disturbance. However, it is the young that do the worst damage to the roots. About July 3 to July 21, the adults emerge from the soil and start feeding on the mint leaves. These three weeks are the time to swat the flea beetle. The remedy is to dust the leaves with from 12 to 15 pounds of calcium arsenate per acre about July 10. If the damage has been severe, the stubble also needs to be dusted with a mixture of one part dusting paris green and nine part flour.

These acres of black diamonds are rich also in unusual men and machines. W. G. Sweet, right here in the edge of Ft. Wayne, very painstakingly sorts his celery, wraps the bunches in celophane and sells to a discriminating trade.

On his 400 acre muck truck farm near Niles, N. P. Beebe uses a transplanting machine that is a marvel of precision, all plants spaced exactly the same distance apart.

Fred Fribley, near Bourbon, uses the exhaust steam from his mint tubs to dry the pomace. At the far end of the long belt, the pomace is dry enough to go to the barn where it is used to feed steers.

The 2200 acres of growing mint on the A. M. Todd farm near Mentha, Michigan, with the big compound still in the center of that vast greenish-black, aromatic expanse is a sight that you will long remember.

Let me call the attention of you muck soil farmers to the Indiana Muck Crops Show to be held in South Bend next November 9, 10, 11. This is your chance to get acquainted with other men working along the same line and get wise to important new things in muck soil management. Paste the date in your hat and watch the Guide for further announcements. I'd like to meet you there, in person.

"THEM AS HAS, GITS."

F. L. K.

That's what grandma said long ago. But now he who thinks he has, "gits" enlightened. Can't sell a thing or make a cent; can't keep what little we have. Everything gone to the puppies with no hope of recovery. But:

Since 1837 we have had lucky thirteen depressions or money panics, necessary stabilizers, three of which were world wide and much worse than the one we are muddling through just now. No trade, no sound money, no activity, nothing.

And yet: During that century we have enjoyed over four years of prosperity, booms, flush times when those who cared to and tried, might easily get rich, and do as Dr. Thorpe did, put it all in government bonds. Over four years of this to one of normalcy when we consumed just about what was produced and thought we were making no progress.

One setback might seem an accident; two could be just a coincidence, but thirteen, that shows us a law and should give us hope to stay with it and see this one emerge in due time. The change is coming soon regardless of the result of the November election.

Last year we struck bottom and Mr. Opt said to Mr. Pess: "Now then, since we are at the bottom, up is the only way we can go." Uh-huh, but

somehow we slipped into some holes and went down almost out of sight. But the stored up surplusses worked off and the Lord sent the rains alike upon us just ones here as upon those unjust ones over yonder. Then when all the fat stock had been sold at a loss to the raisers, the Wise and Benevolent Meat Trust caused the prices to come right up.

Ergo: True to a system started by the Philanthropic Grain Trust back in 1860, while many farmers are forced to sell their grain as soon as threshing is over, the price will remain at the lowest level until the bulk of the crop is safely stored in the elevators, trade and good profits will come along. when prices will go up plenty and That is a fixed habit but it could easily be balked by organization and cooperation among farmers. . . What? What? . . A little louder please.

"Them as has, gits."

BRING ON THE SALOON

J. W. Lautz of Shelbyville, writing to the Indianapolis Star says: "I just love to think of the good old days of the saloon and of the good times we had and the wonderful purity of the young womanhood and manhood of those times compared with now. We had four saloons and three drug stores then and conditions were lovely in our peaceful little town. A fellow could get a drink or let it alone, which he usually didn't do. One Sunday a boy and girl drove into town, went to one of the saloons and the girl entertained her friends all day. After Sunday school two boys only 12 years old were enticed in and made drunk and entertained to sights they had never seen before.

"But, of course, young people were not as bad then as they are now. They were under the lovely care of the saloon keeper and a personal liberty father and would be again, no doubt, if we could only throttle the drys and the meddlesome churches that always are sticking their noses in where they have no business. Then wages were so good when we had saloons. I got a job of moving a family from Waldron to Shelbyville and got $1 for it, thanks to the saloons and the prosperity they brought.

"Another teamster and I bought a tract of timber, hired men to cut the logs at 75 cents a day. We worked two weeks loading logs on the cars and got $4.50 to divide between us. Why wages were so high that we got $12 for moving a merry-go-round off the fair grounds from Greensburg to Shelbyville. We left home Saturday noon and got back Sunday night with three worn out teams. Oh! those were good, prosperous times. The only thing that bothered me then was that farmers were so well to do that we had to pay them 11 cents a bushel for corn and $7 a ton for hay. One old tight-fisted farmer had the gall to charge me 15 cents a bushel for potatoes. He could not have gouged me that way had it not been for the beloved saloons. We must get them back at once and every boy and girl will be good then. And mother and father can go to the wine-rooms and flap their angel wings as of yore. So bring on the saloons."—Contributed by W. O. Bowers.

JUST A THINKIN'

By Jont

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make up Decatur with its muck soil and other farming land.

Decatur is on the Dixie, 3 hours drive from Chicago. It was incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in 1857.

It was re-chartered by the Legislature in October, 1861. E. P. Hill was the first president. Seventy three years later, at this writing, Dr. Bope holds the helm and I think he will hold her at level keel, and will not raise or lower his sails at every wind jam he runs into.

Decatur seems to be having a good trade. Here you can get most anything you want for town or country.

There are 8 churches and each one has a trail by which they can point out to you the way to heaven.

This puts me in mind of old Brookfield Gard. He made up his mind he would read the Bible through. He read until he came to the word Leviticus. He pronounced it 'Leave it you cuss.' There he quit. Hope this did not keep him out of heaven. Well, Frank Kern and I are going there some day. Then we will know whether he got there or not.

You who do not read the Bible as much as I do will find that Leviticus is the third book of Moses.

I wonder if Frank remembers that big pickerel that used to live in the outlet between Big Fish Lake and the upper saddle of Saddlebag Lake. He was so long he had to swim out in the lake to turn around.

UP AND STILL GOING AT 85

May 23, 1863, James McWilliams landed in Decatur on his 16th birthday after crossing the Atlantic ocean in a sailing vessel taking six weeks, and coming from New York City by train to Michigan. He was met at the railroad station by his uncle, John Pollock and brother, Alex McWilliams, who had come to town with an ox team. He was taken out to the farm north of town for his dinner. This farm he later bought.

Monday evening his children and families gathered at his home to help him and Mrs. McWilliams celebrate his 85th birthday. Twenty sat down to the tables. Only last week he plowed a two acre field for his son Harry in seven hours.

Jont. Goble's Last Escapade

Jont. Goble has done something we never thought he would be guilty of,—he has raised a monstrosity. He calls it asparagus, but if it is asparagus then we shall not dare deny it if somebody calls us a rutabaga.

We know that Jont. in his day has raised hops and cane, but this thing he brought in Monday is worse in every way. Would like to show it to John Struble. He would supply just the right word for what Jont. has raised. We hesitate to venture further suggestions.

Jont. declares it is asparagus. It resembles one of those fibery cactus plants, that like Jack's bean-stalk, grow to the sky. It is plain to be seen that he used an axe to cut it down. Toward the top it is spiral, like the stairway leading to the top of the capitol dome.

Branches like those on the giant oaks grow out from its sides, and scales like the scales on a whale grow up and down its trunk.

It is so unlike an ordinary stalk of asparagus that no one but an expert could identify it. Jont. left it in the office, so come in and see it for your-

LIVED IN DECATUR 68 YEARS

Will Scott, cousin of Asel, says he is one of the oldest residents of Decatur now, or he rather thinks he is the oldest.

Asel had the undisputed title while he was living. He was born in Decatur in 1856.

Will was born in Kalamazoo county on the edge of Big Prairie 72 years ago, but he was only 4 years old when the family moved to Decatur and he has lived here 68 years.

Can anybody beat that record?

Will's father was a barn carpenter. He owned a little piece of land where Lyman Callahan now lives but he didn't farm much. He was a good barn builder. He could neither read nor write, but he could take his square and broadax and saw and chisels and get out timbers in the woods and they would be just right.

Mrs. Scott is 70 years old today, June 30. Congratulations.

A PROTEST

May I suggest a protest against the slaughter of the trees in the school grove. It may be that the grove needed some thinning out but has not that work gone too far already?

Tuesday morning, the workmen felled one of the finest oaks in the whole collection and, from a landscape point of view, one of the best placed. If some of the trees must be sacrificed, why may it not be the inferior ones?

When but a boy, I looked out of the window of the old building and watched a high school class gathered almost reverently around a little excavation where they were planting a young

maple they hoped would long stand in their memory. That tree fell a victim of the wood chopper's axe a few days ago.

We thought it a severe blow when the old school house burned, but now must suffer the loss of something that can never be replaced. There are hundreds of worthless old maples along our streets, full of disease and pests and a menace to every good tree in the village. Why not cut these?

Some people have expressed the hope that a lawn can be had there. It can by the sacrifice of all nearby trees and the expenditure of an immense sum of money for soil and labor and it is a strange sense of values to prefer a lawn in the hot sun to a playground in a grove of noble oaks.

Frank M. Brigham.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

OLD PALS

Two Eighty Year Old Boys Who Know How To Make Garden and Dig "Angry" Worms.

One Got Sick and the Other Wrote Him This Letter:

142 S. Laurel Ave.,
Los Angeles, California,
Feb. 3, 1932.

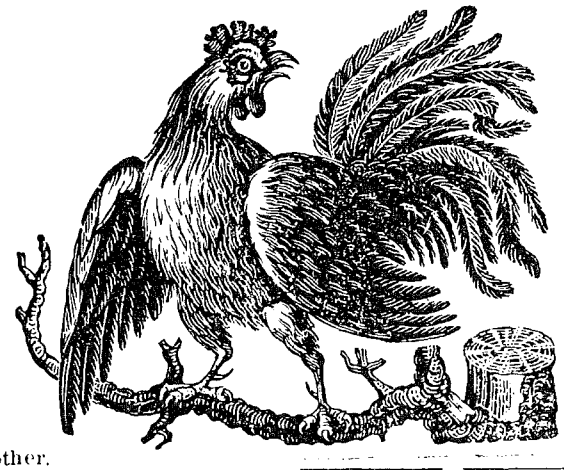
Mr. George Smith,
Decatur, Michigan.

My Dear Friend:—Good old garden pal and kind neighbor and all around fine fellow. What is this the paper brings me?

Poor George, I am so sorry you have had to suffer so. That is a shame, for it is bad enough to be getting along in years and having to pump and work for breath as you and I do.

Well, here's hoping that when this reaches you, the sun is shining in on you and you are feeling a lot better. It is a kind of hell to be down sick and have to be waited upon and have the doctor around with his smelly and bitter drugs. They seem to hunt around until they find the vilest things that grow and then put them together and make a fellow take them when he has trouble enough without that. But maybe if we thoink it is good for us, it is.

I left theer in pretty fair shape after my summer's puttering around in that blessed old garden. A fellow just has to have something to do even if every part of his body daily tells him he has done his share of this old world's



work and bother.

I was down at San Diego and snugly settled in a nice large, steam-heated room and was patting myself on the back thinking I could get through this year without another attack of that nasty bronchitis, when lo, all of a sudden, on it came and laid me out plenty. I came up home the day before Christmas and have been here ever since under good care and am now much better, the cough largely stopped and my strength coming back so that with this gain, I may want to come back and share the garden work with you.

They report that Mrs: Bidlack is pulling through pretty good and she told me that if she were here again next spring she would be glad to let me have the garden again. So you buck up and get out of that and sharpen that old hoe and toggle up the hose. May be we had better put about half that space to melons so as to entice a lot of boys to us.

Times are still tough out here as everywhere, but there seems to be a little light shining through and now they report that fewer men are out of work and they have plans for putting many on jobs as some extensive public improvements are ready for operation.

We are having nearly double the amount of rain and the mountains were never covered with snow as deep as now. This will make a cold and backward spring but it promises a lot of water for irrigating and that is the one need in this dry western country.

Try to keep up your courage, George, my good old true friend. The winter is passing and it will not be long now until the sun will shine out and the warm spring rains come when we will all feel better and can get out and putter around again.

Here's thinking lovingly of you, old pal, and wishing a speedy recovery. Son of the best known and best liked of any of the old-timers in Cass county, you must smile and hope and dig in and pump up as did my brave Jessie last summer when most people would have given up and passed out. She hung on by a small thread and pulled through. Of coure she had more youth and vitality than you and I have, but we need not say quit for some time yet.

So here's to you with my best wishes and prayers.

Ever cordially,
Frank L. Kern.

WOMAN ONCE SLAVE GIRL DIES AT SCHOOLCRAFT

Dorothy Butler, 78, Fled with Mother To Prevent Master from Selling Her on Market at New Orleans. Once Resident of Decatur.

Many old time residents of Decatur will remember Dolly Butler. She lived in Decatur a long time, made her home with her sister, Mrs. Sophie Bass and family on Wheeler street and worked in the family of Thomas Browning. She was nearly white in color, bright and lively and a good worker. The Bass family was one of the landmarks of the village. George Bass was a barber and the head of the family when Sophia would permit, and ofttimes George would leave home and go out on long pilgrimages.

There was a big family of little Basses at one time, but the grim reaper made havoc in it and they all died but Will and Carrie who have lived in Kalamazoo for many years.

Will was the oldest of the children and a real character about town. He could stand on the cross walk at Delaware and Main street and throw a ball to Sherwood street. Once in a while he pitched for the home ball team and he threw so fast that the batters did not dare stand up to the plate. When the Knights of Pythias lodge was organized in Decatur there was a big celebration and Will Bass, dressed in the familier costume of Uncle Sam, led a goat at the head of the procession.

Spirited across the Ohio river when a mere child to prevent her being sold as a slave, Miss Dorothy Butler, 78, died Sunday night at the home of Mrs. Ellis Shaw of Schoolcraft.

Her mother was Nellie Butler, a slave and the property of a Kentuckian. One night the mother heard that her master was about to sell her two daughters, Dorothy and Sophia, in the New Orleans market. She was determined to save her children and emulating Eliza Harris, the famous mother in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," escaped by persuading a man to row her across the Ohio river.

Then, by underground railroad. the

trio proceeded north. They had reached Michigan and were taken on to the Schoolcraft station by Col. Wheeler, a wealthy farmer who resided near Three Rivers. Wheeler met an acquaintance on the road and they stopped to talk. Incidentally he told about the three with him and was informed that a family at Schoolcraft wanted a good serving woman.

There they stopped and there Dorothy Butler has since resided, except for periods when employed by some of the best families in Kalamazoo. She was a refined woman, respected alike in that community and in Kalamazoo. In fact she has been many times cordially received as a visitor at many of the finest homes of the city.

Her sister married a man by the name of Bass and has two children in Kalamazoo, William Bass and Mrs. Carrie Smith.

HISTORY OF FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF DECATUR

In 1868, the First Baptist church of Decatur, Michigan was established and dedicated by a community of Christian people. It prospered and was very prosperous during that time. It grew and did a lot of Christian duty. It was a church of a large majority, which contained during its 65 years of existense about 150 members and by the hand of Providence they have most all been called away only about 12 members remaining. During this time the church has had about 30 pastors and seven deacons. The organizers were Isaac Moss, Thomas Winborn, Nathan Lennox, G. Foster, Joseph Mahoney, Dosen Brown.

The following were pastors:

Rev. Isaac Moss, Decatur
Rev. James Burton, Decatur
Rev. Rollins, Canada
Rev. A. Binga
Rev. Scott
Rev. A. F. Jackson, Chain Lake
Rev. Edmund Brown, Chershie
Rev. J. A. Holt, Detroit
Rev. Rose, Ohio
Rev. Brownwell
Rev. R. A. Gillard, Ohio
Rev. Crownell, Ohio
Rev. Nelson Brown, Decatur
Rev. W. Johnson, Niles
Rev. G. D. Smith, South Bend
Rev. T. Mooris, Benton Harbor
Rev. Dosen Brown, Decatur
Rev. J. D. Carrothers, Chershie
Rev. T. O. Johnson, Kalamazoo
Rev. Revels, Benton Harbor
Rev. Glemps, Tennessee
Rev. Henry Manuel, Decatur
Rev. Thomas Evans, Chain Lake
Rev. Bedso, Grand Rapids
Rev. W. Allen, Dowagiac
Rev. J. Burton, Kalamazoo
Rev. Sutton, Kalamazoo
Rev. Haywood, Benton Harbor

And also a large number of visiting ministers.

The deacons of the church were:

Deacon Isaiah Brown
Deacon Dosen Brown
Deacon David Moss
Deacon W. Scott
Deacon Joseph Mahoney
Deacon Robert Lennox
Deacon Melon Bradley

Deacon Robert Lennox is the only surviving one who has held this position for nearly 40 years. The church has held Sunday school, B. Y. P. U.'s of great importance.

The Sunday school superintendents were Granville Foster, Mart Stafford Samuel Brown, David Mose, Robert Lennox, Henry Mannel, C. Evans.

There have been a great many entertainments during the 65 years the association has been held here—six times. This Bible bears a history of this church. It was presented to this church by Dennis Brown.

During this time (the whole 65 years) this Bible has never been taken out of this church.

The transfer of the land on which the church stands was made October 31, 1868, from Henry and Helen Lindsley to trustees of the First Baptist church of Decatur township. The transfer was recorded at Paw Paw September 19, 1871. The plot of land is nine rods square.

THIS WEEK

Our State Senator George Leland of Fennville paid the Republican a pleasant call Monday morning.

He is a candidate on the Republican ballot for renomination and is in every way worthy of the support of the voters.

He is serving his fifth term and is considered one of the outstanding members of the Michigan Senate.

Mr. Leland is a farmer and the severe problems of agriculture do not come to him second handed. Those who know his record know that he is a man who can be trusted and depended upon to faithfully serve the people who send him to Lansing.

He has a high sense of what constitutes honorable dealing. A State Representative recently told the writer that whenever Senator Leland said he would do a thing there was no need of further concern about it, the thing would be done if it were humanly possible for him to do it.

Through his long experience and recognized ability as a Legislator Mr. Leland has obtained a commanding position in the Senate. He is chairman of the Highways committee and a prominent member of the committees on Agriculture and Finance and Appropriations, three of the most important committees of the Senate.

Senator Leland introduced and secured the adoption of the 3 cent gas tax law. As chairman of the Highways committee he was back of the McNitt bill to return from two and one-half to four millions of dollars for the maintenance of township roads.

At the special session he aided in securing the passage of the Horton bill, returning the weight tax to take care of the bonded indebtedness of the Covert roads and the bonded indebtedness of counties and townships, thus eliminating this year the highway property tax.

His position on the Finance and Appropriation commttee made it possible for Senator Leland to help secure a state tax cut of over $6,000,000

The above will give the voters a partial idea of the quality of service which Senator Leland has given our district and of what may be expected of him if he is given another term.

That old slogan, "The king is dead. Long live the king," might be changed to read, Joe Pierson is dead. Long live Joe Pierson.

Of all the traditions attached to the village of Decatur the killing of this powerful young farmer seems to be the most outstanding. The Morris murder which occurred some ten years later is the only outstanding event which approaches it in prominence.

There were radical differences of opinion as to the justice of the killing and opposing lines between town and country were apparently closely drawn. The letter of Louie Hall in another column of this paper is particularly interesting in showing up these differences.

W. H. Howland of Jackson called last Friday and told more of the Pierson story.

Mr. Howland thinks the date of the killing should have been 1871 instead of 1869. He bases his opinion on the fact that it occurred while his uncle, Mike Code, lived in his family which was during the winter of 1870 and '71.

The Howland family then lived on a farm in northeast Decatur near the Paw Paw line.

Michael Code drove to town that evening with the horse and cutter and did not get back till pretty nearly chore time. He brought the news of the tragedy and said it followed a free for all fight. The town was wild with excitement and feeling ran high.

The town of Glenwood was then known as Tietsort Siding. The townspeople did not like that name and changed it to Model City but the railroad would not pay any attention to them and kept on listing the old name.

Finally in 1874 the company put in a wood yard and built a new depot and named the station Glenwood.

Mr. Howland was a boyhood friend of B. J. Haynes of Cadillac whose death was recorded in the Republican a few weeks ago.

Bert and Will Howland were active young Decatur boys 60 years ago. Bert was wandering around in the swamp past the Moulton farm one day when

he heard a pig squealing in terrified tones. Upon investigating he found a big snapping turtle hanging by its teeth to the pig's tail and slowly but surely dragging it deeper into the swamp.

Bert whipped out his big knife and cut off the turtle's head and the pig ran away. It used to be known among the boys that when a turtle took hold of anything it never let go so that turtle's head must still be hanging to the pig's tail.

Every year around Christmas time we hear of Irving Latimer. He is nearly 72 years of age, and 43 of these years have been spent behind the prison walls at Jackson.

Every year friends petition for his pardon, but one Governor after another reviews his case and refuses to take the responsibility. Governor Brucker, in his last month in office, has decided against granting a pardon or parole.

Latimer, a Jackson druggist, was convicted on May 11, 1889, of the murder of his mother, a widow, and sentenced to prison for life. Four years later a Jackson prison guard died from the effects of a sleeping potion allegedly administered by Latimer in an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Since then he is said to have been a model prisoner.

Many newspapers throughout the state have commented on his case and most of them seem to favor a pardon. The late United States Senator Townsend sent out a plea in his behalf, and Henry Ford offers to give him employment if he is granted his freedom.

Editor Murl H. DeFoe of Charlotte is one of his most loyal friends and has created a great amount of sympathy throughout the state for him. A few weeks ago the Charlotte Republican-Tribune printed his picture and it shows him to be a lonely, somewhat discouraged, white haired old man.

What is it about the Latimer case that causes so many loyal friends, some of them in the highest walks of life, to come to his support and ask for his pardon, while those who are clothed with the power to grant that favor, one by one refuse it?

Can Latimer himself, or those who speak in his behalf, give the answer? We seriously should like to know.

Four years ago in this column we strongly opposed a pardon for Latimer, taking the position that any man who would murder his mother was lucky to escape the gallows. The article as copied by other papers and found its way to the Jackson prisoner.

Three years later he received from him this letter:

January 23, 1931.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

It's harking back a long, long way to revert to your personal story in the Republican, commenting on the DeFoe-Latimer Christmas cards of 1928, a story of which you yourself wrote:

"Upon re-reading the above we get the reaction that it sounds somewhat harsh. It is not so intended, but it is the honest conviction of the writer and so we let it stand."

The prisoner, as you will appreciate, is scarcely in position to begin an argument with the editor, but I'm enclosing some personal matter that I hope you may find of interest and for which your considerate reading is asked, particularly of the letter of the late Charles E. Townsend.

When one has insistently, persistently, consistently, and truthfully declared his innocence of an atrocious crime, the murder of his mother, for forty-two years, then what?

In your own deliberate judgment, what could be the effect on a man of more than average intelligence, hooked up with a conscience guilty of so heinous a crime as the murder of his mother, long, long, before the end of forty-two years?

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

R. Irving Latimer,

Michigan State Prison.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton, Jackson, Mich.

The Decatur Republican.

Another Governor will be inaugurated in a few days, another Christmas time is but a year away and Latimer still is hoping for his freedom.

Hope keeps many a lone heart beating, and the most we can say to Latimer now is to hope on, and know that He who notes the sparrow's fall will not overlook a case so grave. The right and wrong of it is known by Him and justice will be done.

We do not feel about it this time as we did four years ago. Today we do not know whether or not freedom would be best for Latimer and those with whom he would come in contact.

But we have acquired a somewhat broader charity and a clearer understanding of the fact that there is but one judge, and that "The Judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

We voted against the amendment to take away from the Governor the power to pardon prisoners and are doubly glad that it failed to carry.

So we again say to Latimer, hope on, and if deserving it freedom will surely come to you some time.

A. N. M.

SCHMILE

Schmile and de world schmiles mit you,
Laugh und de vorld vill roar;
Howl und de world vill leaf you,
Und nefer come back anymore.

For all of us couldn't been handsome,
Nor all of us vear goot clothes;
But a schmile vas not expensive,
Und covers a vorld of woes.

— Brains.

DR. WM. W. BRADLEY

1880-1932

Dr. Wm. W. Bradley was born in Decatur July 20, 1880, and departed this life in Chicago June 3, 1932, just one year after the death of his father, Mellon U. Bradley.

He spent his early life in Decatur, graduating from high school in 1898. After attending Ann Arbor he obtained his M. D. from Rush Medical College, Chicago..

In Chicago he practiced his profession for twenty-eight years. He was always ready at any hour to administer to the sick. It was his devotion to the ills of humanity that wrecked his physical condition. Three weeks ago he was confined to his bed and bore his suffering patiently.

He has been connected with the Baptist faith since early childhood. He was a member of the Chicago Medical Association, the National Medical Association and many fraternal organizations.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. Alyce Bradley, two sisters, Mrs. Eva Scott and Mrs. Gertrude Hamilton, a brother, John L. Bradley, an uncle, Marcellus Bradley, and aunt, Carrie Bradley, besides many other relatives and friends to mourn his passing.

Sleep on, dear one, sleep on,
Life's toil on earth is o'er,
There are no sorrows where you are gone;
We'll meet you on the eternal shore.

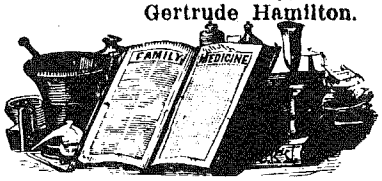
The funeral service of Dr. Wm. W. Bradley was held in Chicago on Sunday, June 5. The body was brought to Decatur for burial in Three Mile Lake cemetery Monday.

Those from out of town attending the services here at the home of his sister, Mrs. Gertrude Hamilton, were as follows: Mrs. Alyce Bradley, Mrs. Ruby Lawson, Miss Carrie Bradley and Mrs. Helen Sweeney of Chicago; Dr. Eugene Browning of Grand Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. John Bradley and son Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Winburn of Battle Creek; Mrs. W. A. Boon and daughter of South Bend; Mrs. May Goens of Benton Harbor; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Hathaway of Niles, and Mr. and Mrs. Orrin White of Kalamazoo.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the Rev. Uhlinger for his comforting words, the singers, and the many friends and neighbors for the lovely floral pieces and other expressions of sympathy in our sad bereavement.

Alyce Bradley,
Eva Scott,
John Bradley,
Gertrude Hamilton.



THE SAINTS' CAMP MEETING

Held at Grand Junction Last Summer. And the Song Composed by the Song Leader.

Mrs. Mary Bernnath went to the Saints' camp meeting that was held at Grand Junction last August. The Church of God, which is the same organization, owns a big farm with woods on it and have held camp meetings there for many years.

Besides Mrs. Bernath many other Decatur people went, so many that she could not give us the list, but will next year. Some went for a day or so and some stayed and camped right through. The meetings lasted ten days.

The campers camped in tents and some occupied the cottages and two dormatories. The church furnished public cook stoves out of doors.

Rev. T. Harry Foster was the song leader and a wonderful man. He composed a song entitled, "Salvation Is for All," and it was sung there the last day. The men named in the song were all preachers who had taken part in the meeting.

Mrs. Bernath got a copy of the song and here it is:

I have a gospel message that I want to sing to you,
It is about salvation, for the Gentile and the Jew,
It is for every nation, yes, for all and not a few,
Salavtion is for all.

Listen, hear the invitation,
Jesus offers you salvation,
Then you'll be a new creation,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the Chinese, who must walk on little feet,
Salvation for the Danish whose good butter is a treat,
And there's that man from Italy, Joe Cirone's hard to beat,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the Hebrew man, much laughter does he bring,
We won't forget the Colored man, who makes his banjo ring,
And when they get to heaven they will both join in and sing,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the little man, whom many call the Jap,
And there's that man from Germany, whose name is Martin Raab,
And there's that portly Irishman, O. L. Yerty is his tab,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the Russian under Communistic rule,
And there's the Norway children who skate on the ice to school,
Salvation for the Mexican who loves to drink white mule,
[illegible]
Salvation for the Belgian, though there are but just a few,
And there's our friend from India, C. L. Bleiler, is here too,
And there's the Gypsy people who would steal a hen or two,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the Scotchman, Earl Martin is his name,
And too, his fellow countryman, A. F. Gray, D.D. he claims,
And they are both from Anderson, so let's join in and sing,
Salvation is for all.

Salvation for the Spaniard who is branded with tatoo,
Salvation for the Yankee, and Wayne Cross, you all know too,
And there's that peculiar Hollander, Dad Hartman, is true blue,
Salvation is for all.

Now, if, my friends, you find you're not included in this song,
Just put your nationality in the "Whosoever" throng,
Just give yourself to Jesus, then to Him you will belong,
Salvation is for all.

These last two verses were written by one of Mrs. Bernath's Decatur friends:

This verse is finely written, but there's this I wish to say,
Salvation's freely given to choir leaders every day,
And Reverend Harry Foster gets his share along the way,
Salvation is for all.

When Reverend Foster leads us in the morning hymns di.ine,
The air resounds with happy strains of music so sublime,
The clouds break from the heavenly sphere and lo, the sun doth shine,
Salvation is for all.

AWAY BACK

By F. L. K.

Yes, Jont. seems to be all right in most ways, but he must be getting quite along in years to remember so distinctly away back to the dark days of the Civil War and how he learned to dance to the fiddling of the widow K.'s sons. Kinda puts a tickling in the old feet to have him talk about such nigh old times when the only sober one at the party was the baby asleep in a back room. Makes one think of—

"That gal Irene, so young and keen,
Who was the queen of the village green;
And when she played on the a-cor-deen
A slicker gal you've never seen.
Everybody on the street
Got a tickling in their feet,
When she played on the a-cor-deen."

I started to relate some events away back in the fifties, when Jont gave a dirty look which was easily interpreted as "What a durned liar the old fellow is gitten to be."

You know I was describing that one-poster bed I saw in an old log house up in Marcellus township which was built by either John Bair in 1832 or by Daniel Driskel the following year. Jont was probably at the raising, carrying—water, was it?

Well, anyway, that was away back yonder and if you keep on doubting this reliable historical statement, I can go up there not far from Hemlock lake and show you within a few yards of where the old house stood up to the time Dan Bridge raised a new house of logs in 1858 and dedicated it in the noisy style of that grubby time.

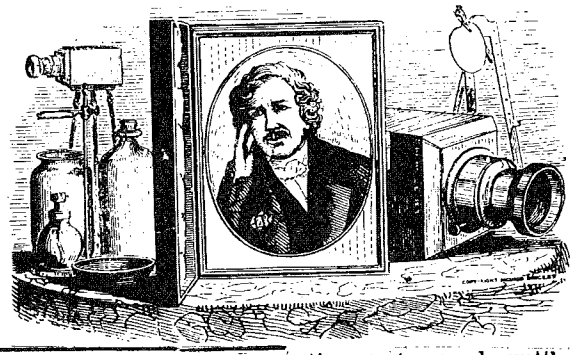
The old pioneer building was about 24 by 18 feet with a wide stone fireplace at the north end. The floor was not creaky at all as it was made of large logs that had been scored, hewed and adzed off and settled in the dirt. Everything had been chinked up tight and the house was banked with dirt to keep out all frost.

In far corner was what was left of the one-poster aforementioned bed. Seven feet out from the end and about four feet from the side a stout four-foot post was stoutly imbedded in a floor log. Four saplings had come off the shaving-horse somewhat flattened and with half-inch holes bored through them about eight inches apart. One long and one short were pegged to the side logs about 18 inches above the floor and the other two ran from the side logs to the one post. This frame served for the rope tightly criss-crossed and there you were ready for the striped tick filled with straw or marsh hay. A bolster to match, a few quilted quilts and a buffalo robe and there you are,—hop in.

Having no citronella for the mosquitoes and no carbolic for the bedbugs, these flying dinosaurs and creeping hairy mammoths had a lot of fun, especially after ten or twelve babies came along.

Home made table and chairs, a shelf for the clock just imported from England, a few pegs for wardrobe.

Now Jont, go ahead but we want the truth.



PHOTOGRAPHER J. C. HOLMES

A Queer Character But a Genius Who Owned Decatur Gallery Sixty Years Ago.

(As told the Editor by Charlie Pritchard twenty years ago.)

Of the old time business men of Decatur, probably one of the most eccentric characters was J. C. Holmes, who engaged in the photograph business here from 1861 till the early 70's He was an expert in his line of work and there were few who could excel him.

He was always courteous in his manners and when he first lived here was one of the best dressers that ever came to the town. When he appeared on the street or in public he was dressed in the height of fashion, supported fine jewels, a silk tie and a gold headed cane.

But as time rolled by all this changed, owing, it is said, to his having been disappointed in love by one of Decatur's fairest daughters, and he became negligent in his business, often leaving it for several days at a time to go fishing, and work he had on hand would be neglected often for weeks.

During the time he was in Decatur he had an apprentice, Charles Pritchard, to whom he agreed to teach the art of photography for the sum of $25. He had gotten down to the point where his clothing consisted of two pairs of white linen trousers and a black coat and vest. He wore this combination all winter, wearing both pairs of trousers at the same time so that the holes in one pair would be covered by the good places in the other.

Along in the spring Charlie Pritchard paid him the $25, and a little while after Holmes came into the studio with a new cheap suit of clothes. Throwing them on the table, he remarked "There, Holmes, you've got a new suit of clothes," then unfastening his coat collar, which he always wore pinned up close to his chin, he displayed an old, dirty white shirt, decorated with a costly diamond pin.

He was a great reader and was very fond of Shakespeare. One morning he came into his studio and picking up a volume of Shakespeare began to read aloud, in which manner he continued to read until two o'clock, stopping only long enough to occasionally exclaim in a tragically deep bass voice, "Gawd, ain't that fine! Ain't that grand!"

After remaining in Decatur about three years he sold out to his former student and went to Chicago where he obtained a position in one of the leading galleries of the city at $24 per week. He worked there for some time, when business getting dull, the proprietor informed Holmes that he was well pleased with his work but would have to cut his wages to $18 per week until business livened up a little when he would again pay his former wage. Holmes at once became indignant, said he would allow no man to cut his wages and quit.

He went over to the Wallace Lumber yard, of which our former townsman, Jack Tuttle, was superintendent and got a position piling lumber at $9 per week. He continued in this position for several months during which time he slept in Mr. Tuttle's office.

He finally went to Eaton Rapids where he was spending his time hunting, trapping and fishing when last heard from by his Decatur friends.

WADE C. YECKLEY

1860-1932

Decatur lost a splendid citizen in the passing of Wade C. Yeckely on Tuesday, May 24.

His home for practically all of his life was in this community and no man could be held in higher esteem among relatives and neighbors and friends.

He was the oldest child of George G. B. and Eliza Read Yeckley and was born in Hamilton township April 28, 1860.

His father in his day was one of the county's prominent and most popular citizens. He passed away in 1875 while serving this county as a member of the State Legislature, a young man of but 45. His oldest son was said to be much like him although the latter spent the active years of his life as a railroad man and never sought political honors.

Wade Yeckley grew up on the farm west of this village. He attended the district school and then the Decatur High school and finished his schooling at the Michigan Agricultural college.

He began his railroad career at the age of twenty and served fifty years up to the time of his retirement April 30, 1930.

He went first with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy as brakeman and transferred to the Michigan Central in 1892. He served first as car distributor, number taker, etc., in the offices at Jackson, but soon went onto the road and in time was given the best and fastest runs between Detroit and Chicago. His last runs were on the swift express trains which make but three stops between Detroit and Chicago.

His record as a railroad man was one of which any man could well be proud. He knew the business thoroughly and had a way of dealing with the public which few could equal. He held in a high degree the confidence of railroad officials and the friendship and esteem of his fellow workmen.

Since his retirement he has had two years and a month of peaceful rest which he and Mrs. Yeckley have thoroughly enjoyed at their plesant home on East St. Mary's street.

He was married to Miss Ida Lurkins, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lurkins, April 11, 1883, and in another year they would have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They have had a happy life together, have had some splendid trips and found pleasure in entertaining their friends.

Those of his near relatives who survive him are Mrs. Yeckley and his sis-

THE STORY OF CHARLIE ROSS

The Little Boy Abducted 58 Years Ago and Never Found.

Charlie Ross was abducted July 1, 1874. He and his elder brother Walter were playing in front of their home in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, when two men who passed by in a buggy offered to take them for a ride if they would walk to the top of the hill. The two boys walked to the top of the hill and were taken into the buggy.

Walter wanted the men to take them to Main street and buy some fireworks, but they said they would take them to "Aunt Susie's," a fictitious person.

They plied the boys with candy while the team was driven toward Kensington. At Palmer and Richmond streets Walter was given a quarter and directed to get some fireworks in a cigar store. When he returned the men and his curly haired brother were gone. A friend of the family took Walter to his parents.

It was some days before anything in the nature of a clue came to the searchers. This was in the shape of a letter from the supposed abductors. It was grossly illiterate and informed Mr. Ross that the writers held the boy so securely that no earthly power could reach him, and he would not be delivered without the payment of a big ransom.

The father was warned that any attempted to recover the boy by detectives would result in the boy's instant death. The writers promised to com-

municate with Mr. Ross in a few days.

They wrote two days later demanding $20,000 ransom for the return of the boy. This sum was promptly raised by friends of Mr. Ross, but the police stepped in and asked to be given the conduct of the case. This was granted and the Mayor offered $20,000 for the arrest of the kidnappers and the return of the boy. This immense reward attracted world wide attention.

Mr. Ross received 16 letters from the abductors during the next four months but they were so carefully disguised that no clue could be found to the writers.

Supt. Walling of the New York police found the clue that ended in fixing the crime of abduction on William Mosher and Joseph Douglass, burglars.

William Westervelt, a brother-in-law of Mosher, acted as go between in the attempted negotiations with Mr. Ross. The police of the country were looking for the two men when the residence of Judge Van Brunt in Bay Ridge was entered by burglars on December 14, 1874. The burglars were attacked by a brother of the Judge and several servants. One of the burglars was shot dead and the other was mortally wounded.

They were Mosher and Douglass. Mosher was dead. Douglass gasped to Mr. Van Brunt:

"It's no use lying now. Mosher and I stole Charlie Ross. Mosher knows all about him."

When told that his partner was dead he said:

"Then God help his poor wife and family. He new about Charlie. The child will be returned in a few days."

The boy was never returned, the suppostion being that he met his death in the North River while his abductors were eluding pursuit.

MELONCHOLIC DAYS

By F. L. K.

Dear Arba: —

A little report please on my annual two-day visit to the fine fruit farm of Mr. Frank Geisler near Watervliet.

Last Friday we trucked 106 crates of Honey Rock canteloupes to Benton Harbor where they claim to have the largest general fruit and vegetable market in the world. It covers four and one-half acres and accommodates fourteen to fifteen hundred farm trucks per day. (Ought to see one of Los Angeles 10-acre market squares!)

Truckers pay a dollar per day for the use of a loading platform and the right to buy a load. Hundreds of them leave daily for faraway cities in every direction and reach as far as Duluth, St. Louis, and with apples and peaches mainly, down to Memphis, Birmingham, Atlanta, Ohio cities and quite a number find Detroit a good market for their truck and trailer loads. Railroads and steamboats find this hard competition.

Mr. Geisler finally sold his load for fifty dollars, which deducting cost of crates, gave him about two cents each for his fine melons. The trucker he sold to landed his load in Chicago and delivered it to growers at a dollar per crate, thus getting more than the producer received. The grocer got ten cents each, making an equal profit, and all in one day, while the producer actually made nothing and got one turnover (turn under) per year. The consumers pay plenty for their melons which are like friends, and I'll tell you why,—to find one good you must dozen try.

A philosopher and idealist might suggest that since the Wise Creator has fixed the absolute and eternal law of action and reaction, cause and effect, reap as we sow, get measure for measure with ever and always a debit somewhere, somehow, for every credit, all profiteering with its greediness and unfairness, will in due time react and exact its just toll. This has never failed and never can fail. Now just a foolish inquiry:

Since there is no collateral in existence and never can be, safer than good old Mother Earth, a substantial representative of Diety, if we force farmers and farms to fail, whence will come patrons and food for the majority of mankind now gathering in towns and cities?

But, will the farmers be forced much longer to bear an unfair deal? Will they forever allow themselves to be gypped both going and coming? Listen! There is a storm gathering over in Iowa which bids fair to become a great downpouring and flood the land even before the politicians find shelter. You fellow with a white shirt, better get your raincoat and umbrella.

Dutch landy well said the other day, "Ven de farmer don't make, nobody makes."

THIS WEEK

The attractive new heading for this column is the gift of Clayton Howe, an artistic printer of Kalamazoo. Clayton learned the trade in the Republican office and worked here till he went away to the war.

A mistake was made in recording the history of Main street last week. The Higgins grocery was placed on the wrong corner. Mr. Stewart gave the correct information and the reporter unintentionally did the juggling.

The Higgins grocery was a frame building located on the corner where Mosier's store is now. In fact Mosier's store was the Higgins grocery and it is the oldest store building now standing in Decatur.

It was built away back in the fifties. Dr. Thomas Browning bought it, bricked it in and rented it to Charles Schuster for a drygoods store which it has been ever since.

Only one other store building in the village can compete with the Higgins grocery building in age and that is the three-story brick building owned by Mrs. Catherine Carney and occupied by Frank Squires as a paint and second hand store.

This building was erected by Charles N. Poore in the late fifties and the house adjoining, known as the Potts house, was built by him at about the same time.

The other two store buildings which comprise what is known as the Poore block and the building owned by Mr. Stewart and occupied by Gale's hardware store were built in 1864.

Farmers and truckmen selling on the Benton Harbor market say that Decatur celery is the favorite celery among the buyers.

One truckman was passing his celery off as Kalamazoo celery, thinking it would bring a better price when a buyer told him he preferred Decatur celery. There may be a moral to this story.

The Van Buren County Republican convention got a slow start last Thursday afternoon.

The call announced the meeting at Hartford at 2 o'clock "C. S. T." Some of the delegates failed to see these letters and went "E. S. T."

The time mix-up is with us again. Chicago changed to slow time Sunday. The public schools and the stores of Niles changed to slow time Monday.

The trains are always on slow time and the buses are both slow and fast.

Decatur's clocks are still fast and may so continue.

Eastern Standard time is "official" in all parts of Michigan, made so by act of the legislature, but it is not obligatory for schools, churches, homes or business houses.

The sympathy of the public probably is with the railroads. We need them and note with regret the evidence of their slipping. But when it comes to paying a fare into Chicago the difference is so great that the ordinary traveler is practically forced to the buses.

The fare one way to Chicago over the Michigan Central is a few cents over $4. The fare to Chicago and return over the Greyhound bus line is $3.15. This line is selling tickets from Chicago to Detroit for $2, and has recently put on a new bus from Chicago to New York City with the fare between $19 and $20.

There may be a hidden reason why the Greyhound is selling fares so

cheaply. The Indian Trail buses also travel between Chicago and Detroit. A venturesome promoter from Owosso started out to build bus lines and prospered till he ventured onto the highways which made competition. Now it looks like a question of how long will he last. Such is the spirit of live and let live in the field of big business.

RAMBO REMINISCENSES

By F. L. K.

Hard times? Well, well; nothing to it. Say you Gus, let's take a run back to that snappy winter of 1858-9.

An ambitious German widow was permitted to shelter her three girls and two little boys in an old house about fifty rods south of the county line on land now owned by Mr. Fred Winkler. A stray calf was taken up by those boys who never tried to find the owner and in the spring the spotted cow gave that young steer a mate and those happy youngsters had a diminutive ox-team. They made a little yoke and soon taught them the meaning of giddap, whoa, gee and haw.

And Lou, two years later those steers were traded for ten acres which was the start of the old homestead just east of the Winkler farm. Some brush was cut away and kind neighbors donating part of the materials and labor soon had a house 18 by 24 with a half story above and quickly some stool grubs, hickories and second-growth oaks were cleared away for a garden and the start of an orchard.

Hard times, Dee? Motor out and view a half dozen of your fine farms and then reflect that your good old dad had a part in the making of that widow's new home.

The littlest son (guess again Loster) went to work for Benjamin Hathaway, the renowned poet farmer and nurseryman, and two rambo trees were poorly dug and the facetious agrarian gave them to the lad with the promise that if he made them grow, he might have twelve the following spring. So the two rambo trees were set in the brush on the day that the confederate batteries began firing on Ft. Sumpter April 12, 1861. And yesterday that same little boy, now grown bigger, sat under an old tree eating its Tallman sweets close by where one of those rambos is still alive and doing business. The sweet tree is one of the memorial dozen with sacred recollections of a stirring period.

So there sat the octogenarian, gazing through the hazy atmosphere of dog days, wondering how many old octaves can sit in the shade and eat of the fruit from trees planted seventy years ago on the awful day that terrible fratricidal strife began. Close by are the remains of an old reaper abandoned years ago by the sturdy brother when he left the old home, retiring to some years of well-earned rest in Decatur. Reminiscences a plenty came trooping by bringing back vividly those dear old days, all so different from the present time; days filled with heavy manual labor but not without their rich compensations.

Oh the changes! Oh life's bitter costs! But shall we ever forget the thousand blessings, Arba? They served well their time, those members of that blessed household; the old reaper and the appletrees, but in their time they were identified with joys, love's happiness, the cry of babies and the shouts of jolly children. The afternoon is waning towards the night and the old man's last sun set is close at hand. Ready? Why yes, er, well—you know, we would like to see these frisky youngsters of this day, pull out of the mess they have put it in. Maybe we who bred them are primarily responsible for this jam,—excuse me please, there goes the call for supper.

THIS WEEK

John Shaad has brought to the office a baseball bill of the days when we had the most famous amateur ball club in Michigan.

Decatur was known as the biggest little ball town in three states, and rival towns paid big money for professional players in a vain attempt to defeat us.

For four or five years Decatur was supreme on the diamond until Beckwith money produced the players that Waterlooed us in that city one fateful Fourth of July.

Lawton was our great local rival. Lawton had a fast team of ball players, and they did hate to bite the dust of our swifter aggregation. Once or twice those Lawton fighters did give us a drubbing, but when we once got our pace it was all over with the grape juice boys.

One time they came down here, reinforced to win, and they were confident to the point of determination. Half of Lawton came with them, and with two-thirds of our population out Barton park was stretched to the limit. It was a wrangling game but we beat 'em, as Doc Marks would say it, and the Lawton boys were sore.

After the game was played through it was argued through, and heated challenges were given and taken.

Johnnie Pelton came up the street waving over his head a roll of ones and twos and offering to wager one hundred dollars that Lawton could beat Decatur on the Lawton grounds. He met Ed. Rawson coming out of Carney's drug store, shook the handful of long green in his face and repeated the challenge. "Don't know but I'll take you," replied our star center fielder, and pulling his wallet out of his pistol pocket he calmly extracted therefrom a one hundred dollar bill and said, "Come on in here and we'll put it up with Mal." But Jonnie then concluded he would wait awhile.

That same summer Decatur played Lawton in Lawton and won again. Feeling was high. It almost amounted to a declaration of war between the two towns. On the afternoon of the game this town was deserted. We all went to Lawton. We went by train, buggy, wagon and foot power.

Coming back a hundred or more boys and men climbed on top of the cars of a freight train and before it got started out of the village a crowd of angry and disappointed Lawton boys pelted us with stones. No great damage was done, however, and the pride of victory more than offset the few bruises brought back to the old home town.

But to go back to the baseball bill brought in by Johnie Shaad. That bill brings back a flood of memories. It advertised the game between Hammond and Decatur and this is what it said,—

"The above clubs will play at the Association grounds, Decatur, Friday, September 16, 1887. The Hammonds are the champions of northern Indiana, and a close game may be expected. This will be the last game of the season. Game called at 2:30. Admission 15 cents. Ladies free."

It was a close game, the fiercest and most desperate game the famous Decatur club ever played, not barring any of the Lawton games.

Those Hammond meat packers were a hardened bunch. They were regular iron men, tough as pine knots. They were out for money and were ready to practice a few tricks, if necessary, to get it.

The day before they had defeated Dowagiac in a hard game, and the Hammond followers had taken a sizeable sum of money in wagers from the loyal Dowagiac sports.

The next day Dowagiac's betting fraternity came here to recoup their loses by betting on Decatur, and the betting was heavy.

Visitors came here from all the nearby towns and farms, the stores closed and the big game was the one topic of conversation.

Decatur had a good home town band in those days and the band led the procession to Barton Park. The visitors were allowed to furnish the one umpire then required, and he was from Hammond.

The game opened with Thomas in the box and Stapy behind the bat. They were our widely known bantam battery,—angels in the eyes of Decatur fans, and especially the kids. They were to the Decatur nine what Twitchell and Ganzel were to the big League, and Dannie Carney was Decatur's Old Pop Anson.

The game opened with the home nine alert and cautious. No nine ever faced a graver responsibility and the boys all knew it. They were not nervous. They were at their best and took no chances.

Hammond too knew that they had a foe worthy of their best efforts. They

would rather beat Decatur than any team they had met on their circuit. It was their last game of the season and Decatur's last game of the season, and Hammond money, almost to their last dollar, was wagered on the result.

The game went along smoothly from the first and the crowd was excited to the pitch that it cheered but little,—breathless with excitement one might have called it.

Hammond went to bat in the last half of the seventh with the score 7 to 6 in favor of Decatur and the atmosphere suddenly turned queer and unnatural. Something was in the wind and the home boys could not tell what it was. There was sort of a suspicion that all was not right. Puss Thomas for the first time showed nervousness. He let a man walk. Then a batter made a single and the man on first got to third. The next man to bat struck a pop-up and the runners were held where they were.

Then came the most nefarious piece of criminal practice ever to that date executed in baseball to the knowledge of the baseball experts of Decatur.

Remember, it was the last half of the seventh, the score 7 to 6 in favor of the home nine, Hammond to bat with one man out and a man on first and third.

The next batter hit a single which was quickly fielded. The man on third made a score and the man on first passed up the second base and RAN STRAIGHT ACROSS THE DIAMOND TO THIRD.

There was a deep groan followed by angry yells from the audience and those in front rushed onto the diamond. The umpire, who stood just back of the pitcher's box, said he didn't see the runner miss second, declared him safe on third and shouted to the players to play ball. But in the place of pitching the ball our wiry Thomas pitched into the umpire and a free for all fight looked imminent.

Thomas looked like an easy victim for the big brawny umpire and some of our more conservative fans rushed in and pulled him away, the umpire receiving a stiff kick on the chin from Thomas' toe as he was leaving. The game ended right there and the Hammond players were glad to get out of town without being mobbed.

Many a boy was restless in school that afternoon and what he learned helped him but little in obtaining his diploma of graduation.

Three high school boys stood on the back steps of the old school building talking over their hard luck in having to go to school. The second bell had rung and each one had held an unsuccessful interview with Professor Pierce. Permits to leave were out of the question.

The last bell was rung by Janitor John Taylor from 1:25 to 1:30. It had begun and the boys were still bemoaning their luck and intimating rebellion, but they dared not run away.

Finally one weakened and went on up stairs to school. The other two were about to give up and follow when the three swift strokes of the bell and the sharp ring of the gong pronounced for them the dreaded word, "tardy."

There was nothing else then to do but go to the ball game.

Standing back of the home town players' bench a couple of hours later a diminutive fan of the fans was wildly cheering and waving his hands in the air, when suddenly he felt conscious of the awed presence of something that sent a chill over him on that very warm day. Looking up the boy saw the stern Professor twisting one side of a long sandy mustache and looking sternly down upon him.

It was a tough place to put a kid, but Decatur surely would have lost that ball game if he had not been there to see that justice was done.

It required an embarrassing call on each member of the Board of Education for the boys to get back into school.

In Rawson's Kandy Kitchen there hangs a picture of that famous team of Decatur ball players. Most of them are remembered or known to our citizens of today. They are,—

Frank C. Stapleton, catcher
Frank W. Thomas, pitcher
John Hughes*, first base
Claude Haydon*, second base
Harvey C. Taylor*, third base
Dan J. Carney*, short stop
George Kruse*, left field
Edward J. Rawson, center field
Marion E. Chadwick*, right field.

Others who played at times were John O'Leary* and Stanley Briggs of Paw Paw and Howard Smith of Lawton and Ralph Slater.

*Deceased.

Senator Borah, like a spoiled child, refused to go to Chicago to take a hand in the making of the Republican platform, but now he is making speeches denouncing it.

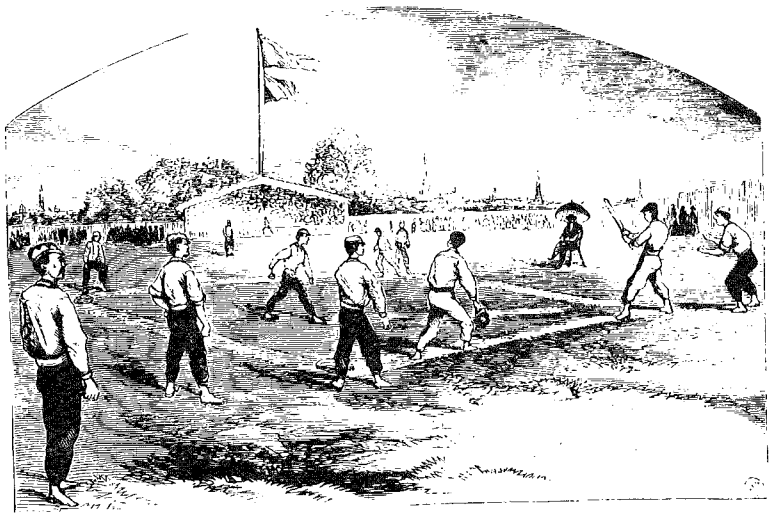
Chicago is in something of a financial cramp brought about by permiting her officials to rob her. Now she wants Uncle Sam to make up the deficiency. If our Uncle falls for such twiddling he had better watch out. He has other charming nieces who will make him more trouble than he ever dreamed of.

A traveling man said Tuesday that he would vote for Hoover because he is honest and has through his four years of experience an understanding of the condition this country is in that will enable him to guide it out into prosperous times again better than any other man.

This traveling man advocated the free coinage of silver and in the conversation it developed that he has an interest in a silver mine.

He said there is not enough money in circulation to do the business of the country. The total amount of money in the United States is $39 per capita. The amount in circulation is but $11.50. The big balance is in bank reserves and in hiding.

The law making letter postage 3 cents instead of 2 cents goes into effect July 6. One person thinks he has found a way to get around the law. He is going to buy all the two cents stamps he can pay for between now and the 6th of July.



LAKE OF THE WOODS MIGHT PROVE TO BE A GOLD MINE FOR DECATUR

A Beautiful Lake Ideally Located, Almost Ruined by Drainage. Could Be Restored to Resort Value by a Dam in Outlet and Not Injure Nearby Farm Property.

By Dana P. Smith, Registered Civil Engineer, Paw Paw, Mich.

To the Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Sirs:—The letter of "Observer" in a recent issue of the Republican protesting the lowering of the water in the Lake of the Woods should strike a responsive chord in the heart of every taxpayer in Decatur township. It is time that some account was taken of our natural resources in rivers and lakes before they are all destroyed by senseless drainage of lands which will never be worked after they are unwatered.

It is self-evident that a certain amount of tax has to be raised in every township every year to run the affairs of the town and that the more dollars of valuation there is to spread this expense over the easier it will be for every one. So it is to the interest of every township to increase and develop its natural sources of wealth to the greatest amount possible, and any township which has natural lakes with an attractive shore line has a source of wealth that should be conserved instead of being destroyed.

Today Michigan's greatest and most valuable resource is resorting, and in 1930 during the depression, according to the report of the State Parks Division the attendance at our state parks was 8,891,888 or more people than attended all our famous national parks put together. If these people spent the trifling sum of $3 each in the state they left here more than twenty-five million dollars.

For many years I have had a good deal to do with platting lakeside property at various places along the west coast of Lake Michigan between the Indiana line and the Straights of Mackinaw and have seen the great increase of valuation growing out of the development of lake front lots.

I have in mind a plat that I made in one of the northern counties two years ago where the land was valued at $300.00, and separated from the lake front would not have sold for half of that After platting I was curious to see what price the promoters would put on these lots and it figured up $21,000.00, and best of all they were getting it.

Another in Oceana county before platting, the land was valued at $100. We got 25 lots valued at $10,000.00 and this was on a lake 18 miles from a town. Another piece of lake front in Kalkaska county was bought at tax sale for $25.00. The plat is five years old and today the lots and houses are worth probably $12,000.00. The thing that made this great increase of valuation possible is the fact that these lakes have all their natural beauty unimpaired.

They have clean natural beaches with the water level right up to the shore line skirted with groves of beautiful, natural shade trees with an aspect that no landscape architect could better. If these lakes were drained all this valuation would be destroyed.

Think of this when tempted to destroy the beauty of natural lakes by drains, that desirable lake frontage is worth from $2.00 to $10.00 per front foot and is an article that is getting less every year in Michigan with all our great number of lakes. When these lots are improved with cottages it will add from $10 to $50 per front foot to the value.

Would it not be a nice thing if the Lake of the Woods was up to its old level and there were say 50 cottages around the lake each having a valuation for tax purposes of $1,000. Would not this help the tax paying in Decatur township? Then there would be the trade coming to the stores of Decatur from the summer visitors which would help.

Decatur has paved roads running to the sources from which summer visitors come and all this is possible but it will never be as long as this beautiful sheet of water is drained down to an unsightly pond. It may be that Decatur has an undeveloped source of valuation in the Lake of the Woods that a dam in the outlet will restore.

Yours sincerely,
Dana P. Smith.

Fysshe Stories

LETTERS

Paw Paw, Michigan,
Aug. 15, 1932.

Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Friend:—Your account in the last paper describing the taking off Joe Pierson was most interesting and I thought I would add one more item.

In the Clapp cemetery on the Glendale road about one half mile north of Paw Paw, is a grave and head stone with inscription as follows:

JOSEPH P. PIERSON
Killed by Aaron Sweet
Feb. 25th, 1869.
Aged 28 years.

For a number of years this lonely grave has been a source of curiosity to me but found no one who could shed any light on the matter until your account which explains the whole matter.

Yours sincerely,
Dana P. Smith.

WHERE PIERSON WAS SHOT

Alamo, Mich., Aug. 12, 1932.

Mr. Arba Moulton,
Decatur.

Dear Sir:—I have seen in your paper notices of Joe Pierson's death.. As for Mrs. Clara Gould, I don't remember the lady, but do know she is mistaken about the place where Joe Pierson was shot.

Mr. Stewart is right in saying he was shot in the Down's billiard room and saloon. I know for a fact as Mr. and Mrs. Downs lived in a private house just west of the hotel, a drive between them.

Mrs. Downs was not able to do her work and I went to work for her in her home. My curiosity got the better of me and I said I would like to see where he got his just dessert. So Mrs. Downs and I went in while the rest were eating their supper. The bloodstains were yet on to be seen.

I remember both parties well, as Mr. Sweet was nightwatchman and all feared Mr. Joe Pierson.

The hotel was a frame building, stairway on the south side to the second story. I did not see the shooting but enough to know I am right, and so is Mr. Stewart. I knew Mr. Stewart when he was a young man.

Yours sincerely,
Sarah Graham Norton.

W. H. Howland of Jackson called last Friday and told more of the Pierson story.

Mr. Howland thinks the date of the killing should have been 1871 instead of 1869. He bases his opinion on the fact that it occurred while his uncle, Mike Code, lived in his family which was during the winter of 1870 and '71.

The Howland family then lived on a farm in northeast Decatur near the Paw Paw line.

Michael Code drove to town that evening with the horse and cutter and did not get back till pretty nearly chore time. He brought the news of the tragedy and said it followed a free for all fight. The town was wild with excitement and feeling ran high.

The town of Glenwood was then known as Tletsort Siding. The townspeople did not like that name and changed it to Model City but the railroad would not pay any attention to them and kept on listing the old name.

Finally in 1874 the company put in a wood yard and built a new depot and named the station Glenwood.

Mr. Howland was a boyhood friend of B. J. Haynes of Cadillac whose death was recorded in the Republican a few weeks ago.

Bert and Will Howland were active young Decatur boys 60 years ago. Bert was wandering around in the swamp past the Moulton farm one day when he heard a pig squealing in terrified tones. Upon investigating he found a big snapping turtle hanging by its teeth to the pig's tail and slowly but surely dragging it deeper into the swamp.

Bert whipped out his big knife and cut off the turtle's head and the pig ran away. It used to be known among the boys that when a turtle took hold of anything it never let go so that turtle's head must still be hanging to the pig's tail.

L. G. Stewart is the third old resident to name the place where Joe Pierson was shot in 1869.

Jont. Goble started the story by having him shot in the Doolittle hotel, Mrs. Clara Gould remembered the place as the saloon in the basement of the Chadwick building.

Mr. Stewart says it was in the saloon of the Downs House, a wooden building located on the corner which is the present site of the Charles Brigham building. Thus he verifies the statement of Jont. as to location but not ownership.

The Downs House flourished for several years. Every hotel had a bar in those days and Decatur was one of the liveliest of frontier towns. It had 4 or 5 hotels, as many lawyers and 11 saloons.

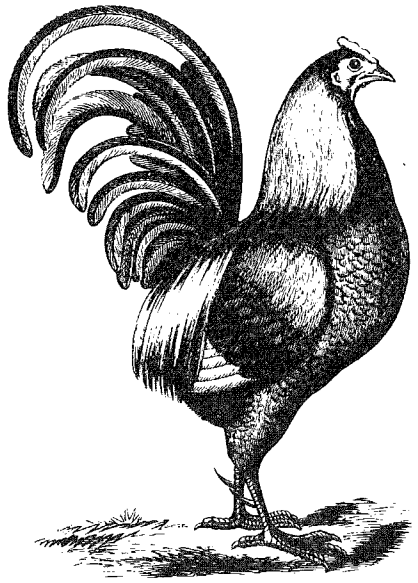
There wasn't a man in town who could handle Joe Pierson. Dan Carney Sr. was a stone mason and a powerful man and though he could do it. One time when he was in his liquor Dan told the officers and bystanders to leave Joe to him and he would take him in. The crowd went out and shut the door and in a few minutes Dan called for help. The crowd kept the door shut and his next call was, "Let me out, he's killing me."

Still the devil in the makeup of the crowd outside was bent on holding Dan to his bargain and they kept the door shut. But Dan's brother Ed drew a revolver and yelled out, "You let him out or I'll shoot to kill." That crowd knew Ed. would do it, too. They opened the door and it took several of the strongest men to conquer the wild man from across the swamp.

Mr. Stewart was strong and wiry in those days and he was occasionally called upon by the officers to assist in over-powering Pierson when he was out on the war path but the job was not to his liking.

It was on a cold winter night that Pierson was shot. Dick Ecker was the bartender of the Downs House and there were the usual number of loungers in the saloon and hotel lobby. Among the number were Capt. Beebe and Ed. Farmer who were waiting for the night train. They were going to Washington, D. C., to get the post office for Beebe.

Pierson was in a fighting mood and Ecker sent out for Nightwatchman Sweet. The little officer went fearlessly in to the bar room and Pierson made a rush for him. He chased Sweet around the billiard tables and finally made one leap onto a table and another onto the officer, crushing him to the floor. As they rolled on the floor Sweet worked his revolver out of his hip pocket and brought it to Pierson's head and fired, and the mighty man expired almost instantly.



LETTERS

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA

Leo Lyle Writes to His Friends of the Work He Is Doing in Carrying the Gospel to the Mountaineers. Asks the Prayers of the Folks at Home.

Clintwood, Virginia,
June 8, 1932.

Dear Friends:

We now have been here in the mountains of Virginia for eight months and feel that it is time to write a news letter to our friends telling of the developments, opportunities, blessings, results, etc., of our work.

Over 3200 Gospel tracts, 534 Gospels of John, 24 Testaments and 8 Bibles have been given out.

We have three Colportage routes eading in different directions from the town of Clintwood. Nearly seventy-five homes have been visited on foot; Gospel tracts have been left each time with a definite Gospel message and at least one Moody Colportage book has been left in each home. In spite of the fact that it is the busy time of the year, the majority of the people have these books read in two or three weeks time when we come around with a new supply of literature for them to read.

These routes range from four to twelve miles in distance from the town and at first the writer was somewhat discouraged about making such trips on these hot days. Much encouragement on the second trip out, however, upon hearing of the blessing brought into many lives through reading the books.

One man that has been in bed with tuberculosis of the bone, was saved on one of these trips. He has four children, but no wife to take care of them. The county hires a family to nurse him but his children are in the homes of some of his friends. Since he has been saved he is very desirous of getting them back with him again so that he may lead them to his Savior. He is in much pain most of the time, but is rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ in spite of it all, and his heart is full of praise to God for all His goodness to him.

Several places along these routes there are old ladies and shut-ins living that have never heard the true Gospel as we know it and they have come to look eagerly forward for the time for us to come with more books for them to read or to have some one else read to them.

These visits are meaning a great deal not only to us in becoming better acquainted with the people, but to the people themselves. Some of them have many vital questoins to ask about the Bible and we have been able by God's grace to bring hope into several lives thus far. We find in our personal contacts that the majority of the people are very eager to learn and are very receptive to the Gospel.

In our jail meetings to date, there have been a total of twenty-four souls saved and two backsliders restored.

Eight of this number are now in the state penitentiary. They all received Bibles before they were taken away, and we hear from time to time that they are continuing to grow in grace in spite of the terrible place they have to live in.

Of the number of converts left here in the county, we know of only four that are not living consistent Christian lives. The other ones as far as we know are living commendable Christian lives. One of these in particular is a young man twenty-one years old who asked me one day in a very serious way if we thought he bothered the Lord too much by going to Him in prayer. He has nothing else to do but read his Bible and when he reads it, he is made conscious of the condition that his relatives and friends are in which makes him want to talk with God more and more. He told be that he always talks with the Lord at least five or six times a day and wondered if it was bothering the Lord too much.

He is very anxious to take a Bible correspondence course, but of course has no money to pay for it as he has a wife and two children to support. Please pray that the Lord would provide some way for him to take this course.

Now as to a new work that is fast becoming our most interesting work. Some six weeks ago, a very urgent call came from a school district called Bear Pen district ,to start a Sunday school. We started one there on a Sunday afternoon with an enrollment of twenty-eight which has now grown to seventy-five and the largest attendance at forty-seven. Our biggest difficulty has been in interesting the older people in coming. Most of them do not believe in Sunday school, so we have also started a preaching service. Mrs. Lyle and myself walk there every Sunday afternoon and back again. She teaches the children up to ten years of age; a Christian school teacher teaches those from ten to fifteen and I teach all over that age.

Ever since we have been here, we have heard of the need for a Sunday school in a district called Honey Camp about five miles from town. From time to time different ones have mentioned the need there, but we have not felt led to go there without a car. About three weeks ago, however, the community held a special meeting in the school house and appointed a special delegate to present the need to us and a special appeal for us to come and talk with them. We went out to make a survey and become convinced that the Lord was truly back of it all and would provide a way for us to get there, so we told them we would be there at 9:30 on June 5th to start a Sunday school for them.

When we arrived last Sunday, there were fifty-five people there already to greet us. Young and old alike have expressed a willingness to co-operate and do anything possible to make the Sunday school go. It surely did our hearts much good to be able to look into so many faces that were evidently very eager to hear the Word of God and so willing to do all possible to be able to hear it. We also have preaching service in this school. We have started four classes in this school, two tachers coming from the community. We were able to get a former teacher in the school to take us out last Sunday, but cannot depend upon that way of getting there. The trip to this one school and back is enough to walk and also be able to carry on our service, but if we have to make our trip to Bear Pen school right away after dinner on foot also, we would not be able to carry on any kind of service after we got there because it is three and one-half miles there.

Therefore we ask your very earnest prayers that in some way God will supply us with some kind of a shift car. As most of you know by this time, all of the tires, the generator and several other things of value have been stolen from our old Ford. It would cost over fifty dollars to put it in shape to run again, which we feel is too much to spend on an old car.

We also desire your prayers that we might be able to interest some of the older people in Bear Pen community.

Yours in His service,
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lyle,
and Family.

'Git up early in the mornin', fellers, the circus is coming to town."

That was the talk on the air in the days of long ago. It did not come over the radio but it was just as clearly heard and just as fully heeded.

Circuses came to town in those days. Now they just come to cities. Then a feller could walk around the tent and maybe find a place to crawl under. Now they are so big and so far away that few of the small town boys can get near them.

The Ringling tent seats 16,000—altogether too big a proposition for the ordinary country boy to be at home with.

John Robinson's circus back in the early eighties was the best circus we ever had anything to do with. It was a one ringer and boasted of two elephants and a clown and a band and a lot of wonderfully fancy wagons, and it traveled from town to town over the great highway. If a boy got up at 5 or 6 in the morning he could sometimes see it coming in.

We wanted to belong to a circus, if only we could learn to get along without any sleep. Occasionally a town boy would run away with the circus, but in a week or two would drift back to the old home. He would not talk much about his experience, but it was evident that some of the fancied joy and anticipation of the great unknown world had gone out of his young life. He had learned that things are not what they seem.

But to the less venturesome boys the circus never lost its charm. Circus day was the greatest of all days, not excepting the Fourth of July or the Sunday School picnic day.

The first thing the circus men did was to throw up a dirt ring for the performers and pitch the tent.

The boys were on hand for odd jobs to earn their way in. Those two big elephants had to be watered. Each one had a wash tub for his drinking cup and he could empty it several times at a watering. It was worth a ticket to carry water from the depot pump to the show ground on the south side of the track.

One time the circus showed on Saturday and stayed in town over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon all of the performers dressed up in their best clothes and went to the home of the Justice of the Peace, and the lady bareback rider got married to the trapeze performer. It was a wonderful event and they were wonderful people—so much different from us common folks.

There was no calling equal to that of a circus performer and juvenile neighborhood circuses generally followed in the wake of the big circus that had come and gone. The barn generally answered for a tent and 5 to 10 pins was the price of admission.

Yea, verily, them were the days.

The feminine wets of Michigan have issued a questionnaire which they are sending to every candidate for Congress and the state offices.

There are 8 questions and the first question is, "Do you favor repeal of the 18th Amendment?"

Here is a new definition of an optimist contributed by B. L. H.—"An optimist is one who has a good time thinking of what a good time he would be having if he was having it."

Optimism and opportunity are words that go well together. To the long faced pessimist who concedes that the day of opportunity is past these fateful lines of John J. Ingalls may bring forth the comment, Didn't I tell you so?"

Opportunity

Master of human destinies I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

But another poet, Walter Malone, not so well known to the world, perhaps but better known to the world beyond, replied to the one time Kansas Senator with these more inspiring lines under the same title,—

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

In further evidence that there is no limit to opportunity here is still another poem of the same title written by Edward Rowland Sill, who in his short life of 46 years improved his opportunities and left a name which to lovers of good poetry will live far beyond the span of present generations,—

Opportunity

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore, bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Maybe these poems seem to be "rubbing it in" too much to the delinquents who have let some opportunities slip away so we will hand out these consoling lines from Michigan's most cheerful bard, Ben King:—

Jane Jones

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons 'nd work hard

'nd learn,
An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
An' how he clum up to the top,
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmithing shop?
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
O' course what's a keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not having no blacksmithing shop.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all
An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
An' lived 'way out in Ill'nois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
He stood on the side of the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
Still I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now.

A. N. M.

LOOKING BACKWARD

From the Files of the Decatur Republican of Twenty Years Ago.

February 15, 1912.

Carey Dunham was elected manager of the Southern Michigan Fruit Association. 340 votes were cast.

The Paw Paw canning factory was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. Frank Squires of Decatur was running it. He suffered a complete loss and is well night discouraged.

Alpha N. Osborn, one of Hamilton's oldest and best citizens, died February 6. He was born in New York April 20, 1835.

Geo. B. McOmber bought the Wide-awake of Oscar W. Newell last Saturday and took possession the same day. In the sale Mr. Newell becomes the owner of the vacant lot on the west side of Main street adjoining Lyle's furniture store.

The Champion five and ten cent theatre will open in the Wagner building February 20. The Champion will be run in connection with the Idle Hour of Dowagiac.

JOHN FRYE, VETERAN

By Abe Norwood

I met him on Main street in front of Stern's store. He is baggard and stooped and bears heavily on his cane. His face is pale and wan and his large eyes look sadly out on a cold and dismal world.

He passed on and I looked after him. In my mind's eye I looked back on the days of his youth. I heard his gay laugh and drollery which never failed to set his hearers in a roar.

I saw him enlist in the Union army and march to the front and knew that he spent four hard years as a soldier in the war. He followed Rosecrans and Thomas up and down the land as they fought for victory over Beauregard and Hood in the dreadful charges.

He passed through the stormy scenes at Stony River and Franklin and finally was captured and sent to Andersonville prison. He was held there 6 months until the Confederacy was broken up.

Without shelter from sunshine or storm, with rations of ground corn, cob and all, he fell from 140 pounds at his capture to 67 pounds at his release.

And now in his declining years ought he not to be given a pension of a dollar a day?

Menno Drenth has bought the 20 acres of muck land near the sink hole of Harley Squier.

The Republican printed the Annual Tax sales for the county of Van Buren. There were 164 descriptions.

35 YEARS AGO

January 14, 1897.

L. T. Rawson is on the sick list.

Alden Cole and Mrs. Emma Bryan were married Wednesday afternoon in Paw Paw.

Little Dorothy Criffield went all alone to Buchanan Monday to meet her grandmother, Mrs. E. L. Parkhurst, who is returning from the east.

John McVey killed a snake in the woods south of Decatur January 11. This sounds like a real snake story but John declares he can prove it is true.

Bagley and Lyle's auction of horses last Saturday was a big success.

Last Saturday was a busy day in Decatur. So many farmers were in town that there were not places enough to hitch their teams.

Mrs. Theo. Harlan is visiting in Grand Rapids.

Will N. Brodrick and Miss Grace Palmer of Buchanan were married January 5. Mr. Brodrick's Decatur friends extend congratulations.

Rev. W. H. Moore of the Methodist church will open meetings in Wayne Chapel.

Elder J. H. Hammond will speak in the Christian church Sunday evening.

A large crowd assembled at the opera house Monday to hear the blind musicians, John and Mary McKay.

January 21, 1897.

County School Commissioner John O'Leary was in town Tuesday.

Jay Lyle was thrown from a horse one day last week, breaking his collar bone.

Arthur Lyle is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

Dan Carney Sr. and wife returned from Benton Harbor yesterday.

Miss Lotta Van Camp was the guest of Miss Helen Codman in Hartford last week.

Frank Potts and M. S. Carney have purchased National cash registers.

Carl Abbott of Hamilton and Lucinda Wheaton of Pavillion were married January 14.

The Republican is indebted to Mick Gates for a basket of choice apples.

Charles Smith and Mrs. Alma Baxter were married at the home of John Hamlin last Saturday evening.

Supt. W. V. Sage is prominently in the field for the Republican nomination for the office of County Commissioner of Schools.

Evangelist Bulgin of Three Rivers is coming to conduct revival meetings in the Presbyterian church.

January 28, 1897.

Harry Hammond is in Chicago on business.

Winnifred Copley is visiting in South Bend.

Josiah Warner is on the sick list and Joseph Fletcher is doing the janitor work at the school house.

The Every Tuesday Club will meet with Mrs. C. E. Criffield Tuesday afternoon.

It is reported that two responsible parties will come to Decatur to determine the advisibility of putting in an electric light plant. It is claimed the cost of lighting by electricity would not exceed the cost of the present system of street lamps which is between $300 and $400 a year. Former propositions have been $1,200 a year which the council wisely turned down.

LETTERS

DETROIT NOT GOING BACK TO KEROSENE

Detroit, Michigan,
September 28, 1932.

Mr. A. N. Moulton,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Moulton:--An article appeared in your paper the week of September regarding the use of kerosene and the coming back of lamps as quoted by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Athey who reside in Detroit.

It so happened that I just returned from the East and therefore did not see the article until today and want to correct such a statement.

It is true that the lamps are being shown in the various stores, especially fixture stores. The very newest thing in electrical fixtures are small individual lamps exactly like the old time lamp, only these are electrically lighted.

In our old sections of Detroit where one would expect to find gas lights and possibly lamps, even they have installed electricity. The only ones using the lamps are the little shacks on the outskirts, where they do not have gas mains or electricity. But the city of Detroit itself is both gas and electrically minded.

Now in regard to the high cost of gas and electricity, I find that Detroit has the cheapest price in both and doubt you can buy gas or electricity any cheaper anywhere in this country. By that I mean if any electrical appliance becomes broken they will repair it for you, charging nothing for their labor and giving you the parts needed at cost. When an electric light bulb becomes burned out so long as the bulb is whole the bulb is replaced with a new one free. In other words people living in Detroit have to buy their first light bulbs and have good bulbs for the rest of their lives if they continue living here, as long as they save them each time to be replaced. If your iron cord becomes useless they even replace this free of charge. Where else can you find such wonderful service?

While I lived in Decatur I enjoyed the associations and courtesies extended to me and one of the very finest women that I have ever met is Mrs. Dexter Brigham. My only grievance against Decatur was the high cost of my electric light bills which were always between $8.50 and $12.00 every month. In Detroit my average gas bill is $1.65 and mind you I do all my own baking and now during the canning season when gas is used like water, my largest bill has been $2.35 for one month. In our living room we have individual lamps for each chair as there are no overhead lights and with every appliance that the modern household has in a city my electric light bills are never more than $7.50 for 2 months, these are payable every two months. This also includes electric refrigeration and a radio which are in use all day.

As for the conditions in Detroit people had better remain where they are before even considering coming here, as things are much worse than people realize. Jobs cannot even be bought and anyone losing his position is caught in a hopeless mesh right now.

Both Mr. Becker and myself enjoy reading your paper and we look for it each week, but I just couldn't let such an article go by without comment, because it is very untrue. May we wish you every success with your paper.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Wm. E. Becker.

THE MISTAKE WAS OURS

I wish to correct Mr.Stewart's statement that I. B. Higgins ran a grocery store on the corner occupied by Mr. Brigham. It was on the corner where Mosier's is now located. Mr. Shockley clerked for him, also for Higgins and Squier and for Al. Stevenson in the same building.

It was in the sixties. When one of the big fires occurred Mrs. Shockley rushed down to the store to see if she could be of any assistance. The door was locked, for Mr. Higgins was removing the money from the till, but when he saw who it was he was only too glad to let her in.

It seems there was a pump in the back room, but it was frozen. Higgins said he would go up stairs to Burnett's barber shop and get some hot water to thaw it out. There it was 2 o'clock in the morning and in the winter. She asked him where the salt barrel was and it wasn't long before she had it thawed. She stood and worked pumping water until she thought she would drop in her tracks, no man offering to relieve her.

Then Decatur had no organized fire company, the difference between then and now, but the citizens turned out with their pails and carried the water.

I distinctly remember when the Duncombe house was moved to the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets, but don't recall the year. Before it was moved a free bus was run from the hotel to the trains.

P. G. was the hostler. What his real name was guess no one knows. I remember when he and Eph Botsford had the small pox. Both died of the disease.

Mr. Shockley took care of P. G. in a pest house in the grubs toward the lake. Only a few years ago the house was used as a barn to a house on St. Mary's street.

Who remembers when James Shockley had a grocery store on Phelps street; also a furniture store on Sherwood street. The latter he sold to W. H. Clark.

Dell Kurtz clerked in the grocery and Jerry Johnson assisted in the furniture store.

Elma Shockley Bagley.

WILL MARCH STRAIGHT ON

Niles, Mich., April 18, 1932.

Dear Arba:

I am sending you a short address given before a dry convention, by William Lowe Bryan. It certainly hits the nail on the head. I wish you would publish it for the benefit of your many readers. I have an article nearly finished for next weeks paper that I hope you will publish.

Yours most sincerely,
May T. Ballard.

The article:

Out of the Jungle—Straight On

I have one thing to say. I challenge any and every enemy of prohibition to name one restrictive liquor law anywhere of any time which the liquor forces have obeyed. We have tried out every milder restriction, every weaker device.

We had a law that liquor must not be sold to known drunkards. Was that law obeyed? It was not. We tried to protect our youth by forbidding the sale of liquor to minors. Did the saloons obey that? They did not. We prohibited the sale of liquor on election days, and Sundays and after 11 o'clock at night. Were any of these laws obeyed? They were not.

The people by overwhelming majorities voted their own states dry or their counties or townships or wards. Did the liquor forces ever respect the will of the people in such cases? Never. They poured in the liquor by every bootlegging device and then sought to break down the restrictive law by the claim that they sold more liquor in the dry territory than when they had open saloons.

Who in the face of a hundred years of such law defiance can believe that retreat from prohibition to some milder law will give us a law that the liquor forces will obey?

They say that a law which is generally disobeyed breeds disrespect for all law and should be abolished. According to that, we can maintain respect for law in America only by abolishing every law against liquor and so let the grey wolves have their way with our children.

This is my challenge. I make it to the weak-minded dry who has crumpled down under wet propaganda. I make it to any educator who thinks it statesmanlike to preach disobedience to laws of which he does not approve. I make it to any statesman who has sworn to support the constitution and habitually violates his oath. I ask you, any of you, to tell us what law the liquor forces have ever obeyed and will not fight as brazenly as they now fight the constitution of the United States. If we can not be shown a better battle line than we have now we

our Rough Riders fought their way through the Cuban jungle and then up the hills that overlook Santiago. As general Wheeler, once a Confederate soldier but now a soldier of the United States, and Colonel Roosevelt stood there among the survivors of the desperate fight there came a rumor that some one at headquarters far back on the safe side of the jungle would order a retreat. If the rumor were true the blood-bought hill was to be given up. Then Joe Wheeler and

Teddy Roosevelt looked into each other's eyes and said, "We are not going back into that jungle, we are going on to Santiago."

My friends, we have fought our way for a hundred years through the liquor jungle against foes whose never changing policy has been defiance of every law made for their control. We have fought our way up to the hill and now stand intrenched in the impregnable constitution. We are not going to retreat. We are not going back into the jungles. We are going to march straight on. William Lowe Bryan.

Dear Sir,—

I would like to give you a few facts I have found in my travels. During the depression of 1893 I was in Chicago and there was a bread line on Des Plaines street. They gave a tin cup of coffee and bread. The saloons and concert halls were running then. A man could get a glass of beer and all he could eat for 5 cents.

Ben Hogan had a mission on Waldo Place called Hogen's Flop. You got a bowl of soup and a flop for 5 cents. A flop was a place to lie down on clean newspapers on the floor. In the morning you got a cup of coffee. A man could live for 15 cents a day.

Bread sold in 1893 for 5 cents a loaf and fried cakes for 10 cents a dozen. I made a living that winter singing songs that I wrote in concert saloons and political meetings, so I am naturally against prohibition.

Henry Ford is an American and I don't think a very good one when he makes tractors in Ireland and ships them into America free of duty.

I came to Decatur about 15 years ago when labor was in demand. Today there is no demand for labor. I am 68 years of age, somewhat disfigured but still in the ring. Al. Height.

LOOKING BACKWARD

From the Files of the Decatur Republican of Twenty Years Ago.

February 1, 1912.

The sad death of Madge Vail, 18 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Vail, occurred Tuesday evening.

Sol Schpok has purchased a controlling interest in the Dowagiac Coal and Iron Company. He will not neglect his business in Decatur and will spend only a part of his time looking after the Dowagiac business.

Bine, Frank and Claud Sterns, George and Will Young, George Dine and the Knoll brothers delivered their crops of red kidney beans to Decatur for shipment to Albert Dixon Company, Chicago, the first of the week. They had 2,200 bushels and sold them for $2.65 a bushel.

Tuesday morning, January 23, Miss Bessie McAdams and Rollen Earl went to Windsor, Canada, where they were united in holy wedlock. They returned to Kalamazoo Wednesday where they were guests of the former's brother and Mrs. F. D. McAdams. They will reside on the old Eastman place in East Decatur.

The firm of Hinkley and Roberts, manufacturers of measures and other wooden packages, has dissolved, L. D. Roberts selling his interest to M. Hinkley. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have gone to Daytona, Florida, to spend the balance of the winter.

Measures were first manufactured in Decatur by Stillman Slocum who learned the business of his father in New York. The plant which was located on Williams street near the Michigan Central track, was destroyed by fire in about the year 1880 and Mr. Slocum started up again in the old buggy box factory on Paw Paw street just east of where the flour mill used to stand. After running a few years the business was abandoned to be revived in 1890 by Hinkley and Roberts.

Justice O. W. Rowland officiated last week in tying the matrimonial knot for a deaf and dumb couple at the court house in Paw Paw. The vows were taken with the aid of paper and pencil. Justice Rowland has officiated at over 400 weddings during his official career but never before at a deaf and dumb wedding.

January 26 about 50 friends met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Neville to remind him that it was his 50th birthday.

Harm Smith wants to bring his younger brother and his wife from Holland to Decatur. He has learned that the trip would cost $150.20 for second class passage and $128 for third. These are the rates of the Holland-American Steamship Company.

Miss Myra Lawrence entertained a company of little folks in honor of her cousins, Eula, Esther and John Lawrence, at her home Saturday afternoon.

Martin Knoll is slowly recovering from injuries caused by falling off the porch of his house.

February 8, 1912.

Members of the Van Buren County Fair Association are steadily at work raising stock and making plans to open a permanent fair in Decatur next fall. The committee has set out to raise $3,500 and as much more as possible. It has already raised $1,000.

Abagail Sutton, niece of Mrs. W. H. White, passed away at her home in Duluth, Minn., last Friday night. She had been in poor health about a year. She was born in East Jordan, July 13, 1885. The body was brought to Decatur for burial in Lakeside cemetery.

Arthur Foster died at his home in Hamilton February 3 at the age of 63. He was born in Hamilton and lived in the home in which he died 57 years. He was the son of Truman and Nancy Foster. He is survived by his mother and brothers, Emory and Roy.

There will be an ice matinee on Lake of the Woods February 14.

Officers of the Every Tuesday Club were elected as follows,—Mrs. Jeanette Young, president; Mrs. Emma Hill, vice president; Mrs. Anna Brown, recording secretary; Mrs. Mable Pomeroy, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Gladys Geer, treasurer.

Miss Ella Maxwell has gone to New York to take a course at the Columbia University until next June.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleury K. Bartholomew of Campbell, Calif., have been guests of friends and relatives in Decatur, Keeler and Dowagiac the past few weeks. He was the son of Dr. Bartholemew, for many years a leading citizen of Keeler. Fleury attended the Decatur High school for a while. He now owns 33 acres in the Santa Clara Valley set out to cherries, peaches, apricots and plums. He has a cherry orchard of 11½ acres and last year sold the fruit on the trees for $825.

Andrew Rowe, a former resident of Decatur, died of heart disease at Dowagiac Sunday morning.

Maynard Q. Thomas and Stella Gall house of Porter were married by Justice Rowland in Paw Paw January 31.

THIS WEEK

Talking about hard times is getting to be a threadbare subject, but like talking about the weather and what ails you, it may never wear out.

Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

The optimist says conditions are just a "leetle" bit better. We have reached the bottom in safety; the gradual upgrade lies beyond.

You scarcely notice it now. It may be a long time before you will, but the fact remains that we have reached the bottom and have begun the long climb up to prosperity again.

The pessimist says, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Future historians will write of this panic as the panic of 1933. Don't think we are out of it yet. Next winter will be the hardest winter this country ever saw. Valley Forge will be a regular Grange feast in the summer time in comparison with it."

There you have both sides of the picture. "As a man thinketh, so is he." As it is one's disposition to view the situation, so it will be to him.

The Prince of Denmark said in tragic soliloquy:

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them?
* * * *
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
* * * *
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have.
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

The little Jew boy didn't take it quite so hard as did Hamlet. The Sunday school teacher asked the class how many would like to go to Heaven and all but he raised their hands.

"Don't you want to go to Heaven, too, Ikey?" asked the teacher. "I wouldn't mind,' answered Ikey, "but pa says the business is going to hell and I guess I'll go with the business."

E. E. Copley, president of the First State Bank, who keeps in close touch with financial conditions, is a real optimist. He is sure that business is on the upturn. He bases his opinion in part on the small upturn of farm produce. Cattle and hogs are higher and butter and eggs have gone up a little. The advance in stock should bring an advance in grain, and little by little the improvement will be general.

Eugene Hinckley of Kalamazoo was here last week and he spoke in the same hopeful way. He thought there were noticeable signs of improvement in Kalamazoo.

A glue peddler called at the office one day last week. He had lost his job, but he didn't give up and turn his family over to the city to feed. He decided that if he could not make a living in one way he could in another.

He learned how to make a cement and he made some of it and bottled it and went out to peddle it, and he told the reporter he was making more money now than he did at his job.

He had a teacup and a plate which had been cemented with his cement and a four horse team could not pull the pieces apart again. He was proof of the old axiom that "Where there's a will, there's a way."

And see what that great financier and soldier and statesman, Charles G. Dawes, did. He induced Uncle Sam to loan him $80,000,000.

Yes, Opportunity still is knocking at the door of the man who is listening.

Mrs. Fred A. Alger of Detroit, daughter-in-law of the late Governor and Secretary of War, is chairman of the Michigan Women's Wet Reform Association.

She writes the Republican a letter which closes thus:

"We will endorse any candidate who openly favors repeal of the 18th Amendment, Republican or Democrat. Again I repeat,—be he Republican or Democrat."

If we were running for office we would be just undiplomatic enough to reply to Mrs. Alger,—"Mrs. Alger, you may go to H—— with your endorsement."

We probably would not go to the place we were running for and Mrs. Alger would not accept our suggestion about going to the hot place.

The language from both standpoints is rather defiant. It's in keeping with the times. It takes an extra effort to keep good natured nowadays, but it is always best to put forth that extra effort.

This telling people to go to H—— is much too common a practice. Occasionally the teller means it but more often he does not.

There is an old story handed down from past generations about two prominent Deacons of a church in this town who engaged in a heated discussion which resulted in one of them telling the other to go there.

The Deacon thus maligned made complaint to the Church Board with the result that the beligerant Deacon was ordered to apologize to his brother.

He accepted the order and, addressing the injured Deacon at the church the next Sunday, apologized to him in this manner,—

"Brother Blank, in our argument the other day did I tell you to go to H——?"

"You did, sir," Brother Blank replied.

"Well, then," said the apologizing Deacon, "I will tell you now that you needn't go."

And of course we really do not want Mrs. Frederick Alger to go there, either, although regretfully fearing that she may be headed that way.

Jont. Goble dropped into the Republican office one day last week and said, "How'd you like to take a ride out around the Prairie. We'll go out and make some history."

"Nothing would suit us better," we replied, and we climbed into Jont's Model T that was hitched in front of the Deacon's barber shop and set out.

It was about 1:30 in the afternoon and the gentle sun was mingling with a refreshing breeze to make the climatic conditions ideal.

The territory over which we traveled is familiar ground to Jont. He was born over on the other side of the swamp when the only way to cross it to come to Decatur was over the old corduroy, now the Old Swamp road.

That was a long time ago. Judging by looking at Jont., who is sitting here by the desk to see that no mistakes are made in this history, it was away back when they chased the antelope over the plain and the elk had their haunts by the raging Dowagiac river.

Jont. breaks in to say that it was only 72 years ago, so we will accept his statement as a fact. We give him credit for being there at the time and of having a very good memory.

Jont. was born in the woods across the road from the Curry farm where Karl Kern now lives. But the woods are long since gone and the fields now produce bountiful crops of grain and hay.

Well, a freight train saw us as we were crossing the track and hurriedly pulled out of our way, and we rushed on as fast as the Lizzie is used to traveling, past the fields of celery and mint till we came to the four corners known as Wickett's corners.

Here is where the history making began. Famous people lived at this four corners in an early day.

A settlement was there, a hamlet. In those days it had a place on the map and its name was Hurdscrabble.

it was named after the sand that washed down the hill after a rain.

Here Jont. pointed out the first gravel pit in this part of Michigan. It was a poor kind of gravel but it helped to make the Old Swamp road. It was located near the roadside on what is now the Carl Wickett farm. The farm was then owned by Winn Allen.

Across the road from the gravel pit was the old Phillips home where Isaac and Bill and Eliza Phillips lived. Eliza first married Brookfield Rich, and after he died she married Frank Wood, and she died at the home of her son Delbert, just a few years ago. The Phillips house burned down over 40 years ago.

Next to the Phillips house was a shoeshop run by a Swede. He just faded away some fifty years ago.

Then Old Man Sherman ran a blacksmith shop next door. He was the grandfather of Ellsworth Thompson who still lives in Jackson and comes to Decatur once in a while.

In front of the blacksmith shop was an old fashioned wooden pump where teamsters were welcome to stop and water themselves and their horses.

On the east side of the road was the Ben Herrick hotel with saloon and dance hall attached. It was a thriving hotel for a while. It burned down in the early seventies.

On the southwest corner was the Hollister farm. One of the Hollister boys became a well known professor in the Orchard Lake Military Academy.

After the Civil War the Hollisters sold out to Joe Pierson whose son Joe was one of the well known characters of the early Decatur days.

He was a powerful man and kind and gentle when sober, but when the demon rum got a hold of him he was the very devil himself.

Young Joe came to town one night in 1869 and went the rounds of the saloons. He finished up at the Doolittle hotel on the corner where the Charles Brigham store is now located. He was in a fighting mood and somebody went out after Nightwatchman Aaron Sweet. Mr. Sweet was a little man but a man of nerve. Joe grabbed him for a tussle but the nightwatchman was taking no chance. His little gun popped and that was the end of Pierson.

Back of the Vivian Rosewarne house on the Valley road was Sweet's saw mill which flourished in the latter sixties.

Just beyond was the spring house on the Al. High farm where Burget High lives. In the hot summer time this spring house was as good as any refrigerator.

Next comes the West Valley school house where in Jont's days there were from 40 to 50 pupils. Jack and Jont. Goble, Henry and Frank Hall and Claud Graham were among the early pupils there. Mary Warner, Eunice Van Hise and Henry Lusk were among the teachers.

Going south toward the Kruse brick yard we saw the dam site of Zeke Kimble's saw mill. Then we came to the brick yard where Oliver Calbezor now lives and then came to the site of the Wood saw mill.

Around the corner to the west were the old homesteads of John Gant and Tommie Karnes.

Next we passed the homes of Lyman Gant, Guy Rutherford and Lytle Robinson and made our first stop at the old Gard homestead where reside Ezra Gard and his sister, Mrs. Mina Gard Scutt.

This is the oldest settlement on Gard's Prairie. Jonathan Gard, grandfather of the present owner, took this land of the government in 1829.

He first built a log house and the house now standing was built in the fifties.

The barn which still stands was built in 1847. The plates corresponding to our 2x4's are solid white wood logs sixty feet long without a splice. The other timbers are 40 feet long without a splice, and some of them black walnut 16 inches square.

A tree back of the house is a locust and has grown from seed brought by Jonathan Gard from Indiana. An apple tree still growing in the front yard is also over 100 years old.

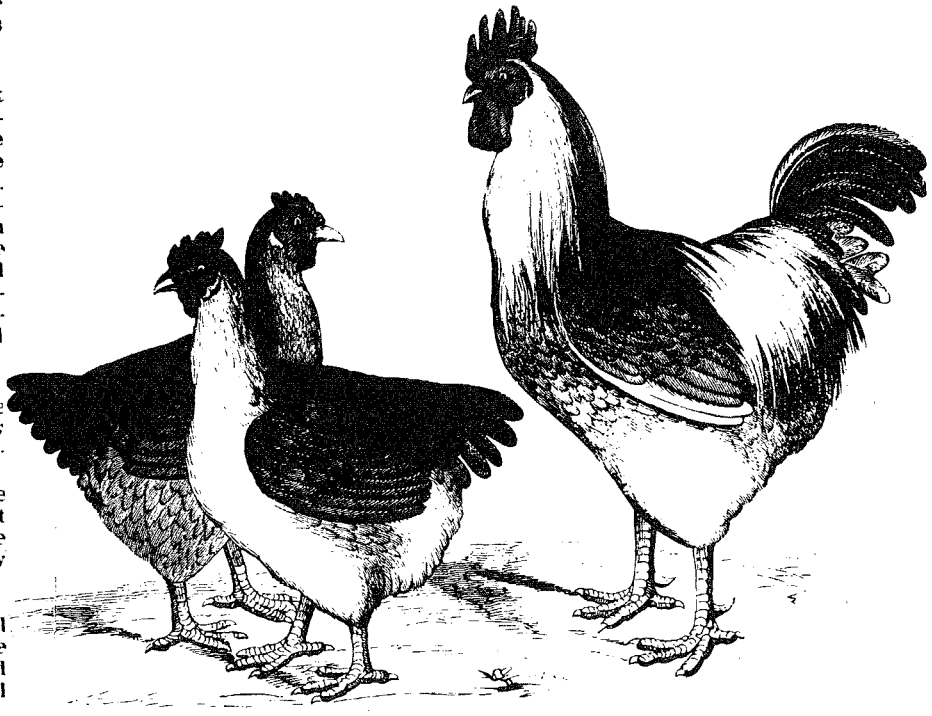
Next we looked up the old settlers in Crane cemetery, then turned at the Newton Woods and went through Volinia Center.

We passed the old homes of George and Tom Corner, George Hopkins, Jim Shaw, Jasper Eaton, Elder Kirby, Will Kirby and the Volinia town hall.

Then we went east to Nicholsville, stopping a minute at the home of Robert and Dora Christie Anderson.

We returned home by Thompson's corners and Nicholsville and called it an afternoon pleasantly and profitably spent.

A. N. M.



THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

A soldier sat in the seat in front, and the train was bound for Chicago. He was all of six feet two, broad shouldered, comely and pleasant. He seemed to be uncomfortable and frequently stood up without moving away from his seat. His coat was hung over a pair of crutches. His left leg was withered and useless.

In the course of the slow ride to Chicago it was learned, a little at a time, that he was going home on a furlough, that he had been inducted into the army at Chicago 17 months ago, that he had been overseas most of that time, that he was wounded in action in North Africa 11 months ago, and that he had since been a patient in hospitals.

The wounded soldier was shipped to the states, arriving at Percy Jones Hospital, Battle Creek, September 22, and he was about to pay his first visit home, the same young man though different. Evidently he had not reported his condition for he dropped the remark, "I'll bet my mother and sister will be surprised when they see me."

Last week he was to return to the hospital for an operation which would keep him there three months longer, and then, he said, "I expect to become a civilian again."

That is what war has done to one young man, and he is but one in a million. If as the Scripture says, we must pay for our sins to the uttermost farthing, each tyrant responsible for war, will have a debt to answer for greater than that of our government.

Of all things! A professional announcer over the radio, and he told how the Red armies crushed the German defenses on the D-Nipper river! There are kindergartens, and schools for the sub-normals, and schools of journalism, and why not a school for radio announcers?

That river is spelled Dnieper, but the D in front is not pronounced. There is no need of its being there, unless it is there for looks. It is as useless as a feather on a lady's hat.

The word is pronounced 'Neeper.' It is a river of Russia flowing in a southerly direction to the Black sea. It has a total length of over 1,400 miles and its watershed or basin supports a population of 14,000,000 people who cultivate its fertile black soil.

Edward Blain made his annual pilgrimage to the wood land south of town and brought back his pockets full of paw paws, big fat ones, the equal of which are not often seen hereabouts. He laid a dozen of them on the office table where they caught the eyes of curious callers, fully half of whom did not know what they were.

Most of the callers asked if they were good to eat, and a few accepted our invitation to sample them. A very small sample seemed sufficient to satisfy the curious ones, although it is said that some people eat them with a relish.

The village of Paw Paw derived its name from the abundance of paw paws growing within its environment. We never learned to whom belongs the credit of naming our county seat, but he might have picked a prettier name,—Woodman, for instance, or Willard, or one of its two first settlers, Barber and Hinckley.

We looked in the dictionary for a definition of the word paw paw and at first could not find it, the word was there, but we did not know how to spell it.

The favored spelling is papaw and the favored pronunciation is pap-paw. The description says the yellow fruit it bears is sometimes a foot long. Ed. Blain never brought any in that long, nor half that long.

The book also says the immature fruits are cooked like squashes and some persons eat the ripe ones raw. That may be true, but Dr. Greenman, who is something of a botanist, says paw paws are the only thing that grows that pigs won't eat. Having tried to eat one we do not blame the pigs.

Capt. Orrin Rowland in his history of Van Buren county, says Paw Paw township was originally named LaFayette, after the illustrious patriot, Marquis de La Fayette. "The name was changed by legislative enactment in 1867 to Paw Paw, taking the name from the village, which was named from the river, and the river from the pawpaw fruit and trees that formerly grew in great abundance along the banks of the stream."

We are not going to make any complaint about it now, but how any village father could consider the name 'Paw Paw' prettier or more appropriate than LaFayette, is beyond our comprehension.

But, as said the fair Juliet, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." So Paw Paw by any other name could be no fairer village.

Our county seat, however, is not the only town of its name in the United States. There is a Pawpaw in Lee county, Illinois, about 60 miles west of Chicago. It has a population of 559 and a newspaper. There is a Paw Paw in Kentucky and another in West Virginia, but neither of these towns of Paw Paw is large enough to support a newspaper. So Paw Paw, Michigan, is the largest town of its name in the United States.

Heard a fellow say the other day that that 'sympathetic' rubber does not hold up well in auto tires. It cracks.

Fred B. Buys called to express his pleasure in reading the story of 'Judge Roy Bean or Law West of the Pecos' printed last week.

He too had been to Texas and knew all about the famous "Judge." In the year 1926 Mr. and Mrs. Buys and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mosier took a western trip together which has to this day been a bright light in the lives of the three still living, and the late Fred Mosier enjoyed it equally with the others.

They went west over the Southern Pacific to Southern California, and their route took them through the village of Langtry. The village is advertised as the place where Roy Bean had, on his own authority, administered the law west of the Pecos. The train stopped long enough to enable the passengers to visit Main street and Mr. Buys improved his time by learning all he could about the Judge who, a few years before had surrendered to a greater Judge and was resting peacefully and possibly peaceably in the village cemetery.

One story Mr. Buys heard was that the governor of Texas sent word to 'Judge Bean' that he had no authority to act as a judge and that he must desist immediately or suffer the consequences of a violator of the law. Bean replied that Texas was a big state, that he intended to continue to be the law west of the Pecos, and that the governor would have all he could do to uphold the law in the rest of the state. And Roy Bean with the help of his gun, remained in office.

BORN IN LOG CABIN IN '49

William Popendick Spent Practically All of His Long Life in Van Buren County. His Father Came to America as a Stowaway. Helped Build Michigan Central.

William Christopher Popendick was born in Paw Paw township January 1, 1849, the oldest of the children of Christopher and Christina Popendick.

The father and mother were born in Germany. The father came to America as a stowaway in a sailing vessel, the trip lasting four weeks.

He came to the home of an aunt in Paw Paw, where he found work. He helped to build the Michigan Central railroad between Kalamazoo and Niles. He married Christina Beecher and they bought the farm north of the Lyle school house.

William was born in a log cabin on this farm. Here he and his brother fished, hunted, trapped, cut wood and helped to clear the land.

The two brothers and three sisters attended school in the Plopper district and later went to the Lyle school.

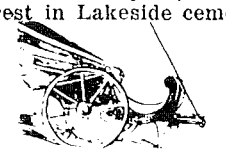
After leaving school he learned the carpenter's trade and built many a house and barn in the surrounding country.

One sumer he came back home and built his father's new house on the bank of Popendick lake.

He was married and moved to Nebraska but in a few years returned and bought a farm southeast of Decatur. Here two homeless orphaned nieces of his wife found a home and here is wife died about 20 years ago.

He sold the farm and moved to the village of Decatur and in 1929 married Mrs. Nellie Moore. She has faithfully done her part in caring for him during his last trying days.

He died on the morning of the 26th of April in his 84th year, and his body lies at rest in Lakeside cemetery.



HAMILTON FAIR HAS UNIQUE ATTRACTIONS

Nothing There Except Fences and Trees, a Hoss-Race for the Farmers and Your One Best Girl.

(Mrs. Carrie Dillenbeck, our Lawrence correspondent, sent this interesting clipping of the Hamilton Fair. She found it among the papers of her father, the late Joseph Brown. It is taken from a city paper, probably Kalamazoo, although there are no marks by which to identify it. The clipping is brown with age and probably is not far from forty years old.—Ed.)

The Hamilton fair opens today.

Never heard of it? Don't know where Hamilton is?

Then a rare treat is yet in store for you.

Hamilton is the name given to four corners situated about 6 miles west of Decatur in Van Buren county. At these four corners, every year in October, is celebrated the annual harvest with a program which includes the gathering of one big crowd, and two horse races.

There is no grocery store at Hamilton. There is no wet shop; there is nothing, except dust and a grange hall, which is trimmed with corn fodder and pumpkins, crazy quilts and fancy work for the occasion.

Then a crowd, four thousand strong, gathers at the four corners. There is no place to sit down, except in your buggy, or your neighbor's buggy, and 800 of these are tied to all trees and fence posts on the main highway leading to the corners.

The races consist of one or two heats, all unpremeditated, and horses of country side fame are the contestants. Youthful country swains, with their lasses drive their own rigs hitched to their own horses.

The race course runs in and out among a clump of trees, and only at rare intervals are the horses in view of the spectators.

After the races you buy a ham sandwich at one of the half dozen stands available, and drive home in the harvest moon with the One Girl. Then it's a long wait until the next fair.

Never heard of Hamilton fair? Bet your life Van Buren county folks have heard of it, and a big bunch of them will be there today and tomorrow.

Report of the Fair by Divisions

DIVISION A, Horses

Fred Payne, draft team,	1st	$ ..
Chas. Shoemaker, 2 yr. old,	1st	..
Hemenway, 2 yr. old	2nd	1.00
Ralph Osborn, sucking colt,	1st	2.00
A. H. Dixon, sucking colt,	2nd	1.00
Hemenway, sucking colt		
R. A. Lewis, sucking colt		
D. W. Sammett, gen'l purpose team	1st	2.00
M. B. Buck, gen'l purpose team not brought to show.		

Entries 10

Premiums paid $10.00

DIVISION B, Cattle

J. O. Cooper, dairy cow	1st	$1.00
L. Tinney, heifer	1st	1.00
H. Richmond, heifer	2nd	.50
Bill Mead, yoke of oxen, no premium on oxen but recieved donation of $1.00 from E. L. Dare of Chicago, speaker of the day.		

Entries, 3

Premiums paid $3.50

DIVISION C, Sheep and swine

Floyd Osborn, female sheep	1st	$1.50
Floyd Osborn, brood sow	1st	1.50
H. Poor, sow and pigs	1st	2.00
Wm. Mead, brood sow		
Hod Wise, old boar		
Hod Wise brood sow		
Hod Wise young boar		
Wilton Geer, pen of pigs	1st	2.00
Wilton Geer, year old brood sow		
Wilton, Geer, young boar pig.		

Entries 10

Wilton Geer received the book on diseases of swine given by G. W. Barrett of Corwin Hill Stock Farm, Andover, N. Y.

Premiums paid, $7.00

DIVISIONS D and E

In this division there were about 100 entries of which the following received premiums.

R. A. Calvin, the best exhibit of vegetables, ...1st $2.00

R. A. Calvin, collection of farm products, premium of Farmer's Directory from G. W. Barrett of Corwin Hill Stock Farm, Andover, N. Y.

Geo. Vail, exhibit vegetables, 2nd .50

Gla Brown, exhibition of fruit 1st $1.00

J. Creagan, wheat, ...1st $1.00

O. A. Barber, white corn, ...1st 1.00

Lant Norwood, 1st yellow corn 1.00

O. A. Barber, yellow corn, 2nd .50

premiums paid $7.00

DIVISION H 9 entries

H. Hemanway, brown leghorns 1st .50

S. Strong, barred rocks, ...1st .50

Mrs. Wilton Geer, white rocks, 1st .50

G. H Vail, barred rocks, 2nd

W. H. Mead pair brown leghorns 2nd

Bill Mead, pair games, 2nd

M. H. Grinnell, Rhode Island reds

M. H. Grinnell, white leghorns, Grinnell got the prize pair of Brown Leghorns from G. W. Barrett of Corwin Hill Stock Farm, Andover, New York for the largest and best display of poultry. Premiums paid, $1.50

DIVIVSION J, sports

Herbert Creagan, 100 yard ..1st $1.50

Earl Barret, 100 yard

Fred Welcher, 100 yard, ...2nd. 1.00

Allen Chaney, 50 yard, ... 1st 1.50

S. Bullard, 50 yard, ...2nd 1.00

Chas. Filley, Broad jump. ..1st 1.00

H. Creagan, broad jump, ..2nd } .75

Chas. Filley, running jump 1st 1.00

L. Wickett, running jump, 2nd } .75

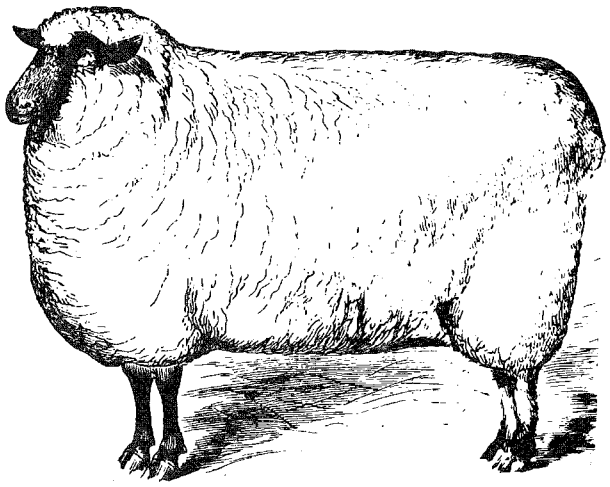
H. Creagan, Running jump

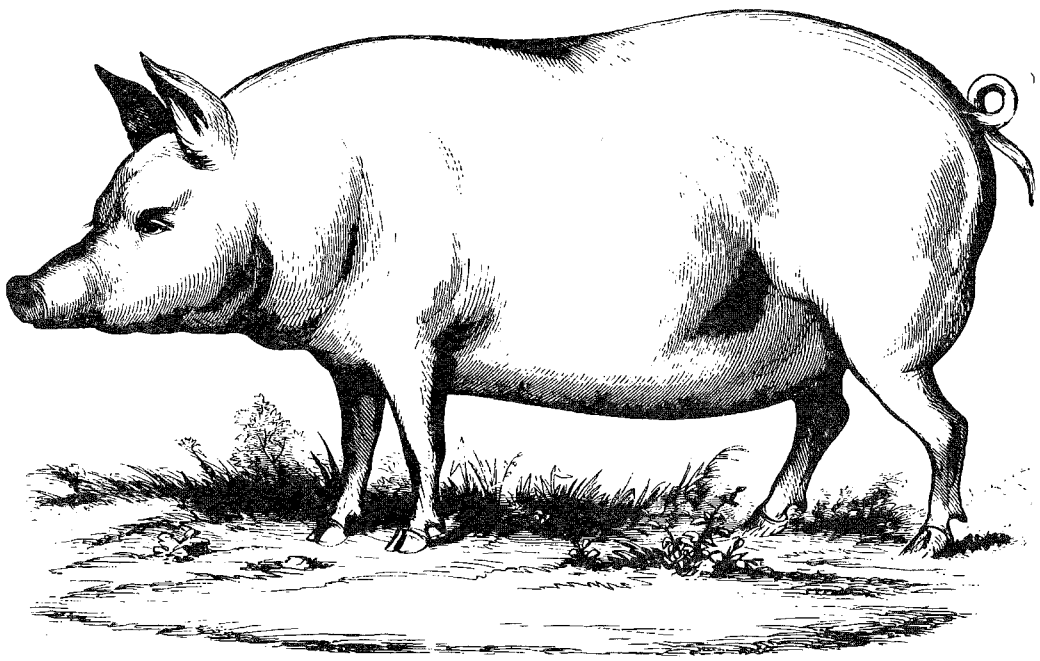
L. Wickett, high jump 75

Chas. Filley, high jump ... .75

H. Creagan high jump.

Premiums paid $10.00





THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

A Tribute to Michael Mahoney, Who for Many Years Tended the Gate at the George Street Crossing.

Fay Beach has a column in his paper, The Fenton Independent, entitled "This Week."

Fay is a native of Decatur and for many years was connected with the Republican. His home was on South George street when Michael Mahoney was the gateman at the Michigan Central crossing and we recognize in this story in his "Column" a tribute to our well remembered and respected townsman,—

"We read an item in one of the metropolitan papers the other day which stated that over 44,000 gatemen had been discharged by the railroads of the country. This was caused by the installation of automatic alarms and the taking away of guardsmen at other crossings entirely.

"As we read the item our mind traveled back thirty years or more to a man whose job it was to act as guard at a main railway crossing. 'Mike' had been an employee of the Michigan Central railroad for over forty years, the greater portion of that time being employed as section boss. He was most faithful to his employers. It was a matter of pride to him that he had been in the employ of this company for forty-four years and during that time had been away from duty but four days.

"'Mike' loved children, and to know that little ones who lived south of the tracks had crossed in safety was one of his highest ambitions. During the hours when the little folks were on their way to school, he could be seen with a little hand in each of his strong ones escorting the little girls or boys safely over the track. Morning, noon and night, he made trip after trip, and no mother who lived south of the railroad ever had a thought of worry about her girl or boy getting over the tracks in safety.

"There never was and never will be an automatic safety signal made that compared with 'Mike' and his system of safety. Bells may ring and red lights flash, but they do not compare with the small hand being in the strong one, and the personal escort over dangerous places."

CHARLIE McINTIRE PAYS US A CALL

Charlie McIntire came in Saturday. He hadn't been in before since the bee wardens got after him nearly a year ago. He wanted one of those little books that you fish with, but the little books are all gone and he had to wait for another batch. He didn't know as he would go fishing anyway, but he thought he would have one of the books handy. We asked him where he had been for the last year and he said he had been up Salt Creek.

Charlie is the most noted bee man in Hamilton township, but he says the inspectors have got it in for him and have pretty nearly put him out of business. He has just one swarm now and he keeps it at a neighbor's where it passes inspection without trouble. Charlie is sure that if he had it at home it would be condemned.

One time a stranger came along and wanted him to join the Association and pay $10. Charlie wouldn't. Then the stranger wanted him to sign an agreement not to sell any honey for less than 20 cents. Charlie would n't again. He even waxed indignant and told the stranger to climb into his automobile and move along down the street, which the stranger did. The next morning Charlie found four heavy swarms of bees DEAD! He added just one more word, GASSED!

The talk then drifted from bees to baseball. Like most every other 63 year old man Charlie was a famous ball player when a boy. He was one of the best players they ever had out in Hamilton, Doc Marks' Colts not excepted.

One time he was batting and the pitcher threw a ball at him that went so fast he could hardly see it, but he hit it just right and it went straight up in the air. He ran like split for first and when he got there he turned around and looked and the ball hadn't got down yet, and he was able to make a home run while they were digging it out of the ground.

Mrs. Aime Finch went from Decatur a few months ago to the home of her son in Kalamazoo. Last month she went on to Detroit to live with her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Finch Courchaine.

COMING TO AMERICA

Being Some of the Early Experiences of Our Townsman, Neal King.

Mr. Moulton:

Here is a little story of when I left Holland for America May 24, 1892.

When going to the train about 7 miles from where I was born I went into the depot and shortly after came a policeman who knew me well.

He had been an officer in the town I came from for many years. He came up to me and asked me where I was going. I told him I was going to Amsterdam to take the boat for America.

Then he says, Come with met out of doors. He saw me having a good sized satchel. Then he asked me if I saw that boy with him. I told him I had. He said he'd got to call me "Uncle," and he wants to go also to America.

"I like to have him go with you and you see over him, that he gets the right money in exchange as he is a German and does not know Holland money.

"It would be nice of you if you will look after him a little." Well, I told him that if that was all I would be glad to do that. Well, he said, "I know I can trust you, and I am going to tell you about it.

"This boy was in the German army and one day his company was out on a drill. You know that discipline in the army is very strict. One of the officers in the German army hit him on the shins with the stock of his gun, and hurt him so that he could not walk for a month.

"He made up his mind to get even with him. So being out on the rifle range one day with this officer and after the shooting being done they had to pick up the bullets out of the sand hill.

"The company had gone then and the report had been given to the officer of the company.

"When he thought of the hurt this officer had given him and he htold the officer about it and the officer got mad and told him if he did not keep still about it, that he would report him to the Major.

"The boy, having a little short handle shovel with him hit the officer over the head with it. He did not intend to kill him but hit so hard that he did kill him.

"When he see what he had done he did not know what to do, so he run away. He slept what he could by day and made for the Holland border by night. He begged a little to eat where he dared to.

One early morning he stole some turnips and an old lady saw him. She reported it to the police and in less time than it takes to tell they were after him. He dropped into a ditch with water in it and laid on his back with his nose out of the water. An officer walked on each side of the bank and they did not see him.

"He got across the border into Holland and from there he was going to America. And now," he said, "you got the story and if you will see to it that he gets the right money back in exchange. He will be all right."

Then it did not look so good to me, but he told me that I would not get mixed up in it. Then when we got on the boat he got in with another man who went to Chicago. His ticket only went as far as New York, but the man got him a ticket to Chicago and that was the last I saw of them.

I do not know what become of them. This was 40 years ago next May. If it happened now they would send him back, but then if you got across the other border they could not get you back.

Next time a little more on the same trip.

HELPING THE RUNAWAYS ACROSS

Being the Second Story by Neal King on His Experiences in Coming to America.

Our boat sailed from Amsterdam and the first stop was in England for mail and passengers. In England a wire came for our boat and as it came in the night everybody was in bed.

We heard the call for a man by the name of Dieterman and a girl by the name of Bolegraf. The caller went through all the cabins but nobody answered to that name, so after a while 4 or 5 hours, we left England.

But some of us had seen a boy and a girl coming onto the boat and the second day out I was walking around and saw this girl sitting on a coil of rope on deck. She was knitting a pair of bedroom slippers of black satteen with the head of a horse on them.

I told her if she did not need them when she got them done she could give them to me. She told me that she was making them for someone else. Then we talked for some time and her boy friend came along. He told me where they came from and I had been in that town several times.

Then they told me they were going to America and intended to get married if they could find work. So we got to be pretty good friends and walked around the deck or passed the time some other way.

After about 12 days we were getting near New York. The Captain came around with a paper for us all to sign that we had had good board and good treatment. We did not have to sign it but it would help the Captain if we did. He took a contract for a certain sum to feed the passengers and if they are satisfied it keeps him standing well with the company.

Well, I signed it and my new friends signed it. They signed their names out in full and they were John Dieterman and Eva Bolegraf, the same ones that the wire was for in England.

And when the captain compared their names in his cabin he says to them, "I got orders from this girl's parents to send her back to Holland."

But even then they found a way out, like some of our boys and girls. One old sailor told them that if they got married in New York they could not be sent back and for a little money he would see to it that they get off the boat in the night and he would take them to some minister and see that they got married.

The boat got to the dock in New York harbor in the evening but could not unload until the next morning. The sailor got them off the boat in the night and got them to a minister and got them married. They were going to Allegan, Michigan, but after they had paid the sailor and the [illegible] they did not have enough money left to get them there.

When they came back to the boat they asked me for some money. They knew I had some, in case I did not like it here and I had enough to get back to Holland.

I did not know what to think about it. That getting married did not sound good to me. I thought they were after my money.

Well did I know that if a boy and girl wants to get married back in Holland they have to get the papers 14 days before, and in that time their names come in the court house bock, we call it. It looks like a blackboard 3 feet one way and 3½ feet the other. It has a glass door and the county clerk has the key to it.

There in black and white in big letters are the names of both parties, and if anyone has good reason why they should not be married he can stop it, and see to it that justice is done.

And as I knew that and had not paid any attention to the laws of other lands in regard to getting married it looked a little fishy to me.

So I told the man I did not have any money. Well, the next morning there came John and Eva. Could I help them out? She would give me a gold locket and a ring and he would give me his watch. Then after he got to work he would redeem them. So I let them have I think 8 or 9 dollars. And then they told me that she being a Jew and he a Gentile her folks were against their marriage.

So they went to Allegan and I to Kalamazoo and he got a job in a grist mill in Allegan. He was a miller by trade, and in about 3 months he came to me in Kalamazoo and got his goods back and I got my money back.

I looked them up once in Allegan and once in White Pigeon. He worked in a mill there. Then for some time I lost track of them.

About 7 years ago she was at the home of Calahan and Mrs. Calahan found me up town and said, "There is someone who wants to see you." I said, "Where?" She said, "Over here by the band stand," as the band was playing that night, and there was Mrs. Dieterman. She told me that John and she had been back to Holland and John put up two roller mills of American machines and they had a nice time with her and his folks.

Her folks were pretty well to do. John had an uncle in Holland and one in Missaukee county.

So good night, as it is my bed time.

Neal King.

HINKLEY FACTORY BUILDING SOLD

Bought by Decatur Celery and Produce Association To Be Used for Packing House and Cooler.

The Decatur Celery and Produce Association has bought the Hinkley measure factory building and will use it for a packing house and cooler. The transfer was completed Tuesday.

The building belonged to heirs of the late Marvin Hinkley and the transfer was made by Frank McWilliams as trustee.

The measure business was closed about a year ago and the machinery was sold with the building.

It is the intention of the association to build a cold storage plant on the property but the officers cannot say just how soon this can be done.

The association is enjoying a steady growth and now has 94 members. The outlook for celery this year is fairly good. Many plants were washed out in the storm two weeks ago and there is a shortage of plants, but since the storm there has been a good growth of the plants that were not destroyed.

TEARING DOWN THE HOTEL

In a few days the Hotel Paddock will be a thing of the past and will exist only in the memory of the inhabitants.

The building and land extending to the Main street corner has been sold by Mrs. Mary Barker and Lawrence Fredericks of Gary to Eugene Specker of East Chicago.

He and three assistants from the city are razing the building and will salvage what they can of it.

We could not learn that the new owner has any plans for improving the property. He did consider building a new hotel but upon talking with Decatur citizens he came to the conclusion that a hotel in Decatur would not be a paying investment.

Slavery Days

I'm thinking now today of the years that's passed away,
When they tied me up in bondage long ago.
In old Virginia State it was there we separate,
And it filled my heart with misery and woe.
They took away my boy, he was his mother's joy,
From a baby in the cradle we him raised,
They put us far apart, when it broke the old man's heart
In those agonizing cruel slavery days.

Chorus—

They'll never come again, let's give our praise to Him—
Who looks down where the little children play.
So every night and morn, we will pray for them that's gone,
In those agonizing, cruel slavery days.

But my memory will steal o'er, to that dear old cabin floor
Where the shadow of the sun came creeping in,
And at night when all was dark we could hear the watch dog's bark,
And we'd listen to the murmur of the wind.
It seemed to say to me, you darkies shall be free—
For that dear old time am coming, Lord we pray.
And then we'll weep and mourn when our souls they were tied down,
In those agonizing, cruel slavery days.

I'm growing old and feeble, and my life am nearly gone.
I have traveled through the roughest kind of roads,
Through sickness, toil and sorrow I have met the end at last.
And am waiting by the wayside with my load.

Forget now and forgive has always been my guide.
For dat's what the golden scriptures surely say.
So every night and morn we will pray for dem dat's gone,
In those agonizing slavery days.

The above song was sent by Mrs. Glennie Shaw Bowen who writes from her home in Kalamazoo,—

"I have copied the words of a song I learned many years ago when living in Tennessee and often heard it sung. If you can read my scribbling and wish to insert it in your paper it is o. k. with me. As Abraham Lincoln's birthday is this week and it is in a way a tribute to him it may be a good time. He was born February 12, 1809, and was assassinated April 15, 1865. He was our 16th president. I passed my 82nd birthday February 2. Trusting this finds you enjoying our lovely wintry weather."

Mrs. Bowen was born in East Valley, Decatur, and the Shaw district was named for her father, John A. Shaw.

Her brother Arthur, were he alive, would now be near to ninety. A few years before he died he wrote the Republican a story of his boyhood experience in attending a memorial meeting for President Lincoln a few days following his assassination. In the midst of the meeting a man in the audience got up and began to curse our martyred president. He immediately started a riot in the church and serious trouble was averted only by the presence of mind of the minister in dismissing the meeting which was held in the Porter church.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF

THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago

October 7, 1897.

The marvelous cinematoscope at the Decatur opera house tonight. The story of the Klondike.

One of the attractions of the Donnybrook fair this afternoon will be the Decatur cornet band. The amount necessary to send them being made up by the merchants of the village.

Married, Sunday, October 3, by Rev. W. H. Moore, Emory Huff and Miss Lizzie Gard, also Richard Hislop and Miss Cora Gard.

A History of Hamilton Fair.

The plan for a fair was first conceived by the Grangers.

A meeting of that association was called for the purpose of selecting a site for the grange hall. A. W. Haydon suggested that the building be located where land could be secured for a fair ground.

The suggestion was heartily endorsed by Captain Hendricks, Gideon Osborn, Henry Smith, Dan Lee, A. S. Wise, James Weeks and others with the result that the present site of that building was selected and two years ago (1895) the adjoining land, forty acres, which has been used for the fair grounds and race track, was bought of the state and is now the property of the township.

The first fair was held in 1876 and was sucessful beyond the expectation of its promoters.

The exhibits were especially attractive, there being 436 entries. The officials of the fair that year were A. H. Williams, president; Royal Abbott, vice president; Erastus Osborn, treasurer; R. T. Riddle, secretary.

The following year it was decided to hold a sheep shearing festival and plowing match at the Hendricks farm and Captain J. R. Hendricks was elected master of ceremonies.

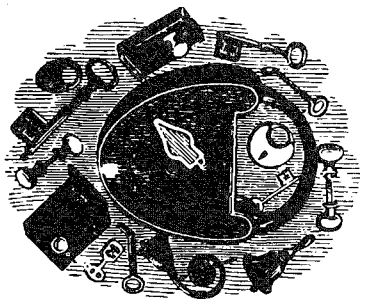
A vegetable hall, 18x22 feet, was built, the material being furnished by Robert Nesbitt, and several sheds were erected for stock exhibitors. There were 650 entries at the second fair.

At a public meeting in January, 1878, it was unanimously voted that the officers of the Society should allow no gambling on the ground. This rule has been strictly adhered to and has helped to make the fair a grand success.

The sheep shearing festivals were held annually and the fair continued each year to be more popular. Children and older people alike looked forward to the fair time as the gala day of the year.

In 1883 a race course was built north of the Grange hall, the races before this time being held on the public highway. It is said that for a number of years Dr. Keables with his invincible sorrel horse remained king of the track.

In 1886 the fair received the name of Donnybrook Fair, and some prefer to call it the World's Fair. In 1896 the attendance was the largest in its history, conservative people estimate the attendance at 5,000.



LOCKSMITH.

BERT H. HAZLETON DIS-COVERED BY REPORTER

Former Cook County Hangman and Decatur Jeweler and Locksmith Works Away in Little Shop in Muskegon.

(From Muskegon Chronicle)

Scores pass daily the white, covered truck which houses a lock shop on Terrace street, across from the court house, without knowledge of the adventurous spirit which labors behind those closed windows and doors.

Undoubtedly, if the passerby knew that the bespectacled man puttering over locks and keys had assisted with 31 public hangings in Cook county, Illinois, had seen service with the same brigade to which Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders belonged in the Spanish-American war, personally supervised the recovery of more than 800 bodies in the Eastland disaster in Chicago river, served as president of the Illinois State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty and honorably discharged a score of other important public tasks, they might cast a second glance at this unpretentious little business establishment.

That briefly introduces Bert H. Hazleton, who for 10 years as city and county lock expert for Chicago and Cook county had every police station lock-up and jail under his supervision. An account of Mr. Hazleton's life history would read like a novel—so unusual and thrilling has been his life experience.

Expert knowledge of lock and key opened for him the doors of opportunity. It placed him in contact with the leaders of state and nation and elevated him to a sphere of considerable influence until he voluntarily stepped down when serious physical injury wrecked his health and hopes.

Unusual and heroic experiences won for him a coveted membership in the famous Adventurers' club of Chicago. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. is a member of this club as was his illustrious father before him. The organization is affiliated with the Explorers' club of New York and the Savage club of London and its purpose is "to provide a hearth and home for those who left the beaten path and made for adventure."

Ran Away at Nine

Mr. Hazleton left the beaten path when nine years of age. He has shifted for himself ever since. His parents separated when he was five. At nine, he ran away from his uncle's home.

One need but scan the pages of a half dozen scrap books which Mr. Hazleton possesses to gain a realization of the place which he held in the political life of Chicago and Illinois a few years ago. Here are scores of letters bearing the signatures of the prominent men of this country—Franklin D. Roosevelt, J. Hamilton Lewis, William Hale Thompson, Barrett O'Harra and others.

A man who possessed either the keys or the ability to unlock the doors to vaults, storerooms and jails throughout Cook county certainly held a position of responsibility and trust.

"I've been offered money in bushel

baskets if I would but give the combination to the vaults which held the election returns for the city of Chicago," Mr. Hazleton said today in commenting on this one feature of his work.

Mr. Hazleton's connection with public executions in Chicago have left him a vigorous exponent of capital punishment. One of four men who were responsible for springing the trap, Mr. Hazleton says he experiences no compunction of conscience for his acts.

"Of the 31 public hangings in which I participated, I don't believe I saw one of the condemned who was worth saving. There wasn't a spark of manhood in them," he said.

Tells of Wanderer

Mr. Hazleton assisted in the execution of Carl Wanderer and he related again how this youth had stepped out on the scaffold and with noose about his neck, broke forth in song, "Oh, Pal, why don't you answer me?" The lock expert was inclined to agree that maybe his characterization of these murderers had been a bit too severe, particularly in Wanderer's case.

"He wasn't such a bad sort. A former army officer, he made this big mistake and had to pay for it," the expert said.

Through the use of a specially designed knot made by Mr. Hazleton, the lapsed time between the springing of the trap and the death of the victim was cut down to nine minutes in the execution of Nicholas Viana, youngest member of the notorious Cardinella gang.

Viana was known as the "Choir boy" and his crime and execution had attracted wide attention. The seven loop, double lock hangman's noose also came in for considerable publicity. It cut the lapsed time from 26 minutes to nine minutes and was endorsed widely from a humanitarian viewpoint.

The procedure followed in these public hangings is known in detail by Mr. Hazleton. Under the system used in Cook county, four men were charged with the responsibility for springing the trap. The public never knew who actually pulled the little black cord that tripped the lock.

"A carpenter, a plumber, the lock expert and the sheriff had charge of constructing the scaffold, purchase of the rope and execution of the prisoner," Mr. Hazleton said.

He recalled one horrifying incident where the rope had broken three times. "We found later that a bottle of sulphuric acid had tipped over on the rope and each time the trap was sprung, the rope broke." Two extra ropes were always on hand for emergency purposes but in this case all three had been damaged."

He Went West

Through commissions he held as deputy sheriff and police investigator, Mr. Hazleton occasionally apprehended criminals. In a few cases, he captured some notorious criminals and Chicago newspapers of that day carried long articles regarding these events.

Mr. Hazleton was one of the large group of body guards sent to Canton, Ohio, when President McKinley took the oath of office at his home there.

Born April 11, 1877, Hazleton went west when the territory beyond the Mississippi was really wild and before Greeley had issued his famous advice to young men.

Passing through Chicago, he was temporarily detained by the police but won their sympathy and even a small purse to aid him on his way.

Work on a ranch with cowboys, contact with a gang of outlaws were some of the highlights of this experience. Six years after leaving Lawrence, Michigan, he was back in Chicago ready to serve his apprenticeship in some trade.

In order to save himself possible future embarrassment, he went into court and had himself appointed his own guardian and then struck out for a job with the Chicago and North Western railroad. War with Spain broke out and Hazleton enlisted in F Troop, First United States cavalry and saw considerable action in the Cuban campaign. He escaped unscathed, except for a kick in the knee by a mule, an injury which gave him considerable trouble. He was one of the members of the brigade who received the Roosevelt medal for "services rendered," one of the prized mementoes of a considerable collection which he has here in Muskegon.

Enters Lock Business

After the war, Hazleton never returned to railroading but rather got into the lock business as an employe of the Stebbins Hardware company. This work fascinated him to such an extent that he never left it. Gradually as a lock expert, he won his way to high positions of responsibility and trust.

At one time, Mr. Hazleton was a close friend of then Mayor Thompson. He took an active part in his campaign and handled the military end of the mayor's election committee. During the earlier part of the mayor's administration, Mr. Hazleton was appointed to many important tasks, probably most important of which was superintending the recovery of the bodies of the more than 800 persons who lost their lives when the steamer Eastland turned over in the Chicago river.

The work was handled efficiently through the use of huge nets which were placed at various points in the river. In two weeks the bodies of all those who lost their lives had been recovered.

"Here is a medal which I received for my work," Mr. Hazleton said, as he picked a gold emblem from a group of souvenirs. On the back side of the medal was inscribed the following words: "For valued services rendered the coroner. Personally recovered 78 bodies."

During the race riots in Chicago, Mr. Hazleton as superintendent of police of the State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty had charge of 2,000 men who patrolled the loop districts while practically all of Chicago's regular police were engaged in riot duty. For this work, Mayor Thompson commended him highly in a letter which he still retains.

Mr. Hazleton bought a lock works in 1912 and at one time had 17 to 50 employes depending upon the nature of his municipal duties. On Feb. 11, 1925, when the Traynor building on South State street caught fire, Mr. Hazleton fled the flames and jumped three stories to a stone pile beneath. He suffered permanent injury in this fall and turned over his business to his employes.

Several years later after the company had run steadily behind, he spent approximately $7,000 to clear up these debts and regain the good will of the concern. As his health would not permit him to carry on as before, he finally moved his business back to Lawrence, Mich., and several months ago came to Muskegon. Since then Ray Abbott, 1025 Sanford street, has become associated with him in the business.

Has Large Collection

The truck is a veritable curiosity shop. Here, mounted on display boards, Mr. Hazleton has locks and keys of various kinds and descriptions. One of them is the lock which was sawed in two by Frank McErlane, Joseph Morgan, Earl Dear and Lloyd Bopp, notorious gunmen, in their escape from Cook county jail. Dear and Bopp were later hanged.

Also Mr. Hazelton has the string of keys which unlocked all of the cells and doors in the old Cook county jail at 440 North Dearborn street.

Mr. Hazleton believes that the break down of the home is responsible for the great increase in crime among youth. "The hand that used to rock the cradle is now playing bridge,' he said in commenting on the situation.

During the past 15 years, the lock expert has indirectly fathered considerable legislation in Illinois which was designed to make the activities of safe breakers and lock pickers more difficult. Under these laws, it is unlawful for a man to have certain lock picking tools in his possession.

In this connection, he also wrote a series of articles for several Chicago newspapers in which he exposed how boys are made safe robbers by mail order. In these articles, he told how certain agencies were selling courses which would teach a youth many of the fundamental workings of a lock, and how they could be opened.

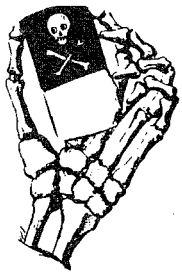
It is his hope to have similar legislation enacted in the next regular session of the Michigan legislature. He plans to go on a speaking tour if necessary. In Chicago and Illinois, he aroused considerable support for his bill through a lecture entitled, "Burglary as a Fine Art."

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

A. C. Brigham came across an old letter from the estate of P. D. Beckwith, sole manufacturer of Round Oak stoves.

It is directed to S. N. Thomas and Son and is dated January 27, 1894. It is signed by O. G. Beach, sales manager.

According to the letterhead the business was established in 1871. It gave Fred Lee as general manager and A. B. Gardner, cashier.



NEWS ITEMS

Paw Paw, Mich., R. F. D. 2,
Aug. 25, 1932.

The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Mich.

Gentlemen:—I have read with considerable interest the letters regarding the Joe Pierson-Aaron Sweet affair.

If my grandfather, the late Wm Vanderhoof, were living I am sure he would be heard from in your columns regarding the incident. I remember well he and his brother, Harm Vanderhoof, discussing the incident years later when I was a boy.

Their sympathies were all with the slain man. And as their story goes, in those days there was the usual conflict between the town and country men, intensified by the "demon Rum." Harm Vanderhoof was in the thick of these brawls and a pretty good man in a free for all. And as it seems the town fellows were being thrown out of their own saloons, etc., to often to suit. The account of Carney's experience with Pierson one night, given in one of the recent letters, goes to show that.

Harm related an experience he had with three congenial town boys. A game of pool ended in an argument which resulted in an attempt to put him out. By the aid of the heavy end of his billiard cue and a few soft words, of which he was capable, the hall was cleared and still another dispute was won for the farmer lads.

Who can't remember among the older people of that section, when the south end of Main street was but a mass of fighting men? Saturday afternoon was set aside for that purpose. It was in the air that the town or country supremacy had to be settled occasionally.

As their story goes an incident occurred a few days previous to the shooting affair that enraged Sweet. Pierson finding himself arrested for his misconduct, he carried the officer under one arm to the lock-up after which he submitted to being lock up without further resistance. Sweet was plainly humiliated, much to the delight of the country lads and the displeasure of those in town.

Other incidents had occurred. This was just too much. Something had to be done! and it was! Many who knew Pierson are satisfied that Sweet never could have drawn when Pierson had hold of him. From the above account a listener of some 15 years (as I was when I heard these two men of my family discussing it) can draw but one conclusion as to how Pierson was shot.

Those that knew him say that he was slow to anger, that most of his fights were provoked by the drunken opposition. You see, he had his friends however good or bad they might be, and he stood by them usually with excellent results, even though it was a two to one affair.

Now from the standpoint of those outside the town as the story comes down from those that have gone on before, they hardly would agree that **"this man got his just deserts" as one subscriber puts it. However, that** may be, right or wrong, here's another version from a family that knew something of the town 63 years ago.

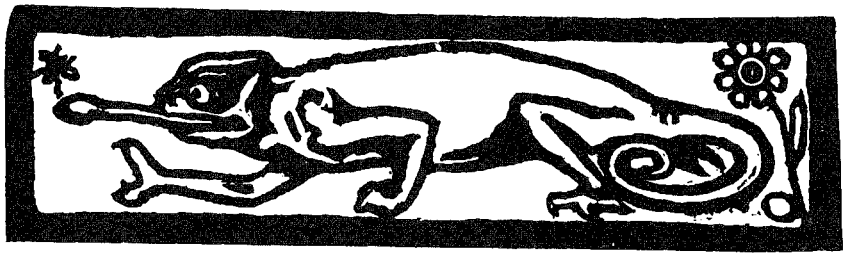
Grandfather was very much troubled over his brother's part in these affairs and later in life Harm turned out to be quite a successful man, realizing the folly of his early days. His home in later life being at Omaha, Nebr.

With the passing of the saloon Decatur became a changed community. A place we have all been proud to call the old home town.

The liquor question now being agitated should be thought out pretty carefully by voters. There are other problems facing us of far more importance; that of first obtaining the necessities of life and seeing to it that we as an agricultural community get an honest dollar. I am,

Yours truly,
Louis Hall.

P. S.—Enclosed find money order for $1.50 for my mother's subscription to the Republican for one year.



DR: J. E. MAXWELL KILLED IN CRASH

HIS CAR STRUCK ABUTMENT OF M. C. VIADUCT NEAR OSHTEMO SUNDAY MORNING, RESULTING IN FATAL INJURY. COMMUNITY SHOCKED BY THE TRAGEDY.

This entire community is saddened by the tragic death of its esteemed physician, Dr. James E. Maxwell. He was almost instantly killed at about 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning when the car in which he was riding alone crashed into the abutment of the Michigan Central viaduct over U. S.-12 near Oshtemo and overturned. Dr. R. G. Cook, coroner of Kalamazoo county, was called, reported that his neck was broken, his skull fractured and that he suffered other injuries. The body was taken to Paw Paw and from there was brought to Decatur by Undertaker O. W. Newell.

No other cars were passing at the time of the accident but people at a gas station about 60 rods west of the viaduct saw it. One of the front tires was flat and it is probable that a blowout put the car beyond the Doctor's control. The people at the gas station sent in calls to the state police and the sheriff of Kalamazoo county and they arrived just before the Doctor died.

Rev. Mrs. Pulsepher, of Kalamazoo, who was driving to Decatur to conduct Sunday morning meeting at the Church of God, drove along while the Doctor was being placed in the ambulance and brought an early report of the accident to members of her church. Jesse Wiles, returning from Kalamazoo where he had taken his daughter, arrived at the viaduct on his return trip about the same time.

Dr. Maxwell had been in poor health for some time and recently had undergone an operation at the University hospital at Ann Arbor. He returned home three weeks ago Monday and the following day spent a few hours in his office, but he was far from well and for the week following was confined to his bed.

Mr. Clark, of Paw Paw, a trained nurse, was caring for him, and his brother, Dr. J. C. Maxwell, of Paw Paw, and Dr. Bope of Decatur called to see him every day.

He left home Sunday morning at about 7:30, saying that he was going for a drive. The nurse expressed a desire to accompany him but the Doctor said he preferred to go alone. He stopped a few minutes in Paw Paw and then drove on toward Kalamazoo.

James E. Maxwell was born on the farm now known as Maple Court farm in Hamilton township November 20, 1864. He attended the district school and the Decatur High school. He taught school in Hamilton and Lawrence townships and a few years after attaining his majority was elected Supervisor of his home township.

He graduated from the Medical College of the University of Michigan in 1892 and immediately opened an office in Decatur.

He has practiced his profession in this village 41 years during which time he gained a reputation as one of the outstanding physicians and surgeons of southwestern Michigan. He has served as President of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine and was a member of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Maxwell was public spirited and a valuable citizen for Decatur in other ways than through his profession. He engaged extensively in muck land farming and he did not spare expense in building up an ideal farm and raising the highest grade of produce. He was a large employer of labor and his loss will be deeply felt by those who have benefited by his generous side activities.

He has served as village president and was a member of the Masonic Order of Decatur.

Dr. Maxwell was united in marriage with Miss Adele French whose home was originally in Nebraska 33 years ago, last April, and she survives him. There are also surviving an adopted daughter, Dorothy, two brothers, Dr. J. C. Maxwell of Paw Paw and Thomas Maxwell of Tyndall, South Dakota, and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Gould of Lawrence.

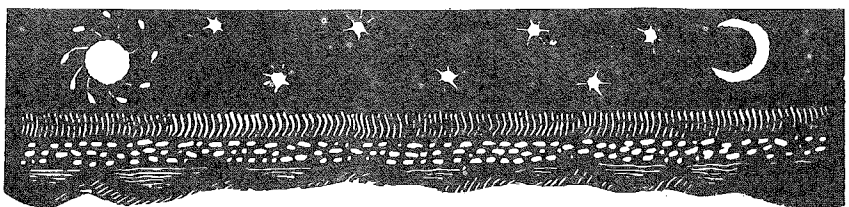
Funeral services were held at the home at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Frank Flagg of Dowaiac officiating. A wealth of beautiful flowers surrounded the casket and filled the home. The bearers were members of his profession, relatives and friends of long standing. They were his brother, Dr. J. C. Maxwell of Paw Paw, his nephew, Dr. James Maxwell of Ann Arbor, Dr. Dalton Rose of St. Louis, Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney of Chicago, Dr. Adams of Kalamazoo and Dr. Bope of Decatur. The burial was in Lakeside cemetery, Decatur.

All business houses of the village were closed during the hour of the funeral.

Friends from many cities and towns as well as from his old home township of Hamilton, and Decatur filled the spacious residence and the lawn outside for the service which closed the earthly career of the distinguished Doctor.

The leading physicians and surgeons of Kalamazoo, members of the profession from most of the nearby towns, many business and professional friends from the county seat and many, many grateful folk who had been his patients were noted among those present.

The reporter for the Republican was in the crowd outside and did not hear the message of the speaker, Frank Flagg, but the word was passed along that he spoke words of praise for the departed and comfort for relatives and friends who are left.



ONE MORE OLD TIME STORY

J. M. East Sets a Pace for the Old Timers at Binding at His Boyhood Home Near Jones in Cass County.

Mattie East has a vivid memory of the cradling days, and he rather thinks it would have hustled Joe Dunnigton some to keep up with him.

He was faster at binding than at cradling. He and his brother Frank once followed an old Buckeye mower and reaper and in 6½ hours the machine had cut and they had bound 10 acres of oats and were headed for the barn.

Mr. East has a record of binding 80 dozen bundles of wheat in 4 hours. That is 4 bundles to the minute.

His brother Frank weighed about 190 and was one of the stoutest men he ever knew. He remembers seeing Frank pick up a T-rail, carry it across the track and throw it down, a performance which generally requires six men. That was on the Air Line track at Jones, near the East farm.

Mr. East put one foot up against the wall and said that in his younger years down on the farm he could jump over it with his other foot without its leaving the wall. He wonders if Joe could do that.

Mr. East thinks the young men of today are as strong and active as they were in his time but show their physical accomplishments in a different way. Instead of cradling and binding they play football and basketball and run races.

ASSASSIN'S VICTIMS: Family heirloom photographs show Charles Morris and his wife, Esther. Unknown assassin shot down 32-year-old Morris after calling him from his bed and killed his wife when she came to his aid with a small revolver.

The Mysterious Morris Murder

A brother of Elias Morris and his young wife were living in their home in Volinia when a murderer stole into the house in the night and shot both Mr. and Mrs. Morris (the latter expecting their first baby). Then the murderer rode away on one of the horses in the barn and turned it loose in South Bend. Because of the unborn child, it was a triple murder, and the unjust part of it was that the murderer was never found and brought to justice, even though the best detectives of that day were employed.

As Grandma was a cousin of Mr. Morris, the murdered man, she and Grandpap attended the funeral. And something about the pity of it, and the sermon of the minister really got through to Grandpap's soul and then he became a Christian.

And how has God blessed Grandpap? In the Old Testament, we are told that God blessed Abraham with descendants that would become as numerous as the sands of the sea. Now it is beginning to show that God did bless Elijah Goble with a great many descendants, for even now in the fifth and sixth generations (and according to Matthew a man's descendants are his for 14 generations) there have been many who have contributed to the world's work along various lines, and there are more than eight more generations to go.

The Blessing Of Abraham Lincoln

The only one of Lincoln's children that lived to manhood was Robert Todd Lincoln, and he left no descendants when he died. So, having blessed Abraham Lincoln with his great name that will certainly live as long as America does, it is seen that God blesses His followers in various ways.

Every history student knows that Abraham Lincoln was a sincere believer in God and that he sought the guidance of God constantly, yet there has been considerable questioning as to whether Lincoln had complied with Christ's command.

---

in order to "see the kingdom of God," and if not would Lincoln's great service to his country save him for eternal life?.

It appears that something was missing in Lincoln's copy of the New Testament, for in the gospel of John, Jesus told Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, "You must be born again, or ye cannot see the Kingdom of God." And Jesus clearly stated that one must be born of water and of the Spirit. Thus he described a symbolical birth into a new life by being covered with water symbolizing the birth, and the rising as a new life just beginning. He made no other statements about short cuts such as sprinkling or pouring. Jesus stated it in that symbolical way and did not offer any substitute, for no other use of water, pouring or sprinkling can symbolize the new birth into a spiritual life, and there is no authorization anywhere in the Bible for any other method for being "born again."

Thus, if Lincoln did not obey the injunction that Jesus gave Nicodemus, he is in doubtful religious judgment. He did not take his stand for Christ as Jesus vividly said must be done if one is to "see the Kingdom of God." And while God did certainly bless Lincoln with a name becoming even more

famous as the years go by, he did not bless him with posterity. He has no living descendants.

Thus it seems only fair to draw our conclusion, that if one wants to be blessed by both a good name and with abundant posterity, one must obey the command of Christ to Nicodemus.

LETTERS

FROM AN OLD TIME RESIDENT

Tom. Lyon was one the boys who made things lively in Decatur in the years following the Civil war. The Lyon home was on East Sherwood street and is now the home of R. H. Elliott and family.

The Lyon family was one of the biggest and best in the village and many gay times did the young people have in that spacious home in the early days.

Tom became Dr. T. B. Lyon and for many years has been a leading physician of Raton, New Mexico.

Charles M. Rawson, one of the last of the old crowd left in town, sent the Doctor a copy of the Republican containing the death of Mrs. Cora Chamberlain Whalen which brought an interesting reply.

He said in part,—"The last time I was back there I had a good visit with Cora and George Chamberlain and it is sad to realize they are both gone. I should judge that winds up the whole Chamberlain family who were so active in all functions of our younger days in the old town.

"I have a photo of the old band and looking at it last night as it hangs on the wall in my home I noted that you and I are the only ones left. Another photo I have is of the old crowd taken on the front steps of the Presbyterian church Christmas day, 1881. As far as I can learn, out of the 18 there present only two, Lulu McMinn and I, are left, if indeed she is still living.

"Of my own family of 11 children only my sister Alice, 83, and I, 75 in July, are living. An so old Father Time is gathering us in one by one.

"As I look back over the past and think that you and I were considered the most feeble of the crowd we ran with it seems astonishing that we are the only ones left.

"The memory of my younger life in the old town is about the greatest pleasure I now enjoy and I would not exchange it for all that has transpired since, although I have enjoyed my residence here during the past 34 years and will probably end my days here where my investments are and all my friends of later days are living.

"If things go as I expect I shall go to the World's Fair in August and shall then want to take a last look at the old town. With many thanks for the paper. Tom Lyon."

Add to those who believe that Republican ads. pay, Percy Harris. On our special page last week he offered a special on kerosene. Folks kept him so busy on kerosene sales that he was still at it when we saw him Monday noon.

THE CRADLING DAYS OF LONG AGO

In Days of Old When Wheat Was Gold, the Hand That Swung the Cradle Was the Hand That Ruled the World.

Dr. Bope's turkey wing cradle which occupies a prominent place in the Republican office, continues to attract the old timers and they recall many interesting stories of the days of long ago.

Martin Knoll said, "Many a time have I swung one of them things back in New York state. The summer I was 19 years old I cut 40 acres all by myself."

Mr. Knoll cut one field and did it so well that other farmers came after him to cut for them. One man who posed as a champion cutter worked with him at one place and Martin walked right away from him. It made the owner so dissatisfied with the other man that he fired him and left Martin to do the whole field.

Mr. Knoll cut low and left an even stubble. He said a field after he had cut it and the bundles had been hauled away would look as smooth as a floor. The cradle he used was a grapevine.

Clem Ball Cradled

Martin is about 80 years and Clem Ball is his junior by ten years, but Clem also has vivid recollections of the cradling days on the farm.

His boyhood years were spent on the farm of his father, Davis Ball, over in the hills south of town. Davis Ball was a good cradler and Clem and his next older brother Sylvester were good helpers.

Jake Conrad was the best cradler he ever knew. Jake was steady at five acres a day and he did the job well. Andy Foster was the fastest cradler that ever was gathered to his father's from Volinia township. He claimed he could do ten acres a day and his word is not doubted.

Clem Ball has a Flowerfield cradle and a buggy rake now reposing in his corn crib. He bought them of the late Cammie Tittle and uses them occasionally to harvest oats. They were the property of Cammie's father, Dolph Tittle, and if they could talk they might tell some great stories of working around the stumps of the clearing when the country was young.

Elben Hagar Remembers

Elben Hagar is still younger than Clem but he has had his swing at the cradle. He has cut, bound and shocked 2½ acres of oats in a day. His father, Bradley Hagar, could cradle five acres of wheat in a day. His uncle, Lewis Hagar, could do that much or more, and he could cut a 11-foot swath, which is reaching out some.

And Now Comes the Mulley Cradle

F. P. Waters, uncle of Mrs. Dayton Calahan and National Grange organizer, says the Dr. Bope cradle is not a turkey wing. He knows it is not a turkey wing. A turkey wing has a straight snath and this has a crooked sn[illegible].

The Bope cradle is a mulley cradle, same name as a hornless cow. Many a time has Mr. Waters swung a mulley cradle on the old farm on the north bank of Klinger lake, half way between White Pigeon and Sturgis.

Mr. Waters is 78 and was quite a boy before the cradling days were ov[illegible].

The turkey wing [illegible]

ahead with it faster than with any other cradle, but it was hard on the right arm. The Flowerfield was the easiest to handle. It swung easier because it distributed the weight better.

A man by the name of Kirby over in Flowerfield in Kalamazoo county made the Flowerfield cradle.

Mr. Waters spoke twice at Grange meetings in Berrien county last Saturday evening. At 7:30 he spoke at Twelve Corners this side of Benton Harbor and from there he went to Riverside Grange to speak.

And Now Comes the Johnson Cradle

H. D. Wickett says the Dr. Bope cradle isn't a turkey wing cradle. He knows it isn't. He doesn't know anything about a turkey wing crade but he does know about the Johnson cradle and the Bope crade is a Johnson cradle.

Many a time has Mr. Wickett swung a Johnson cradle. There were only two kinds of good cradles. The other was the Flowerfield.

Then there was the bow cradle. The

bow cradle was the cradle John Foster used when he cut ten acres of wheat in one day. His brother Andy went along with him with an extra cradle and a whet stone and kept John going with a sharp cradle all the time. John and his brother Andy beat any cradlers in Cass county, without Allison Knapp could keep up with them. Allison Knapp was a great cradler in his day. A day's work in the cradling days was from sun up to sun down.

Joe McAdams Holds Record

When Joe McAdams stepped up to inspect the crade it seemed as though it almost recognized him and bowed.

In his youth Joe was as well acquainted with the cradle as he was with his family. He has cradled hundreds of acres of wheat and has a record of eight acres a day. That's the fastest cradling he knows anything about.

Joe brought in two queer looking stones that he picked up in a field that has been worked over for more than fifty years.

One looks like a tomahawk and the other is fashioned like an animal. We showed them to Mr. Washburn, a student of geology, who said they are freak stones and have no particular value.

Our original story of Dr. Bope's buying the cradle at the Lipp auction sale has been traveling about and taking on embellishments along the way.

Last week it got into a South Bend paper. We did not see the paper but were told that it referred to the proud possessor of the cradle as the Rev. Dr. Bull. It was about the time that Will Rogers was showing at the movies in the story, "Dr. Bull," so there was some excuse for the slight mistake. The names Bope and Bull both contain four letters, but neither the real doctor nor the story doctor would look natural in a minister's garb.

There were five in the class of 1884, and it is rather remarkable that all of them, as well as their Principal, Miss Pearce, are living. Next year will be their fiftieth anniversary, and if all goes well with them they plan to be present at the annual Alumni reunion.

Mr. Webster has been for years at the head of one of the leading firms of Public Accountants of New York City, and in a recent visit with him the question of retiring was mentioned.

He said that in his younger years he had intended to retire at the age of sixty, but the coming of the depression had changed his plans and now he does not intend to retire until he is eighty.

He cited several of his friends, prominent business and professional men, who have been taken by death at the age of sixty and it has caused him to do some serious thinking on the line of keeping his house in order.

Norman E. Webster Jr. was one of the youngest students ever graduated from the Decatur High school, and also one of the brightest. He belonged to the class of 1884 and was but 15 years of age when he was granted his diploma.

THE REPUBLICAN FINDS A WELCOME

Dec. 14, 1933.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton,
Decatur, Mich.

Enclosed find $1.50 to apply on my subscription to your paper for another year. It arrives regularly Friday morning and finds a welcome awaiting.

I find its local news and its letters from subscribers interesting as well as other news which it contains.

So the Republican does render value received to its patrons. We wish you joy, and the Christmas season's best wishes.

Very kindly,
Mrs. Edward F. Smith,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

ONE OF OUR BEST PIONEERS

Dec. 16, 1933.

Dear Friend Arba:—

We are glad when the Decatur Republican arrives, and we usually read each item with interest. Real rest and enjoyment comes from reading such news as is found in our old home paper. Not at all like Chicago or South Bend dailies.

After scanning these dailies given to graft, crime, depression, beer, etc., and realizing that there is little or no truth in much of it, you have a disagreeable taste in your mouth, and grow more inclined to read headlines only.

In last weeks paper, under "Nation's Cradle Days" the mention of my father's name is what prompts me to send you this item. My father's name was Richmond Kirtland, and the incident related regarding my father's love for Abraham Lincoln, I have heard my mother speak of, and many more incidents of like character. Although only four years old at the time of his death, I have always been proud of his Christian record.

He was counted among the great workers of his time, especially as a woodsman, he had only to look at a towering tree and he knew the best use to make of it.

He considered it a fair day's work—when with axe, mallet, and wedges, he could, from the standing oaks, fell the tree and hew out thirty ties each day.

These ties he delivered to the crossing south of Ormsby school with his yoke of oxen (never owning a horse) and they were used in building the M. C. R. R.

It has been told me by an eye witness that he cut and corded one cord of stove wood in an hour and did it with ease.

Some time since I read the early history of the M. E. church in your columns. I was inclined at that time to add a line, will say now, my father hewed the sills from tall oaks on his farm, drew and gave them for the M. E. church.

He was chorister for the church and thought it no hardship after a day's work in the woods to walk to Decatur and lead the weekly class meeting in the church he loved.

Treasured in memory are many incidents told me of a father whose short life was not lived in vain.

Nellie Betaque.

MRS. JENNIE RAY KENNEDY

Life Long Resident of This Community Passed Away Sunday, April 23

Genevieve Ray was born December 8, 1881, on a farm north of Decatur, the daughter of Alonzo and Margaret Murphy Ray. When she was quite young the family moved to Decatur and she attended the Decatur public schools.

After a few years her mother was left as her sole guardian and support, and worked for years for the family of the late S. N. Thomas and "Aunt Libbie." F. W. Thomas and family also lived there, and between Mrs. Ray and the children, Ruth and Genevieve, a deep attachment was formed. She was stricken with grief when little Genevieve died at the age of four years.

In 1904 Mrs. Ray purchased the restaurant owned by Mrs. Congdon and by her hard labor, constant attention to business and especially by her peculiarly lovable personality she laid the foundation of a very profitable business in which Jennie acted as assistant.

Mrs. Ray bought the old Nutting home, which had originally been the L. T. Rawson home, on October 13, 1904.

In 1922 "Maggie,' as she was affectionately known to every one, suffered a stroke of paralysis as a result of her years of heavy toil and the dreadful heat of that summer. She retired to her home and lived in broken health till June 8, 1924.

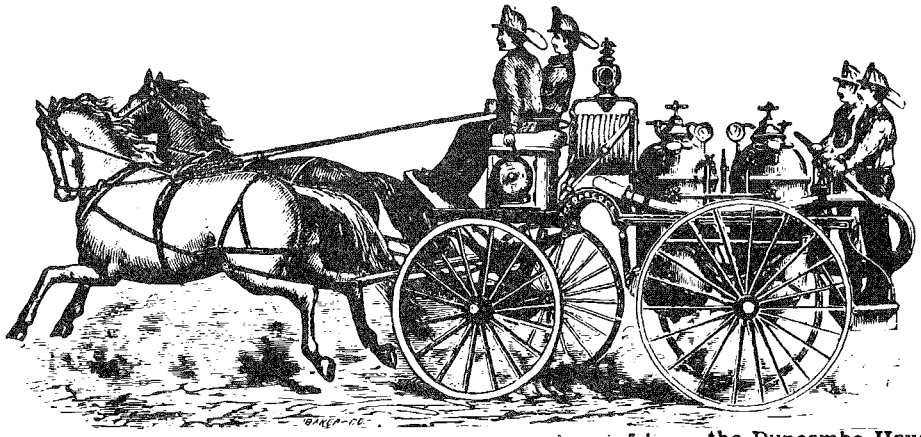
After her mother's retirement Jennie carried on the work of the restaurant for a time, but later sold out the business.

On August 4, 1917, Genevieve was married in South Bend, to Edward Kennedy. After a time her health began to fail and a dangerous form of heart disease settled upon her. During late years she lived alone in the old home, busied in summer in her beloved flower garden, attended and guarded by her faithful dog, "Adolph."

Last September her condition became so serious that her aunt, Miss Mary Murphy, was summoned from Kalamazoo to care for her. With the exception of one short interval she remained to the end. At Jennie's urgent request Miss Nellie Murphy came and spent the last five weeks assisting in her care.

Jennie had formed many friendships; abundant proof of this was given by the attentions showered upon upon her during her illness.

Her funeral was held April 26, 1933, Rev. Casimir officiating. Mrs. Carrie Kelley of Dowagiac furnished the music for the high mass. Burial was in Lakeside cemetery.



FIRE FIGHTING DAYS OF OLD

Decatur's Fire Department In the Eighties and Nineties and the Duncombe House Fire.

The first company of firemen in Decatur of which there is any record was the Decatur Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 organized May 13, 1881.

John Shaad, Ex-Chief, has the record book of the company and prizes it as a valuable keepsake.

The constitution says, "The Company shall consist of not less than 10 nor more than 50 members. The officers shall consist of a foreman and first and second assistants, a secretary and treasurer.

"It shall be the duty of every member of the company, immediately upon the alarm of fire to repair to the place where trucks are kept, unless he knows they have left, in which case he shall join them as soon as possible and use his best exertions in working the same."

The charter members of the company were:

Edward Arnold,
Chas. Schuster
W. G. Sweet
L. D. Roberts
A. L. Moulton
Geo. E. Corbin
G. W. Miller
F. A. Dudley
L. E. Tuttle
Chas. M. Rawson
Saul Frank
Thomas McKee
J. C. Brownbridge
P. W. Van Duzer
Hank Burbridge
C. W. Tase
Frank Lisk
Frank Potts
Fred S. Beach
F. H. Smith
J. E. Struble
H. W. Keables
G. H. Lyman
J. M. Concklin
D. J. Carney, Jr.
Geo. Kruse
William Gilbert
William C. Taylor
J. Edmunds
G. C. Searles
John H. Earl
C. F. Pritchard
L. D. Hill
P. T. Howland
W. J. Stokes
F. E. Rich
D. W. Lee

The first foreman, or chief, was L. D. Roberts;, 1st assistant, Edward Arnold; 2nd assistant, Henry Burbridge; secretary, Chas. Schuster; treasurer, L. D. Hill.

Moved and carried that the Company ask the village council to procure the following,—A truck with capacity to carry 1,500 pounds, 5 ladders, hook, pole and chain, 60 feet rope, 3 axes, 1 bell, 4 lanterns, 35 rubber and 65 other buckets, 6 hand force pumps.

The Company's first fire was on Wednesday, June 8, 1881. The property was owned by Caroline N. Poor of Chicago and occupied by Fred Mielke and Mrs. Maggie Graham. Loss, $700, no insurance. Contents saved. Building partially destroyed. This fire was in the Potts house on Main street.

Some heavy losses were recorded during the nineties.

Thursday, June 29, 1893, at about 4 p. m. an alarm was sounded for a fire in the basement of Browning's drug store. The firemen were promptly on hand but the engine gave out and the fire got a start which burned the four buildings between the C. W. Brigham and Gale hardware buildings. The cause of the fire was supposed to be a gasoline explosion. Loss estimated at $7,300. Insurance, $3,700.

Sunday, September 3, 1893, 2 o'clock p. m. Fire in the old meat market building next to Chadwick building, Gale hardware. The building was owned by Mrs. Wheaton and rented by Clyde Fisher as a restaurant. Cause, lamp exploded. Loss small. Insured.

Monday, Sept. 4, 1893, Hinkley Stave Company office on East Sherwood street entirely destroyed. Good work of the fire department saves other property. Loss $300. No insurance.

December 10, 1893, Sunday, 1 o'clock p. m. Fire in J. I. Huff's photograph gallery. Fire department on hand, but the engine would not work, the building was destroyed. It was the property of Mrs. I. B. Bagley. Loss, $600. Insurance, $400.

Duncombe House Fire

Decatur's biggest fire was known as the Duncombe House fire. This is the record:—

Fire broke out Saturday morning, March 23, 1895, at 5:30 o'clock in the Duncombe House building. The following buildings were consumed: Duncombe House, Shulters Hotel, Rasmusson's Carriage Works, Arnold's building, Hakes' blacksmith shop, Ackley's wagon shop, C. E. Miller's residence, First State Bank, Arnold's brick store, John Shaad's store and the Universalist church. Loss estimated at $20,000. Insurance, $8,000.

John Shaad says that including barns and other out buildings 14 buildings were destroyed.

The Dowagiac fire department came over but could do nothing because there was no water. It became so hot that the firemen could not get to the cistern at the Main and Sherwood streets corner.

Decatur then had no water works plant but the contract for our present eficient plant was already let to J. M. Pearl of Benton Harbor, trenches for the pipe were dug and the pipe for them lay on the ground. The firemen have never since lacked water with which to fight a fire in the village.

At the time of the Duncombe House fire the Dowagiac fire department had one of the regulation upright steam engines, like those in the big cities, and a team of big strong horses to draw it. The engine was painted red and nearly half of it was nickel plated

It was loaded onto a freight car and brought here with the early morning freight.

The hook and ladder truck and the hose cart were the first purchases of the village. The truck was drawn by 20 men or as many as grabbed hold of the ropes and it was the proper thing for any man or grown up boy to grab hold when running to a fire. And how those firemen would run! Two of the best trained men were at the tongue to steer.

In later years when the village boasted of four or five draymen the council offered a dollar to the drayman who hooked onto the pumper and pulled it to the fire.

When the siren was blown it was the signal for the draymen and there were many pretty dray horse races to the engine house. Some of the faithful old horses became so well trained

that they would run for the engine house at the sound of the siren whether the drayman was with them or not.

PRAYER FOR CROPS

The annual prayer day for crops, which is observed regularly by the Reformed churches, is to be held this year on Mar. 15. In order to facilitate matters the service is to be held in the evening at 7:30. The pastor, Rev. Jacob Blauw, is to be in charge of the service and will preach an appropriate sermon. The public is urged to be present at this service. All are welcome.

I'D RATHER

I'd rather, as I go through life
Traveling up and down,
Be noted for any friendliness,
Than be a funny clown.

I'd rather be so full myself,
Of worthwhile deed and word,
That old and young would happy be,
By having seen and heard.

I'd rather be so friendly and
Pleasant all the while,
That every one would smile at me,
And pass along the smile.

A clown would bore the old folks
And children after while,
But no one ever tires,
Of a pleasant word, or smile.

—Nellie Sibley.

FIRE IN CARNEY BUILDING MENACES MAIN STREET

The Building Known for Many Years as Clark's Furniture Store and Now as Second Hand Store Partially Wrecked.

HEAVY LOSS PREVENTED BY GOOD WORK OF FIRE DEPT.

The northerly building of the three 3-story buildings known as the Poor block was badly damaged by fire early Tuesday morning and what might have been one of the worst fires of the street has ever suffered was prevented only by the prompt and telling work of the Decatur fire department.

Nightwatchman McArdle was completing his rounds of the buildings at about 2 o'clock and approaching the Poor block when he heard a noise something like the kicking of a tin can over the pavement. He hurried on to the place the sound came from and discovered a blaze mounting from the rear of the second floor almost to the top of the building. He turned in an alarm and blew the siren and the firemen were on the ground almost immediately.

Owing to the serious menace of the fire the siren was blown the second time and several hundred people came out to witness the sight.

The work of the firemen was perfect. Chief Woolfe grasped the situation immediately and his orders were followed faithfully. The flames shot high into the air and it looked as though the building and those adjoining were doomed, but the deluge of water in just the right places finally became effective, the flames were subdued and the street was saved.

The first floor of the building was occupied by Frank Squires and Morton Beardsley with a second hand store. They had furniture stored on the second floor and the furniture of Clyde Stanley, former Decatur barber, was also stored there. The furniture is almost a total loss as are some of the second hand wares on the first floor. The loss on the first floor was caused by water, the fire all being above. This loss is partially covered by insurance.

The Beek Five and Ten adjoins this building. There was a slight damage to the stock from water.

The building damaged was the oldest brick building in the village. It was built by Charles N. Poor probably in the year 1859. It was known for many years as Clark's furniture store. In later years it was the home of Gale's hardware and since Mr. Gale moved out it has been the location of a second hand store.

For the past twenty years or thereabouts the building has been owned by Mrs. Catherine Carney. It is a vaneered building and on account of its age has been considered more or less unsafe, but it is one of the land marks of the village and we hope it can be repaired and continue to be of service to the public.

The firemen were called out again Tuesday forenoon by a grass fire back the Haynes home. No damage done.

THE COLD NEW YEAR

The following interesting letter and clipping are from W. H. Howland, an early resident of Decatur, who was for many years an engineer on the Michigan Central.

We have heard other accounts of this cold New Year. Mrs. Annette Osborn of Hamilton once wrote that with a good fire in the stove a cup of water froze on the table in the same room.—Ed.

Jackson, Mich.,
Dec. 30, 1932.

Arba N. Moulton,
Editor of Decatur Republican.

Enclosed please find clipping from Detroit News of December 20, 1932, in regard to the Cold New Years of 1863 and '64. I remember it distinctly on account of my father carrying chickens in his arms from the barn to the house to keep them from freezing.

I heard Will Tuttle say that the first work he ever did for the M. C. was at Parma and it was during this cold spell. He said he saw hogs, sheep and cattle frozen to death on east bound trains as they passed Parma. Peter Costello, an old time resident of Decatur, told me there was 2 or 3 freight trains tied up on the sidings at Decatur and that he helped jack the engines up so as to take weight off the rails. There was a water pump piston attached to both crossheads and by oiling the rail and slipping the engine water was forced into the boilers, and to keep the pumps from freezing they kept a fire burning on both sides of engines. The fire was built out of 4 foot wood of which there was plenty at that time.

I wish you a Happy New Year.

Truly yours,
W. H. Howland,
501 No. Park Ave.,
Jackson, Mich.

Spanish-American War No Child's Play

Many people believe the fracas between Spain and Uncle Sam, a half century ago was a toy war, but here is a statement in which is voiced somewhat different ideas:

"Statement by the late Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. Army:

After I was with Gen. Henry W. Lawton in the campaign thru San Isidro, where we had 23 engagements in 22 days, we were riding down to Malolos. Gen. Lawton turned to me and said: 'Colonel, if you ever get back—I know I am not going to, and I don't believe you will, but if you do—look up my record in the Civil War and you will find I was in as many engagements thruout that four years as any commissioned officer in it. Now, you may be surprised when I tell you I have been under fire more times and in greater danger so far in the Philippines than I was thruout the whole Civil War. That will tell you whether you have seen service or not.' " (From The Philippine Veteran, June 1933.)

This is the same Lawton, who as a young cavalry lieutenant, was sent out long ago to Arizona to fight Geronimo, the cruel and wily chief of the Apaches. After the battle the Indians scattered as usual to prevent capture, but the troopers kept after them, and after Lawton was sure he was on the trail of Geronimo he never let up in his pursuit. No one knows how many possible ambushes he escaped, or the danger of being in the desert without water. Water holes were far apart and few knew where they were. Also the Apaches had the playful habit of leaving a dead horse, or dead dog in the watering place to poison it. One by one men and horses fell out from sheer exhaustion. At last Lawton's horse failed and so did Geronimo's. Then it was the sinewy six foot two young officer and the devil of the desert, were going it all by themselves. The tough savage kept on, but the white man was tougher, and in about three days walked him down, then brought him to camp, a prisoner.

Gen. Lawton, in a total disregard for danger, wore a white helmet. Thus a bullet ended the career of one who was in very way a man.

—E. D. Scott.

MAY KAPLAN IN VIOLIN RECITAL

At Danaleen Farm Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock Mrs. Aileen Bennett presented May Sylvia Kaplan, nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs.Wm. Kaplan, in a violin recital.

May showed wonderful playing ability on the violin. She played all her numbers from memory. Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan have every reason to feel justly proud of their daughter's progress.

More than 50 guests were in attendance, most of them from Decatur. Light refreshments followed the program.

The following program was presented:

I

Melody ..... Schubert
Ecossaise (Scotch dance)..Beethoven
Three violins and piano
May Sylvia Kaplan Winnefred Flagg
Mrs. Bennett Marjorie Bailey

II

Theme from Violin Sonata Op. 12 No. 1
Scherzo from Violin Sonata No. 5—
.....Beethoven
May Sylvia Kaplan

III

Preambule from Violin Sonata
No. 6 .....Bach
Marjorie Bailey

IV

Spring Song .....Atherton
Muckentanz (mosquito dance).....
.....Mendelssohn
May Sylvia Kaplan

V

Fantasiestuch .....Edmund Neupert
Marjorie Bailey

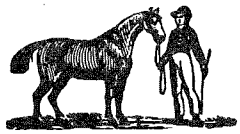
VI

Concerto No. 5. Op. 22.....Seitz
Allegro Moderato
Andante Cantabile
Rondo (alllegretto)
May Sylvia Kaplan

Winnefred Flagg named as one of the three violins in the first number, was unable to play, owing to illness. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Flagg of Lawton. Marjorie Bailey, the piano accompanist, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bailey of Decatur and will be a Junior in Decatur High school next term.

Mrs. Bennett leaves this week for Evanston, Ill., where she will attend Northwestern University during the summer term.

THE PLEASURE OF HITCH-HIKING



BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS INTERESTING TRIP TO LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

By Kermit Washburn.

There is something exciting and altogether fascinating in the business of "hitch-hiking." It presents an excellent opportunity to study human nature and also plenty of time to consider one's own characteristics. To one interested in viewing the scenery in an unknown section of the country, it is much better than riding through on the train or driving through by automobile.

The hitch-hiker has little responsibility on his shoulders. He is the recipient of some one's generosity, and has only to think of returning thanks to the kind-hearted donors, or if they be of a talkative nature, of carrying on his end of a conversation which may include anything from International politics to the geological formation of the earth.

I recently completed a seven hundred mile hike to Lincoln, Nebraska, from Decatur. I left Decatur about 11:30 on Monday, July 31, and arrived at my destination at 10 a. m. on Wednesday. Of this time about thirty-eight hours was spent on the road either riding or walking or waiting for a ride.

Decatur was one of the hardest places to get a ride from. It was "blue Monday" and there was little traffic on M-40. At Dowagiac it seemed impossible to get a ride and when the Greyhound bus came along I extended the palm of the hand instead of the thumb, and rode a crowded bus to Niles.

The people on the bus looked with pity and small concern upon the "hiker" who in desperation was probably spending his last few cents for a short ride on the bus. They were en route to the Fair.

By asking for a lift, by smiling sweetly at passersby and by using the rule of thumb, darkness found me completing a three mile walk to the Lincoln Highway just west of Chicago Heights. I had ridden in eveything from the tonneau of a Cadillac sedan to the rack of a truck already carrying calves of tender bovine nature.

I found myself stranded at a junction of highways where there was only an oil station and a restaurant at hand, to top this off there was a noisy young thunderstorm drawing near. I had settled myself for an all night vigil at this station to await the dawn of a new day, because hitch-hikers have no "luck" at night, when there drove into the station a new Ford V8 from Pennsylvania. There was only a young man and his mother in the car and I mustered up courage to ask them for a lift into Joliet. They looked me over, asked me where I was from and where I was going, then said that I might ride with them although they ordinarily picked no one up.

A Long Lift

I was so thankful for this lucky ride after dark that I tried to keep up a steady conversation and found them very interesting. They had driven from Pittsburg, Penn., since morning and lo and behold were going to Davenport, Iowa. This was about 165 miles on my route, and they were generous enough to take me with them. We arrived at Silvis just this side of the Mississippi at about 3 a. m. Tuesday.

It was too near morning to think of sleeping so I took a street car through East Moline, Moline, Rock Island, across the Mississippi into Davenport, and there I waited until traffic began to flow in the morning.

I was entering the land of big farms, where hogs and cattle dot the landscape and where corn is king. The next ride took me 59 miles to Iowa City. This was as far west as I had ever been before, and from here on the country was new and most interesting. I had to walk through the cities and this took considerable time.

College Along the Way

My route took me past the beautiful campus of the University of Iowa, one of the large schools of the middle west. From there on I passed through the rolling country of Iowa. Only small towns were scattered along the route

to Des Moines.

I had numerous short rides with kindly people who told me interesting things of the country we passed through. On every hand there was corn in all its glory—ten, twelve, fourteen feet high in places,, acres and acres of the rich green crop which makes Iowa famous. Also there were many fields of June clover in full bloom presenting a beautiful picture to the traveler.

I passed through Grinnell, the home of Grinnell College, and finally reached the thriving city of Des Moines, which is the capital of the state. From there I rode in a truck to the little town of Adel, through pleasant farm land, up hill and down, with prosperous looking farms on either hand.

It was about dark and I was tired and ready to find a tourist home and rest for the night when a pleasant man offered me a ride to Council Bluffs. Feeling as if the world was fairly kind and the people therein somewhat kindly, I arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa, only 75 miles from Lincoln, and here I took a hotel room for the night and rested until morning.

Having crossed the state of Iowa the previous day, I set out to enter Nebraska at an early hour. I crossed the muddy Missouri river by street car and entered Omaha, a bustling city of the corn and cattle country. It is one of the largest meat-packing centers in the world and truck load after truck load of cattle and hogs pour into it every night and early morning.

I was lucky again and secured a ride straight through to Lincoln where I arrived 46½ hours after leaving Decatur. Nebraska is also a corn state and Lincoln is on the edge of the cattle country, so there were many herds of varying sizes to be seen along the way. Lincoln is the capital of Nebraska and is a beautiful city, the former home of the silver tongued orator—Wm. Jennings Bryan, whose brother is now the governor of the state.

I spent several days visiting the sights of the city, the University of Nebraska, the Agricultural College, the wonderful new state capitol building, and the parks and beautiful homes of the residents.

Starting for home on Saturday morning was much more sure and comfortable, as I rode with my brother who was my host while in the city of Lincoln.

We came home by the Lincoln Highway which ran north of the Route 6, or Air Line trail,which I traveled on my way west. This highway passed through even better Iowa farm country and through many beautiful country towns and small cities.

At Ames, Iowa, we passed through the campus of the State Agricultural College which is one of the largest and best in the country. Cedar Rapids was on our route and is a pretty city, the home of Coe College.

Through northern Illinois the rich farm land is dotted with prosperous farm homes and with beautiful towns. At Rochelle we inspected a small part of a 700 acre asparagus farm. Numerous other small patches of asparagus caught our eyes which would not compare with the Michigan fields, but this vast acreage, the ends of the rows being indiscernable in the distance, was wonderful to look at. A great share of it was taller than a man and rich dark green in color. It was well cared for and fairly free from weeds. Michigan has no such asparagus farms as that.

I arrived home Sunday night after a week of great fun, interesting experiences and an educational vacation. Try it some time.

THE REPUBLICAN'S 66TH ANNIVERSARY

FOUNDED BY BELLOWS AND BLACKMAN AND FIRST ISSUE PRINTED WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1867. SEVEN OWNERS IN FIRST 30 YEARS

THIRTY-SIX YEARS UNDER PRESENT OWNERSHIP

The present week marks the sixty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the Decatur Republican.

Before the writer is a copy of the very first issue. It was called then The Van Buren County Republican and the date line reads, "Volume 1—Decatur, Michigan, Wednesday, June 5, 1867.—Number 1."

We are indebted to the late William H. Tuttle for this first copy and it may be the only copy in existence. Mr. Tuttle was the first compositor on the Republican.

Also in the office is a picture of the first Republican force for which we are indebted to Mr. Tuttle.

The workmen were Dick Lyon, reporter; George Sellick, pressman; Will Tuttle, compositor, and Andy Johnson, devil. The latter is holding a banner on which is written, "Grape Vine Dispatch—Phat Take—October, 1867."

Dick Lyon later became one of the editors of the South Bend Tribune, George Sellick drifted away and became lost to Decatur people, Will Tuttle gave up printing for telegraphy and was for many years ticket agent and telegraph operator at the local Michigan Central station. Andy Johnson, who looks in the picture to be about 12 years old, later became editor of the Republican.

The publishers of the first Republican were C. F. R. Bellows and A. E. Blackman.

Mr. Bellows was the first superintendent of the Decatur public schools and a man of fine qualities. He left Decatur the next year to become Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal College at Ypsilanti where he remained until his death. In one Republican campaign he was a leading candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, but Jason E. Hammond, a younger man, won the nomination.

Mr. Blackman was a printer who came here from Paw Paw. He married Miss Lotie Cole, daughter of Lawyer Hiram Cole and one of Decatur's most popular young ladies. He became the sole proprietor of the Republican when Mr. Bellows moved to Ypsilanti. The office was located in the Poor block on the second floor of the building now occupied by Beek's five and ten.

So far as we know there is no printed history of the Republican. A. E. Blackman was its editor and publisher until about the year 1875. He was succeeded by Buffington who sold to Robert L. Warren in 1881. Mr. Warren was succeeded by Andy Johnson, who sold to O. W. Rowland and son Marion Rowland in about the year 1888.

The Rowlands lived in Paw Paw. Marion came to Decatur and took the active management of the paper. He did well here but his heart remained in Paw Paw and in about the year 1895 he moved the paper, bag and baggage, to the county seat and left Decatur without a newspaper.

There were already two newspapers in Paw Paw, the True Northerner and the Courier, and the Van Buren County Republican became the third. In a little while the Rowlands came into possession of the True Northerner and the Republican expired.

William E. Secord was foreman of the Republican under the Rowlands in Decatur and he was not included in the move to Paw Paw. He and Fred H. Dewey formed a partnership, got together presses and type and launched the Decatur Independent. They rented rooms for the office over the store now known as Gale's hardware store.

The Independent publishers travelled an uphill road. The name didn't seem to fit just right in the pattern of Decatur and the partners did not seem to be exactly fitted for the work of publishing a newspaper. On the first day of January, 1897, they retired and the present publisher took possession.

The old name was restored in part and the Decatur paper became The Decatur Republican.

Of the sixty-six years since the establishment of the Republican, over 36 years or considerably more than half of the time, the paper has been published by the present owner.

Looking back over the years the time does not seem so long but looking ahead 36 years seems like an eternity.

Our best efforts have been put forth to make the Republican a worthy representative of our town and community and we say without hesitancy that the best and greatest asset of the paper is the friends it has made.

From the First Issue

There is no one alive today whose name appeared in that first Republican 66 years ago. All are gone and most of them are unfamiliar to the present generation of Decatur people.

The Republican's directory of 1867 lists,—

C. T. Baker, M. D.
J. T. Keables, M. D.
R. M. Huntington, M. D.

George W. Dey, dentist
Parkhurst and Foster, attorneys
Abbott Bros., merchants
G. Tarbell, insurance
Aaron Burnett, barber
C. H. Haskins, auctioneer
S. Kurtz, painter
Duncombe House, John Smith, prop. Stages leave for Lawrence and South Haven daily; Tuesday and Saturdays for Keeler, Milburg and St. Joe.
Galloway House, H. Galloway, prop. Stages daily for Lawrence, Breedsville, Bangor and South Haven.
Decatur House, C. T. Tittle, prop, Stages daily.
Mosier and Hopping, cigars and tobacco.
Chas. N. Poor, insurance.
Chancey Hollister, Justice of the Peace.
Decatur Livery, H. A. Seymour, prop.
Second hand melodeon for sale, L. Noble.
Good farm for sale, Philip C. Dedrick.
E. E. and J. L. Chadwick, dry goods, clothing and groceries, Decatur and Lawrence .
Abbott Bros., dry goods and groceries.
Wm. C. Tucker; dry goods, clothing and groceries. New goods all bought since the panic in prices this spring. I manufacture clothing to order.
William O. Bond groceries.
Nash and Keables, dry goods and notions.
Fred Smith, Clocks, watches and and jewelry. The Atlantic cable is broken and Fred Smith is the man to fix it.
G. B. Boughton, photographer.
Russell and Arnold, dry goods.
Rawson and Haynes, lumber.
L. D. Roberts, hats, caps, etc.
Moore and Lisk, hardware.
F. J. Taber, book seller
S. N. Thomas, hardware
W. Larzelere and Co., dry goods.
J. S. Dowd and Co., groceries.
W. E. Trowbridge, drugs and groceries.
H. A. Rogers, hardware and groceries.
D. H. Manly, dry and fancy goods.

OLD STORIES

At the Whipping Post

The state of Delaware still uses the whipping post. The victim is stripped to the waist and his arms are pinioned around the upright post. The sheriff is the executioner and according to the report he does not relish the job.

The scourge used is a cat-o'-nine tails, the most horrible whip that human ingenuity has devised. It has nine leather thongs, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and tapering in its length of 30 inches to a point. The handle is two feet long and an inch thick.

There were seven victims in the story related. Their offences were larceny and house breaking. Two were whipped with 60 lashes, 540 blows of the thong. The others were given 30 lashes.

The first blow barely made a mark, but as the successive blows fell red marks began to appear, livid lines of bruised and mangled flesh were drawn, the muscles rose in knotted cords and the whole naked body showed a livid purple color.

When the whipping was over the prisoner was untied, covered with an old blanket and led faint and staggering away.

Signing Bond of Jef. Davis

In a half column Horace Greely gives his reasons for volunteering to bail Jef. Davis.

He says nine-tenths of those who condemn Davis' release are heartily glad of it and would not have him back in Fortress Monroe if they could. No jury in Virginia where he would have been tried for treason would vote to convict him.

"Several Republican journals have asserted that I thrust myself into this matter, that I sought the distinction. Nothing like this is true. The counsel deemed it important that the bond should be signed by some northern men. I know they would not have required me to face this deluge of mud if they had not believed it necessary. My maligners of today will be protesting that they didn't mean it ere three years have passed."

Booth's Diary

The diary found upon the person of J. Wilkes Booth contained but two entries. The reader cannot fail to notice how fearfully the wretch was disappointed in the way the world has accepted his crime.

The first entry made immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln showed with what pride he wrote,—"I walked with a bold step through a thousand of his friends and only stopped once. I shouted sic semper before I fired." With what self congratulation he anticipated the title of the third Brutus when he wrote, "Our country owed all her troubles to him and God simply made me the instrument for his punishment."

In his second entry he had discovered that the world regarded him as a fiend, and instead of a national deliverer, a wretched assassin. In the second entry made a week after the crime he writes with all the bitterness of disappointed ambition,—

"After being hunted as a dog, * * * I am here in despair, and why? for doing what Brutus was honored for, and what made Tell kill a tyrant. Yet I striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut throat."

The second entry in the diary is a record which no one can read without feeling that the miserable wretch was already enduring the torments of the damned, and that he was carrying in his bosom a hell from which there was no escape.

THE GREATEST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

Doc Marks' Grove Will Be the Mecca for All the Folks in Southwestern Michigan—Fun Galore.

The Fourth of July will be celebrated at Marks' grove in North Hamilton from noon till midnight.

Anybody with a spark of Fourth of July enthusiasm that needs air can be accommodated at this popular dry resort on the Doc Marks farm in the Lee district.

We say "dry" resort because it is different from a lake resort. Doc does not need a lake to dip people in to give them a good time, and he keeps within the limits of the ultra dry law in the dispensation of liquid refreshments. Doc has no money to throw away on a three stop two license.

Keep it in mind that everything is free except what you buy from the stands ,and the boys will pass the hat for the ball game.

The ball game will commmence at one o'clock. Doc thinks the contending parties will be Niles and Arlington. Anyhow they will be great nines, none of your scrub payers.

Doc is going to try to get a set of police clothes and have a policeman on the ground to keep order, so it will be safe for women and children as well as men.

After the ball game there will be events. Bart Spenner's famous mule will open the racing. Bart hereby challenges any mule in Hamilton township to come up and race against him. If Bart does not find a mule that is willing to enter Doc and Bart themselves will go in and see if they can beat him. The prize for the winner will be a big mess of oats.

Charlie Hansen and Earl Fouts will pitch quoits or horseshoes, which is easier to spell, for the championship of Hamilton township.

Then there will be a sack race. That will be a free for all. Any boy who brings a sack will be eligible to enter. The sacks must be big enough to cover the boy from the waist down. Doc says he will furnish the sacks so everybody can get in.

The next race will be a potato race for fat women. No woman who can wiggle through a barrel hoop will be allowed in this race. This race ought to be a lot of fun for Hamilton is full of fat women, and if half of them enter, the race track will be full.

This is all of the scheduled races but there may be a few specials to announce later.

Now don't you think Doc will have a big celebration and worth the price of admission which is nothing?

Lots of tables for folks to eat on who bring their lunches.

In the evening there will be a big dance. Cable's orchestra. No fireworks. Can't get 'um.

HISTORY OF THE BRAYBROOKS DISTRICT

By Miss Frank Howard in Lawrence Times.

I was unable to find out just when District No. 4, known as the Braybrooks school was organized, but some time before 1868.

Before it was organized the children of the neighborhood went to school in what was then the Baker school.

The school house stood where the Morrill house now stands in the Lanphear district.

The first school in the district was taught by Miss Dolson of Breedsville, in a small house on section 29, across the road from where Roy Root now lives.

After that Helen Torrey, later Mrs. Manning Fiske, taught in the small house of Nick Thierjung, which then stood on the farm now owned by the Hartwigs.

In 1868 a new school house was built by Stacey Sterns, Henry Hale, Charley Earl, and a man by the name of Danks. It was built on section 28 where the present house stands.

Two men in the district offered to give a site for the new house but this being the most central location it was where they decided to build.

The land was taken from the Braybrooks farm. It could not be bought because Mrs. Braybrooks would not consent to it.

She said that if she leased, it would come back to her after 99 years.

She was offered the money but would not take it and for years it was kept in the treasury so she could have it any time, but she never called for it, and I do not know what it was used for.

Stacey Stearns, Turner Howard, and James E. Jacobs were the first school officers.

I do not know the dimensions of the school house but it was of goodly size.

On each side of the door were shelves and hooks for dinner pails and wraps.

The teacher's desk was at the back, or east end of the room. On three sides of the room there was a platform about six inches high and three or four feet wide, at least it was wide enough for the back row of desks and the board seat which ran along the sides and a little way on the east end.

In front of the back desks were rows of seats and desks for the smaller children. The boys on one side, the girls on the other facing each other.

Everyone wanted the corner seats at the east end of the room and the one who arrived at school first on the first day was the lucky one.

The water pail with its long handled dipper sat on the back seat in the southwest corner of the room. The water was passed usually twice a day, once in the forenoon and again in the afternoon.

The pupils took turns passing it as it was a job they all wanted to do. The water was mostly carried by the pupils from the spring where John Dunn now gets water for his home use but later it was brought from Mr. Gould's, where the children liked to go, for water was not the only thing they got when they went. Sometimes it was a bouquet of beautiful flowers, sometimes a fried cake or a lump of maple sugar.

Amelia Olcutt was the first teacher who taught in the new school house. Some of the others were: Fabias Mills, Lee E. Shoudy, Ada Moffatt, afterwards Mrs. Silas McGowan, Rillie Peterson, sister of Clarence Peterson, Eugene Hinckley, Cornelia Hinckley, Kitty Cooper, Charles Sowers, who later became an M. D., Mulford Buskirk, Blanche Smith and Burr White. The school house was also used for church services. The only two ministers I remember hearing about were Rev. Megan and Rev. Rewey, both were Disciples. When they baptized new members into the church they built a dam across Red Creek and held their services there.

In the beginning of the year 1886 this house was burned. All books and clothing were gotten out and they even saved the barrel of kindling wood and the pail of water. At the time of the fire Blanche Moffatt, later Mrs. Henry Drullinger, was teacher.

The following summer the new house was built by Wm. Bidwell and two helpers. Some of the men of the neighborhood donated work.

The first teacher in the new school house was Effie Howard.

Blanch Moffat, J. E. Maxwell, now an M. D., Wm. Preble, Wealtha Braybrooks, Isa Howard, Maude Gould, and Frank Flagg were some of the earlier teachers.

Sunday school was organized soon after the house was built, by Wallace Allen of Prospect Lake. This was carried on for a number of years and it was at this time that the organ was purchased. The money was raised by socials which were held in the homes of the district, except a few small subscriptions.

The bell was given to the district by J. E. Maxwell when he was teaching here.

Some of the pupils who attended here became teachers themselves. They were: Catherine Buss, Frank, Bernice, Gladys Dean and Vivian Flagg, Mamie, Maude and Helen Gould, Effie, Fannie, Marcia, Dorothy and Marion Howard, Ernest Probyn, and Lewis Shaw. There may have been others but these are the ones I recall.

There were four I recall who attended school here who answered the call of Uncle Sam to serve in the World War: Burl Parks, Lyle Cook, Cloyd Wright and Ernest Probyn.

The rest of us are just plain dirt farmers. "But the farmer is the man that feeds us all."

There are five farms in the district that are owned by the same families as when the district was formed: Elijah and Aiden Johnson, S. H. Gould, Patrick Dunn, and Turner Howard.

SOME DECATUR IMPRESSIONS

By the Man with a Hoe.

Come, James, open up those thirty-two cylinders and don't poke along at eighty or ninety per, for Michigan is just ahead. That sounds like I wish I could fish again. Hello, here is M-40, and this odor of onions, celery and mint indicates Decatur. Rhymes with my garden, potater, tomater—none to mate her.

There, James, please slow up and park under that green light. Turn that mirror so these people can see themselves as others see them. Yes, I know this town, with an intimate acquaintance of over seventy years. It is unique and has no rival. No great wealth, little poverty, but rich in peace, harmony and love.

Over in that silent city are resting hundreds of the very finest people that ever lived. More than a score of those provident husbands left widows now in their own homes with an income to keep away the big bad wolf during lean years.

Call at the printing office, the post office, the bank, any store or shop or residence, and invariably you will be received kindly and cordially by people of culture and character. They are pious and maintain six or eight churches. One minister said, "If you have universal love in your heart, you cannot be irritable or critical, but may become divinely irresistible." Another quoted, "The light of the whole life dies when love is done."

If there be a hungry child in Decatur, don't worry, for the faithful and efficient P. T. A. will fill its little tummy with warm, nourishing food.

Listen, James—the Hon. A. B. Copley is speaking at a school meeting back in the seventies: "We must build our biggest and best industry right here in this little grove. We must select teachers who are leaders in the aspiration to the highest ideals; those who can give a balanced training of head, heart and hands, and place our children's feet in the straight and narrow way that leads up the long hard grade to successful achievement."

But this matchless school started sixty-seven years ago, in spite of the fact that I was a student here under Principal Clark. He made a chapel talk on thrift, and when he advised us to save our thousand-dollar bills and the pennies would take care of themselves, a husky first-baseman named Lew S. blinked both eyes and now has pennies for his sales taxes.

Nice bunch of girls and boys then, same as now, and among them I recall Ida Rawson, the Trowbridge girls, Carrie Nutting, Lillian Keebles, Mollie Huyck and a number of Prarie Chickens, Lew Stewart, T. Trowbridge, Fay Beach, Lou Hamilton, Wade Yeckley, Gid Browning, Bill Tucker, Bert Cole and others. Dick Lyon led the male quartet, with Don Rogers, Jud Osborne, and another fellow. Ed. Blackman edited the paper and courted Lotta Cole.

The late Prof. Burkhead told me some years ago how he pushed up the record in attendance and punctuality far above any school in the state in seventies. Five of my children attened here, two of them finishing the course, and then two grandchildren

graduated—and yet the record held. A grandchild played tootle-ootle-oo in the famous orchestra, and notwithstanding, that organization of fine musicians went right out and captured state and national championships.

Did you notice the little chap who tipped his cap and smiled a pleasant greeting? The young girl who at table said, "No, thanks" and "Yes, please," and cut her salad with the fork? Decatur pupils.

The man with a hoe, over on St. Mary's street near the Editor's home, had a big ulcer burned from his eye last July, and the next morning good Mrs. Wiles sent in a bouquet of her lovely flowers, and then the genial Myrtle Cary. tripped across with a bunch of fragrant roses. Kind Mrs. Hamilton came across to offer kind words of condolence and left a jar of pure maple syrup. Mrs. Eckenberger handed in a hot raspberry pie, suggesting that it might cause forgetfulness of pain. It did. Then Mrs. Yeckley breezed in with a bottle of grape juice, and just before lunch Mrs. Ellsworth contributed a delicious red raspberry pie. Oh gee, it's the Decatur way—Town of Peace, Harmony and Love.

Now, James, warm up those imaginary thirty-two cylinders and hit the imaginery trail for Los Angeles. Goodbye, dear old Decatur. May your biggest and best crop continue to be P., H. and L.

Decatur Is Eighty-Five Years Old This Week

The coming of the railroads, in the history of this Republic has changed its character from that of vast pioneer frontiers to the most highly civilized nation of the modern world.

And the miracle of it is that this has transpired within the life-time of men now living. Eighty-five years ago this week the Michigan Central rails were laid through the site of our village and a depot built. But the new station was unnamed.

It was decided by some one whose name has not come down to us that the village should draw its name from the glories of one of the young Republic's naval heroes of the war of 1812 to '14, Commodore Stephen Decatur.

This is an anniversary therefore worthy of our attention. Through more than three quarters of a century the Almighty has prospered our community, giving to its service noble men and women and to its citizens a measure of prosperity excelled by but few districts in the entire country.

The changes of the past 85 years need no mention. The prospects for the years ahead are worthy our thoughtful consideration and our earnest preparation that we may play our parts as nobly as they did whose places we have taken.

LOOKING BACK FROM 99TH BIRTHDAY

Childhood Story of Mrs. Steve Bullard Told by Beea Young the Next Day After Her 99th Birthday.

My name was Cordelia Bartlet. My mother's name, Charlotte Matilda Young, and my father's name, Kaleb Bartlet; I had four brothers and one sister. Brother John, who died at nine months old, then another brother John who lived to old age, also Charles, William and Mary.

I was born January 21st, 1834, eight miles this side of Detroit and weighed 2 pounds. Mother carried me on a pillow.

When I was about 3 years old the Drovers brought our family down here into the wild territory the state wanted improved and settled. They brought us with an ox team, horses could never have stood the trip.

They came to the spot where Frank Sterns' house now stands and his grandfather, Zebina Sterns, lived. There were four other little shanties across the road (or what is now the road). They called them shanties. I call them "corn cribs." They looked like corn cribs.

Yes, I remember some of the others' names,—there was Lisher Geer, Geo. Geer and a Mr. Bryant.

This was a tiny clearing in the dense woods and Sterns wanted us to stop and stay with them, so we did, then we built us a little shanty, and lived there until father bought the tract of government land that was the late Lamoyne Tryon home, now owned by Mr. Lamb, and erected a log house, and we moved into it without any doors or windows. We lived a long time on this Sterns corner. They were all splendid people.

Did you ever hear of borrowing fire? Well, we had to when the punk was damp and wouldnt catch fire from the flint sparks. Mrs. Sterns used always to send me after the fire for I was so quick I could run like a deer. I would go two miles some times and carry fire between two pieces of bark and I'd run all the way before the fire should go out. We had no matches in those days. They were not heard of.

Yes, the woods were so dense that on a cloudy day they never went any where without a compass. There were animals of every kind inhabiting the woods, all kinds of snakes, bear, deer, wolves and every thing you could think of.

My! The wolves would come right up around the shanties at night and howl. I used to be afraid they would get in and get me out of my trundle bed. Father went out with a gun after them one night because I was so scared, but he didn't shoot any.

Indians a Plenty

Oh, my yes, Indians? I could there were! Nothing but Indians Indian trails. I was afraid of when I was little, but when I got older and acquainted with them I liked them, guess I'd even kept company with them if my folks would have let me.

My! they were great borrowers! Came to borrow things to eat so much and mother always gave them. Once they came when mother was gone. I was scared and could not understand them so I went into mother's cupboard and set out everything she had to and told them that was all we had.

They kept us in venison. When ever they killed a deer they gave us one half of it and they made lovely sausage. They were going to give mother some one time and hadn't brought it, so mother thought she'd go and get it. Charles was a baby and she carried him and I walked.

The Indians insisted upon bringing Charles back on horse back, so mother wouldn't have to carry him. I trotted along beside holding baby's hand until I was too tired then I fell behind. I was so afraid he'd steal our baby; but when we got home he stood there waiting at the door with the baby still sitting with him on the pony.

The Drivers from up near Detroit would bring down cows and chickens when the settlers were ready to buy. After a while father bought a cow.

They cut down trees for things to browse. There was no vegetation much on the ground in the woods for anything to eat. I remember father cut a big white wood right in front of the house and we looked out in a few minutes and five deer were browsing with the cow, seemed to all be acquainted.

The cattle of the neighbors all ran at large together. We each knew our own cows' bells. I always went for the cows and they would all go ahead, our cow behind, and I'd hang to her tail so I'd be sure and get home if it was getting late and they might run faster than I could and leave me. You know a cow always knows her way home. Mother would get scared sometimes when it was getting dark and come to meet me.

Picking Gum

Yes, I'll tell you about going up in to the tamaracks to pick gum. I took Mrs. Sterns' two children, the baby and little girl Martha. I was quite a chunk of a girl then. I carried the baby on my back.

I got there and was busy picking gum as fast as I could, reaching from one tree to the next, not looking far ahead of me until I was just ready to step into the arms of a great black bear.

I never was so scared! I knew the bear would get me! I stepped slowly and cautiously backward and motioned for Martha to do the same.

The bear remained silent sitting upon its hind feet until I was sufficient distance away to dare to run. I caught Martha by the hand and leaped and sprang from root of fallen trees to root. We had to be careful not to fall into the big mire holes from uprooted trees, where we would go in out of sight if we fell.

When I got to the clearing I could see the shanty and I fell exhausted and laid there and rested until I could go on home. I thanked God for delivering me and promised Him I'd never go out again with any one else's young ones, especially on such a trip. Before this I had never thought of being afraid to explore the woods.

We at last moved into our log house and thought it was lovely. Every bit of it hewn out of timber with an axe. The floor was logs split in two and they worked them down smooth.

My! Those floors were white and pretty. They hewed long shingles; they called them shakes and they were put on the roofs in the same fashion as shingles.

Mrs. Sterns had the first hen in this little settlement of five families, and oh it was a great thing. We planted corn then around the roots of the trees.

Another family by the name of Alexander Sloan came in and moved in with us until they built a shanty. They had a big family of children and we slept in rows on the floor. No other room for us.

The first school I attended was the little red school on the spot where a lovely white school building now stands in the Barber district, but it still retains its virgin name, "The Red School."

My first teacher was Miss Dewey and I boarded with Jim Lumbert and went to school. George Bently lived near and Coleman kept the tavern at "Kidman Corners," "The Old Brown's Tavern."

Father homesteaded 200 acres where he built his log house, and ran in debt for a yoke of oxen purchased of Odlin Green. He had improved his land and had it all fenced when he went to California with the "49ers" and he died there.

We had a pet fawn once and if ever you saw a sweet pretty little pet it was she.

My yes, I could tell you enough to keep you writing the rest of your life most, but guess this is enough.

When I married Steve we lived with mother in the log house. Our two oldest sons were born there—Mort and Clanny.

We moved to Canada a while where Frank was born and we were living on the Charlie Duncombe farm towards Hartford when our only daughter, Mary, was born.

Yes, I have a long life of varied experiences to view. We thought nothing of walking to Decatur, Paw Paw, Lawton or Hartford. What a different view one hundred years hence, what will it be?

P. S.—The Indian utensils were all made of bark and some of them were pretty too. Each one had a name, but I can't remember them. Wish I could remember what they carried mother's sugar in.

THE LYLE SCHOOL FIFTY YEARS AGO

Vincent C. Sherrod Tells of His Early School Days In District No. 6, Township of Paw Paw.

Paw Paw, Michigan,
April 18, 1933.

The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Arba:—Pardon, please, this seeming presumption, but a request has been received by me to repeat for publication the talk I gave at the Community meeting held at school District No. 6, Paw Paw township, known as the Lyle school, on March 24, last.

I have destroyed all my notes, so shall do the best I can from memory.

Mr. Warren Woodman was master of ceremonies and he requested me to tell about early school days here.

I started to school in 1879 or '80, am not certain which. I could find no school record prior to 1881 and give here a list of those of school age living in the district that year,—

Henry, Minnie, Wilber, Carrie, Lena and Adelade Sherrod; Bert, Lulu and Grace Winburn; Mary, Ruby and Nellie Richmond; Cornelia, Will, Rose, Jay, Carrie, Bert, Fred, Arthur and Chip Hinckley; Ervin, Leonard, Emma and Mertie Evans; Lola Mercer; Walter, Albert and Jessie Gooding; Will, Fred and Byron Cuddeback; Dora, Bertha, Emma, Fred, Grace and Edwin Woodman; Melvin, Nellie and Gertrude Lyle; Ed. Miller; Harvey, Amelia and Cora Maccumber.

There were 47 all told. I see I cannot recall all of them and have not the record with me.

Of that number only three are present tonight. They are Fred Woodman, Byron Cuddeback and myself.

Warren, you picked on me to tell about early school days here while there are two others here who can go back much further than I, so you must accept such as I have.

I recollect my experience with my first school teacher who I have thought all my life was Sarah Lyle Dunnington, but tonight I learn that she taught here before I was of school age, so I can't say who it was.

Anyway, I could not remember the first letter of the alphabet, so to impress it indelibly on my mind she took her penknife and drew it lightly across the back of my hand, saying, "If you don't remember it next time I shall cut 'A' right here." And I believed her.

I remember, too, the first piece I ever spoke in school. I was so small they had to stand me on a chair. Here it is,—

"Peter, Peter,
Pumpkin eater,
Had a wife
And couldn't keep her
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well."

There were several large boys and girls in school of 17, 18 and 19 years. They were well up in the higher grades but our school was not put on a grade basis until 1892.

Lena A. Lyle was the teacher then and E. H. Hinckley was Commissioner of County Schools. That was my last winter in district school.

I needed information of the school building for my talk and there was no one left in the district who could give me the data, so I communicated with E. H. Hinckley, he being the oldest living person who might know.

In reply he said his earliest recollection was of visiting the school 69 years ago with Mary Lyle, William Lyle's daughter, when he was about 4 years old. The building looked about the same to him then as it does now. The only difference noticed was as one enters. He thought no log school house had preceded the present one.

Later Matilda Lyle said her brother Phillip Sherrod told her there was a log school house before this one, only it stood close to the site of C. Hood's home.

Of the first of my school teachers I recall Ella Maxwell, also Etta Hathaway beacuse of the incidents of the teaching period. She would tell us about Indian wars her father took part in. She had two Indian arrows he had

removed from the body of a comrade. They had passed clear through the region of the shoulder and it was necessary to cut the shaft in two to avoid pulling the arrow head or feather end through the flesh.

Carl Genung taught our school the winter term of 1882-3. He was a good teacher and ruled the school with the rod, but there were times when he couldn't take time to get the rod.

He would walk constantly among the rows of seats, they were the old fashioned heavy plank seats and desks built to seat at least two and I have seen three occupy one of them.

Occasionally he would park on some pupil's desk. Brother Wilber resented his parking so often at our seat and this 'Dinky' will tell what happened,—

"Mischievous boy
Bent pin,
Oh! Gracious,
What a din."

On that occasion Mr. Genung didn't take time to get the rod, and believe me, I was scared.

And, folks, how much pay did the teachers of those days receive? The ladies got $3.00 a week and board. Carl Genung was paid $35 a month and boarded himself. He taught the winter term of our school, 1883-4, at $40 a month and boarded himself.

Flora Buell was the first lady teacher of record who taught our school all three terms of the school year and received $3.50 per week and board.

Miss Buell was a wonderful teacher. She had to be to manage so many large pupils. She ruled not with a rod, but with kindness. Sunshine radiated eternally from her heart.

The late Jason Woodman has said that Flora Buell was one of the best teachers that ever taught in the state. I recall one hymn she had us sing at morning exercises. It was the glorious hymn, "Jewels."

She taught the school a quotation for each letter of the alphabet. I recall but the first four, namely: A. As by his notes a bird is known, so by their discouse men are shown.

B. Better it is to lonely be, than with the bad keep company.

C. Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no kind word or action done.

D. Dare to do right, dare to be true,

and angels will whisper whatever you do.

And now boys and girls, don't you have in your readers stories about dog Rover. No? Well, I'll tell you about our dog Rover that we had in the old Sanders reader. Then I gave them the story of Rover.

I also gave that poem of little things taken from the Sanders reader,—

"Little by little, an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed.
Little by little each day it grew
Until a mightier oak in the forest
there were few.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

The larger boys would quite often go on foraging trips. It was either John Lyle's apple orchard or Philip Sherrod's root cellar that would suffer.

They would carry away much more than they could consume at one eating and would hide the surplus in the corners of the old rail fences. Sometimes the caches would be molested and this would lead to rough stuff.

I was the innocent victim on one of these occasions. Chip Hinckley, backed by some of the other large boys, blamed me. He caught me and said, "You took my apples. Now if you say you did I'll let you off, but if you lie about it I'll give you a licking." I said I did and got off with a light shaking, and the warning not to do it again. I was innocent of it though.

How Chip could play the mouth organ. He played jig tunes for the boys to clog to. It was from Chip's mouth organ that I first heard "The Golden Slippers." That was over 50 years ago.

We had for a school bell in those days one that was held in the hand and given a good shaking. In the winter time we would go to Eagle lake, a half mile away, to skate. By Eliminating to 15 minute recesses we got an hour and a half.

We would play the game of dog and deer in winter and prison man's goal and pom, pom, pull away in summer. In this last game two leaders would choose those whom they wished on their sides by lining us up, then check off the row by repeating "Eny, meny, miny, mo, catch a nigger by the toe, when he hollers let him go, Eny, meny, miny, mo."

There goes the bell, calling us away from pom, pom, pull away. And now we will ask the children to sing, "Pull for the shore, Sailor," which they did.

And now, folks, of all the names I read off in the beginning only a few still remain in the district. These are the Woodmans, one of the Lyles, one Hinckley, one Sherrod, one Cuddeback and the Lurkins.

The balance of the district is made up of quite recent comers who are welcome and need not regret having located among us, because as I look back over the years I can recall very few that we can say were failures.

On the other hand I can recall many who have made good in the various walks of life. A few have held positions of trust in the legislative halls, and at least one, Fred E. Gooding, became governor of a western state and went from there to the United States Senate.

Among those of our younger generation there are many just as capable and they have become successful in their chosen endeavors.

These are some of the reasons why I am proud of my home school district which I feel is a little above the average. Am glad I was born here and and that, excepting for four or five years, have always lived here.

But the best that can be said of me is a near-do-well. I thank you all for attention.

Subsequently I have learned that I have many worthy friends who think more kindly of me than a near-do-well.

I thank you, Arba, for past favors.

Vincent C. Sherrod.

REAL THRIFTY THRIFT

By F. L. K.

When a boy I knew a farmer out on Little Prairie who started real life with just a wife and a big debt but by industry and savings he soon owned a fine farm and had some money besides.

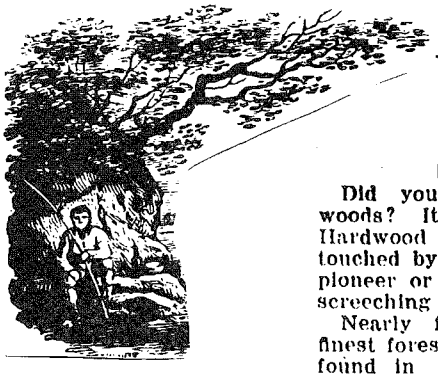
This man carried on a large Sunday school and maintained a line of philanthropies not publicly known. He served in the state legislature two terms, organized an financed a state bank carrying it safely through a panic more severe by far than our present boasted depression.

It was then some people called him ugly names because he refused to loan them money, no matter how safe the securities offered.

He told them he owed a stronger moral obligation to the people who had trusted him with deposits of their savings and he had to keep his assets as liquid as necessary to be able to pay depositors upon demand. This called for the secrifice of the interest which is the life and profit of the bank, but saved the solvency and confidence when hundreds of banks failed because of the easy loans that tied up the resources which quickly freeze up when confidence fails.

Later a son became president of the bank and he too carried it safely through two depressions by folowing his father's good example and he too heard some very improper remarks made by applicants for loans who had to be refused.

Then President No. 2 went the way of human destiny and his son came into control of the bank and it may be that he gets some verbal kicks for not caring more greedily for interest income than for the safety of depositors. I innocently inquired if the people who were refused loans would be the first to rush in with extra deposits in case the bank got in a pinch if a run started and was informed that it is quite likely they would be the first to rush in and tumble over all others in a mad rush to quickly draw out the little they seemed to have on deposit. How wonderful nature is, especially human nature. Some one once remarked to me that if a man has one hair or one drop of blood of that family, he could never cheat anybody. Now I have not called any names, but you know thrift and honesty and the fidelity of those bearing burdens of trust are fine things these days.



CONSIDER PLANS TO PRESERVE NEWTON'S WOODS

Meeting To Be Held at the Woods Saturday, April 1, To Consider Plans for Purchasing Property of the Heirs.

FRANK FLAGG TAKES LEAD IN MOVEMENT

Editor Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan:
Dear Friend:

It is time to take action on the future of Newton's woods. Many people have interested themselves in the question of the preservation of this magnificient tract of hardwood forest for a park which would be a memorial to the hardy pioneers of one hundred years ago, and at the same time preserve for future generations one large tract of virgin hardwood forest untouched by the woodman's axe.

In order to determine what the people of this part of Michigan wish to do about this project, a meeting has been called for Saturday, April 1st, at the woods, and an invitation is hereby extended to every person or social group to be present, or to have representatives present to help reach some conclusion in the matter.

This meeting will be either the beginning of a most worthy movement to preserve this tract of timber, or settle for all time if it is to go down under the ringing axe of the woodsman, leaving a lingering scar of stumps and brush-heaps,—the work of hundreds of years of Nature's creation become but a memory that will die out with this generation.

If you are interested in whatever manner, you are invited to be present and lend your counsel and encouragement to us.

The meeting will be called to order at 1:00 p. m., Central Standard Time, at the Dunker's church building at the south side of the woods. The State Forestry Association will be represented and this letter will be addressed to the American Legion, Grange, ladies' clubs, school heads, and editors of newspapers of southwest Michigan, etc.

This is to be a supreme effort to determine what is to be the future of Newton's woods and deserves your sincerest attention.

Yours most sincerely,
Frank Flagg.

Cassopolis, Mich.,
March 16, 1933.

Newton's Woods

Did you ever hear of Newton's woods? It is a wonderful tract of Hardwood forest still standing untouched by the keen-bitted axe of the pioneer or the hungry teeth of the screeching sawmill.

Nearly four hundred acres of the finest forest of virgin hardwood to be found in the north central states stands at the intersection of the highways running between Dowagiac and Marcellus and from Casopolis to Decatur.

Approaching it from the south it shows a mass of mangnificent oaks, beeches, maples, elms and whitewoods arching the roadway and extending back on either side, spreading out in many acres of cooling shade. Just after crossing the beautiful meandering Dowagiac creek as one enters from the south, he finds a church building which is a monument to the faith of its founders, who were Dunkers. The congregation has long since been disbanded and the building now is used as a meeting place for a Community Club.

You pass on northward to the crossroads to find the Newton school overhung by giant oaks, maples and elms. Eastward from this point at the farther edge of the woods is the home of the Newtons.

Just beyond the house the Dowagiac creek slips under a bridge and meandering southwesterly through a meadow, glides into the woods like some animal seeking shelter and rest, only to emerge again at the southern edge of the timber after flowing many rods under the spreading branches of beeches, maples, oaks, walnuts and elms.

Newton's woods is about to be lost to the people of Michigan and to the generations to come who will have little or no opportunity of knowing first hand anything of the grandure of our state. At the death of Mrs. Jane Newton Crego the property passed in to the hands of several cousins, who being scattered in distant places, wish to convert the inheritance into such form as can be used by them, as is their due.

Col. James Newton purchased this tract from the government over one hundred years ago. It descended to his son, Col. George Newton, then to Jane Newton Crego. Thus it has been through but three hands to the present time.

A deal of sentiment is wrapped up in this estate and there are hundreds of persons who knowing of its condition are asking, "Can Newton's Woods be saved?" That is why this is being written.

No one looks upon the possibility of this great tract being turned into stumpage and brush piles, but with a sigh of keen regret. It is a real nightmare to contemplate it. What then can be done about it? Many schemes have been proposed but none have reached definite conclusions. It will cost money and money is hard to get now. Yet this is an investment that should increase in value as time goes by.

A call is being sent out to all people and social groups interested in saving this woods, to meet for consultation and the planning of ways and means of preserving this mounment to Michigan's magnificent forests. The date has been set for April 1, at the Dunker's church building at Newton's woods. Time, 1:00 p. m. C. S. T. Come! If you have a suggestion or a thought about it give us your aid. Shall we make this a park for the benefit of the generations to come?

Frank Flagg,
Commissioner of Schools.

BIG TREES IN MICHIGAN

(Letter to Galesburg Argus.)

It is my privilege to be one of the officers of the association which is endeavoring to save Newton Woods from destruction, and naturally I was much interested in reading in your last issue a statement of the size of the elm tree near Galesburg which was said to be the largest tree, or tallest tree, in Michigan.

I have heard the statement made many times and have seen it challenged. A number of years ago as a passenger en route from Detroit, the conductor pointed out this tree as we passed out of Galesburg, declaring "There is the largest tree in Michigan." He did not need to point twice. One look and the tree was easily distinguishable, towering over all others. One did not feel like doubting the assertion.

In your last week's article the height of this tree was given as 125 feet and the comment was made that "It is quite certain that the elm was a sapling many years before a white man stepped foot on the soil of Kalamazoo county.

It is my belief that these statements do not do the tree justice. I have had called to my attention measurements given at the time it was cut down which give its height as 151 feet and circumference two feet from the ground as 27 feet the circumference mentioned is in accord with your figures -and I believe a height of 151 feet is more consistent for circumference mentioned than 125 feet. As to age, it was doubtless an immense tree not a sapling when the first white man stepped on the soil of Kalamazoo county. I have no less an authority than that of Dr. Leslie A. Kenoyer of Western State Teachers College that the tree might have been standing before Columbus discovered America. He examined the tree after it was cut down, and he states there must have far more than 400 rings. As you have mentioned in your paper there is standing in Newton woods an elm which has a height of 150 feet and six inches. Two feet from the ground it has a circumference of 24.2 feet. The above figures are not estimates but were recently made by a surveyor who very

carefully took the angle and may easily be verified by any competent engineer.

Since the Galesburg tree is no longer standing and the tree in Newton Woods is at least within six inches of the height of the Galesburg tree, and is still growing, we believe it is the largest in Michigan. Three men with arms extended cannot encircle it. We do not however want to make any claim that is not well founded. We are sincerely desirous of securing authentic information, and will welcome correspondence.

The other day I drove from Comstock to Pavillion; from Pavillion to Climax to Galesburg, and from there to Kalamazoo. I saw some nice looking country, a few pretty lakes, but no forests. What a splendid thing it would be to save this Newton forest of nearly 400 acres. Yous truly,

A. W. R., Argus Reader.

MAY SAVE NEWTON WOODS

Michigan Forestry Association and Other Interested People from Michigan and Indiana Met at the Woods Last Saturday.

Definite steps were taken at a meeting on the ground last Saturday to save Newton's woods in the township of Volinia.

More than 100 people responded to a call of a meeting sent out by Frank Flagg, commissioner of schools of Cass county. The meeting was held in the Dunkard church in the afternoon.

Frank Flagg was made chairman of the meeting and Mrs. Geo. W. Green of Dowagiac, secretary. The chairman was directed to appoint a committee of ten interested persons to perfect an organization that will function with the Michigan Forestry Association. He will name his committee within a week.

The plan is to convert the property into a public park, and various ways were proposed for raising the money for its purchase.

The entire Newton property consists of 720 acres of which about 400 acres is native forest. The price of the property was not discussed at the meeting but the last quoted figure made by Jesse Green of Wayne, administrator of the Jane Newton Crego estate, was $60,000 for the woodland.

The heirs of the estate are nine cousins—the heirs of Mrs. Chris Haefner, Mrs. Eva Fletcher of Dowagiac, two Springsteens, Mrs. Ida Benedict, Walter Green of North Dakota, the heirs of Allison Green, Mrs. Dr. Ketcham and Jesse Green,.

Among the plans presented was the formation of a stock company and sell shares at a dollar a share. One man said he would subscribe for 100 shares. Another was to call for penny donations from Michigan school children. Still another suggestion was to ask aid from the county and state.

Charles Kimmerle said a Grand Rapids Company once told him to buy the timber for $60,000 and they would give him an additional $5,000 for making the deal. He made the proposition to Mrs. Crego who replied that she would not know what to do with the money and she guessed she wouldn't sell.

Ex-Representative Otis Huff told of his effort to get a bill through the legislature of 1931 to appropriate $60,000 to buy the property. It passed the house with but one dissenting vote and died in the senate committee.

He said he learned then that many residents of Volinia were opposed to the state taking over the property and letters were written to the state representatives asking them to oppose the bill.

Their reason was that it removed a valuable property from the tax roll of Volinia township thereby increasing the taxes of all the other property owners.

The Crego estate paid over $1,200 in taxes last year, about half the tax of the Newton school district.

The 27th annual meeting of the Michigan Forestry Association was held at the woods in the morning, among those attending being President J. C. DeCamp, of Owosso; Mrs. Mary Collard, St. Joseph county school commissioner; A. E. Kroodsma, and R. R. Herbert of Michigan State college; George Ames of Grand Rapids; Dr. J. V. Jotter, professor of forestry at the University of Michigan; Dr. A. J. Praeger of Kalamazoo college; Dr. R. F. Kenoyer of Western State Teachers' college, Kalamazoo, and W. W. Guyer of Elkhart.

After the meeting, 21 members were entertained at dinner at the Crego homestead by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Robinson, who recently moved from near Lawrence to operate the farm. Later the party enjoyed a hike through the south section of the woods before returning to the church for the afternoon session.

SAVE NEWTON WOODS

Dear Mr. Moulton:

Will you please change the address on our paper to 1614 West 3rd street, Davenport, Iowa, and Mrs. Crawford and myself wish you to know that we do so much enjoy your attention toward human interest in God's creation, and in thinking of Decatur we graciously remember the many friends we found there even though it was for so short a time.

Our memories go back very often to you all and the much interesting scenery within a radius of 25 miles. One of especial interest to us is your Newton's woods where we so often enjoyed the beautiful early spring flowers which grew so profusely and in such abundance and those stately old trees, with the redbirds singing high up in the big tree tops.

The beauty of those woods certainly should be preserved for other coming generations.

We wish you joy and success in your efforts to support the best in human living.

The press our our country yields a mighty force in man's thinking and so often we become tired and discouraged to know that so much of our news is sordid and tends to the lowering of man's outlook of life. When we read the little humanely beautiful thought of those who see and have experience the better living it brings joy to our minds and makes for a better living.

Very kindly,

N. L. Crawford.

EXPECT TO SAVE NEWTON WOODS

Organization for Purchase of Famed Native Forest Perfected and Movement Started To Raise Money Required.

An organization which has for its purpose the preservation of Newton Woods, the famed tract of primitive forest in Volinia township south of Decatur, was completed at a public meeting held in the old Dunkard church at the edge of the forest Saturday afternoon.

Frank Flagg, one of the promoters of the project, presided and was elected president of the Newton Woods Association. Allen W. Reynolds, Kalamazoo, was named first vice president; Mrs. Mary E. Collard, Mendon, second vice president, Margaret Warren, Cassopolis, and Mrs. Sarah Moulthrop, also Cassopolis, were elected respectively recording secretary and corresponding secretary. Jack Pollock, Dowagiac, was named treasurer.

Among the speakers were Paul Herbert, Michigan Forestry Association, and E. A. Heyer, conservation department, both of whom promised cooperation in promoting a movement to preserve this tract.

Jesse Green, administrator of the Newton estate, urged the necessity of prompt action as the heirs are anxious for a settlement and some favor the sale of the timber for which he has many offers.

The tract of forest, said to be the only piece of virgin timber north of the Ohio river, includes 700 acres. The cost will be between $85,000 and $90,000.

The next meeting of the association will be Friday evening, June 2, in Cassopolis court house.

AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES

Floyd Odlum, Former Decatur Young Man, Won Unusual Success in Business in New York.

(The following news story taken from the magazine, "Time," of February 27 concerns Floyd Odlum, a former Decatur young man as a student in the high school some 25 years ago. His father was Rev. Geo. A. Odlum, pastor of the Methodist church. The Republican is indebted to H. H. Creagan for this story.—Ed.)

ATLAS PARTY

Four days before the annual report of Atlas Corp. was released for publication this week, President Floyd

Bostwick Odlum invited most of Manhattan's financial newshawks to the swask Luncheon Club at No. 40 Wall street. It was, said Mr. Odlum, the first time that a clear pitcture of Atlas' amazing Depression history had been presented.

As the newshawks knew, Atlas Corp. was formed as a private investment trust ten years ago by Floyd Odlum and President George Henry Howard of United Corp. when they were both public utility lawyers. Starting with $40,000 capital, they were extraordinarily successful. Their friends came trooping in. By 1929 a total investment of about $850,000 had been shrewdly rolled up to $6,000,000. Just before the stockmarket crash they sold additional stock to the public. But unlike almost every other investment trust they kept this new capital in cash. In time smart President Odlum, now only 10, was able to begin buying up other investment trusts which no one wanted, when their stocks were selling far below liquidating value. In all he gobbled up 18.

By this simple process President Odlum was indirectly acquiring the underlying securities at a big discount from their market value. Last week he revealed how well he had done. While the stockmarket as a whole had declined 75%, Atlas common stock in three years had increased 60%, in asset value to $7.02 a share. With most of its holdings written down to market and the rest to $1, Atlas reported total assets of $53,890,000.

No income account was published though earnings for last year were stated to be $1,098,000. President Odlum thinks cash is the thing and cash earns little or no return. As he has organized investment portfolios, he has weeded out the less desirable securities. Thus he has managed not only to maintain his cash position but to build it to nearly two-fifths of all assets a $20,000,000 war chest ready for new deals or the next bull market.

THE NATION'S CRADLE DAYS

The Old Wheat Cradle in the Republican Office Continues To Bring Out Interesting Stories of the Pioneers.

Nearly everyone in this community knows and respects the veteran farmer, J. C. Dunnington. He has spent his long and useful life here and so the above statement is not exaggerated.

Mr. Dunnington came in to see the old wheat cradle and some good pioneer stories were the result of his visit.

When he was 16 years old he went to work for Wesley Young of Paw Paw township. One morning they went over to the upper place to cut and bind the wheat, but it was too green to be harvested.

Mr. Young said, "Joe, let's go over to Henry Hawley's and see if we can't change work with him. They went and Henry was glad to accept the offer. The two farms cornered.

So after dinner Wes. took the old Flowerfield cradle and Joe the hand rake and into the Hawley field they went. The Hawley crew arrived at the same time and Wes. and Henry began to whet up their cradles ready to start in.

Henry said to Wes., "Where is your other binder?" Wes. pointed to Joe, the 16 year old kid, and said, "He is all the binder I need, he can keep up with me." Henry had two full grown binders to follow him.

Wes. opened the field and Joe struck out after him. Henry took the second swath and kept the pace. When they had crossed the field Joe was right at Mr. Young's heels and grabbed the last clip as soon as it struck the ground. Henry's two binders were away back in the distance. When the cradlers made the first round home Joe was with them and Henry's two binders were but half way in.

Wesley then poked a little good-natured fun at Henry about his two speedy binders. The two farmers cradled 4 acres of wheat that afternoon.

Wesley Young and Henry Hawley are now gone from the earth, but both are today represented by fine sons who reside in the county seat. The former was the father of our Judge of Probate, Merle H. Young, and the latter the father of Paw Paw's well known undertaker, E. C. Hawley.

After leaving the Young farm Mr. Dunnington worked two seasons for James McWilliams. Mr. McWilliams was as good a cradler as he ever saw. On one day he cut six acres of wheat that went 25 bushels to the acre, and he could do five acres right along. Joe could rake and bind as fast as he put it down, and Mr. McWilliams once said to him, "Joe, when you worked for me there wasn't any of the boys who could put us in the fence corner."

Joe paid this fine tribute to Mr. McWilliams: "He was the best man I ever worked for. He never asked me to do anything he would not do himself if he was at liberty. We always worked together and nothing around the place was considered too good for me. And Mrs. McWilliams was a wonderful woman. Long after I quit working there it was just like going home to go back there. Jim had a system. That's one reason I liked to work for him."

Mr. Dunnington said, "Both Wesley Young and James McWilliams used a Flowerfield cradle. The Flowerfield came on a little later and crowded the others out. It was balanced the nicest and swung the easiest. He has in his corn crib a Mackidona cradle which he bought of S. N. Thomas over fifty years ago.

Mr. Dunnington worked one season for Richard Kirtland, a fine young farmer of East Decatur who passed away when he was a young man of about 35. He was the father of Mrs. Nellie Rich Betaque.

Mr. Kirtland was an extremely loyal citizen and a great admirer of President Lincoln. Mr. Dunnington was working for him on that dark morning in American history, the fifteenth day of April, 1865, when the news of the death of the President was flashed through the country. When Mr. Kirtland heard it he said to those who were with him. "Boys, we will do no more work today."

James McWilliams will be 87 years old on his next birthday, May 23, 1934. One day last week he walked from his home on Delaware street to the farm of his son Frank, a half mile across the farm and back home without stopping. The distance covered was seven miles.

LED NEW YORKERS AT CRADLING

Mrs. Edith Youells has in her barn the old cradle her father bought in Detroit 78 years ago. Mrs. Youells does not know what make it is but says it shows the hard use it has had.

Abram Wise and Harriet Reed were married in Groveland, New York, March 23, 1855, and came at once to Michigan. Mr. Wise had a sister, Mrs. Lucius Buck, in Keeler and he located a few miles this side of her in Hamilton township.

He built his home in the woods and lived there till he died. Mrs. Youells was born right in those woods in 1857, and so was her younger sister, Mrs. Eva Richey, who passed away last summer.

Mr. Wise bought all of his farm tools and household goods in Detroit on the way here. You couldn't buy even a pitchfork here in those days, Mrs. Youells said. The cradle was one of his purchases.

In his youth back on the farm in New York Abram was rated a boss cradler. The young men had races to see who could cradle the fastest and Abram most always beat. He injured his back cradling and never was so good afterward.

THE CRADLE CAME FROM INDIANA

A. E. Lambert, who lives on the Lanning farm was the owner of the Bope cradle. He took it with some other things to the Lipp auction sale to dispose of for what it would bring.

Mr. Lambert came to Decatur two years ago and for several years has been on the Frank Lanning farm south of town. He expects to return to his own farm near Michigan City next spring. He hasn't made anything in the five years and thinks he will try his luck again back in "Indiany."

The cradle was bought by him at an auction sale in Michigan City some 20 years ago. It had been owned for many years by an old Swede who ran a flour mill. Mr. Lambert paid 25 cents for it, kept it 20 years and sold it for 50 cents.

August Sattelmeier is going onto

the Lanning farm when Mr. Lambert moves off.

BOPE CRADLE A MORGAN CRADLE

Byron Cuddeback says the Dr. Bope cradle is a Morgan cradle. That is what his father called the one he had, which looked just like it.

Mr. Cuddeback is familiar with the swing of the cradle. He is the third generation of Cuddebacks to reside on his farm in Paw Paw township.

His grandfather, Sylvester Cuddeback, bought the farm in 1852, his father perfected his life's work there and he was born there 64 years ago. His son, Hanford, now in Detroit, may be the fourth generation to own the farm.

There are 52 acres in the farm and 24 acres are out to grapes. The vineyard was started in 1902 and it is one of the best in the township.

The Cuddeback family came from France in 1725 and settled in Sussex county, New Jersey. The name was originally spelled Caudebac.

Byron's great grandfather, Peter Cuddeback, settled in Milan, Ohio, in an early day, and the stone house he built there 125 years ago is still standing.

THE LAST OF THE CRADLE

Dr. Bope came Monday and took the cradle home. With him came Dr. J. C. Maxwell and David Anderson Jr. of Paw Paw.

Dr. Maxwell's eyes lighted up when he saw the old cradle for it recalled hard work and good times on the Maxwell farm in Hamilton in the days of long ago.

Dr. Charles Maxwell was a boss cradler and could do his six acres a day right along.

One time he and his brother, Dr. Jim, had 11 acres of wheat to harvest and were scheduled to play ball at Keeler Friday afternoon.

They opened the field Thursday morning. Charlie cradled and Jim bound. The 11 acres of wheat was cut and bound and shocked and they were at Keeler ready to play ball at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. Charlie pitched for Hamilton, but he didn't say which team won.

THE GRAIN CRADLE DAYS

(From the Lawton Leader.)

A grain cradle in the office of the Decatur Republican is causing some comment by old timers and a number of stories have been brought out of special feats of cradling grain, some even having told of men who could cut ten acres a day. There appears to be a diversity of opinion in regard to the make of the cradle on exhibition. We called in Ben Davis of Lawton the other day and he said he felt sure he could tell if he could see the cradle, whether it was a Flowerfield, a bow, or a turkey wing.

Mr. Davis cradled grain for 20 years and one summer he and Charles Hiscock cut 100 acres of wheat for Hank Munson in Kalamazoo county in 10 days. He then cut 20 acres alone on his father's farm on the county line east of Lawton.

When he was a young man most of the grain was grown on new land and a man had to cradle around stumps. Davis considers cradling 5 acres a day a good day's work. He recalls that years ago all of the grain on Schoolcraft Prairie was cut with a cradle and hay was cut with a scythe. The first reaper he ever saw was a "dropper," made by McCormick.

LETTERS

ON LATIMER JURY

I have been much interested in your paper of late. My neighbor, Mr. Rich, kindly loans me his copy.

I was much interested in your article about Irvin Latimer, also the stand you take. I formerly lived in Jackson and was well acquainted with the whole family. I was also one of the jurors at Irving's trial and would say a man who would kill his own mother for $1800 insurance deserves all we gave him, at least.

I am now over eighty years old, but still active. Your little paper is a great comfort to me each week and I wish you much success in the future.

With respect,
Andrew Watts,
Gobles, Mich.

IN DEFENSE OF MACKINAC ISLAND

Paw Paw, Michigan,
Aug. 11, 1933.

Friend Arba:

Your comments on your trip into northern Michigan have been most interesting, but I want to differ with you on your ideas of modernizing Mackinac Island. Here is a spot with a history dating back to 1626 with many buildings dating back to pre Revolutionary days where romantic history greets one at every turn. As a beauty spot its fame is world wide and I venture to say that there is no other spot in North America of which so many books and other write-ups have been made. It is a place that is different from the commonplace. I have tried to read the literature treating on the island and find it a big job and I may catch up to date in twenty years. A place that has become so famous "as is" surely should not be wrecked for modern amusement features that flourish in 999 places out of a thousand. We need not without invading historic shrines that are so scarce.

It is doubtful if there is another military seat on the continent which can boast of so long a continuous occupation as Old Fort Michilimackinac and here is only ONE MACKINAC ISLAND with its historic sites and its old world atmosphere, its restful, quiet and the absence of the nerve tiring implements of modern civilization. After living in a town whose business street is crowded with the traffic of U. S. 12 and where lives two kinds of people, "the quick and the dead," it was a pleasure to cross the streets on the island without taking the trouble to carefully look both ways.

To introduce the hot dog stand, the side show barker, the carnival features and other Coney Island amusements into this gem of historic romance and beauty would seem like making these things the main features of Crystal Springs Camp meeting, it would furnish amusement but spoil the camp meeting and so will they spoil Mackinac Island.

As for the mosquitoes they are seasonal anywhere in the north and numerous enough to drink the blood of half the people in Michigan. They usually disappear in June but this year it was later. They are not peculiar to the island but infest all the north country. I walked all over the island after the Fourth of July and did not see one.

With this little defense of Mackinac Island, I am Yours sincerely,
Dana P. Smith.

MEMORIES

By Chas. A. Bellis.

Editor of the Republican:

It has been a long time since anything has appeared in the Republican from my pen, for like many other millions of the working class I have been busy trying to make a living, and so far I have kept my family ship afloat and off the rocks of depression, but when I received my last Republican with the sad news of the passing of another of my old friends, Riley Zimmerman, I just had to take time out and try to express my sadness of losing such a true friend as Riley has been to me for over fifty years.

In turning back the pages of memory I find that it has been well over a half century since I first knew Riley and his fine old pioneer family. While I do not remember of having been a school mate of Riley, I well remember the many happy days spent with nearly every one of his sisters and brother, in the old Corwin school house in the maples, and his splendid wife was also my school mate for several years. She was then Mable Wakefield.

When I look back over the many years I have known and loved Riley, it is no wonder that I have to bow my head in silent reverence for the loss of such a true friend as he has been to me all the many years I have known him. I want to say that the community in which he has passed most of his life is not the only place to lose a fine friend and citizen, but the entire county has lost one of its best and most respected and successful citizens; for I have always known Riley to be interested in all public affairs for the betterment of his community and a most wonderful and considerate neighbor.

I have always known him to be abnormally free hearted; in fact, too much some times for his own good. But he never wanted to see his less

fortunate neighbors suffer for anything when he could come to their assistance, in fact he had a heart as big as a cowboy's hat, and I am sure that many of his old neighbors will bear me out in this statement. As for his christianity he lived and shared his christianity with his neighbors and friends instead of talking it, and in my mind that is the best and only kind of christianity that will ever make the world a better and safer place in which to live.

History tells us that Abraham Lincoln was a very poor boy and was born in an old log house and from the old log cabin he gradually worked his way to the great White House in Washington, as the President of this great United States. We, every one of us, in this day and age hold this wonderful man in the highest esteem for his wonderful ambition and courage for his accomplishments.

But all Lincolns are not born in log cabins and all do not become presidents, for many poor boys in later years have done as well as Lincoln, but in a smaller way.

The writer was born in a log cabin on the west bank of Christie lake, but never became president. And Riley was born in the timber lands of the Hoosier state and when a small boy moved to the sparsely settled timbered lands of Hamilton township, and can now be classed as one of the pioneers of Hamilton township, and without a doubt has accomplished as much as Lincoln with the opportunity that was at his command, and his ways in many respects were similar to Honest Abe's, for he was always trying to make his neighborhood a better place in which to live and make his friends better friends by setting an example for them to follow and bring them nearer to Him, and I am sure he has left in his community something for the younger generation to follow.

WRITING HISTORY OF EARLY DECATUR CITIZEN

From Helen Hathaway
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Friend:

I am writing you this time about a circumstance which happened recently and which I believe will be of interest to Decatur people.

One evening I had a telephone call from a lady, who gave her name as "Mrs. Johnston," and who wished some information about the life of the late Alexander Bennett Copley (A. B. Copley).

She stated that she was taking a seminary course in the U. of M. with Professor VanderVelde, in United States History and was then working on the "Copley Papers" in the Rackham building. In the course of our conservation she asked if I might meet her next day for lunch, and I did so.

She then told me she had had a choice of three sets of papers to work on and chose the Copley papers because they showed a more interesting personal element than the other two sets, one of which, however, was extremely difficult to read and she could not spend the required time on it.

She was very interested to learn of the winters spent in Florida, and summers at the cottage in Bay View, of the manner of his death in Havana, Cuba, and more especially about his religion,—that of the Church of the New Jerusalem, at Detroit. I told her the church he attended was the old one at the corner of Cass Avenue and High Street, not the present finer one on Forest near the corner of John R. She also took quite eagerly all the new Church literature I handed her, including two pamphlets containing some of the interesting broadcasts given the past year by Rev. William H. Beales, over station CKLW.

I am still trying to secure a little further information for her, so that she can complete her paper. I am not sure of the name of the minister who preached Uncle Bennett's funeral sermon. I think it was either Mr. Mercer or Mr. Frost. If any one recalls it, would be pleased to have them tell you.

Ever sincerely,
Helen.

P.S.—The lady's name was Mrs. Herbert H. Johnston, 1034 N. Alexander, Royal Oak, Michigan.

Mrs. Johnson also wrote to the Decatur librarian, Mrs. Bessie Lawrence.

Library of Decatur,
Dear Sir:

Alexander B. Copley was a resident of Decatur from 1874 to 1899. I am doing a seminar paper on his life and am interested in knowing if you have any information dealing with him.

I do have access to his papers here at the University, although they deal mainly with his public life.

I will appreciate all information you will give me. Very sincerely,
(Mrs.) Geneva M. Johnston.

Mrs. Johnston will undoubtedly write a paper that will interest the residents of this community, and we hope to obtain a copy of it. Earl E. Copley, the third member of the family to be president of the First State Bank, can undoubtedly furnish all of the available data for a history of his grandfather.

Miss Helen Hathaway is always on the lookout for interesting stories for the Republican, and her help in making it a good country newspaper is greatly appreciated.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago - - -

March 3, 1898.

P. W. Van Duzer has gone to Flint on business.

Walter Barron of Marshall visited his parents Sunday.

Alex McWilliams was in town Monday.

Roy Knight has returned from a trip to California.

Miss Ella Cronin of Lawrence is visiting her Decatur friends.

Miss Florence Palmiter has gone to Kalamazoo to visit her aunt, Mrs. McFarland.

N. Rasmusson has some new LaPorte buggies on sale that he would like the public to come in and see.

Billie Sutton is back in this vicinity. He plays the snare drum in the Decatur band and is considered an excellent drummer.

The Galesburg Enterprise contains an account of the marriage of Florence Smith to Frederick E. S. Tucker, a former Decatur boy.

A public auction sale will be held at the Robert Nesbitt farm March 15. Mrs. S. L. Nesbitt, prop.

F. H. Dewey and Company completed their first anniversary in the clothing business February 28.

Gilbert Sweet died at his home in Decatur last Friday. Aged 36.

While A. O. Duncombe and a friend from Kalamazoo were preparing to fish through the ice at Keeler lake a few days ago the ice gave way and let them and their outfit into the water. Bert's hands were frosted by hanging onto the ice before being rescued.

J. H. Hinkley and wife leave Friday for Alanson, 12 miles north of Petoskey, where Henry will be bookkeeper in the cheese box factory of his uncle Myron.

H. O. Severence, assistant in the U. of M. library, and Miss Anna Lane formerly of the Decatur high school, are married.

March 10, 1898.

Miss M. E. Bent is in northern New York but expects to return about the first of April.

S. N. Thomas and Son have put new plate windows into the front of their store.

20 Years Ago - - - -

Feb. 6, 1913.

Henry Francis Carney, son of Daniel Carney Sr., and brother of M. S. Carney, died in Tacoma, Washington, January 25.

E. B. Copley left Tuesday for El Paso, Texas, where he will remain a month in the hope of obtaining relief from asthma.

Roy Bond has gone on the road as salesman for the Michigan Transfer and Sales Company.

The state Grange will make an effort to organize a Grange in Decatur.

Fred L. Mosier has bought the interest of his partner, Clarence McGibeny, and will become sole owner of the drygoods store.

Geo. B. Pomeroy, father of our townsman, Geo.T. Pomeroy, died at his home in South Haven Monday.

Susan M. Keables was born in New York in 1827 and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edith McArthur, at Onaway, Mich., January 20. Aged 86. She was married to Dr. John T. Keables in 1848 and they moved to Decatur soon after.S he joined the First Presbyterian church of Decatur as a charter member in 1854.

Miss Ruth Thomas, who is attending Northwestern University, is home

for a week's vacation.

F. W. Thomas, U. G. Flag, and Dr. N. E. Hooper are attending the automobile show in Chicago.

Thursday morning special from Lawrence: When Dr. A. G. Six drove in from a night call in the country at 4 o'clock this morning he found his home in flames. He was able to enter the sleeping room where his wife lay on the floor dead from suffocation and his little ten year old daughter passed away at 7 o'clock.

February 13, 1913.

Levi Stern, prominent business man of Lawton, passed away Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Duncombe of Keeler arrived in Havana, Cuba, the first of the month where they expect to spend the balance of the winter.

An Agricultural Advisor

The South Haven Board of Trade succeeded in getting the banks of the county to guarantee $1,300 to cover the expenses the first year.

The name of the new office has been commonly called "Farm Expert," but we are informed that it properly is "Agricultural Advisor."

The bureau was created by the government with the idea that the successful farmer must be well informed in all branches of his business.

The government will give $1,300 each year to counties that apply under certain conditions, as long as the fund lasts.

Van Buren county's chance to get a man at once looks now to be rather slim as many other counties have previously filed requests.

Del Kurtz received a telegram Tuesday morning from Chicago announcing the death of his cousin, Del Eastman.

A. L. Shaw was married in Montana January 26.

Hogs are up to 8 cents again this week for the first time since last October.

Charlie Dennis went out to Montana with M. P. Cady and E. H. Luce last September and took a soldier's claim of 160 acres. A blizzard overtook him when he was going home from Shelby and he was all night in it so that his hands and feet were frozen. He was able to get home the first of the week and W. H. White and Will Lyle have taken him to the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids. His condition is serious.

35 Years Ago

May 26, 1898.

Frank Morian has returned from California.

Hon. Garret J. Diekema will deliver the county pioneer address at the annual picnic in Bangor June 8.

The opening meeting of the Michigan Bicycle Circuit for the season of 1898 will be held in Benton Harbor Friday and Saturday. The track is in excellent condition for the races.

Decatur will join with Hartford, Keeler and Lawrence in organizing a volunteer company for the Spanish-American war. Bret Cockett is enlisting recruits.

The Decatur creamery is nearly completed and will be in operation June 1. Now is the time for some man who has a team to obtain lucrative employment by establishing a milk route.

Complaints have come in that bicyclists are sadly disregarding the bicycle ordinance. The fact that so many new wheels have appeared on our streets this spring makes it more important that the law be enforced.

The bicycle races in Lawrence last Saturday created great excitement. Jay Hinkley of Decatur won the 3 mile race. Prize, a $5 bicycle lamp. Bert Cole of Paw Paw won the second prize, a $2 sweater.

Nate Simpson and Henry Spaulding of Hartford are out to recruit a company of infantry for the war. They want 130 men.

Mrs. Charles A. Moulton died at her home south of the village May 23. She was born in Exeter, N. H., November 8, 1822, and came to Michigan with her parents in 1830. The family located a mile west of Tecumseh when west of them, there was not another house for 40 miles.

Mrs. Jacob Johnson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah McClung, May 19. She was born in Perry county, Ohio, May 12, 1825.

June 2, 1898.

Allie Chamberlain is home from Chicago for a few days.

State Oil Inspector and Mrs. Thomas R. Smith of Lawton were visitors to Decatur Sunday.

Harry Smith is back in the Star grocery after a month's illness.

Charlie Cohn of Constantine is here to visit his brother Joe.

E. S. Parker was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Frank McKee, in Lakeside last week.

Miss Edith Edwards, teacher in the Mishawaka High school, is a visitor at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Queal.

James Chamberlain is teacher of the Shaw district school. His ball team won a game from East Valley.

Frank Wagner, former Hamilton township boy, has been appointed official stenographer of the 31st Michigan Infantry. He joined the regiment at Ann Arbor.

Geo. M. Lyle has an order for 500 cavalry horses for the government and is advertising throughout the state for them. He shipped a carload from this station Tuesday.

Murphy Case Settled

The case of Murphy vs. the Michigan Central was settled last week by the defendant agreeing to pay $3,700 and costs.

The case was brought by the heirs of Mrs. Agnes Murphy to recover damages for her death which occurred at Lawton in 1893, and has been in the courts nearly 5 years.

Mrs. Murphy was thrown from her buggy while crossing the railroad track at Lawton. The injury she sustained was fatal.

The money will go to Mrs. Murphy's two daughters who reside with their grandmother in Decatur.

Decatur's Volunteers

Bret H. Cockett has secured the names of 21 Decatur men who will enlist for the Spanish-American war, and he wants 9 more. This company may be enrolled with the 35th Michigan Regiment to be commanded by Col. Ed. M. Irish of Kalamazoo.

Those who are ready to join are,—

Bred H. Cockett
Earl W.Simpson
William Fox
Claud L. Roberts
Henry Mahoney
J. W. Hall
Thomas Culverhouse
David Palmiter
Robert Oaks
Guy Searles
Willie Labadie
Emil Stern
Richard Abrams
George F. Conway
Ed. J. Congdon
Irving Adams
A. Bratton
Byron Lee
Willie McIntire
Willie Davis
Elmar Warner.

A table is given showing the cost of a man attending the University of Michigan a year to be $207. Of a woman $255.46.

Lottie Van Camp has gone to Benton Harbor to spend the summer.

A county silver convention will be held in Lawrence June 15. Geo. M. Lyle is the chairman.

C. A. Fuhrman of Muskegon is the new pharmacist at Carney's drug store.

Hugh Lee, six year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lee, died of measles last Thursday.

The first annual field day of the high schools of Van Buren county was held in Hartford last Saturday.

20 Years Ago

April 24, 1913.

Fred Rafter, rural carrier on No. 4, was taking the bridle off his horse Wednesday noon when the animal suddenly jerked away from him. Mr. Rafter was thrown and received some severe cuts on the head and the wagon was nearly wrecked. The accident occurred at the farm of A. L. Neine in Hamilton.

35 Years Ago

June 9, 1898.

The Cuban flag made of drugs is a novel display in Carney's show window.

Mrs. Dr. Kent (nee Lyle) of Pittsburgh, Penn., was the guest of her Decatur friends last week.

Will High was home over Sunday.

He works for the Electric Belt Co. in Marshall.

Father John Wall of Paw Paw was in Decatur Wednesday superintending the painting of the Catholic church.

Miss Carrie Trowbridge of Riverside, Calif., will spend the summer in Decatur.

Dr. J. E. Maxwell returned from New York City last Saturday, having spent a pleasant and profitable month in the study of his profession.

The Lawton volunteers did not succeed in raising the required number of volunteers to form a company and now want to fill out the Kalamazoo company's quota.

The village marshal gives the last warning that the bicycle ordinance must be enforced.

Miss Gertrude Charles has gone to Joliet to sing at a reception and banquet given by the Eastern Stars.

The Sons of Veterans need more men to fill out their drill corps for the Fourth of July celebration.

The stockholders of the Decatur creamery held a meeting Saturday and elected E. J. Rawson, secretary; M. S. Carney, treasurer; A. J. Goble, M. P. Cady, C. H. Lindsley, Bert Andrews, E. A. Osborn, Niles Peterson and D. A. Conway, directors.

W. V. Sage was elected to take charge of the bicycle parade for the Fourth of July celebration. It will start at 10 a. m. and be one of the grand features of the day.

Bret Cockett, 2nd Lieut.

Delegates from Hartford, Bangor, Lawrence, Decatur and Keeler met in Hartford June 6 to elect officers for Company G, 35th Michigan Infantry.

Nathan Simpson of Hartford was elected captain, Harry Cross of Lawrence 1st Lieut., Bret H. Cockett, 2nd Lieutenant, I. Adams, Sergeant; Guy Searles, E. J. Congdon and Earl Simpson, Corporals. The last named are also from Decatur.

Thomas Culverhouse was admitted to become a citizen of the United States.

June 16, 1898.

Mrs. Nellie Farmer Logan of Chicago is the guest of her Decatur relatives.

Elias Morris, president of the Cass County Pioneer Society, attended the annual meeting in Cassopolis Wednesday.

Thomas A. Vought of Volinia and Elizabeth Garland of Decatur were married last week.

Frank Potts sold 496 boxes of strawberries at retail Saturday. This must entitle him to the strawberry medal.

Miss Bernice Haynes is the recipient of a handsome new Hallet and Davis piano, a graduating present from her parents.

A call has been extended to Elder Hammond to resume the pastorate of the Christian church.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Barron have returned from Detroit where Mel. went as a delegate to the K. O. T. M. annual meeting.

W. H. White is attending the State Encampment of the G. A. R. at Port Huron.

Highway commissioners will be blessed by generations unborn if they enforce their privilege of requiring not less than 50 shade trees to be set in every road district each spring. Any property owner may expend ¼ of his highway tax in planting trees at 25 cents each.

The Presbyterian church is elaborly decorated for the commencement exercises this evening. A platform to represent the deck of a war vessel on which the class will be seated will be constructed. The class motto is, "Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea."

The salary of Postmaster Trowbridge has been raised from $1,300 to $1,400. The Paw Paw postmaster will receive $1,500 and the Bangor postmaster $1,200.

With an eleceric lighting plant in Decatur every street will be well lighted. 25 arc lights of 2,000 candle power each will be placed on the streets. The inside lights will be incandescent, 16 to 32 candle power.

Decatur will celebrate the Fourth of July. The eagles will scream loud enough to be heard in Spain and firecrackers will be burned by the peck.

The baccalaureate address to the class of '98 was delivered by Rev. Geo. B. Rogers at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. Solos were sung by Miss Mae Blades, Mrs. E. L. Price and H. E. Squier.

The Decatur Creamery started up Monday with 1,750 pounds of milk received. The milk yielded 81 pounds of butter.

A Republican caucus to elect delegates to the county convention at South Haven was held Monday evening. The following delegates were elected and instructed to support Hasen S. Pingree for Governor: Ed. Arnold, A. N. Moulton, P. M. Young, M. Gates, S. M. Rawson, Emory Place, R. Calbetzor, A. H. Huyck, W. H. [illegible]rd, Jerome Delemater, G. B. [illegible]ing, Will Carpenter, Martin Kaer.

20 Years Ago - - -

May 8, 1913.

It was a year ago the 16th of April that Don Sutton lost his life on the Commonweath Power Company's high tension tower in Kalamazoo in an attempt to save the lives of two boys who had dared each other to climb to the top. The company presented his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sutton, $1,000 as a recognition of the brave sacrifice it cost them.

Jay Lyle is the owner of a handsome new Mitchell four-cylinder, five-passenger autotomobile bought of the Flagg and Thomas agency.

Miss Gertrude Cooper is entertaining her mother of Lawrence this week.

The wolf is dodging about again in the timber land of north Hamilton but is still too wiley to be caught. He is wanted by the Hamilton police officers for killing Mac Wooster's sheep.

Mrs. Silas Mumaugh of Hamilton township did not get up as early as usual Tuesday morning and upon going to her room it was found that she had passed peacefully away during the night. She was 74 and a pioneer resident of the township.

George Lusk, a well known citizen of this town, was in the battle of Gettysburg and is planning to attend the 50th anniversary in July.

May 15, 1913.

Mrs. Helen M. Lindsley, one of Decatur's oldest residents, passed away May 12 at the age of 72. At the age of 18 she was married to Henry Lindsley, a widow with three young boys, Clarence, James and Frank. To this union were born five children of whom William G. and Nellie S. Bidlac are living.

Word came to Decatur Tuesday of the passing of a former townsman, Homer Smith, at his home in Benton Harbor.

William A. Graham, another pioneer citizen of this community, died May 14 at the age of 75.

John Eckenberger has renewed his subscription to the Republican and he said he had taken the paper continuously from the time it was founded by A. E. Blackman.

May 22, 1913.

Hon. N. H. Stewart will deliver the Decoration day address May 30. He is one of the prominent lawyers of Kalamazoo.

Luke Tinney has commenced suit in Circuit Court against Andrew Corwin for slander. This case is a continuation of the case in Justice Court in Decatur in which Andy sued his neighbor for the value of 12 shocks of corn.

Albert C. Bidlac, a resident of Hamilton township nearly 60 years, passed away May 18 at the age of 65 years.

May 29, 1913.

J. D. Eichler and wife attended the funeral of his sister, Mary Jane Nightengale, in Gobles, Saturday. She was shot in the neck by her son-in-law and her whole body paralyzed. She could talk and move her head. She lay in that pitable condition 78 days. It is said that J. Wilkes Booth who murdered President Lincoln, was shot in exactly the same place. He was hiding in a barn and was shot by an officer when he refused to surrender. Booth lived but a day or two.

Veterans of Burnside Post No. 27, G. A. R. have completed arrangements for Decoration day. Forty-nine Decatur veterans of the Civil war are living and they have 90 soldiers' graves in Lakeside cemetery to decorate.

Fifty guests assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Slager last Thursday evening to witness the ceremony which united in marriage their daughter Tina to John L. Klinkers. The groom is 21 and the bride is 18.

Frank Flagg, teacher in Bangor public schools, was a visitor to Decatur Saturday.

U. G. Flagg has gone to Chicago for a new Mitchell automobile. Harold Lawrence, Leon Knight and Everett

Spellman went with him.

Frank Stapleton and friends drove to Lansing in his automobile last Saturday, making the trip in just six hours.

Ben Clark is agin those little flying varmints known as motorcycles. Two of them passed him on the highway as he was driving the old nag to Paw Paw. The motorcycles were going at 40 miles an hour and the horse tried to pass them. Ben's excellent horsemanship kept the animal in the road but it was a trying ordeal for him.

Rev. Franklin G. Varney has been engaged to preach in the Universalist church Sunday evenings.

June 5, 1913.

Morton Rasmusson, well known Decatur wagon maker, died in the University hospital at Ann Aarbor May 30. He was born in Denmark in 1850.

John Geer, a pioneer of Hamilton township, died May 30.

Commencement exercises of the Decatur High school will be held next week. The members of the class are Harold Hudson, Bess Woolfe, Cleo Flagg, Earnest Foulke, Edith Hamlin, Mildred Wickett, Howard Wickett, Margaret Brigham, Esther Knight. The class motto is, "Rowing, Not Drifting."

Adam Bradley Yeckley, a former resident of Hamilton, died in Elgin, Ill., last Friday, May 20.

TWO-CENT LETTER RATE IN CITIES STARTS JULY 1ST

Washington.—A letter for delivery in the same city or town in which it is mailed will require only a two-cent stamp on July 1 and after. The rate on mail for outside destinations will continue at three cents.

Postmaster-General Farley, announcing the reduction on local mail, said the Postoffice Department hoped to regain much business which was lost when the rate was increased to three cents last July. Many concerns have been sending out bills and other local communications by messenger.

The reduction in local rates is being made under terms of an act passed at the recent session of congress. The act also permits the President to change the rates on other classes of mail if this should be found advisable later.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEER AGAIN

Malte Gustefson, who lives on Judge M. H. Young's farm in Paw Paw township, saw a deer in the woods on the Stewart farm. The deer was a big doe and Malte, who is about 20 years old, walked right onto her. The doe broke into a run, jumped the line fence and crossed the road into the Larkins woods.

Ex-Sheriff Glen Weaver was out that way after fish worms and got the story first hand. Glenn said he got a bushel basket full of angle worms of the large juicy variety and bid them near Eagle lake. When asked where he kindly offered the use of his shovel and pail.

PAST CHAIRMEN OF COUNTY BOARD

Hamilton and Decatur Supervisors Both Served in the Capacity During Eventful Years Just Before Court House Was Built.

In mentioning the election of Supervisor L. O. Gillesby as chairman of the Board the Republican last week said:

"So far as we know this is the first time Hamilton township has furnished the chairman of the Board and within the memory of men now living Decatur never has had this distinction."

It sometimes takes an erroneous statement to bring out the facts and this one brought the information that in the past supervisors from both Hamilton and Decatur have served as chairman of the Van Buren County Board.

Older residents of Decatur will remember Ransom Nutting. He was one of the very first of our citizens to undertake the development of the rich muck land area south of the village.

When he began on a small scale to clear some of the land it was a vast swamp almost impenetrable except where the corduroy road, known as the Old Swamp road had been laboriously built across it.

We remember well seeing Mr. Nutting drive into town with his faithful old horse hitched to a democrat wagon on which was thrown a snatch of marsh hay. The Nutting home is now the home of Mrs. Jennie Ray Kennedy on East Sherwood street.

Ransom Nutting was one of the outstanding citizens of the village, a real character. He was a man of rare good judgment and common sense; of few words as we remember him, but decided in his opinions and fully competent to back them with concise and convincing arguments.

He was a Democrat, first, last and all the time, and he was Decatur's supervisor for a number of years. He was chairman of the Board in the years 1877 and 1878.

When Grover Cleveland was elected President in 1880 it was the first time since before the Civil war that the Democrats were given an opportunity to fill the federal offices. Ransom Nutting was an old man then, but still he stood out as the most influential Democrat in the township. He was given the appointment of postmaster and his daughter, Miss Carrie Nutting, who later became the wife of Circuit Judge John R. Carr, did the active work, and did it well.

C. W. Byers Chairman

Charles W. Byers of Hamilton township was chairman of the County Board in 1899. He also is a Democrat and a man of high standing in his home township as well as in the county, and he is one of the few surviving officials of that important period.

Mr. Byers was supervisor from 1895 to 1903, and it was while he was chairman that the question of moving the county seat was first brought before the Board.

Supervisor David A. Squier of Decatur was chairman of the Board in 1900 and in July of that year a special election was held to decide the location of the county seat.

The contenders were South Haven and Paw Paw and the campaign was fast and furious. Both towns made pledges of large appropriations for new buildings and Paw Paw put up $50,000 in cash. Paw Paw won by a substantial majority, and plans for building the fine new court house and jail were begun at once.

Chas. W. Wildey of Paw Paw was chairman of the Board in 1901 and 1902. These men were all Democrats, that party furnishing a majority of the Board for many years.

The cost of the court house and jail was $103,000 and the sites cost $10,000, making a total of $113,000 of which Paw Paw paid $50,000. It was necessary to move several substantial residences to clear the block on which the court house stands.

Supervisors C. W. Wildey of Paw Paw, Pete Dillman of Bangor, E. A. Chase of Waverly, George Waber of Pine Grove and Chas. W. Byers of Hamilton were the building committee and their names are carved on the corner stone of the building.

A copper box placed inside the corner stone contains a copy of the supervisors' proceedings of the year that Mr. Squier was chairman and a copy of each newspaper published in the county. The issue of the Decatur Republican of August 29, 1901, was placed in the box.

During the years that Mr. Byers was supervisor the average total expenses of running the county was $35,000 and of this amount $12,500 comprised the poor fund.

Last year the total expense of running the county was $1,031,185.48 and out of this amount $60,236.91 was appropriated for the poor, this amount including mothers' pensions.

Philotus Haydon and G. B. Yeckley of Hamilton township and E. P. Hill of Decatur are other supervisors who were chairman of the board in an early day.

The population of Van Buren county in 1900 was 33,272, in 1930 it was 32,637.

PAW PAW ENGINEER HELPS RESTORE OLD STRAITS FORT

Paw Paw.—Restoration of old Fort Mackinac, whose advantageous position at the northern cost tip of Michigan's lower peninsula guarded French and English fur-trading commerce at the Straits, even before the American revolutionary war, is to be completed early this summer.

Prominent among the historians and engineers wo have lent their efforts to the re-construction project is a Paw Paw man, Dana P. Smith—himself qualified in both capacities. Mr. Smith is a registered civil engineer, and a well-informed student of Michigan history. His knowledge of pioneer events in Van Euren county, where he has been a life-long resident, has often been told at old-timers' meetings throughout this section of Michigan.

Considerable study has gone into the task of locating the original stockade walls of old Fort Mackinac. Mr. Smith, in response to an invitation from Roger M. Andrews, president of the Mackinac State Park commission, went to northern Michigon in July last year to make a preliminary survey of the grounds. He found the historic site almost obliterated by a tourist camping ground in the municipal park operated by Mackinac City. Partial identification of the old French village, east of the fort, was established at that time.

In October, actual digging was begun, It was necessary to excavate along the supposed line of the stockade to find the exact location of the fortress' walls. Deep in the sand which had drifted over the site, the commission found dark stains which indicated the one-time foundation of cedar posts. Carefully spaded up and brought into the light, these traces bleached as they dried in the sun until they disintegrated entriely. It was estimated by the Mackinac State Park commission, under whose supervision the work was done, that no part of the original stockade had seen the light of day in nearly one hundred years.

The local man, a charter member and vice-president of the Michigan State Archeological society which was organized in 1926, subsequently received a letter of appreciation from Mr. Andrews for his interest and helpful assistance. Reviewing the work that was done last fall, Mr. Smith says definite progress was made—despite the difficulty of ascertaining the correct shape of the fort. Early plans, drawn up by the French before its erection, indicated a hexagonal court surrouned by cedar pickets. Inside the walls were barracks for the soldiers, a trading post, munitions magazine, and officers' quarters. Each wall was previously supposed to be equal in length. In surveying the original site, Mr. Smith found that only approximate measurements had been used, and that the original diagram of the fort had not been followed accurately.

Apparent errors in the angle of the stockade on three sides were adjusted, preparatory to construction late in the spring of 1933.

The fort at Mackinac was the second of three fortifications built in protection of early trade which passed through the Straits. Fort St. Ignace was established on the shores of Lake Huron in 1672; Michillimackinac followed in 1712; and the new fort was constructed by the English on the heights of Mackinac island when the mainland post was abandoned in 1780.

Having visited Mackinac several times this year assisting in the restoration, Mr. Smith reported that cedar stockades on the site of the original fort were already in place, and that work was rapidly going forward to completion by the end of June. The park commission received an appropriation from the state legislature in 1930 to finance the undertaking. Their efforts were rewarded by formal dedication of old Fort Mackinac on July 4, 1933.

The date chosen coincides as nearly as possible with the historic capture of the fort by Indians in June, 1763. About a month after the famous Pontiac uprising at Fort Detroit, Chief Minavavana summoned the hostile Ojibways. Osaugees, and other Indians of the Chippewa tribe to a council of war. The Ottawas, friendly to the English who had taken possession of the fort two years before, were not invited. Although Captain Etheridge, commandant of the post, had been warned of evil designs, his heedlessness insured the success of a ruse which Minavavana and his braves hit upon.

The dedication of Fort Mackinac, 170 years after that fatal massacre, will portray in minute detail a pageant of its capture.

Employing some of the Indians who still live in settlements of northern Michigan, the pageantry will unfold how a game of Baug-ah-ud-o-way was proposed by the Indians in honor of the English king's birthday. Working the ball-tossing to the highest pitch of excitement, one of the players tossed the ball toward the open gates of the stockade, where English soldiers lolled unarmed. With a rush, they swept into the opening. Indian women handed them guns and knives as they stampeded the aghast soldiery. All but a few of the garrison's officers were slain and scalped. The entire French population within the fort was spared.

In such wise, the park commission, aided by the Chamber of Commerce at Mackinac city, dedicated one of Michigan's early forts. It marks also the first successful culmination of 90 years planning to reconstruct Fort Mackinac. In 1844, a party of engineers making a state topographical survey at the Straits, finding no evidences above ground of this old fort proposed its restoration. A summary interest soon died out. Mackinac was too distant and inaccessible to residents of thickly pouplated southern counties in that day.—Benton Harbor News-Palladium.

FADS AND FRILLS IN EDUCATION

By Supt. F. E. Dodge.

Much is being heard, in the everyday conversation, on the "Fads and Frills of Education," and that they must be eliminated from the school program. The question that might well be asked is, "What are the fads and frills of our public schools " In the minds of many who wish to reduce the school program everything that was not in the program when they went to school are included in the list.

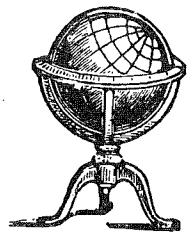
If we should look back to 1633 reading and writing were fads and frills. In that day a simple life knew no books or newspapers.. In 1733, Arithmetic was a fad and very sinful. Religious men considered it the tool of Satan. In 1833, the study of Geography and History were put on the list and we in 1933 are trying to find in our new program some items to add to this list.

Some attack the health service, included in the work of the doctor, nurse, dentist, the physical training department and the coach, as fads. If we ask one question and point to one result of these services perhaps this department will take its place in the 1933 public school program. The question, What will it profit a child if he has a master mind and a body that will not permit him to live and use the mental training he has received? The result: Through these services the average human life has been lengthened about 15 years.

Music, literature, art and dramatics are on the carpet. These include our school orchestra and glee clubs, libraries, and school plays. In our present civilization we have more leisure time on our hands than the world has ever known, and we are due to have the amount increased as the years progress. A love for good music and literature is the greatest defense against the misuse of this increased leisure.

Home economics and industrial arts which offer, to those who do not wish to enter the field of the professions, a chance for training in the care of home and the skills of the trades. Shall we deny the great mass of our country's children a chance for training in the avenue that they are cut out to follow.

We are living in the twentieth century and we need twentieth century schools.



THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton, *Editor*

A few weeks ago a reader of this column asked for a history of the cannon in the Decatur Railroad Park, and it was obtained from Miss Helen Hathaway, who gave it to the writer on a recent visit to friends here.

In the explanation Miss Hathaway wrote that the story was copied for me from family records, genealogy books etc., kept in the home of Guy Pritchard's daughter Elaine, Mrs. Charles Atwood at Channel Lake, Antioch, Illinois. The record was copied in shorthand and later transcribed by my cousin Frances, Mrs. Richard Mair of Roselle, Illinois.

"Guy Pritchard, as older residents may recall, was a nephew of the first Mrs. A. B. Copley, Jane Helen Hathaway Copley, and a son of the second wife, Emma Hathaway Pritchard Copley.

"Maybe you would like to know or recall, that Marshall Pritchard, Emma's first husband and Guy's father, was a nephew of the late Orville Pritchard of Decatur."

OUR CANNON

We take the following extract from A. B. Copley's historical report of the G. A. R. Park Cannon:

There has been collected to date for the gun $158.63, of which amount $122.92 was paid for freight, $14.22 for unloading, placing in position and painting, leaving unexpended $21.22 The committee estimate a further collection of $30.00 in addition to that on hand to place the gun in position befitting the gift and a credit to the town.

The gun is a hundred pounder Parrott rifled gun weighing 9,792 pounds, the carriage and mountings 6,208 pounds and one hundred balls, 13,000 pounds; total weight 29,000 pounds. It was cast and fitted at the West Point Foundry at Coldspring, New York by the inventor, Robert Parrott, superintendent of the works, and was shipped with five others to Boston or New York, presumably the later, on November 28, 1862, and was placed on the Steamer "Quaker City" August, 1861. The gun in question no. 12, was placed on her in August, 1863 and remained till the close of the war.

She served principally in the Atlantic blockading squadrons during the war, going to the western gulf blockading in 1865. The principal engagements in which she took part while this hundred pounder was on board were the two attacks on Fort Fisher December 24 and 25, 1864. On the 25th of June, 1864 she captured 40 bales of cotton, on the 5th of September she assisted in the capture of the steamer "Elsie", a blockade runner; on the 12th of March, 1865 she captured the schooner "Gen. Burkhardt", on the 24th of the same month she captured the steamer "Cora", on the 18th of May, 1865 she went out of commission at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

In August, 1870, this gun, no. 12, was placed on the "Brooklyn" and remained there till July, 1873 when it was landed at the Boston navy Yard where it remained till November, 1896, arriving at Decatur on the 6th of the month.

While on the "Brooklyn", the vessel was cruising in European waters. She was a screw steamer of 2,000 tons, wooden, carrying a battery of twenty guns. In 1889 this ship was condemned and went out of commission, her name being perpetuated by one of the new iron clads.

As the record shows the cannon was placed in the Railroad park 58 years ago the sixth of November, and five or six years ago the village council had it remounted on the same mound where it was originally placed. It continues to be an attractive ornament, but the brass trimmings have all been removed, as have the 100 cannon balls that were a part of the gift.

During the second World War it was feared that more iron would be needed for ammunition than the country could supply, and there was a loud demand that the cannon be given back to the government to be used for scrap iron. This sentiment did not prevail, but the last of the cannon balls disappeared about that time and it is the remembrance of the Village President Pennell that they were contributed to the government defense. The brass fixtures were easily removable, and as they had acquired considerable value as junk, they were undoubtedly stolen.

Decatur celebrated the Fourth of July, 1898 in a big way. It was the day our volunteers of Company G. 35th. Michigan Infantry left for the front to take part in the Spanish-American War. There were about a dozen of them and they were all heroes in the eyes of the big crowd gathered at the station.

They took the 11:15 train for Detroit, and just before its arrival Village President, L. D. Roberts climbed onto a pile of ties near the depot and made a rousing patriotic spech. It brought wild cheering from the crowd, and as the train pulled slowly to a stop, the cheering continued.

The Civil War Veterans were strong in that day. Villiage President Roberts was one of them, and they took a leading part in the celebration. They had wadded the cannon tight with paper and powder and probably other explosive material, and as the train began to pull out Veteran George Persival fired it. The roar that followed shook the earth for many rods around, windows in the depot and north side of the train were shattered, and passengers were injured by broken glass.

No one who attended that celebration will ever forget it, and we shall be pleased if others will contribute their remembrances of the event.

---

12 Gallant Decatur Boys Started for the Front.

N. F. Simpson is the Captain. Ed. M. Irish of Kalamazoo is the Colonel. They have organized the 35th Michigan Infantry. The Decatur members are:

Bret H. Cockett
Irving S. Adams
Emil Stern
James Hall
William Pike
William McIntyre
Richard Abrams
Earl Simpson
Robert Oaks
Willie Labadie
Henry Mahoney
John Conkright

They left on the Fourth of July, Monday, and thousands of people packed into the park to see them off.

Volley after volley was fired by the Sons of Veterans and as the train pulled out at 10:45 in the morning the big cannon was fired with such a heavy charge of powder that the lights from the car windows and the depot fell in a thousand pieces to the ground.

Thus the soldiers rode away. We do not know how they will come back, we hope well and happy and victorious. Many remember how some of them came back form the Civil war and that memory gives solemnity to this occasion.

MARSHALL AND THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Early Days Graphically Told by Martin F. Ryan, the Son of a Section Foreman.

(The following story by Martin F. Ryan of Marshall was furnished the Republican by W. H. Howland of Jackson. Mr. Howland is one of the oldest living employes of the Michigan Central. He was one of the company's best known engineers, retiring a few years ago after completing fifty years of service. Martin Ryan's father was a section foreman in the early days.)

Marshall, Michigan, the loveliest city in the beautiful state of Michigan, located on the main line of the greatest railroad in the world, is being today re-born. This old dreamy city, where long ago the state capitol grounds were purchased—where the site for the governor's mansion and the legislative halls were staked out on Capitol hill, just east of the Michigan Central station. But alas, Marshall was not to be the capital of Michigan. Due to local jealousies, to avarice and greed, Marshall lost the capital and it went to Lansing. Marshall played an important part in the pioneer history of the state.

It was under an old elm tree to the north of the station that one afternoon in the month of August, 1863, that the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers was organized. A few years ago it was found necessary to cut the tree, but the stump still remains, as a monument to the men that planted the seeds that afterward brought forth the blossoms that symbolizes the brotherhood of man.

Marshall, the seventh wealthiest city in America of per capita population, seemed contented to rest secure with its wealth, with its retired merchants, traders, farmers and pleasure seekers, and also as the home of noted authors, playrights and actors. The hum of industry, the screech of factory whistles, calling men and women to work was of little concern to its leaders. The question of white race supremacy never agitated its inhabitants because yesterday as it is today, its population was composed wholly of the white race.

When a railroad reaches into the wilderness, it brings the world with it and for return freight it carries the wilderness to the world. It was thus that the Michigan Central brought the world to Marshall. It may be interesting to a few at least who have little to go into research work of early history but yet like to know something about the pioneer days. To those who will take the time to read these lines, the writer desires to state that he is much indebted to Mr. George A. Johnson, the president of the Calhoun County Historical society. Mr. Johnson, a kindly man, mellowed by long years of experience in active life, now devotes his time to the interest of the society and also to literary pursuits. He seemed pleased to give the writer full access to the files and works of his large library.

The Michigan Central had penetrated the forests and the wilderness from Detroit westward, and it was not until December, 1845, that its rails reached Marshall. It was July 4th, Independence day, 1845, that the little village of Albion was connected with the outer world. It was on this memorable day that the old strap rail spiked to sleepers lying on cross ties brought a pocket edition of the modern locomotive to Albion. Now for the first time in all time the forests echoed to its whistle and the air was clouded with its smoke.

Down from Detroit the old strap rail with its snake heads came and it soon passed on to Marshall, Kalamazoo, and in due time to Chicago. This wonderful little engine had a pair of small trucks in front, with one driver on each side; and a tender which was just large enough to carry a couple cords of wood and a few barrels of water and had no more wheels than a one-horse wagon. Locomotives had real names then, didn't go by numbers as now. The smaller the locomotive, the bigger or more formidable its name. Albion's pioneer locomotive was the "Rocky Mountain," and its running mate was the "Storm."

The coming of the locomotive put a stop to the weary journeyings of the pioneer with ox teams and lumber wagons through the forests to find a home. It was not until December 11, 1845, that the first train loaded with human freight, wound around the foot of Seminary Hill and the brakeman shouted in a staccato voice, "Albion."

The little locomotive with its suggestive name "Antelope," with a train of four cars came to a halt. The locomotive took a big drink and plenty of material to smoke. A few passengers got off, more got on who wanted to take a ride on the first passenger train on the railroad. The trip from Albion to Marshall was made in 40 minutes. At that time there was no other known means of transportation that the trip could be made in less than two hours.

Traveling over this new and novel railroad was not without its dangers, for instance when the spikes which held the strap rail got loose, the end of the rail sprang up, and was termed a "snake head." These at times came up through the car floor and injured the passengers, who rode in a car similar to a coal car, with boards across the seats. The passengers were kept busy dodging and putting out sparks from the engine.

As said before, engines were not numbered but all were baptized with names. There was the "Challange," "Defiance," "Fox Hound," "Flying Cloud," "Whirlwind," and others. Some of these locomotives did wonderful running in the fifties, especially if they were a little behind their schedule time. George Lattimer with the Challenge went from Albion to Detroit, a distance of 95 miles, in three hundred minutes, stopping at Jackson and Ann Arbor, and that was "going some."

At this time the Michigan Central did not use the telegraph to move its trains. All trains moved by the authority of a time card, printed on cardboard, six by ten inches. The rules and regulations were printed on the back. One passenger train each way was the schedule between Detroit and Chicago. It took a freight train three days to make the run. These trains stopped over one night at Marshall and one night at Michigan City, and their running time was 14 miles per hour.

The Michigan Central built the first telegraph line in 1856, under the supervision of D. Wilmot Smith as superintendent, and M. D. Woodford as chief dispatcher. This greatly facilitated the handling of the trains at other than the regular time card points, which under the card rule required a train to wait 30 minutes for a delayed train, and then flag ahead until the approaching train was located.

The engines on the middle division were named after the winds, viz.: South Wind was run by Tom Parker; East Wind by Sam Amlar; West Wind by Tom Nixon; North Wind by Ed. Wright; Whirlwind by John Brown; Trade Wind by Tom Hayward. The Lightfoot was run by John McCurdy and the Quickstep by Henry Lathrop. These engines averaged about 39 miles to one cord of wood, and 14 miles to one pint of oil.

The principal freight engines were named the "American," run by Hugh McRoberts, the "Dolphin" by Chas. Balkson, the "Tornado" by H. A. Efner, and the "Baltic" by Frank Billings. Of all these men all have passed from this transitory life, Frank Billings being the last to go.

The Michigan Central round house was located in Marshall those early days, and Marshall was a terminal where trains were made up for local service, and we find there was the engine "Caspian," the "Black," the "Red," "North Sea," "Neptune," "Grey Eagle," and the "Swallow" that got their rest in the Marshall round house.

The writer is indebted to former Chief Dispatcher H. D. Donmall for an original train order that was transmitted to the "Swallow" at Marshall from the dispatcher's office in Kalamazoo. This order is now an exhibit [illegible] public library. The order reads: To the Swallow—"Run wild Marshall to Galesburg." In September, 1869, the Baltic pulled 21 cars, thirty miles, on one cord of wood. The coal burners were the "Lightfoot," "Quickstep," "Monitor," "Gladiator," "Temptest," and the "Tornado." There were about 80 engineers in active service in 1869—they have all passed onward to their final home.

The old Marshall passenger station of medieval design erected about 1864 with hotel dining room facilities to care for the needs of that period still stands as a monument to men and their achievements of a past generation. This station with its vast space, now of empty rooms save the scurry-

ing of a rat here and there, and to the temperamental, the dancing of hobgoblings with fairies at midnight, was once the scene of active industry.

All the through trains stopped for dining service. The numerous bedrooms were always filled by the trevaler and the tourist. The aristocracy of the Southland spent their summers in Marshall and made the old station their home for the summer months. The numerous surrounding lakes, all over supplied with large bass, perch and the delicious bluegill, made the place an ideal summer camping ground.

During the winter months the capacious dining room was frequently transformed into a ballroom, and it was here that men and women in social set came from points as far east as Detroit, from Lansing and the north, from points as far south as Toledo and as far west as Michigan City, to attend those social functions. They came in stage coaches, in sleighs with horses decked in snow bells, as well as by train. It was here that beautiful women bedecked in jewels and dressed in the finest silks, and fingers covevered with sparkling diamonds, danced and made merry with robust men of the pioneer type.

A TRIP TO THE IRISH HILLS

By Helen Hathaway.

It has been so long since I have exchanged a word of greeting with our Decatur friends, that I feel I want to tell all of you about our trip to the Irish Hills, thirty-one miles from Ann Arbor, which we took Sunday, August 27th. Through the courtesy of our friends from near Dexter,—Miss Katie McCabe and Mr. Frank Coyle, accompanied by two little boys visiting them,—Albert and Walter Labno,—we were driven to this ideal mecca for tourists.

We drove first to Wampler's State Park, which is of recent date, affording glimpses of the picturesque lake bearing the same name, in a quiet wooded spot near which we enjoyed our basket picnic dinner. Lunch over with, we lost no time in locating some of the scenes of greatest interest in that beautiful and historic region.

Our first stop was at the St. Joseph church, where we found the churchyard gay with beds of blooming portulacas, and containing many features of interest, at first unnoticed.

At the back of the grounds appeared an unexpected pathway, which we approached by a flight of unusual steps, which, at first glance, seemed to be of logs, but which closer inspection revealed to be constructed of cement, resembling the grain of the wood, even to the knot-holes and rough joints of tree limbs. This path wound past several shrines and overhung a steep de- [illegible] to the blue waters of "Iron [illegible]" visible through rifts in the green foliage overhanging the cliff.

We found also a spring, just under construction, whose waters trickled down into a huge basin of rough cement, and we were told by the keeper that this water was pumped up the slope from the lake below.

The keeper courteously entered the church with us and turned the lights on the altar, giving us the full benefit of the lighting effect upon the marble pillars, the statues of the Holy Family, and the various colored glasses, in which lighted tapers burned. As Miss McCabe explained, it is an act of devotion to light one of these little candles and allow it to burn out.

Mr. Coyle called our attention to the fact that the nave of the church had been built by the early Irish pioneers, and the transept and altar added later when the spot had become more famous. Further features of the interior were the colored memorial windows bearing the names of departed members, and the pictures illustrating the various stages, or "stations," of Christ's crucifixion. At the back of the church was a remarkable large picture of the early martyrs of the Catholic church holding mass in secret in boats out on a lake, and we were told that the picture had been staged on Kelly lake just across the road from the site of the church.

Most interesting and full of meaning, perhaps, to us all was the shrine outside in the church yard. The central figure was Christ on the cross, with the white marble statue of an angel on each side, and the inscription INRI above the Christ. Albert, the older of the two little boys who came fresh from the St. Francis school in Detroit, said that this inscription meant "Jesus, the King of the Jews." We also admired the beauty of the small shrine in front of the statuary, with cement ceiling, daintily inlaid with sea shells.

Most outstanding of all, however, we felt to be the representation of an open Bible in some dark metal, which bore the following inscription:—

"Dedicated July 4, 1932, in memory of the undaunted faith of the Irish pioneers, whose bodies rest in this hallowed ground, and of Father Gabriel, pioneer missionary, who, in 1926, sponsored the building of the Chicago Pike, which passes by these sacred premises."

This seemed to us to typify the finer, more spiritual side of the Irish Hills.

The Walker Taverns

A few miles farther down the Chicago Pike stood the two famous Walker taverns, and we thought it well worth our while to go through both of them for the sake of their historic contents.

The white frame tavern on the right side of the road was the older of the two, and although smaller, seemed to me fuller of memories of the earliest pioneer days. The side towards the road was covered with signs to attract tourists; but upon crossing the shaky old veranda into the yard on the other side, we had a better view of the long rambling old inn, which justified what the keepers told us, that it was a hundred and one years old, having been built in 1832. The more pretentious brick tavern across the road, it seemed, was built in 1854 after Mr. Walker had made his money; at that time dancing had come into vogue, and accounted for the immense ball room occupying the entire third story of the latter tavern.

On the more secluded side of the old frame tavern, we were told were the graves of nine Pottawotamie Indians, whose earlier resting place had been disturbed by the laying of the broad highway, and so their bodies had been removed to this spot, marked by a picturesque mound of stones.

Upon entering this old inn, the first room we visited was the bar-room. The bar was of special interest, as it bore a placard telling us that Priest Lyster, the first rector of Christ Church, Detroit, had preached from this bar before the church was built, and his first text had been, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" This room also contained a dark Hutch tilt-top table, which the card stated had been brought from Clinton in 1830 by ox-team.

The kitchen contained an old-fashioned cook-stove, the main part of which was low, with a high oven, much prized by the housewives of the early day, who did not need to bend over to look into this oven. From the kitchen a crude ladder ascended to the loft, where the hired girl used to sleep in the old days.

The long shed in the rear also contained some interesting relics, and here the luggage of the travelers had been unloaded from the stage-coach and stored.

Home of Francis Dewey

The barber shop was of outstanding interest to our Decatur people, because, in addition to the old barber chair, it contained a fine picture of Mr. Francis Dewey, the grandfather of Elizabeth Dewey, who had bought this older tavern from Mr. Walker in 1857. Below this picture was one of Mr. George Dewey, the son, whose affidavit was attached, to the effect, as I recall it, that he had heard his father say that Daniel Webster and J. Fennimore Cooper had at one time spent the night in that tavern.

At this point I want to mention the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lyle, our own home friends, spent the week end with us the Sunday before; and it was largely Mrs. Lyle's letter giving us a glowing account of their trip to the Irish Hills, which they took direct-

ly after leaving our home, especially her description of the Dewey pictures, which inspired me to write you about our trip there.

Up stairs in the old tavern we found that certain rooms were designated as the "Daniel Webster Room" and the J. Fennimore Cooper Room." In the Daniel room stood an old four-poster bed, with full canopy top and light curtains looped back, revealing the light colored old spread that matched the curtains.

The "Harriet Martineau Room" I found full of interest. On the wall was an old picture of her and a notation to the effect that this famous English writer, who wrote for Harper's, had stayed all night in this room in 1836, while traveling by stage-coach as far west as Jonesville; and some one had added between the lines after Jonesville, "and Chicago." This reminded me of the time newspapers had facetiously stated that President McKinley expected to stop at Detroit on his way to Three Oaks to the dedication of the Dewey cannon.

We also found a room called the "Priest Lyster" room, where it was said Priest Lyster had slept during his preaching days there, and a card on the wall told us that his first confirmation class (as I recall it) had been confirmed in the ball room of the brick tavern.

Of course, we must not forget to mention the small low room in the lean-to, known as the "Murder Room," with its one many-paned old-fashioned window, and blood stains still visible under the old cord bedstead. The story went that one night in the early days a cattle dealer had tethered his horse in a woods near by and put up at the inn; that during the night while the wines and liquors flowed freely in the tap-room, the cattle dealer had gotten into a quarrel with some one, and as a result, had been murdered in this room where he slept. After three days his horse was found starving to death at the end of his tether out in the woods. The assassin had never been found or brought to justice.

The Brick Tavern

After visiting this old inn, we could well believe the keepers that it had been built in those early days as a stage-coach stop, when the now famous highway was first being wrought by pioneer hands from the heart of a wilderness filled with bears and wolves, whose only inhabitants were Indians.

As people said, the brick tavern across the road was entirely different, though replete with antiquities of varying degrees of interest. There is neither time nor space to tell you about the Hepplewhite sideboard, bearing date of 1880, from South Carolina, the long davenports, the iron hitching posts surmounted by horses' heads, the crane and fire dogs, the huge bar, or the capacious old lantern, which had been hung outside the tavern on nights when dances were held. The ball room itself was crowded with interesting old pieces, not the least of which was the William and Mary Highboy, dating back from 1690 to 1720, and the rostrum on which the musicians had sat, where the old melodies still stood, also a dulcimer and many other musical instruments in vogue in the early day.

After our inspection of these taverns, no wonder we were tired enough to start the homeward trip gladly, though we halted at the towers long enough to allow the boys to see the monkeys, and to enjoy some ice cream cones.

The Towers

The towers are built on what is probably the highest point among these hills. They are named the "Gray" and the "Kelly" towers. It is said that Gray and Kelley were two Irishmen, one of whom built a tower first, then the other built his closely adjoining, but a little higher and with a fence between; the first Irishman proceeded to add more height to his tower, and the other promptly checkmated him by building his still higher; and so on, until they command a view of the entire countryside, with its twenty-eight lakes stretching out for many miles. From these towers perched on their lofty height, it is said that, with a field glass the tourist can see seventeen or eighteen lakes.

We wonder whether it was the burning love in the hearts of those early Irishmen for the green hills of their native land, which impelled them to select from the vast wooded prairies this rolling country covered with hillocks resembling haycocks, interspersed with lakes, but seemingly almost impossible for cultivation, which bears the name the "Irish Hills." Perhaps it was the discovery of this mistake which caused the place to be turned to its present use,—an ideal resorting place. We could not help dreaming of a time when the Irish Hills are destined to become one of the most popular summer resorts in Michigan.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA

Leo Lyle Writes to His Friends of the Work He is Doing in Carrying the Gospel to the Mountaineers. Asks the Prayers of the Folks at Home.

Clintwood, Virginia,
June 8, 1932.

Dear Friends:

We now have been here in the mountains of Virginia for eight months and feel that it is time to write a news letter to our friends telling of the developments, opportunities, blessings, results, etc., of our work.

Over 3200 Gospel tracts, 534 Gospels of John, 24 Testaments and 8 Bibles have been given out.

We have three Colportage routes leading in different directions from the town of Clintwood. Nearly seventy-five homes have been visited on foot; Gospel tracts have been left each time with a definite Gospel message and at least one Moody Colportage book has been left in each home. In spite of the fact that it is the busy time of the year, the majority of the people have these books read in two or three weeks time when we come around with a new supply of literature for them to read.

These routes range from four to twelve miles in distance from the town and at first the writer was somewhat discouraged about making such trips on these hot days. Much encouragement on the second trip out, however, upon hearing of the blessing brought into many lives through reading the books.

One man that has been in bed with tuberculosis of the bone, was saved on one of these trips. He has four children, but no wife to take care of them. The county hires a family to nurse him but his children are in the homes of some of his friends. Since he has been saved he is very desirous of getting them back with him again so that he may lead them to his Savior. He is in much pain most of the time, but is rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ in spite of it all, and his heart is full of praise to God for all His goodness to him.

Several places along these routes there are old ladies and shut-ins living that have never heard the true Gospel as we know it and they have come to look eagerly forward for the time for us to come with more books for them to read or to have some one else read to them.

These visits are meaning a great deal not only to us in becoming better acquainted with the people, but to the people themselves. Some of them have many vital questoins to ask about the Bible and we have been able by God's grace to bring hope into several lives thus far. We find in our personal contacts that the majority of the people are very eager to learn and are very receptive to the Gospel.

In our jail meetings to date, there have been a total of twenty-four souls saved and two backsliders restored.

Eight of this number are now in the state penitentiary. They all received Bibles before they were taken away, and we hear from time to time that they are continuing to grow in grace in spite of the terrible place they have to live in.

Of the number of converts left here in the county, we know of only four that are not living consistent Christian lives. The other ones as far as we know are living commendable Christian lives. One of these in particular is a young man twenty-one years old who asked me one day in a very serious way if we thought he bothered the Lord too much by going to Him in prayer. He has nothing else to do but read his Bible and when he reads it, he is made conscious of the condition that his relatives and friends are in which makes him want to talk with God more and more. He told be that he always talks with the Lord at least five or six times a day and wondered if it was bothering the Lord too much.

He is very anxious to take a Bible correspondence course, but of course has no money to pay for it as he has a wife and two children to support. Please pray that the Lord would provide some way for him to take this

course.

Now as to a new work that is fast becoming our most interesting work. Some six weeks ago, a very urgent call came from a school district called Bear Pen district ,to start a Sunday school. We started one there on a Sunday afternoon with an enrollment of twenty-eight which has now grown to seventy-five and the largest attendance at forty-seven. Our biggest difficulty has been in interesting the older people in coming. Most of them do not believe in Sunday school, so we have also started a preaching service. Mrs. Lyle and myself walk there every Sunday afternoon and back again. She teaches the children up to ten years of age; a Christian school teacher teaches those from ten to fifteen and I teach all over that age.

Ever since we have been here, we have heard of the need for a Sunday school in a district called Honey Camp about five miles from town. From time to time different ones have mentioned the need there, but we have not felt led to go there without a car. About three weeks ago, however, the community held a special meeting in the school house and appointed a special delegate to present the need to us and a special appeal for us to come and talk with them. We went out to make a survey and become convinced that the Lord was truly back of it all and would provide a way for us to get there, so we told them we would be there at 9:30 on June 5th to start a Sunday school for them.

When we arrived last Sunday, there were fifty-five people there already to greet us. Young and old alike have expressed a willingness to co-operate and do anything possible to make the Sunday school go. It surely did our hearts much good to be able to look into so many faces that were evidently very eager to hear the Word of God and so willing to do all possible to be able to hear it. We also have preaching service in this school. We have started four classes in this school, two tachers coming from the community. We were able to get a former teacher in the school to take us out last Sunday, but cannot depend upon that way of getting there. The trip to this one school and back is enough to walk and also be able to carry on our service, but if we have to make our trip to Bear Pen school right away after dinner on foot also, we would not be able to carry on any kind of service after we got there because it is three and one-half miles there.

Therefore we ask your very earnest prayers that in some way God will supply us with some kind of a shift car. As most of you know by this time, all of the tires, the generator and several other things of value have been stolen from our old Ford. It would cost over fifty dollars to put it in shape to run again, which we feel is too much to spend on an old car.

We also desire your prayers that we might be able to interest some of the older people in Bear Pen community.

Yours in His service,
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lyle,
and Family.

REFLECTIONS BY JONT.

Yes, we went to the Allegan fair. Turn north at Paw Paw hotel. We found the best gravel road that I ever rode over, and the crookedest.

We saw a sign that said "Gobles." Of course I thought it must belong to me. At first I thought I would get a truck and cart the whole town home. But when I thought of the taxes I would have to pay I concluded I would let them keep it until taxes come down

The fair ground is in a wild, romantic spot. Woods on one side and the Kalamazoo river on the other. The track is a half mile around and was located ten feet below the place we parked. So we could look down and see a good ball game and the trotting races.

They had about a fourth as much as Hartford fair, but what they had was good.

Saw Bert Stiles and wife. They are located ½ mile east of town on a farm with good buildings. I did not see any naked people, although we were near plenty of woods. That is a new fad. We have been seeing plenty of half naked people for some time. We get used to that in a short time as we get used to all other fads.

In August I saw an 18 year old girl wearing skeleton shoes. Her toe nails were painted red. I knew she was not one of our home girls for their toe nails would have had black muck on them.

In a crowd of people no two dress the same but all dress in the latest style. We can see, hear, and smell, for we can see powder and paint, hear lip stick and smell their perfumery. And we hear the radio so much we do not notice it.

I suppose that if we all went naked in a short time the only ones who would notice it would be the clothing merchants. So we do not worry any. Time will line things up all right. This is a wonderful world and the people are more so. Jont. Goble.

JONT. GOBLE ON CRADLES AND CRADLING

Jont. says our cradle is only a half turkey wing, but it would not be as good as a Flowerfield if it were a whole turkey wing. Every make but the Flowerfield puts an ache in the cradler's left arm. He has a cradle in his collection of relics.

We can tell Jont. that this turkey wing isn't putting any aches in the cradler's left arm, and we like it better than a Flowerfield,—not knowing the difference and being somewhat prejudiced in favor of our own possession.

Jont. criticized our cradle story by saying that two acres was no day's work for a skillful cradler. Most of the cradlers over on the Prairie, if they had any reputation at all for cradling, could do five acres, and Andy Foster one time did ten acres in a day on the old Vought farm. Bry. Young did the binding and threw every bundle over his shoulder just to show that it was easy for him to follow Andy.

RECALLING CRADLING DAYS

C. P. Kemp came in last Friday to see Dr. Bope's cradle. Yes, he swung one of them. It was when he lived in Three Oaks more than 50 years ago.

He had 5 acres of oats to cut and Mike Hollock came over with his cradle to help him.

Mike cradled a few swaths and then turned the cradle over to Mr. Kemp. Mr. Kemp said he didn't know how to do it, but Mike said he would show him and he did. Mr. Kemp said it was hard work and he was sorry he learned.

Mr. Kemp says men who have talked with him about cradling claim they could do 5 acres a day, but it would take a good man to cover that much.

JONT. GOBLE AT 74

Jont. Goble thought he could work Santa Claus for an extra present as a birthday present so he had his birthday on the 14th day of December.

But that was away back in '59 before the Civil war, when there were only one or two rooms in the house and the folks would promise a kid anything to keep him from squalling all night.

Jont. usually had his way and before he was out of his swadling clothes he was telling his dad how to run the farm. When he went into long pants he became a knockout with the girls and some of those old boys of the seventies haven't forgotten yet how he cut circles around them.

Jont. Still wears his hat like a real guy.

Yes, we went to the Allegan fair. Turn north at Paw Paw hotel. We found the best gravel road that I ever rode over, and the crookedest.

We saw a sign that said "Gobles." Of course I thought it must belong to me. At first I thought I would get a truck and cart the whole town home. But when I thought of the taxes I would have to pay I concluded I would let them keep it until taxes come down

The fair ground is in a wild, romantic spot. Woods on one side and the Kalamazoo river on the other. The track is a half mile around and was located ten feet below the place we parked. So we could look down and see a good ball game and the trotting races.

They had about a fourth as much as Hartford fair, but what they had was good.

Saw Bert Stiles and wife. They are located ½ mile east of town on a farm with good buildings. I did not see any naked people, although we were near plenty of woods. That is a new fad. We have been seeing plenty of half naked people for some time. We get used to that in a short time as we get used to all other fads.

In August I saw an 18 year old girl wearing skeleton shoes. Her toe nails were painted red. I knew she was not one of our home girls for their toe nails would have had black muck on them.

In a crowd of people no two dress the same but all dress in the latest style. We can see, hear, and smell

for we can see powder and paint, hear lip stick and smell their perfumery And we hear the radio so much we do not notice it.

I suppose that if we all went naked in a short time the only ones who would notice it would be the clothing merchants. So we do not worry any Time will line things up all right This is a wonderful world and the people are more so. Jont. Goble.

THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS

(Nev. Everett clipped this out of some paper and rightly concluded that it fits the case of the average country Editor.—Ed.)

The editor of a country newspaper retired with a fortune. When asked the secret of his success, he replied:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a $100,000 bank balance, after 30 years in the newspaper field, to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practising rigorous rules of economy, and to the recent death of my uncle, who left me $98,500."

SOME FIRST FACTS ABOUT VAN BUREN COUNTY

By Bessie Fuhrman

Having talked about Michigan wild flowers in the former paper, there is still another one that I must tell you about. It is the White Musk flower or member of the Mallows family such as the creeping ones that have the little cheeses. The Musk flowers are shaped like the low Mallows, but larger, and are grown on stems about two feet high.

One day when I was six years old, I found a fence corner full of the lovely blossoms, so I picked them. When I was through gathering them, I had not left a bloom. I was taking them to Grandpap (Dutch for grandpa) and the more the better.

Grandpap had fallen and had broken his collar bone and had to stay in bed. The doctor had thought him (aged 87 in a few days) too old to stand the shock of setting the bone. Although in bed, when I walked into his room he waved his hand, smiled and sniffed. Then I took the bouquet, larger than I was, to my mother to put into water.

A day or two later Grandpap died on his 87th birthday. But who was Grandpap?

He was the first white man to set foot in Van Buren county. He came from Cincinnati to Cass county and built a cabin for himself. One day while chasing a deer in the woods, it ran out into a large clearing. Whether he shot the deer or not doesn't matter now, but the fact that that clearing was Little Prairie Ronde does, and my future Grandpap was the first one to discover it. Later, he settled on that prairie and continued there for many years.

The Black Hawk War

Before very long after Grandpap really settled down, there was the Black Hawk War, and Elijah Goble was called in to service for his country. He became Captain in the War, wearing the uniform of dark navy blue with gold fringe on the shoulders, and also he carried a sword. Lincoln, four years younger, also became Captain in that same War for three months, and although that War lasted only a year, it had the dangers of warfare, but both men came out of it alive and unhurt.

After that War, Grandpap returned to Little Prairie Ronde and established himself as the first settler in Volinia township of Cass county. However, one day he rambled across the Van Buren county line and kept on going until he arrived at the George Tittle home, the second family to settle in Van Buren county — the first family being Mrs. George Tittle's brother, Dolphin Morris. And by way of that couple, we have some more firsts. Dolphin Morris and wife were the parents of the first white child born in Van Buren county. His name was Elias Morris, and it can be added here that he has a granddaughter, widow of Richard Huyck, dentist, who still lives in Decatur.

Another first in relation to the Dolphin Morrises is that they had the first day school at their home. Greatgrandma Tittle, not to be outdone by her brother, had the first Sunday school at her home (M. E. Sunday school.)

But the Tittles had the first bride go out from their home, for Elijah Goble and Eliza Tittle got married in Van Buren county. Thus they became the first couple married in Van Buren county. They left Van Buren and made their home in Volinia township where they raised a family of nine children, my mother being the fourth child and second daughter.

While Grandpap was a kind-hearted, generous person, he never liked Lincoln. He had his reasons, or thought that he had. One was that when he knew Lincoln, Lincoln was four years younger than himself, and while Grandpap was pretty good looking with his dark blue eyes, thick black hair and rosy cheeks (pink even when he was past eighty), and of good but stocky build, Lincoln, never prepossessing, must have been inferior looking and lacking the grand beauty of character that he acquired years later, after the acquaintance. Besides, Grandpap was a Democrat and Lincoln was a Republican. That alone could have settled friendship for Lincoln with Grandpap, for Grandpap could see no politics in the Republican way, and of course Grandpap could not think of helping put his old comrade in arms into the White House, and he knew so little about the bad side of slavery, he fought the idea of freeing them. Nevertheless, Lincoln won and the slaves were freed, but not by any help that Grandpap could provide. He bought a substitute for his oldest living son so that he would not have to favor that Republican, or show his favor as if to the North.

How God Blessed Elijah Goble And Abraham Lincoln

Grandpap never had taken up religion. He was just as indifferent toward becoming a Christian as he was to becoming a Republican. But while it seems to have taken considerable effort, even on the part of God, to bring him to an understanding of how to attain future life, God did it eventually, but it took five lives to do it.

The first life was that of his oldest son, Isaac, who died at age 24. It made no difference that God had lost his only Son that Christianity might live, so that death was lost on Grandpap.

Still later, the youngest child, Lewis Cass, died indirectly from a knee injury. TB ended his life at 12 years of age. Still Grandpap could see nothing to believe in, in the future life, but the time did come when he heard a sermon that did get him to understand.

SOME WILD FLOWERS OF MICHIGAN

By Bessie Fuhrman

Having just previously considered the tulip in connection with the tulip festival at Holland, Mich., we are now well aware that the name tulip connotes a beautiful flower, and no matter which kind of tulip it is, it is bound to be a beauty.

But tulips are not wild flowers. Those that we have come to know from the concentrated efforts of many Dutch people, are highly cultivated creations that resemble their forebears about as much as they do dog-toothed violets or ad-

der tongues. Hence the tulip has a mission, that of inspiring others to improve our wild flowers.

But laying aside the improvement idea, we shall consider first what the Great Hand of Michigan holds in relation to its wild flowers, as a part of its great World's Fair exhibit.

How Many Kinds Of Wildflowers Has Michigan?

I wondered, too, so I looked into a very great book on wild flowers published by the Smithsonian Institution. It has 400 paintings of American wild flowers. The pictures are accurately done and so very real that they look as if the natural flowers had been laid on their respective pages.

Then, besides the great pleasure of seeing those exquisite paintings, I decided to see how many of them are Michigan's. And I found that I identified 102 of them as native to our state.

The mystery as to how these plants ever got established in a location with all of Michigan's lakes and the heavy timbered land came to mind, but it is still a mystery. Nevertheless, with the help of district school teachers, many youngsters made the acquaintance

Gathering Wildflowers In School Days

The memory of the times when our teacher told us that as soon as we had eaten our lunches we could go to the woods, and then went along with us, is a happy one. Then the woods had been cut away so that rail-fenced fields intervened between the school house and the woods. As we had only an hour nooning we had to run, and run we did, like wild Indians climbing over the rail fences and usually arriving at the lovely old woods ahead of the teacher.

As we started early in the Spring, we found the earliest flowers — hepaticas, pink, white and pale blue.

But out there in the woods, I missed a kind that I had found in our gully. It was a deep, amost violet blue. I realized that "my" blue hepatica was a little treasure. I went there ever after, the first place, to find its blooms. It was always there, but it never produced other plants. It always remained my special treasure.

Another time in May when we went to the woods, the first flower that we saw was a red columbine in full bloom standing under a tree. It must have been there for years, for it was so very lovely in its maturity. Then we saw the ruby throated humming bird come dashing along and go straight for its flower sweetheart. What a lovely picture it was — that bird and its flower companion.

But besides the columbine, there were many other old favorites, or those that came to be so, later flowers such as Dutchmen's breeches and their girl companions, the wild bleeding hearts; and beside the creek we found a pink wild crab-apple standing where it reflected its loveliness in the still waters of the edge of that faithful old creek. We also found the lovely white cherry blossoms of the choke cherry, and white dogwoods under the taller trees.

A Happy Surprise

The time that our teacher took us to the woods to find ferns and red berries (Michigan holly) was of course in December, for the ferns and berries were to be decorations for Christmas at the school house where there was to be a big Christmas tree and presents for everyone of us.

When we got to the woods we had to brush away the dry leaves and there we found the evergreen ferns lying flat on the ground. When we had picked enough ferns, and had our red berries, too, we started back toward the school house. We had to cross a small pasture that was out in the open. Then it was that I had my big surprise. I smelled flowers, but of course there could be no flowers blooming in December and so very near Christmas. I followed my nose and sure enough there were flowers blooming and sending out a very delicate fragrance. The blooms were on an old bush with one dry leaf still hanging to it. It was a witch hazel bush. Along the branches there were little brown cups, smaller than the rubber eraser of a lead pencil, and out of each of those tiny cups was a bloom with four pale yellow, narrow petals uncurled in the sunshine. On sunny days those poor little blooms showed off, but as soon as the sun went down or stayed under a cloud, the tiny flowers remained indoors. Then it was that I had to understand that little shrub better, so I compared its blooms with those of Spring, Summer and Fall, and then I saw there was "method in that witch hazel's madness." Apparently it had the virture of patience, for it waited and then when all the rest of the lovely flowers had died, it put forth its little unattractive blossoms and had the whole show it itself. Would you have guessed that that dumb little witch hazel was as smart as that?

The Commonest Flower That Grows, Made Famous By James R. Lowell

"Dear common flower that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithsome May,
Which children pluck, and full of price, uphold,
High cheered buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass, had found."

Thus the poet in his unique conception of children as little cute buccaneers, and the Eldorado of the dandelion gold has endeared the thought of dandelions to all who read American poetry.

Another one of Michigan's wild flowers brought to mind another poet. That plant was found in a pasture where my companions and myself had never been, but there in a boggy old pasture we found it. It was a Greek valerian. Its habitat, I learned later, is in moist woods, but the one we found — a perfect specimen of its kind with rather tall spikes topped with blue bells and around its base a mass of leaves of many opposite leaflets. What a beautiful plant it was. Later I understood how Emerson felt when he came upon the Rhodora out in the wilds of New England.

"Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why, thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here,
Brought you."

Thus it seems that the self-same Power that took Emerson to find that perfect Rhodora out in the natural woods, brought my companions and me to that lovely blue bell out in its wildness surroundings on that sunny Spring day.

Still another one of our favorite American poets, William Cullen Bryant, has a flower that he praises in his exquisitely beautiful way.

"The Fringed Gentian"

"Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with heaven's own blue
That openeth when the quiet light
Succeedeth the keen and frosty night,
Thou waitest late, and comest alone,
When woods are bare and oirds have flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.
Then doth thy sweet quiet eye

Look through its fringe to the sky,
Blue, blue as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

Thus not only artists but poets have done their best to portray our wild flowers, one, the commonest one, and the blue fringed gentian, one of Michigan's rarest.

Snow and adolesence are the only problems that disappear, if you ignore them long enough.

HIGHWAYS

By F. L. K.

Back yonder it cost about thirty cents per bushel to raise wheat which we cut with a Flowerfield cradle and had Joe Warner thresh with his ten-horse merry-go-round with its maze of tumbling rods and old leather belts. Winnowed out thirteen bushels from the tailings, put a hundred bushels on the old lumber wagon, hitched up old Duke and Dime and made an early start for Decatur.

On that ungraded sand hill at the gulley we blocked the wheels every ten feet to allow the oxen to blow a bit. Got stuck in the muck five times on that broken plank road across the swamp. But by a liberal use of patience, profanity and a piece of plank for a pry, we told those oxen about their Creator and their destiny and they pulled out the load so we reached Decatur at 4 p. m. Sold the load to "Lym" Rawson for 87 cents per bushel in rag money, $2.85 of which was equal to $1 in gold. A little five-cent shin plaster bought six sweet rusks at the Kurtz bakery near Tucker's grocery where we found some lively snappy cheese at ten cents per pound with no sales tax. Gassed with a couple of saloon keepers, gave the team a drink and left for home at dusk, arriving at 1 a. m. slow time, all out of gas.

Chewed navy plug and smoked long, black cheroots and dear grandma started her old clay or cob pipe with a live coal plucked from the fireplace with her bare fingers.

One farmer complained that his tax bill was $1.17. A little later when Mr. Copley organized the First State Bank, his neighbor farmers bought stock in his bank. How did they do it? By thrift, my son; plain old-time, Ben Franklin thrift,—"Pay as you go or don't go."

Yes, we go faster now. The big, swift and stylish car at five cents per mile, supporting ten filling stations in town, has carried us so far down into that moneyless hole that some of us may never dig out. But the four business men on Main street we do not own cars are solvent.

But highways are better now. A committee of highway lobbers, members of the invisible third house, met under a seedling apple tree and decided to split a graft four ways. The high-powered lawmakers discovered an old trail back of the big Johnson farm recently sold for taxes, a trail that had not been paved. No auto had been that way but one might come along there before the snow flies and trail should be paved at once. While his pretty secretary and dapper office boy played tennis, the inspector could sleep all afternoon in that $4,000 auto owned by the state and his chauffeur could peddle bootleg to the fellow who runs the big grader. Out on U. S.-12 a gang is busy digging away some turf while another bunch is sowing grass to make sod to give employment next year to unemployed forgotten men whose rightful jobs are held by civil service Republicans. We just must have more and better highways. But what about the schools? The schools? Oh yes, why, hana gona be any.

THE SUBJECT OF "HOPS"

Jont. Goble Harvested Crop Last Month and Thereby Brought Out This Tale of Hops.

An admirer of Jont. Goble remarked that if Jont. had had the advantage of a college education he would have been a big enough man to go to the United States Senate, which goes to show that most everyone in a community has his admirers.

It might be that only a high school education would have turned the trick for Jont., and if John Struble were back here he might say that Jont. could have done it anyway if he had tried.

Jont. is always doing something out of the ordinary, but the particular stunt referred to this time is nothing more nor less than raising hops.

He brought a couple of branches of the vines to the office while several of our occasional visitors were in and none of them could identify the little round green balls.

"Why, them are hops," said Jont., and each one of the visitors quickly joined us in the chorus,—"Oh, yes, I recognize them now."

Then all tongues loosened and all present contributed some information about hops.

One said the tender vines grow as high as 30 feet tall, and they set poles 20 feet high for the vines to grow on. He once saw a 10 acre field of hops growing up these poles. "I tell you, but it was quite a sight," he said.

Jont. didn't say much, any more than to drop the remark that he raised two vines and let them grow along his back yard fence. He kept still and let the others do the talking.

All of our visitors were conversant with one thing, which was that hops are used for making beer. One said his mother used to make yeast for bread with them.

Hops were once grown extensively in this county. One visitor remembered when the Evans family raised them on the farm now owned by Paul Maguire on the bank of Eagle lake. There was a large field of them, and a hop kiln on the road into Lawrence.

Hops belong to the nettle family, but they have long since shed their nettles.

There are male hops and female hops. In good hops the seeds are scarce and incapable of propagating the plant, and are worthless to the brewers.

Hops contain a number of substances the best known of which is hop-bitter. It imparts a pleasant bitter taste to the beer, without which it would be flat and insipid.

Old country beer is better than American beer because they raise seedless hops over there which apparently we cannot. The finest hops are raised in Bohemia.

Nearly the whole annual crop in America is grown in Oregon, California, New York and Washington. The annual producition is about 30,000,000 pounds. Farmers ought to try raising them again in Michigan.

The hop does not come true from seed so the commercial crop is grown from cuttings of the root called "sets." Planting is done as early as possible in the spring.

The hills are placed from 6½ to 7 feet apart both ways, making about a thousand hills to the acre. Three or four cuttings are set to the hill. The former use of poles has been largely abandoned in favor of wire trellises.

Hops are cured by drying until the 75% of water in the newly gathered hops is reduced to 10% to 14%.

If not immediately marketed they are placed in cold storage

A DREAM

By F. L. K.

Got tired inspecting some of the big industries that used me in connecting their trade with Hawaii. It was amazing to note the wonderful progress in making the machinery more automatic reflecting the intelligence that had cunningly devised the changes and improvements. Some of those machines needed only an unskilled workman to feed in the raw materials and they turned out quickly the finished products, labeled and boxed ready for shipment. At the office was a robot who deposited the checks and kept the records while the millionaire owner was playing golf at the club.

Then came a curious dream and by some alchemy all the fine machinery began to dissolve into smoke and vapor so that in a short time no mechanical devices of any kind were left. All the ditch-diggers, graders, autos, trucks, steam and electric machinery for making shoes, clothing, furniture, cigarettes, etc. were gone. Every single labor-saving contraption was gone.

Wow! Must I go back to those tough old days when men of muscle, backbone and appetite had to get results by use of sweat, grime and profanity?

Yes, we must now use our hands and legs again and go afoot or walk. Shoemakers rushed to their old benches, blacksmiths to their shops; picks and shovels were in demand and banks called for book-keepers. Smokers were running about half crazy, trying to find the makings of some coffin nails.

Well, well, what a time of great activity when everybody had to either fish or cut bait. Like magic things

went humming along again with all industry in the old, slow but safe and sure way with no deaths or injuries reported. Arba began to stick type and Danner got out the Republican on the old hand press.

A dozen jobs crying for every man or woman willing to work. Jobs, jobs for every living person with increased pay. Why even old fellows who had reached their fortieth year were commandeered and set to work. Ill, but that was some dream. But when I awoke at the call of a hungry woman who wanted her garden planted, I first sauntered down the street and there were the free soup kitchens in full operation just as I had seen them the day before, and the long line of a hungry army including former professional people, bankers and railroad presidents, all penniless, unemployed and hungry. I wondered how it is that man ever got so gosh-awful stupid and dumb as he now seems to be, then went back to bed and slept all day.

OLD BETSY AT WORLD'S FAIR

Engine and Engineer of Early Railroad Days Seen at Wings of a Century Transportation Pageant.

Jackson, Nov. 28, 1933.

Dear Friend Arba:

I am mailing you a copy of the Jackson Square Deal. There is a story on page 4 by Martin F. Ryan, "How the Railroads Brought the East to Pacific Northwest.

This Fred Metcalf is a friend of Sam McKinley's that you met a short time ago with me in Decatur. They both spent some of their boyhood days in Marshall.

In 1875 Metcalf was news boy on M. C. Passenger trains, Detroit to Chicago. Later he got a position as call boy in the old round house at Jackson Jct. In 1877 he was firing a switch engine in Jackson yard.

In the great general railroad strike of 1877 there were nine engineers and nine firemen who quit their engines at Jackson, including Metcalf.

After the strike all those men went back to work and were later suspended; were told that it was on account of slackness in business, but they were never returned to their positions, so Metcalf followed his father west and finished his railroading on the Northern Pacific.

Your friend,
W. H. Howland.

The following is taken from the interesting story in the Square Deal:

Mr. Metcalf, who ran the Old Betsy on the Northern Pacific Railroad between Brainerd and Sauk Rapids, a distance of 60 miles, is the only living engineer of that period who handled this engine, and it was for that reason that he was chosen to conduct her at A Century of Progress exhibition at Chicago. This veteran locomotive was the survivor of a devastating forest fire which swept a portion of the Pacific Northwest woods in 1902. Old Betsy then was stationed on the middle fork of the Hoquiam river. For months Old Betsy was the object of search by railroad operating officials and finally she was found in the woods last spring, and was taken to St. Paul and placed in the locomotive repair shop, where she was revitalized to qualify for service at the World's Fair.

Old Betsy was there, with her saddle tank, balloon-stack, wood burner, and in company with her and perhaps is now, the "Yellowstone," the modern giant locomotive. The Northern Pacific has 12 locomotives of the Yellowstone type, which today are the largest steam locomotives in the world. By way of comparison, Old Betsy, the pride of its day, had the appearance of a toy engine. Old Betsy, or as formerly known, the Minnetonka, had a season's run at the Fair, and was driven like it was a quarter of a century ago by Fred Metcalf.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE U. S. A.

Charles Hood, Respected Citizen of Paw Paw Township, Arrived Here from Liverpool, England, In 1883.

By Vincent C. Sherrod

Fifty years ago, or to be exact, January 26, 1883, two young cubs about 20 years old left the port at Liverpool, England, to seek their fortunes in America.

They had obtained the names of some farmers near Paw Paw, Michigan, who needed farm hands and when they got to this locality their worldly goods were just what covered their backs.

These young fellows were David Lane, long since gone to his reward, and our splendid neighbor and loyal countryman, Charles Hood.

Mr. Hood's parents had been tillers of the soil, so Charlie took to farming as naturally as a duck takes to water.

His first year's labor was for the late Edson Woodman at $11 per month, afterwards working as a farm hand for A. Webb, Phillip Sherrod and John Lyle.

During those years of service thrift had become a virtue with Charlie, and it still is. Consequently he decided to buy himself a farm.

He first purchased 40 acres near Burlamont but misfortune followed him. He lost his first wife, Ella Ward, by death and a home by fire. Then he disposed of this place and purchased from the late John Lyle the 80 acres [illegible] of the late Henry Hinckley which was the original [illegible] of Asel Hinckley.

While Charlie had some setbacks in his earlier struggles in home making, in recent years he has been most fortunate in escaping sickness and other troubles so many families have to contend with.

He is today hale and hearty and his agility and endurance give the laugh to his 70 years. He works from sun till sun and his work is always eventually done.

It is the stick-tuitiveness and thrift that have made him an honored and respected neighbor whose word is as good as anybody's bond. He possesses today at least 320 acres of good land and every acre of it is paid for. He does not use eye glasses and there is not a gray hair on his head.

Am advised that I am correct in saying that he owes no man a dollar. Thrift has enabled Charlie just recently to add 20 acres more of the original Asel Hinckley 160 to his home place, while many other farmers are losing their homes by mortgage.

It would not be fair to Charlie and he would not care to claim all the credit for his success. We must not overlook the fact that a wife can make or break her man. But to Anna (Kay) Hood much in every sense of the word is due for her husband's success. Anna is always home when she should be.

Charlie has two sons, Ward C. and Max. Both are assisting their father when he needs them at home. Both are honorable and upright young men and a credit to their parents.

For recreation Charlie rarely has the time. The only pleasure he cares much for is a good game of pedro. This writer can testify that at playing pedro he is as efficient as he is at farming.

His possessions were not obtained by speculation, but by fifty years of good farming and thrift. Did I say thrift? Well, Charlie can show a milk pail he has that has been in continuous use over 40 years. Who can beat that?

This has been written without consulting him, so I ask him to please overlook the errors. I believe in giving a few bouquets while one is able to appreciate them.

Dedicated to worthy neighbors.

Respectfully,
Vincent C. Sherrod.

BIG TEAM HITCHES REDUCE COSTS

By R. R. Thalman

(Furnished the Republican by Louis Hall.)

Horses on the average farm receive less consideration than any other farm animal. Proper feeding, grooming, and stabling are necessary in obtaining maximum horse power. Proper hitching of horses is seldom given any thought by the average farmer. Yet if man were forced to work with sore shoulders, sore neck, improperly fitting harnesses, and other physical discomforts, he would protest violently. Efficient production cannot be obtained under such conditions. More attention must be given to these essentials. Perhaps the most important at the present time is proper hitching. The size of the hitch and the method of hitching horses must be changed to meet new conditions if production costs are lowered.

Multihitches, commonly called big hitches, are meeting these needs. These hitches originated in Washington and Oregon where large crews abreast on a two-bottom plow. The side draft thus created when the outside horse is in the furrow increases

the necesary pull to move the plow by 25 percent. Where normally the plow would move with an 800-pound traction, this side draft would increase this to 1,000 pounds.

By working four horses tandem-fashion, 2 and 2, this side draft is entirely eliminated, since it is possible to hitch over the true center of draft and not several inches to the left as is necessary with the abreast hitch. Thus, tandem hitching is extremely important with plows if maximum use of the horse power is to be made and a good job of plowing done. On the harrow, disk, or drill, tandem hitches are not necessary, but drivers who have used them would not consider going back to the abreast hitch even on these implements.

A common criticism of the tandem hitch is that the leaders are too far away from the driver, making it hard to reach them if they get slow. Other objections are that power is lost when they hitch so far away from the implement; that it is difficult to turn; and that they cannot get close to the fences.

In the first place, the fastest and best team should be used as leaders. They set the pace for the others. If it is necessary to reach the lead team, a 25-cent air gun (with compression somewhat reduced) loaded with B.B. shot is a most effective method. It is much better than rocks, clods, or whips. Speak to the horse and then shoot. In about two days, speaking will do the trick

The second criticism is not valid on any instrument where a lifting force is not desired. A caboose on the end of a freight trains pulls no harder than if it were back of the engine. Any instrument with wheels, be it a plow, harrow, or wagon, performs the same as the caboose.

The other two objections about turning and plowing close to the fences can be proved wrong in five minutes after the team is hitched. It is actually possible to get closer to the fences in all save a small triangle at the corner. Turning is made easier and experienced drivers recommend the tandem hitch alone on the ease with which the horses are handled.

While there are many styles of eveners, the one which has proved most popular under varying conditions is that recommended by the Horse [illegible]tion of America. It is commonknown as the Talkington type even-

This hitch is adapted to use with y number of horses and all farm imments, including tractor plows and uipment.

The principle of the eveners is that horses are evened against each her. The problem of making the tch is, therefore, purely mathemati-l. There are three key eveners own as No. 24, No. 30, and No. 43. he length of the stick in inches corspends to its number. No. 24 is 24 ches long between the end holes, id so it is with Nos. 30 and 43. The nter holes are bored according to te draft on each end of the stick. To ake the 8-horse hitch, worked 4 and all that is needed besides the regular single and double tree sticks are veners No. 30 and No. 43. A regular horse evener is used for the lead our. For the 5- or 6-horse hitch, Nos. and 24 are required in addition to e regular 3-horse evener which is sed for the lead three. Any strong ick of proper length can be used to ake these eveners, or they can be ought ready made. They are interangeable and can be used for sever- size hitches when properly bored. These eveners have several advanges. Each horse must do exactly the ne amount of work unless arranged the driver. They are easily changed om one size unit to another. Because the rings between eveners, the hitch flexible. That is, the draw-chain end the evener works down, which eeps the doubletrees of the lead ams working low. The draft comes t right angles to the horses' hames. This prevents sore necks and sore shoulders so often found on farm teams.

On the average farm the 4-, 5-, 6-, 7-, and 9-horse hitches are the most popular. The 4-horse team worked 2 and 2 makes one of the most effective and desirable hitches that can be used on the sulky plow in hard ground. Here the advantage of the tandem hitch is exceedinigly great.The load on the horses is lightened 25 per cent over the 4-abreast hitch because the side draft is eliminated. The horses walk faster, do more work, and with less effort.

The 5-horse hitch for the gang plow is exceedingly popular among farmers who have used it. In this hitch three horses are worked in the lead and two behind, just the opposite of the common farm practice. One advantage of the 3-2 hitch is that the draw chain does not interfere with the wheel horses. It also gives ample air space to the rear team, and enables the driver to get a full view of every horse in the hitch. The near wheel position offers a splendid place to school a colt, to work a big mare heavy in foal or for an awkward horse that has a tendency to crowd.

The 6-horse hitch worked 3 and 3 can be made from the 5 by replacing the near wheel singletree with a doubletree and moving the load clevis to the right. The 6 is a very good hitch on most farms and can be used in a number of ways. One section of harrow can be used behind a gang plow in some soils very effectively with the 6. The horses are hitched over the exact center of draft and, therefore, efficient use of horse power is obtained. The 6 also works well on a 10-foot grain binder and corn pickers. From the 6 the 9 can be made by moving the 6 up and inserting three more horses at the wheel position. A harrow behind the plow with this hitch is very effective.

The 8 worked 4 and 4 does not eliminate all the side draft on a 3-bottom plow, but can be used fairly satisfactorily. A better combination for the 3-bottom plow is the 8 worked 3, 3, and 2. On 4-bottom horse or tractor plows, the 12 worked 4, 4, and 4 makes a splendid combination.

Farmers will find that by working one 6-horse team instead of two 3-horse teams considerable more work will be done, horses will stand the work better, and the expense of a second man will be eliminated. The equipment necessary is actually less than under common methods of hitching as employed by most farmers. It is simple, safe, and above all, effective. Only two lines are needed. A lead chain and a buck rope for each horse, together with a simple harness completes the horse's equipment. Bridles, except on the leaders, can be dispensed with, if bit snaps are used. Much time is saved in hitching and unhitching and one man can handle several horses in these hitches as easily as two under the old methods. These precautions should be observed, however. See that all snaps, buck ropes, lead chains, and eveners are good and strong. Never use cast iron clevises.

(More detailed information regarding the multihitch can be secured by writing your experiment station.)

AMONG OUR PIONEERS

The first of a Series of Sketches of Well Known Residents of Corwin and Community in the Township of Hamilton.

Written for the Republican by Verne Harris Rose, Town Line Correspondent.

MABEL WAKEFEILD ZIMMERMAN

It was on April 11, 1869, that a daughter was born to Mason and Cynthia Wakefield, and a little sister to Willie, aged five.

The family then owned and lived on the east side of the southwest quarter of secion 5, Hamilton township, where the Willits' house now stands. A few years later they bought and moved to a part of the A. A. Olds farm on the south side of the same quarter section 8. Here the sister, Edna, was born May 10, 1877, and the loved mother passed away on May 20, 1877.

For the next year this eight year old girl made her home with relatives and friends, but always on or facing this half-mile square.

At this time her father was married to Eliza Etson and the family moved to the old house on the Will Harris farm, north of the farm on which she was born. Here the half-sister, Arlie, was born.

They then moved to the A. A. Olds house, west of the former home on this farm. A half-brother, Glen, was born in this home. The next home was on the H. B. Corwin farm, cornering onto the familiar square. It was here that the half-brother, Guy, was born.

At this time (Nov. 30, 1884) several families from this vicinity were leaving for Nebraska to homestead. Among them was Mason Wakefield, the son, Will, had been "out west" for a year.

But the fifteen year old daughter did not take the trip with the family. She

was quietly married to Riley Zimmerman, Nov. 16, 1884.

They began housekeeping on the thirty acre farm owned by the groom in a house where the Corwin store now stands. It was across the street, but facing that fascinating 160 acres of Section 5.

A year later they bought the Wilson Sowers farm, joining them on the east. Here they lived for more than thirty-five years, and many were the gatherings held in this home for Riley and Mabel always kept open house.

It was in 1901 that the subject of my sketch, with her husband, joined the M. E. church at Corwin. A sincere Christian in word and deed, she was for many years a main prop in this little country church and the Sunday school. They now belong to the M. E. church at Lawrence.

In 1901 the father passed away in his western home. He had spent the previous autumn with his daughter. About his time they took into their home a motherles girl, Maggie Smith, to be a daughter to them. A quiet home wedding marked her marriage to Wendall Samson.

Mabel is justly proud of the girls and boys who call her "grandma." The second daughter, Marie, has been an important member of the Zimmerman household since early childhood.

Some years ago they sold this farm and bought the forty acres across the road, inside the quarter section. Here they built them a modern house and other farm buildings. It was an ideal country home, facing the setting sun. The sister, Edna, passed away in December, 1926. During the same year three brothers-in-law and a sister-in-law were called home.

Two years ago Riley and Mabel sold their little farm and moved back to the old home. To many of us this home is the fitting place for them to be. It was here their friends celebrated their tenth and their thirty-fifth wedding anniversaries. And 'tis here we hope to meet with them on their golden wedding day in 1934.

The brother, Will, passed away in 1932, so Mabel is "the last leaf on the tree' of the family. From the sun parlor in this home one can see the site of each of these earlier homes. Not many can say as much. I feel that she is a true pioneer of this community.

"No life can be pure in its purpose
and strong in its strife,
"And all life not be purer and stronger thereby." —Meredith.

RILEY ZIMMERMAN

Riley, son of Stephen and Anna Drullinger Zimmerman, was born in Bartoni, Ind., March 20, 1858. He was the eldest of five children. The three sisters, Mary Jane Olds, Effie Tuttle, and Doll Martin, now reside in Ann Arbor. The brother, Charlie, lives in Dowagiac.

When he was a lad of twelve the family moved to Michigan, settling in Keeler village and he attended the village school. A few years later they bought and moved to the farm on Section 7, Hamilton township, now known as the Frank Cory farm. This was traded with Chas. Johnson for the Zimmerman homestead on the "quarter line" of section 6.

Here the subject of my sketch worked with his father and on his land acquired a mile to the east. I was to this home that Riley took Mabel as his bride.

Riley is the oldest of our pioneers and is loved and respected as such. He has been confined to the house this winter but the warm spring days will work wonders for him, and he will soon be out hoeing in the sun, as in days of yore.

How Old Are You?

Age is a quality of mind.
If you have left your dreams behind
If hope is cold.
If you no longer look ahead
If your ambitions' fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best
And if in life you keep the jest—
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—"The Quaker."

THE PASSING OF PERRY M. YOUNG

He Was Probably the Oldest Living Resident of Decatur and Was Prominent in Business Here for Many Years.

1848-1933

Perry M. Young passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Minnie Mosier, at 9:30 o'clock last Thursday evening, June 22, 1933. He had been in poor health for the past four years and for several weeks it had been evident that the end was near.

Funeral services were held at the home on West Delaware street at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Rev. Joseph Fox, pastor of the People's church of Dowagiac, delivered an eloquent and helpful funeral address, and Arba N. Moulton paid a fellow citizen's tribute to his memory.

The beautiful metal casket was banked with flowers and the spacious home was filled to capacity with relatives and friends. Members of the Eastern Star and Masonic lodges attended in a body.

Rev. Mr. Fox spoke briefly at the grave and then the Masonic burial service was given by Past Master E. B. Scott, acting for the Chaplain, Chas. Ritter.

Perry Marion Young was born in Elkhart, Indiana, November 7, 1848. He was the oldest of seven children of Samuel Bryant and Elizabeth A. Stubbs Young, and the sole survivor of this family.

The family came to Michigan in 1853 and settled in the township of Decatur in Van Buren county. There they lived until 1881 when the father died. The mother died in 1866 and in 1869 Bryant Young married Mrs. Maria A. Henderson. Five children were born to this union. They were William and Nellie Young Yost, twins, now of Los Angeles, Calif., Blanch Youells of Chicago, Albert, who passed away a few years ago, and Maud Young Kimble, of Canoga Park, Calif.

Mr. Young was married to Miss Jennie Ball November 24, 1870, and they were parents of two children, Minnie Dell Mosier and Claud. Mrs. Young passed away in 1923 and the next day he went to the home of his daughter to live. The pleasant home which he built on West Delaware street 39 years ago was sold to Matthew Kinney.

At the age of 27 Mr. Young sold his farm and came to the village to live. He worked first in the Buggy Box factory which in the eighties was a thriving Decatur industry, and then formed a partnership with L. T. Rawson in the grain business.

After their partnership was dissolved, he continued to carry on that line of trade and also to handle produce, and he built up a fine business. He sold out about 20 years ago and retired.

Mr. Young was a staunch Republican and active in local politics. He held township and village offices for many years and was a leader in all activities for the public welfare. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias lodge during its prosperous days in Decatur, was a charter member of the Order of Eastern Star and a life member of the Masonic Lodge.

His passing removes one of the few remaining citizens of Decatur who were active on the street during the latter part of the last century.

Among those from away who attended the service were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mosier and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Young of Dowagiac, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Youells and Max Young of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Will Phillips of Gull Lake, Mr. and Mrs. John Abrams and Claud Young of Paw Paw, Marquis Young of Ann Arbor and Mrs. Bert Young of Chicago, Mrs. Maggie Stetiner and daughter, Mrs. Frances Reinhart of Cassopolis, Frank Striebel of South Bend, Mrs. Eli Young of Kalamazoo.

A TRIBUTE TO PERRY M. YOUNG

(Given at his funeral by Arba N. Moulton.)

It is like the felling of a majestic oak in the last of the native forests when a fellow townsman like Perry M. Young answers the last earthly call and is gathered unto his fathers.

In referring to him as a pioneer the word takes on a hallowed meaning, for true pioneers have become as nearly extinct as have the forests they cleared or the Boys in Blue who fought under Lincoln in the War of the Rebellion.

When the few remaining men and

women of his generation follow Mr. Young across the Great Divide, there will be no more pioneers in our beloved land of America. Future generations will come and go. The young people of today will live on ,and some of them will pass their four score years as has he, but they will not be pioneers in the sense that he was one. The pioneering in this country has all been done. None who follow in the years to come will experience the hardships and privations, and the slow process of developing a nation, which he has experienced.

Although in early life the pioneers worked hard to clear the land and build themselves homes on the frontier, yet they gained something from life which few of those of later generations can ever appreciate. They learned the value of small things, and that permanent success is not attained in a day, but by a long, patient struggle, by the gradual overcoming of obstacles, by confidence in one's ability, and by the faith that knows no fear. Men like Perry Young learned early in life to build on strong foundations, and then, when the winds of adversity came, their houses stood, for they were builded upon a rock.

Michigan was but 11 years removed from a territory, the Michigan Central railroad was completed only to Niles and the station of Decatur had just been established and named, when in the month of November, 1848, the infant Perry was ushered into the world. Five years later Decatur township became his home and Decatur continued to be his home town throughout the remainder of his life.

His early life was spent at farming, but at the age of 27 he sold the farm and moved into the village. He was naturally industrious and enterprising, and therefore it was not a matter of luck that success followed his efforts. He became foreman of the Buggy Box factory at a salary of a dollar and a half a day when such compensation was considered a good income. Later he went into the grain business and became one of the most extensive dealers in southwestern Michigan. Farmers drove many miles to deliver wheat at his elevator, and as he approached the sunset of life he was able to retire on a comfortable income.

But Mr. Young did not work for himself and family alone. He was one of the most public-spirited men this village ever had. While he builded for himself he builded for his home town also. During his long business career he was a leader in very public enterprise, and he played a prominent part in the securing of every public improvement. He was one of the builders of this community, and few of our present day citizens know or can realize the extent of the efforts for the general welfare put forth by men of his type. They made Decatur the prosperous town we now enjoy.

Mr. Young served many years in village and township offices and was a member of the Common Council that installed the municipal water plant which took our village rapidly forward in the line of progress.

He was a life-long Republican and took an active part in all political campaigns. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Order of Eastern Star and Masonic fraternities.

Mr. Young was an ideal husband and father, and a loyal friend. We now bid him farewell with a feeling of gladness for having known him so many years, and a feeling of gratitude for what he has done in past years for our village and community.

He, and other pioneers who have gone before him, prepared a good foundation for the building of Decatur. They brought modern improvements to our homes and made it possible for life in the country to rank in beauty, comfort and refinement with that of our neighbors in the cities.

They were farseeing, generous and considerate. They builded for posterity.

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream held no fear for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way,
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at eventide?"
The builder lifted his gray old head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good Friend, I am building this bridge for him." —Anon.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our midst Brother Perry M. Young, and

Whereas, It is just and fitting that recognition of his many virtues be made; therefore, be it

Resolved, By Decatur Lodge No. 99, F. & A. M. that in the death of Perry M. Young our order laments the loss of a Brother who was ever ready to proffer the hand of fellowship and aid and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed, the Fraternity an active member whose utmost endeavors were expressed for its welfare and prosperity, a friend and companion who was dear to us all and a citizen whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows.

Resolved, That our heartiest sympathy be extended to his relatives, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the lodge, a copy transmitted to the bereaved family and a copy to the Decatur Republican.

Frank Hall,
Ross I. Hudson
F. B. Buys,
Committee

THE PASSING HOURS AND YEARS

Written by Mrs. Ollie Deuel for the Home Coming at the Glenwood Church October 1.

Gone are the hours of yesterday. To come are the hours of tommorrow. To some they are hours of bliss, to others repentance and sorrow.

The hours and years that we travel down life's pathway, the only hours we seem to know, are the hours we have today, so make the best of them as they pass. With a smile or a sigh share with others we meet on the trail,—these hours and years that so brightly pass by.

As I stand here today and see the dear faces in the frames hanging on the wall—when those same good noble people came here to Sunday school years ago, when I was a little girl, when my life was filled with sunshine, happy, joyous and free—same as the little children here today.

I listened to the preacher, Rev. Allen, telling us to love Jesus. And how sweet on a clear Sabbath morning to list to the church bell ringing its tone so sweely—calling, oh come to to the church and to Sunday school.

No spot is so dear to my childhood as the dear Brown church in Glenwood, and Miss Flora Layland was my Sunday school teacher and I dearly loved her. She has passed over to the Heaven shore and I'm sure there will be stars in her crown—but the hours and years pass by and others have taken their places—and our minds today have been thronged with thoughts of the departed of the loved ones for whom our tears did flow—for our fathers and mothers and brothers—sisters and children and kind friends that have gone to the heavenly shore.

And as we dreamed we lived in memories of the good, the bitter and the sad,—but if we live a good life—Jesus said come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest—and clouds will pass away—darkness will be turned to sunshine—night will be turned to day.

Oh yes, there are many who wait for us at the portals, whose smiles I've missed through many years—but we should try and live a good life to meet them in the dawning of that new life without regret or fear.

But our work on earth is not yet finished. We have a few more crops to sow. Then you must remain behind to help with the harvest. But when it comes time to go we will ring down the slumber curtain—the shrouded years will be stretched out in buried snow. This is the time when going to heavenly life is certain. Then we have to go—but when I go home how little will it matter.

The way is sure. Someone will take my hand and lead me from the shadows into glory—and leave this earth for ths heavenly land. Blessed is the day and blessed is the way to that

splendor of eternity. I do hope we live a good life and we meet all the dear ones over there and come face to face with Jesus.

Oh the height and depth of mercy. Oh the length and breadth of love. Oh the fullness of redemption and pledge of endless life above.

Mrs. Ollie Deuel.

RECALLS ACCIDENT OF MARY CASE

W. H. Howland Also Remembers the Story of First Train Wreck on Michigan Central.

W. H. Howland of Jackson was a boyhood resident of Decatur and also one of the oldest living employes of the Michigan Central Railroad Company. For many years he was an engineer and took the fastest trains over the line. His trains of late years were the limited trains that stopped only at the largest cities along the line. They would pass this station going at the rate of about 60 miles an hour. The little town would come into sight and vanish almost in an instant. But it was the engineer's old home town, many of his near and dear relatives lived here and their pleasant homes within the town's narrow borders were a part of the life and prosperity of this peaceful community.

It would be strange if the engineer, guiding with a master hand the swift flight of his palace on wheels, did not give special thought to Decatur and the old associations during the moment that the familiar scenes were before him.

The following good letter of his early remembrances is proof that he did and the Republican hopes to receive more of such letters from our former townsman. Mr. Howland served fifty years on the Michigan Central and was retired a few years ago on a pension. —Ed.

Jackson, Mich, June 18, '33.

Arba N. Moulton.

Dear Sir:—

In last week's issue of the paper you mentioned the death of Mary Case on April 17, 1913.

My uncle, James Mahoney, of Decatur was a passenger on the same train with Miss Case and I also knew her for a number of years. I heard my uncle tell of the wreck a number of times. He stated the horse races at Kalamazoo were the great drawing card on this date, October, 1859. Dexter, one of the fastest horses of his time, trotted a mile in two minutes and 40 seconds, a remarkable speed at that date.

The crowd was so great to see the races the railroad company could not furnish coaches, so they placed seats in box cars and used them to carry passengers. The box cars were attached on the rear end of the train, coupled with link and pin to the coaches with a bell rope stretched over the top.

After the train left Mattawan and had attained considerable speed some one cut the bell cord and pulled the coupling pin between the coaches and box cars. The coaches ran away from the box cars and made the Lawton stop and were unloading passengers when the box cars running wild, crashed into the coaches, killing 9 and crippling 28. My uncle received a broken ankle which always troubled him more or less.

He said Miss Case's limb was amputated, a section of bone taken out and replaced, the bone was crushed so it would not heal at the first operation. She had a special made shoe for the foot so as to make up for the difference in the length of her limbs.

A number of years later she had the same limb broken again. Engineer Frank Billings for whom I afterwards fired, was braking on a freight train for his father and was on a siding south of the depot at Lawton out of the way of this special train.

Frank Billings and his father were eye witnesses to this wreck.

The company blamed a fellow who lived in Hamilton township for the wreck. He had some stock killed and his settlement with the company was not satisfactory.

The company had a detective work for him as a farm hand for three years but he never got any information that would implicate the man with the wreck.

The First Wreck on M. C.

The first wreck I ever heard of on the M. C. was in the early '50's. A freight train and road train met head-on during a late November snow storm at a place known as Spring hollow about 1¾ miles east of Dowagiac.

When the freight train left Dowagiac the weather was clear and also when the road train left Gage's school house crossing the weather was clear. There was no telegraph system at that time to make meeting points for trains—engine and train crews had to depend on their vision and back up to the nearest siding.

This sudden November snow storm was the occasion of this wreck which hid both trains.

The road train had a carload of T rails behind or back of the way-car, next to the engine. When the collision took place the T rails shifted endways into the way-car and killed quite a number of the workmen. The name of the engine and road train was the Swallow No. 73. The conductor was Lyman Rawson of Decatur, who afterwards owned the planing mill and Lawrence elevator, located west of M. C. depot.

The Swallow was built with a single or one drive wheel on each side. Her freight rates on Kalamazoo hill was four box cars west bound.

I got this story of the wreck from the fireman of the Swallow; he was flagman for a number of years on Kalamazoo avenue west of Kalamazoo depot near the old round house.

W. H. Howland.

The Republican has been handing out a lot of the fishing law cards. If the ears of our state solons at Lansing haven't burned it isn't because Decatur men haven't been discussing (and in not a few cases cussing) them. This fifty cent license fee to go fishing is definitely and beyond question unpopular in this section. It would seem that there was a tactical error on the part of the generals of legislature in putting on that license on residents at the same time as they reduced the impost on the non-resident anglers.

Station Agent O. Hamilton says the buses may be taking the local travel but the railroads are getting strong for the long distance travel. One day last week No. 39 went through in six sections. All were filled with travelers from the east going to the World's Fair.

Chas. W. Tucker

(Ancient History About Decatur. Written by Abe Norwood Twenty Years Ago and Revised.)

Chas. W. Tucker was a Decatur merchant in the days of the Civil War and before. He occupied a frame building where Brigham's hardware store now stands.

He sold dry goods and groceries, hardware, crockery, drugs, fruits and vegetables, in fact almost everything known to the buying public in his time.

He also bought everything that was brought to him to be sold and did some shipping. He did a heavy credit business and this probably hastened his financial downfall.

When things went against him he began to borrow money in small sums, striking a friend for from $25 to $100 according to his ability to lend. In the course of time his store went by the boards and Tucker went west.

He was an odd, strange and eccentric character. He was reckless in his business and a prey to sharp practice strangers.

A stranger called one evening and showed him a piece of yellow metal, said it was gold and worth $100. He needed $20 at once and wanted to pawn it to Tucker for that amount. Tucker gave him the twenty but the stranger never returned.

Late one evening another stranger called and inquired if he bought furs. "Bet yer life," replied Tucker, "Buy everything." The stranger had what appeared to be a mink skin, a large one and nicely fixed for market. Mink skins were dear and Tucker gave a good round price for what the next morning proved to be a cat skin.

His knowledge of mathematics was limited and when he got into trouble he would call his son William Henry, the late lawyer. William Henry was his clerk in those days and he often called, "Bill Hen, Bill Hen, here quick."

He was always on the alert for customers and when anyone would enter his store he would meet him, salute and then commence,—"Well, friend, what can I do for you today?"

If the customer asked for an ax handle or anything else he had, Tucker would reply, "Yes, sir, you don't think we would be here without them, do you?"

In those days people burned wood, buying 4-foot wood and cutting it in

lengths to suit their stoves. There were "corporation fiddlers" who made a business of bucking wood, but Tucker didn't hire them. He had a clerk and in the mornings before trade commenced his clerk was compelled to put in time on the wood pile in the back yard.

DEATH OF MRS. E. A. RICHEY

She Was a Native of Hamilton Township and a Well Known Resident of Decatur for Many Years.

Mrs. E. A. Richey passed away last Saturday evening at 10:15, after an illness of about a year. Funeral services conducted by Rev. L. F. Cooper were held at the home at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

Harriett Evelyn Wise was born in Hamilton township November 15, 1863. She spent her earlier days on the farm of her parents, Abram and Harriett Wise, attending Lee and Decatur schools. At the age of 15 she was married to Frank Potts. To this union were born two children, Camilla and Robert, the latter passing away when a small child.

She continued to reside in Decatur until 1900 when the family moved to Benton Harbor. They resided there until the death of Mr. Potts, when she and her daughter Camilla moved to Chicago.

In 1907 she was married to Ernest A. Richey of that city where she lived until they came to Decatur in 1931.

She is survived by her husband, E. A. Richey, her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Keener of Chicago, a sister, Mrs. Edith Youells, of Decatur, and two cousins, Mrs. Nell Buck Parmalee, of Chicago, and Mrs. Kitty Lee Warner, of Niles.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. RICHEY

(Given at her funeral by A. N. Moulton.)

It is not always easy to fashion into words the thoughts that would pay fitting tribute to one whose whole life has been a composite of gentleness, friendliness and good cheer. And so in giving a brief eulogy of Mrs. Richey I am beset with a feeling of incompetence to come anywhere near to doing her justice.

Her life was an inspiration to those who knew her. She was always cheerful, always smiling; never gloomy, petulant or unkind, and in her quiet, peaceful way she was a tower of strength to her relatives and friends.

She did not "hide her light under a bushel," but let it shine forth, "so that it gave light unto all that were in the house."

Mrs. Richey was a native of this community. Just a little way down the road in the township of Hamilton can be seen her birth place. There on the farm she lived the carefree life of a child and grew to young womanhood. There she developed the bright, happy disposition which was characteristic of her later years. The radiant peace of the country,—waving fields of blossomed clover, beautiful white snowballs and sweet scented lilacs that breathe health and beauty and vigor, remind one of her.

Following her life on the farm she spent many years as a resident of Decatur where she took an active part in society and in the general welfare of the village. Then she went away and her genial personality became lost to us for a time. But she never parted with her home here, and a few years ago came back to the community she loved.

Mrs. Richey did not come back here to die, but to live, and she did not come until her faithful helpmeet was ready to come with her. She had often said that her old friends were nearest and dearest to her, and her family rejoice that she was privileged to spend several happy years among them.

Mrs. Richey was one of a generation fast passing beyond the pale of human vision. "As a flower of the field so it flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Others of her generation bow their heads in sadness at her passing and silently wonder who will be the next to go.

I remember once of two good pioneer citizens stopping at our house as they returned from the cemetery on Decoration day. One of them remarked that the years had rolled around until they had become among the old people of the town.

Today that worthy couple are numbered with the past, and some of us here assembled are classed among our fellow townsmen as they were then. Soon too "the place thereof shall know us no more."

But from this human experience we must not draw a picture of awe and sorrow, but rather one of joy and triumph; for as the song says, "There's a land that is fairer than this, and by faith we can see it afar," and the Apostle Paul brightens the pathway for us with the declaration that, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

MRS. ANNETTE OSBORN AT 90

Many Relatives and Friends Visited the Hospitable Osborn Home December 29 to Offer Congratulations.

Mrs. Annette Osborn celebrated her ninetieth birthday Tuesday, December 29, by receiving her relatives and friends in the afternoon and evening.

In arranging this pleasant opportunity for nearly one hundred people to demonstrate their high esteem for Mrs. Osborn, her grandchildren are carrying on, in the third generation, the hospitality for which this spacious farm home has always been noted. Beautiful roses and flowering plants graced the reception room.

Refreshments were served each group and the time was passed very pleasantly as each guest awaited an opportunity for a little chat with Aunt Nette.

The sight and hearing are a little dimmed by the years but her mind is as active as ever and her interest in people and events is still keen. She is blessed with a remarkable memory and readily recounts past events in her long life, better than seventy years of which has been spent in this community.

With ninety years behind her and knowing that she can not expect so very many more in this life, she still retains an alert interest in the present and a cheerful hope and faith in the future.

The congratulations and good wishes she received on this occasion add another page to her memory album in which she takes so much delight.

MRS. ANNETTE OSBORN DIES AT AGE OF 91

Was Widow of the Late Erastus Osborn and a Resident of Hamilton Township Since the Time of the Civil War.

Mrs. Annette M. Osborn, one of the few remaining pioneers of this vicinity, died in her home seven miles west of Decatur on M-40, in Hamilton township, Sunday. Mrs. Osborn, who celebrated her ninety-first birthday December 29, came to Michigan in 1861 when her parents, Ralph and Welthy Hine Lasscelle, purchased a farm in Hamilton township and located there. At that time, she was a young lady of 20 years, having been born in Jefferson county, New York, December 29, 1841.

As a girl of seventeen she made the trip by boat from the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence river to Chicago where relatives resided. For some time she was engaged in teaching in a girls' school in that city.

Taught in Early Days

After teaching the Fields and North Wayne schools, she was married to Erastus Osborn, March 24, 1864, and they settled on the land which he had purchased. From this beginning Mr. and Mrs. Osborn built an extensive farmstead by additions of land and improvements from time to time. Their commodious home was noted for its hospitality and at various times was a home in every sense of that word for several outside the family circle.

They reared two daughters, Mary who was married to W. H. Myrkle, and Lulu. Mr. Osborn died June 28, 1913 and the daughters, first Lulu and then Mary, preceded their mother.

In later years she has received the tender, thoughtful care of her granddaughters, Mrs. Helen Ridenour and Miss Marjorie Myrkle. Besides these she leaves three grandsons, Harold Myrkle, residing near the old home, Grover Myrkle of Dowagiac, and Lawrence Myrkle of Plano, Ill. There are also six great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Osborn possessed a very keen and active mind and was known for her exceptional memory, faculties she retained to the last. Her accounts of

childhood days in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands and incidents of pioneer life in Michigan were related with accurate dates in her ready conversation, and were read with eager interest in the local press. Some of her more ambitious literary efforts were published in selective magazines.

Although never physically strong her hands were never idle, and many were the products of her skill in needlework and knitting. In the days of the World War, she turned out a continuous procession of warm, knitted things for the boys overseas.

Her many thoughtful acts of kindness will be remembered by a large circle of friends and relatives.

FRANK WHITE AT 78

Decatur Barber To Celebrate Birthday August 2. Has Been in Business in Decatur 46 Years.

Friday, July 28, Frank White will complete 46 years in the barber business in Decatur, and on next Wednesday, August 2, he will be 78 years old.

Mr. White has the honor of being the oldest business man on the street and he is still putting in full days of work as faithfully as a man in his prime. In fact it would be a debatable statement to say that he has passed his prime.

Mr. White has followed the barber's trade 61 years. He came here from New York which is his native state.

He built the building he now occupies 26 years ago and has lived in his present home since the fall of 1893.

The Republican joins with his many other friends in extending him congratulations and best wishes for continued good health and happiness.

LEWIS L. HAMILTON

1860-1933

Lewis L. Hamilton, son of George and Lydia Hamilton, pioneer family of Dowagiac, Decatur and vicinity, passed away at his home in Decatur early Monday Morning, April 10, at age of 72 years. He was born in Dowagiac June 16, 1860.

His parents lived on a farm west of Decatur near Lake of the Woods. It was in this vicinity he attended school.

His early life was spent in farming. He lived in Dowagiac for three years where he worked for P. D. Beckwith of the Round Oak Stove Co. He then moved to Covert, where he resided on a farm for three years.

He came to Decatur in 1893, where on the 7th of May of that year, he purchased the furniture and undertaking business from O. M. Olmsted which he has conducted for 42 years.

He was united in marriage to Myrtle Barnhart May 7, 1884, at Norwalk, Ohio. To this union four children were born—Mrs. Bessie Lawrence, at home; Mrs. Fern Carrington, LaJunta, Colo.; Carl D. Hamilton, Buchanan, and Mrs. Jessie Brigham, who passed away January 8, 1918.

Besides his wife he is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Carrie Phelps, rural route, Dowagiac; Mrs. Velma Hacker, Canton, Mississippi, and Mrs. Cora Sorenson of Sedro Woolley, Washington; also thirteen grandchildren.

He was a member of Sprague Lodge No. 113 I. O. O. F.,

Mr. Hamilton has been associated in business with his son in Buchanan.

Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon, April 13, at 2:30 o'clock. The church was filled to capacity, many friends of long standing coming from other towns.

Mr. Hamilton was the oldest member of the Southwestern Michigan Undertakers Association and about a dozen of his fellow members were present.

The floral pieces were numerous and beautiful and included tokens from his neighbors, the Decatur business men, the undertakers, the Odd Fellows, Ladies of the Presbyterian church, the Bible classes of both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Judge Anderson of Paw Paw and others friends.

Rev. L. F. Cooper gave the funeral sermon, Frank Flagg of Dowagiac offered prayer and the Presbyterian male quartet sang two beautiful hymns.

Rev. Mr. Cooper gave a short reading from the Scriptures and August Kholl and B. E. Bishop gave the Odd Fellows burial service at the grave.

Oscar W. Newell and Theron I. Childs, funeral directors of Decatur and Buchanan, conducted the funeral services.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Terry of Buchanan. Mr. Terry was pastor of the Disciple church of Decatur some 30 years ago. His health is poor so that he was unable to take part in the service. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Childs and Mr. and Mrs. Harley Squier of Buchanan, ten undertakers of southwestern Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Duncombe of Keeler, Miss Mattie Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Bradfield, Mrs. E. J. Robinson and mother, Mrs. Henry Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Phelps of Dowagiac, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell Phelps of Hamilton.

PIONEER SCHOOL TEACHER DIES

Miss Emma Rice of Lawrence Taught in the Decatur School Away Back in the Seventies.

Miss Emma Rice, 87, of Lawrence, well-known for many years as a school teacher, died early Monday at the home of her brother, Chauncey Rice, with whom she resided 25 years. She was born in Lawrence and was educated in local schools and the State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

During her long career as an educator, Miss Rice was employed in White Pigeon, Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Hartford, and Lawrence.

Funeral services were held at 2 Wednesday in the Congregational church with Rev. Lucille Hayward officiating. Burial was in the Old cemetery. Miss Rice was many years a member of the Baptist church at Lawrence.

Miss Rice also taught in the Decatur school away back in the seventies. When Supt. Burked came here from the Lawrence public school he recommended Miss Rice for a teacher and she proved to be all that her friends said of her.

Decatur had capable teachers in those early days, as since. Among them were Miss Rice, Miss Lyman and Miss Beattie, who later became Mrs. J. H. Collins, and Miss Fannie Trowbridge, who later became Mrs. L. G. Stewart. Miss Rice was a relative of John Rice of Hamilton township.

THE GARD HOMESTEAD IN VOLINIA

Lincoln Gard dropped into the office for a few minutes the other day and remarked that he has put out 22 acres of wheat and that last June he sowed 16 acres of alfalfa.

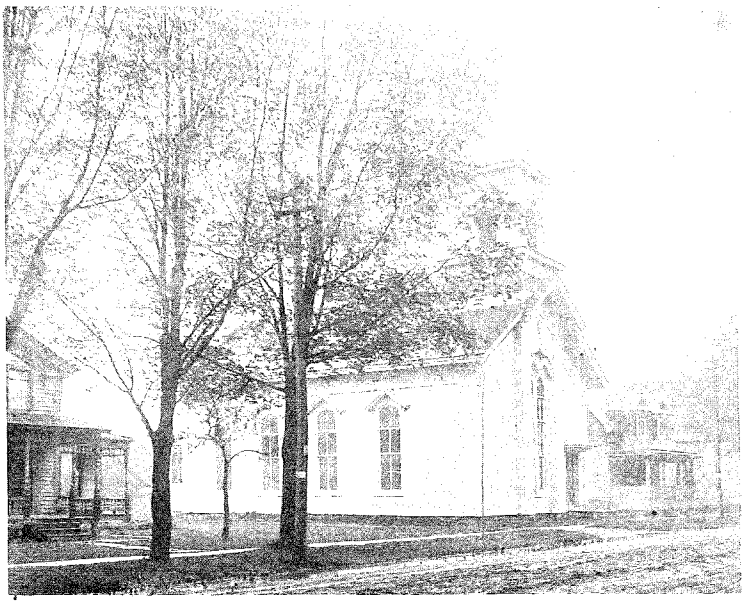
The Gard farm is now owned by his sister, Mrs. Owen Schutt, youngest of the children of Milton Gard. The others are Lincoln, Mrs. Ida Swan and Ezra. Mrs. Schutt will be 70 next month and then they all will be in the seventies.

The Gard farm consists of 120 acres in the old homestead and another forty. Jonathan Gard, grandfather of the present occupants, took it of the government in 1829 and it is one of the first settlements made in Volinia township, Cass county.

The first settlement in the township was made by Samuel Morris March 27, 1892. Jonathan Gard, Samuel Rich and Elijah Goble came three days later. The township was named by Josephus Gard after a province in Poland. The original spelling was Volhynia.

The house in which the Gards now live is probably the oldest occupied house in the township. It was remodeled by Milton Gard in the sixties.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF DECATUR



THE STORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF DECATUR

By the Pastor, Rev. J.R. Uhlinger

Methodism in this area dates back before the building of any churches, before Decatur had a single settler, to the days when the first white people came here by horseback and emigrant wagon from Ohio and the East. The Circuit Rider went with the pioneers in every direction as they spread out to make their settlements at home in clearing on the new land. Mary Carolyn Davies has painted the picture in her poem:

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

God tramps on through the scourging rain,
  God vaults into the saddle,
Ride alone past the dusty plains,
  God's back bends to the paddle.
Cedar branches and sunlight through!
And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe!
God rides out on his ancient quest,
  Healing, saving, commanding;
Here in the savage, unknown west;
  Settlement, cabin, landing—
Well they know the steady beat,
In the stillness of God's horses feet,
God leads to grace the pioneers,
  Who walk each hour with danger;
Knows these grim men for his peers,
  Gives his bread to the stranger;
Doing all that a neighbor can,
God rides still, a weary man.
God rides out! And found three states;
  Their scourger, their defender;
Guides their love and tones their hate,
  Leads them into splendor!
God — in the Circuit Rider's breast—
Once more God built a world — our West.

The Circuit Rider could not be eluded for he was in Indiana in 1800, sixteen years before that state came into the Union; for twelve years (1803-15) "Illinois" was the appointment of one man on horse back. These pioneer preachers had come to Kentucky in 1784, to Ohio in 1788, and on to Michigan in 1808 when the first Methodist sermon was preached in this state.

A Circuit Rider named Nolley rode into a small clearing in Mississippi one day, having followed fresh wagon tracks. The settler standing beside his wagon which was not yet unloaded cried, "Another Methodist preacher! I left Virginia for Georgia to get clear of them. But they got my wife and daughter and I came here, and here you are before I get my wagon unloaded!" Nooley replied, "My friend, if you go to heaven, you will find Methodist preachers there; if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is on earth, so you had better make terms with us and be at peace."

Mr. Dolphin Morris was the first white settler to come to the immediate area of Decatur and he settled in what is now the southeastern part of Decatur Township, building his log cabin in 1829.

Into this clearing rode a Circuit Rider in the same year to preach the first Methodist sermon in this vicinity. Two years later George Tittle and LeGrand Anderson made adjacent settlements. Sermons were preached in their homes and quarterly meetings were held in the summer times in Mr. Anderson's barn. What is now Van Buren County had its first Methodist class on July 27, 1834, after a quarterly meeting held in George Tittle's house.

Decatur at this time was a favorite hunting and fishing area for the early settlers, but after 1848 when the Michigan Central Railroad was put through from Kalamazoo to Niles and in the next year when the swamp road was opened the settlers here platted the village. The first school was on east St. Mary's Street in 1848 and was taught by Miss Sarah Cook who had an enrollment of twenty pupils. In 1854 the business section of the village boasted of a drug store, two general stores, and a dry goods store.

Decatur was incorporated by the Board of Supervisors on October 11, 1859, and by legislative act on March 16, 1861.

At this period when the circuit-riders had moved on westward and the resident pastor and church were needed, one of the most outstanding men in the history of Decatur worked and labored here mightily. The man was Dr. Joseph Jones who was appointed to preach here by Bishop Simpson at the Ionia Annual Conference on September 27, 1860. He has been described as "a man of God, a Christian gentleman, a scholastic sage, a man who could read and speak seven languages, and one who was not ashamed of labor's gateway."

The people were poor and few in number. They had worshipped in the school, but now they needed a church, and most of all, a leader to build one. Dr. Jones built the church with the help of Mr. Bennett, Mr. Bray the carpenter, Dr. Rogers the physician, and Mr. Manley, the storekeeper, and the assistance and sacrifice of all of the other members. Remarkable offerings and gifts were contributed locally, and the remainder was procured on frequent lecturing trips in the East from which Dr. Jones brought back $400 to $500 each time.

Debate with Spiritualist

Two memorable events came in the summer of 1861. The first was the result of a challenge to debate given to Rev. Jones by the Spiritualists of this section of the state. The schoolhouse was selected as the place when he accepted the challenge, judges were appointed and the debate began.

It was a thrilling event convening every week night and lasting for six weeks. All Mr. Jones had to do was to answer all of the arguments the Spiritualists (en masse) could hurl against him—AND HE DID. The school was packed and a crowd sometimes surrounded the building to listen through the open windows.

Mr. H. Wickett once reported that at the debate the Spiritualists would attempt to quote the Bible in the Greek, Latin Vulgate or some English translation, and if they made a mistake Dr. Jones would immediately interrupt and give the correct quotation and translation from memory. The judges decided at the close of the debate that the Spiritualist representation had lost every one of their points to Dr. Jones.

The second event of that summer was the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Decatur on September 3. The speaker was Dr. Thomas M. Eddy, editor o fthe Northwestern Christian Advocate and dean of all church dedicators in what was then known as the great Northwest. The text was John 1:17—"For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The whole town turned out that day. Everything was prepared with the exception of an organ so a group rushed to Dowagiac, brought back an organ, discovered when they got it to the door that it was too large to be taken up to the gallery by the stairway, and as a last resort a score of young men hoisted it up from the auditorium by means of ropes.

All of the young people of the town crowded the gallery (where choirs were then accustomed to sing). Mr. Isaac Taylor was the leader and Miss Fuller played what was left of the organ. After the sermon, a masterpiece such as Dr. Eddy was famed for, pledges were taken to finish the debt and all but $100 was raised. Then Dr. Eddy took the situation in hand.

"Now I want ten young men to give me $10 apiece, and when you want to get married, if you come over to Chicago and see me it will cost you nothing."

Ten young men responded — and some of them later took advantage of the offer.

Rev. J. W. Davids, a later pastor of the church, spoke of Dr. Jones as having come into Decatur like a meteor, doing his magnificent work here in the same manner, and leaving for Boston after one short year.

Changes in the Church

One night during prayer meeting in 1867 the plaster rosette around the large chandelier in the center of the auditorium fell, narrowly missing Mr. Ellis and stunning Miss [illegible] who was [illegible] unconscious [illegible] home but [illegible] and [illegible] to attend [illegible] duties at the school the next morning, much to the disappointment of the "kids" of the town who had figured on a vacation. Repairs were made and the ornamentation was left off this time.

The present parsonage was purchased in 1889 while Rev. W. W. Lapport was pastor. An addition was built and within a year the Ladies' Aid under the leadership of Mrs. Josephine Potts finished paying for the property and repairs. (Note—the centennial of the parsonage as well as the church will soon be here.)

During Rev. L. H. Manning's fruitful ministry the church was repaired and remodeled extensively, though his removal in the middle of his fourth year handicapped the completion of the work. (1900—04.)

Dr. D. D. King is well known for his church building and enlarging work on various charges, and while minister in Decatur from 1919-22, he was engaged in the task of putting a basement under the present church and building the addition of the young people's room.

One morning he and a boy who clerked in one of the stores began the excavation work alone. In a short time Mr. H. L. Sutton came along, as he usually does, and gave a hand until others became enthused and the work began in earnest. Before the task was finished $7,000 had been spent for the present basement, kitchen, foundation, young people's room, re-roofing and painting.

Christmas week, 1922, the church roof burned and the old belfry was rebuilt, altering the original appearance of the building, and leaving it in its present form.

In 1929 the church was redecorated beautifully and a new ceiling was suspended in the auditorium under the generous direction of Mr. Oscar Newell and Mr. William C. Snyder.

PETER CARTWRIGHT

In 1910 Mr. James Ellis, an old-timer, told Rev. J. W. Davids that in his memory in the very early years of the Decatur Methodist Episcopal church the far-famed Peter Cartwright once preached in the church, having chanced to come through this section of the state. If this is true, the local church has a direct connection with one of the great figures in the pioneer days of this country. Peter Cartwright would not cause stir today, but in his day he was a man of the hour, one who knew the times—yes, a man of the times.

Because of the vivid portrayal of the days when this church was organized in the life of this rather eccentric character, this instalment will turn from the main theme of the series in order to get a glimpse of the times.

This was the camp-meeting period of the American church. Religion was emotional, conversions were sometimes violent and usually quite re-actionary, shouting supported the sermons, and sin, Satan, hell fire and brimstone were made graphically real. Peter Cartwright became the great preacher of the period. He was born in 1778 in Virginia, and was reared on the rough Kentucky frontier. After being converted at 16, he became a junior preacher at 18, and in the succeeding 20 years he preached 8,000 sermons.

He was built for the rough life of the circuit-rider. On a superb body there was set a rugged head, topped with a mass of iron-gray hair which was always in disorder. Shaggy eyebrows could not hide eyes which instantly attracted attention, and which, in moments of excitement, seemed to snap fire.

When bullies sought to make trouble he did not hesitate to tackle them single-handed, and then get up and preach until as many as three hundred at one camp meeting fell helpless in agony for their sins, "in every direction, right and left, front and rear—they were strewed all over the camp ground."

He feared no mortal. One day he was invited to preach in the Presbyterian church of Nashville, Tennessee. The church was packed already when the idol of the South, General Jackson, stalked in and leaned up against the wall. The church had never had the honor of the General's presence and the resident pastor was fearful lest Cartwright should over-look mentioning the honor. Peter's coat-tails were tugged and "General Jackson has come in" was whispered loudly. But the sermon went on. Again the message was whispered more loudly. At that Cartwright, who already knew the General personally, wheeled around and shouted, "Who is General Jackson? If he doesn't get his soul converted, God will damn his soul to hell as quick as he will a Guinea Negro."

The poor Presbyterian preacher narrowly missed a stroke of apoplexy, and made haste to apologize to the General the next day, but on that same day General Jackson met Cartwright on the street and said, "You are a man after my own heart. A min-

ister of Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man."

After the churches were established they settled down to the peaceful business of arguing about scripture and hurling texts back and forth to support denominational views. Peter's wit gave him a decided advantage in this sport. The Baptists argued immersion with him so much that one day he stopped a sermon and yelled, "Water! Water! Water! You might think that heaven was an island, and the only way to reach it was by swimming there."

In later life Peter Cartwright spent two terms as a Democrat in the Illinois Legislature. He was then nominated for Congress and his opponent was almost equally eccentric, never having joined a church to the disgust of the fervent frontier preacher. Preaching was part of Cartwright's campaign, and in one his meetings on a certain evening his opponent occupied a back seat. In the course of the evening Peter gave an altar call; then he had all who "were going to heaven" stand; then all who "wanted to be prayed for that they might go to heaven" were to stand. That left one man sitting alone quite conspicuously on the back seat—his opponent in politics—while everyone else was standing. Peter called out to the one man who was his equal, "If you are not going to repent and go to heaven, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Long legs untangled themselves and a young, gaunt giant stood up, and said dryly, with the barest suggestion of a grin upon his face, "I AM GOING TO CONGRESS, BROTHER CARTWRIGHT!"—and he did for Cartwright's opponent was Abraham Lincoln.

Those were brilliant days when churches were founded and God became very real to the people of our great middle-west. We do not speak in their language today; the sermons are of a different sort; people find God without violence and extravagance such as was prevalent then—BUT they gave us the beginning, and our obligation is to "carry on the work which they so nobly began."

Some of the members at various periods of the church's history:

Decatur, very early—L. T. Olds, Miss Mary Elliott (1850), Mrs. Jane Palmerton (mother of Milo Barton), Mrs. Sarah Keeler, Mrs. Amelia Taylor, and Mrs. Louisa M. Barney were all charter members of the Methodist church of Decatur. Other charter members included two exceptionally faithful sisters, Miss Cornelia and Miss Franke Foster, the latter being in charge of the telegraph office until her death and burial at sea on a trip to Europe. Mr. Henry Bray and his wife Cornelia were soon added to the group, and since Mr. Bray was a carpenter the task of building the church was given to him in 1860. The church had been chartered in 1856. Dr. Rogers became an outstanding man in the church at this time.

Out at Charleston (1856) Amos Morris, son of the first settler in the county, was leader of a Methodist class which included Martha and Nancy Morris, James and Jemima Fulton, Eliza Goble, Aaron Phillips, George and Nancy Tittle, and Mr. Anderson and his wife.

In 1864 at Prospect lake the class under the leadership of Lyman Cooper included Louise Cooper, Joseph, Sarah and Ella Dodge, Huran and Hulda Jacobs, Isaiah and Jane Dobson, Dennis and Maria Cooper, H. A. and Eliza Carris, Atwell and Adelia Cooper, Loretta Flagg, Ann Litter, Minerva Henry, Seth and Laura Bass, Ludelia Bass, Samantha Carley, Priscilla Greenman, Alberta and Emily Coney, and Irene Colby. Prospect lake was a point on the Decatur circuit until 1866 when Bishop Simpson transferred it to the Lawrence circuit.

East Decatur (1864)—James D. Kirtland, leader, S. F. Moon, John and Elizabeth Burnett, Jane Price, Sam and Sarah Parker, Marietta Ormsby, Heziah and Jemima Dunnington, N. R. Doolittle, Sarah Reding, Asepeth Burger, Henry and Mary Lurkins, and O. J. Lewis.

Lee school house (1865)—Anson Hale, leader, Sumner and Mahala Bisbee, J. B. and Frances Bradley, Rebecca Laberdie, Hartwell Bradley, Wm. Long Jr., Martha A. Long, Hannah E. Long, Margaret M. Cummins.

In 1860 Decatur church added the following members: Thomas and Maria Sawyer, David H. and Clarissa Manley, Jane Havens, George, Eliza and Anna Bennett, and Sarah Sweet, who was a daughter of the editor of Decatur's first newspaper, the Decatur Clarion. The church could not have been built without the sacrifice, work and gifts of Mr. Bennett, Henry Bray, Dr. Rogers, the greatly loved physician, and David H. Manley, who then had a very successful business established in the community.

South Hamilton has an older record, but quite fragmentary. There was preaching there in a little log school house as early as 1836, the location being a half mile north of the old Field school. Ed. Baxter, Mary E. and Sanford Whitlock and wife Martha, Louisa Barney, James and Esther Brooks, Elizabeth Comley, Eli Sutfin, Orlin and Mary Maxon, Eliza VanDuzer, Caroline and Mary Geer, Sarah Jane Brooks, Mary Coleman, Caroline Whiteman appear on the roll in 1860.

In addition to these already mentioned in Decatur others were added in the early years of the church, including Mary Case (1867), a cripple from the time of the tragic railroad accident at Lawton where six were killed as a result of drunken negligence on the part of the trainmen, Mrs. Orpha Lewis, Mrs. Alice O'Rourke Fletcher, Thomas Blades (1870), Josephine Potts, Mrs. Orilla Lee, Mrs. Roxy Cole, Miss Ida Cole, C. G. Bassett, S. D. Sweetland (who built the altar of the church), and Robert Morrow.

A List of Pastors

A complete list of the pastors of the Decatur circuit and church:

The circuit at various times included Charleston (Little Prairie Ronde), East Decatur, South Hamilton, Prospect lake, Glenwood, South Wayne, and Lee school house.

Undated names of the very early period: Felton, McCool, Cobb, Meek.

1855-56—J. T. Robe and A. C. Beach
1856-57—F. Glass and S. Rogers.
1857-58—E. H. Day
1858-59—W. C. H. Bliss
1859-60—L. W. Bennett
1860-61—Joseph Jones
1861-62—A. J. Van Wyke
1862-63—J. W. Miller
1863-64—A. Y. Graham
1864-65—A. L. Crittendon
1865-66—T. B. Granger
1866-68—J. R. Berry
1868-69—T. T. George
1869-71—H. Worthington
1871-72—W. B. Holt
1872-73—W. M. Coplin
1873-75—G. C. Elliott
1875-77—J. M. Aiken
1877-80—J. W. H. Carlisle
1880-81—L. W. Earle
1881-82—J. White
1882-83—W. P. French
1883-84—J. P. Force
1884-...—J. M. Whitney
1884-86—W. J. Hathaway
1886-88—J. White
1888-90—W. W. Lamport
1890-92—Wm. Prouty
1892-96—G. W. Goslin
1896-98—W. H. Moore
1898-00—A. N. Eldred
1900-04—L. H. Manning
1904-06—A. L. Toner
1906-08—G. A. Odlum
1908-10—J. W. Davids
1910-11—G. Baughman
1911-13—F. W. Nickle
1913-16—Edwin Tench
1916-19—W. A. Taylor
1919-22—D. D. King
1922-23—W. E. Calow
1923-26—W. Y. Pohly
1926-29—Thomas Rice
1929-31—E. C. Finkbeiner
1931-...—James R. Uhlinger

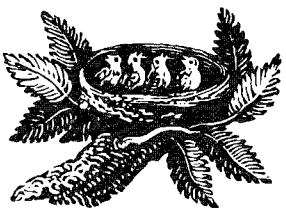
In 1860-61 the present church building was built and dedicated.

Historical data has been obtained from Rev. J. W. Davids' history of the church in the Republican in 1910, Rev. Pohly's directory of the church edited in 1925, personal interviews, and family Bible records. Secretarial records back to 1862 are treasured in the church files.

SAVE NEWTON WOODS
SAYS ELKHART MAN
W. W. Guyer Visited Cassopolis Friday To Arouse Sentiment.
(From Cassopolis Vigilant)
W. W. Guyer of Elkhart was a visitor in Cassopolis last Friday, his mission here being to try to arouse an interest in saving Newton Woods in Volinia township. Mr. Guyer, who has had considerable experience in the timber business, has visited Newton woods at times and says it is undoubtedly the best piece of timber to be saved in order that future generations may know something of what original timber lands of Michigan were like. He says this timber tract contains specimens of practically every variety
L. JOHNSON & CO

of timber that grows north of the Ohio river, and is probably the only tract of timber of any size left that contains so many varieties.

Mr. Guyer is a Cass county taxpayer, and says he has interviewed quite a number of Cass county taxpayers living in Elkhart who are desirous of seeing the timber saved. He had no definite plan of procedure to accomplish the saving of the timber, but believes it should be done by the state. In this case it would probably be necessary for the Conservation Department to recommend it, and then necessary for the state to make an appropriation. The state has many parks, visited annually by millions of tourists, but none in this section and none with the showing of timber to be found in Newton woods, and it would not seem unreasonable to have at least one public park of this kind.



FRANK WHITE AT 78

Decatur Barber To Celebrate Birthday August 2. Has Been in Business in Decatur 46 Years.

Friday, July 28, Frank White will complete 46 years in the barber business in Decatur, and on next Wednesday, August 2, he will be 78 years old.

Mr. White has the honor of being the oldest business man on the street and he is still putting in full days of work as faithfully as a man in his prime. In fact it would be a debatable statement to say that he has passed his prime.

Mr. White has followed the barber's trade 61 years. He came here from New York which is his native state.

He built the building he now occupies 26 years ago and has lived in his present home since the fall of 1893.

The Republican joins with his many other friends in extending him congratulations and best wishes for continued good health and happiness.

1933

DEATH OF MRS. LINCOLN GARD

1865-1933

Jennie M. Gard, wife of Lincoln P. Gard, passed away Wednesday morning, August 9, at the home of Mrs. Owen Schutt after a brief illness.

She leaves besides her husband, two children, Mrs. A. C. Rockstraw of Hobert, Ind., and Russell A. Gard, of Hobart, Ind. One son, Harry, died in early childhood.

Jennie M. Hutton was born in Kalamazoo county August 30, 1865, the oldest daughter of David and Louise Hutton. She came to Volinia when about 15 years of age and with the exception of a few years has since been a resident of Cass county.

She united with the Christian Science church about 20 years ago and had been a faithful member to the close of her life.

She was a loving and faithful wife, mother and sister, and a friend of mankind.

She was united in marriage with Lincoln Gard September 16, 1883, and would have celebrated their golden anniversary next month.

Funeral services were held at the home Friday afternoon at 1:30 and at the Volinia church at 2 o'clock. R. C. Gilmore of Dowagiac read the service. Burial was in Crane cemetery.

Besides her husband and two children she is survived by five grandchildren, one sister, Mrs. M. B. Griffis.

THE BALL FAMILY REUNION

The Ball family reunion was held at the farm of Clem Ball by Knickerbocker lake last Sunday.

78 members of the family were present and they came from Chicago, Copemish, Detroit, as well as nearer home.

The usual pot-luck dinner was served and it was followed by a good time at visiting.

Clem Ball was re-elected president and Mrs. Delia Dine, secretary and treasurer.

HISTORY OF THE R. F. D.

Facts and Figures Found in Little Book Presented to Their Rural Patrons by Carriers Kemp and Dwight.

In that interesting little booklet which Carriers Andy Kemp and Albert Dwight gave us we find this bit of information from Special Assistant Postmaster General Latimer,—

"We are glad to be able to tell you that for the fiscal year ended June 30, the Post Office Department is living within its income and that not one cent of money need be paid in taxes to support it. The Post Office budget is balanced.'

That statment was strenuously contradicted a few weeks ago, reports from Washington stating that the Department actually was in the red about $50,000,000 last year. The showing was brought about by juggling of figures, the report said.

History of R. F. D.

It was Postmaster General John Wanamaker who first suggested in 1891 the rural mail idea to Congress. The plan was fought in the legislative branch of the government for five years before it was given a try-out.

The first bill authorizing the establishment of the service was introduced in the House by Representative James O'Donnell of Michigan, January 5, 1892. It carried an appropriation of $6,000,000 but failed of passage. A year later Congress was induced to appropriate $10,000 for experimental purposes, followed in 1894 by $20,000 more. Mr. Wanamaker, believing the amount insufficient even for experimental service, declined to use the money.

On January 9, 1896, $10,000 was added by Congress and on October 1, the same year the first experimental rural delivery service was established simultaneously on three routes in West Virginia, one from Charleston, one from Uvilla, one from Halltown.

From this small beginnng nine months later found the service operating on 82 routes emanating from 43 post offices in 29 states. Thirty-four years later, or June 30, 1930, the rural mail service had grown to 43,278 routes with a total mileage of 1,334,842 and the approximate number of individuals served, 25,324,689.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. CORDELIA BULLARD

SHE ATTAINED HER GOAL BY LIVING 100 YEARS, AND NINE DAYS LATER WAS GATHERED TO HER FATHERS

Mrs. Cordelia Bullard passed away January 30, 1934, having attained the age of 100 years and 9 days.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist church Friday afternoon, February 2, and there was a large attendance of relatives and friends. Frank Flagg of Dowagiac gave a beautiful sermon and Mrs. Beea Young gave the splendid tribute printed herewith:

OUR BELOVED MRS. BULLARD

We are especially glad that this privilege has been given us, to fulfil the request of one of our nearest and dearest friends, Mrs. Bullard, "to say something at her funeral." She has said to me, many times, "Beea, anything you will say will be just all right, but you don't need to say much."

She didn't care for artificially colorful adjectives in the delineation of her life, a few expressions from the heart, simple and true would be her wish, and this confidence imposed in us by this beautiful soul is more appreciated than words can tell.

Cordelia Bartlett was the oldest child of Charlotte Matilda Young and Kaleb Bartlett. She had four brothers, John who died in infancy, and then a second brother John, one Charles and William and a sister Mary, all of whom have passed to higher life.

Mrs. Cordelia Bullard
(Courtesy of Benton Harbor News-Palladium.)

Cordelia was born January 21, 1834, eight miles this side of Detroit. When she was three years old the Drovers brought her family down into this wild Michigan territory where there were no clearings or thoroughfares excepting Indian trails. They settled upon the spot where Frank Sterns' home now stands and later her parents purchased the homestead that was owned by the late Lamoyne Tryon.

Her interesting stories of pioneer life have been told with interest and copied with enthusiasm. Every feature of the life of the pioneer from childhood is a story of itself, and the story of one hundred years is an epoch of history.

Cordelia Bartlett was united in marriage in her early teens with Henry Relyea. They were the parents of one daughter, Nellie (who is now Mrs. Leonard Wills and resides in Tacoma, Washington, a grand old lady of 80 years.) Mrs. Relyea was widowed in her tender years and when little Nellie was four years old.

Mrs. Bullard met the loved companion of 73 years, after their love had Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bullard have been outstanding citizens here ever since. I believe nearly all of their residency has been within Van Buren county of which we are most justly proud, and for which we are exceedingly grateful.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullard were the parents of four children—Clarence Valentine, Stephen Morton, John Franklin (who preceded his mother to the world beyond five years ago), and Mrs. Mable Cottrell, residing in Florida. They also have 6 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren.

They lived many years on the farm home in Hamilton township, near the Grange hall, where the son Frank met his death and from where the son Morton and his estimable wife took the loved aged parents home with them to conclude their happy years together.

GOING HOME

(Dedicated to Mrs. Stephen Bullard by Jessie Felt Limbeck.)

After the last words were spoken and the last song had been sung, at the simple and impressive services for the late Stephen Bullard, his aged wife, with a serene face and beautiful smile said these words,—"There's nothing more to keep me now, I'm going soon," and as she spoke, the light of the setting sun seemed to rest with unearthly beauty on her sweet old face.

Going home! Across the mystic river,
I see the gleaming of that farther shore;
Soon I shall start upon my last, long journey
To meet the loved ones who have gone before.

The prayer I raised so oft with tears and pleading
Has answered been—I asked, if Jesus willed,
That I might yet be spared to faithful service
Unto the one whose loving voice is stilled.

With tender hearts and loving friends around me,
I wait—while lingering shadows softly fail;
Death has no fear for I will answer gladly,
When I shall hear, at last, the Savior's call.
My work is nearly done, my hands are weary;
The path too rough for tired feet has grown;
Oh let me see you smile instead of grieving,
For I am going Home!

After this cloud of sorrow had submerged; Mrs. Bullard's friends began to inspire her for the century goal. She waited three more long years, bedfast, but patient, cheerful, and most appreciative and considerate of the loved ones administering to her care.

At last the day dawned, Sunday, January 21, and Mrs. Bullard was a century old. God had granted her wish and given her a perfect "summer day" for this great occasion. Her friends left nothing undone to auspiciously recognize this wonderful event. Nine days hence!

The day was done, her goal was won,
She came to the end of that perfect day,
And like the Arabs as silently
Folded her tent, and stole away.

And you and I are standing here,
In rapturous thought at this silent bier
Gathering light from the heavenly sphere
Gleaning this lesson, to live so well,
That we might as long, in this great world dwell,
Trying to be just as kind and as good,
As prudent, and dutiful, as we should
But Grandma Bullard has stemmed the tide;
Awakened in joy on the other side
Beginning once more a more perfect day
Where beautiful sunshine fades not away.

God has smiled on her life, all her [illegible]

L. O. GILLESBY

IN MEMORY OF L. O GILLESBY

Whose House Was Builded of the Best Material, "Brotherly Love," I Dedicate This Poem by S. J. Monck.—Vern Harris Rose.

THIS OLD CLAY HOUSE

When I'm through with this old clay house of mine,
When no more guide lights thru the windows shine,
Just box it up and lay it away
With the other clay houses of yesterday,
And with it, my friends, do try if you can
To bury the wrongs since first I began
To live in this house; bury deep and forget,
I want to be square and out of your debt.
When I meet the Grand Architect Supreme
Face to face, I want to be clean;
Of course, I know it's too late to mend
A bad builded house when we come to the end,
But to you who are building, just look over mine
And make your alterations while there is time;
Just study this house—no tears should be shed,
It's like any clay house when the tenant has fled.
I have lived in this house many days all alone,
Just waiting, and oh how I longed to go home!
Don't misunderstand me—this old world divine,
With love, birds and flowers and glorious sunshine,
Is a wonderful place, and a wonderful plan,
And a wonderful, wonderful gift to man.
Yet, somehow we feel when this cycle's complete
There are dear ones across we are anxious to meet,
So we open the books and check up the past,
And no more forced balances, this is the last.
Each item is checked, each page must be clean,
It's the passport we carry to our Builder Supreme.
So when I am through with this old house of clay.
Just box it up tight and lay it away,
For the Builder has promised when this house is spent,
To have one all finished, with timber I sent
While I lived here in this one; of course it will be
Exactly as I here have builded, you see
It's the kind of material we each send across,
And if we build poorly, of course 'tis our loss.
You ask what material is best to select
'Twas told long since by the Great Architect,
"A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another, as I have loved you."
So the finest material to send up above
Is clear, straight grained timber of Brotherly Love.

S. J. Monck.

Educated in the schools at Bad Axe and Port Huron, Mich., he became a teacher in the schools of Huron county and later physical director of the Port Huron and Muskegon Y. M. C. A.'s.

Entering the Y. M. C. A. college in Chicago in 1896 he became a successful director of physical education and in 1898 entered the Northwestern University Medical school, continuing meanwhile as an instructor in anatomy, dissection and other subjects at the Y. college for two years.

From 1900 to 1905 he served as Y. M. C. A. physical director at New Orleans and Birmingham, Ala. Returning to Chicago in 1906 he became director of athletics and assistant professor of physical training at Northwestern University. In 1910 he was advanced to a full professorship and was made secretary of the building committee. He drew the plans for Patten gymnasium, then the largest gymnasium in the world and forerunner of all the great field houses. He was sent by Northwestern to study the physical training systems at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Carlisle, Columbia and other eastern schools. Under his direction and original methods Northwestern forged to the front rank in physical training and athletics, while during his entire career as a physical director he piloted many teams and individual athletes to outstanding records and coveted championships.

Many successful men in business and the professions today remember with keen appreciation the training in physical well being and the inspiration in character building they received under the direction of Mr. Gillesby.

This experience through a long period of successful service has given him a keen understanding of men and affairs, and is augmented by his studious devotion to matters of government and economics.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST REFORMED CHURCH

THE FIRST CHURCH Built 1911—Sold 1921

PRESENT EDIFICE OF FIRST REFORMED CHURCH

FORMER PASTORS AND SPECIAL SPEAKERS SCHEDULED FOR A THREE-DAY PROGRAM NEXT WEEK THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SUNDAY.

The First Reformed church has been making elaborate preparations during these last two months to commemorate this spring its silver anniversary. Next week Thursday, March 29, it will be exactly 25 years ago that this congregation was founded and organized as a Reformed church. The church feels, therefore, that this milestone in its experience shall not pass by unnoticed but that it should be duly celebrated. On Thursday and Friday evenings and Sunday all day special programs have been arranged for with special speakers and special music. Several of the former pastors, Rev. A. Oosterhof and Rev. C. Muller, are scheduled to speak on Thursday night while a son of another pastor is also scheduled to appear. Since this is Home Coming night, it is expected that many of the former members, who now live elsewhere, but invited by special invitation, will come and celebrate with the congregation this event in the church's history.

On Friday night, which is to be Community night, three of the local pastors are scheduled to speak. The program is interspersed with splendid music by choir, double quartet as well as solos and a special invitation is issued to the community to celebrate that night with the congregation.

On Easter Sunday morning the present pastor is scheduled to speak. In keeping with the historic event of the resurrection of Christ he has chosen the appropriate subject of "The Glory of Christ's Resurrection," while the men's double quartet as well as a duet will be furnished in keeping with the Easter theme. In the evening, which marks the climax of the celebration, Dr. Winfield Burggraaf, son of a former pastor of this church and today Professor of Systematic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Holland, Mich., is to bring the closing message, entitled, "I Love Thy Church O God." His many friends here in this community will be glad to hear that they'll have another chance to hear him speak. The choir is to sing and another duet after his address will close the anniversary celebration of the church.

A special invitation is extended to all the community to join the church in commemorating this event. See detailed program on another page in this issue.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST REFORMED CHURCH

Written by the pastor, Rev. J. Blaauw and printed in the Silver Anniversary book, 1934

In the month of March, 1909, a committee, consisting of Rev. A. Van Arendonk, Rev. Wm. Pool, and Elder Niesink of the First Reformed Church of Kalamazoo, was commissioned by the Classis of Grand River to go to Decatur to organized the small group of Holland families into a Reformed Church. During the previous few years some families of Reformed persuasion had moved into this farming community and had temporarily joined the churches already there until such a time as they would be numerically strong enough to be organized into a congregation of the church of their fathers. That time had now come, for, as a result of the labors of the classical missionary of the Classis of Grand River, Rev. A. Van Arendonk, nine families were found who expressed their desire to be organized as the First Reformed Church of Decatur.

The Church Organized

So it happened that on the evening of March 30, 1909, these families met with this classical committee in the Adventist Church of Decatur for the purpose of organization. After a short service had been held, at which a sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. Pool, the committee proceeded with the organization. The following individuals were first received as charter members: Mr. and Mrs. Jake VanVoorst, Mr. and Mrs. John Borst, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mepjans, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanden Berg, Mrs. Harm Smith, Mrs. Louis Vander Plough and Miss Mabel Borst, (now Mrs. John Overley) who were received by letter, while Mr. and Mrs. C. King, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhardus Mepjans, Louis Vander Plough and Harm Smith were received on confession of faith. It was decided to elect two elders and two deacons to serve as consistory and Mr. G. Mepjans was chosen to serve as elder and Mr. John Borst to serve as deacon. However, no conclusion could be reached that night who was to serve as the other elder nor could they decide who was to be the other deacon, and consequently the gathering adjourned for the evening. Three weeks later, April 17, another meeting, with all the members present, was held in the home of deacon J. Borst. John Den Herder, who, with his wife, had just been received by letter as a new member, was immediately elected to serve as the second elder while Frank Vanden Berg was chosen as the other deacon. The First Reformed Church of Decatur had now become a reality.

Steps were taken immediately to build up what had been begun. At once the consistory resolved to organize a Sunday School for the purpose of Christian instruction and elder John Den Herder was appointed to serve as its first superintendent. Moreover, application was made to the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church for student aid, which was granted, and student (now Rev.) C. Muller was sent here during the summer of 1909. His work that summer was blessed of God and appreciated by the Church and the little group marched forward under the banner of the cross. New members were received by letter and also some on confession of faith which strengthened the little flock in every way.

The first great step forward was taken early in the year of 1911. Until now all services and meetings had been held in the local Adventist Church, but the consistory felt that the time was ripe to build a little church of our own. Consequently one of the elders was ap-

pointed to draw up plans to be presented at the congregational meeting soon to be called. When this meeting was held a committee was appointed to select the proper location, while the entire consistory should serve as a building committee. A list was made up to receive subscriptions from members of the community. Within a week the lots were bought for one hundred dollars and subscriptions from the business men came in and the work of the construction was begun. Donations were also received from other churches, such as a communion set from the Presbyterian Church, (then a Reformed Church) at Centerville, a Holland Bible from a friend in Grand Rapids, a pulpit from Trinity Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, while used benches for the new Church were bought from the local Universalist Church. Soon the edifice was complete and the congregation gathered in the new place of worship. However, during a storm on November 11 of the same year, 1911, the new building was damaged, but the Insurance Company paid for the necessary repairs on the structure. The same fall a barn was built to be used by the members of the Church for their horses while they attended services.

Now to continue our story. The labors of the pastor were truly blessed. For instance the report for the Spring session of Classis gives the following statistics: number of families 40; received on confession 2, and by letter 12; total number of communicants 74; baptized members 143; 74 were enrolled in the catechism classes and 115 in the Sunday school, while $700.00 was received that year for congregational purposes and $68.00 for denominational objects, and this in spite of the fact that there was so much poverty that year. During the next few years there was a decrease again in the number of members as well as families, due to the fact that many moved to the cities where there was "an abundance of work and good wages due to the World War." But soon the church was again without a leader, for in the summer of 1918 Rev. Oosterhof accepted a call to De Motte, Ind.

Rev. J. J. Burggraff Called

For nearly two years the church was without a pastor. Several calls were extended, first to Rev. L. Dykstra, then Rev. Huibregtse, then Rev. Lubbers, but all in vain. Finally in January, 1920, the Rev. J. J. Burggraff was called who felt led to accept. However, during the summer of 1919 theological student J. B. Van Lierop labored in this field while also the classis supplied us regularly with classical appointments. After the arrival of the new pastor the program and work of the church soon assumed its normal swing again.

A new problem was developing at this time for a larger building as a place of worship was needed, since the old building was beginning to be rather crowded. As early as the winter of 1922 a resolution was passed at a congregational meeting "that the consistory take this matter into consideration and seek a solution to the problem." Several years passed and no definite action was taken, until in the summer of 1926 it was reported that in town a building was for sale, suitable for a church, and that the price was very reasonable. The Grangers had some years before bought a dance hall by the Lake of the Woods, carefully broken it down and, at great expense, had built it on the present sight in the village. The gradual loss of interest in this organization and the poor way of supporting it, made it impossible for the Grangers to keep up the expenses of the property and so they were forced to sell it. The consistory decided to canvass the congregation to get the opinion of the members as to this matter, and a satisfactory report was handed in within a few days. The building was inspected by the congregation and it was decided that if it could be bought for a certain sum the deal should be closed at once. A committee was ap-

pointed with the power to act, to make the terms, and in September, 1926, the property was bought at a cost of $4,000.00. The interior was remodeled, a platform built, seats purchased, and soon the new building was taken in possession. The problem of room was solved.

During this same period another problem developed, even internal strife and discord, which turned out to be one of the worst storms this congregation ever weathered, since it finally ended in secession. It is rather difficult to obtain definite and authentic information on this subject for very little mention is made of it in the records of the consistory, while the reports by individual members are too often tainted by personal feelings. For this reason we shall not write much of a detailed account of this sad part of our history, while it also is advisable not to reopen old wounds. This much may be said, that for several years more and more friction and discord came in the church. Even in the consistory was this pronounced where two factions were formed with the majority at times opposed to the pastor. At last it became so bitter that a committee from the Classis was requested to meet with the congregation in a final effort to restore peace and unity. What aggravated the matter was the plan to purchase the Grange Hall as a new church building to which the one element was opposed. Some of the families at last refused to attend the services and would drive all the way to Kalamazoo to attend a church. The buying of the building seems to have brought the climax to the whole trouble, when the opposing element stepped out and formed a church of their own, known today as the Christian Reformed Church of Decatur. This secession left our own congregation very weak and small, and face to face with the big task of paying for the new building that had just been bought. Then the following Spring, 1927, the pastor accepted a call to Vesper, Wis., and only a small group of people now composed the First Reformed Church, as may be gathered from the fact that at the congregational meeting the next Spring to call another pastor, only 13 votes were cast. Yet we did not lose heart.

Present Pastor Called

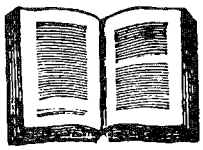
During the summer of 1927 Mr. Clarence Hesselink was sent as student pastor by the Board of Domestic Missions. He labored faithfully and earnestly in the church. Early the next January, 1928, your present pastor, then a student at the Western Theological Seminary at Holland, Mich., was called by a unanimous vote. On May 29 he was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of this church. Six years have nearly passed since we came to labor for the Lord in this particular field, and God has richly blessed us so that both as pastor and people, we have many reasons for praise. The words of the writer of the 126th Psalm seem appropriate for us as a church tonight

> When Jehovah brought back those that returned to Zion,
> We were like unto them that dream.
> Then was our mouth filled with laughter
> And our tongue with singing:
> Then said they among the nations,
> Jehovah hath done great things for them.
> Jehovah hath done great things for us,
> Whereof we are glad.
> They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
> He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing
> seed for sowing,
> Shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing
> his sheaves with him.

Especially must this be our testimony tonight. "Jehovah has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." He has blessed and richly blessed His Word. We have but "planted but God has given the increase." As a congregation we have grown in membership every year

until tonight we may count 65 families on the roll, 123 members in full communion and 151 baptized members, a total of 274 souls now affiliated with our church. During these six years there were baptized 38 infants and children and 6 adults, a total of 44; there were received 41 on confession of faith, while there were 11 weddings and only 4 funerals for members of the congregation. Surely, "**Jehovah** hath done great things for us whereof we are glad," and we'll go onward with rejoicing and hope.

May tonight be a milestone in our experience, truly an "Ebenezer," for "hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Let us go forth as a church in His Name and strength, and seek to fulfil our calling since "We have been redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and spot," so that "We should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light." (1 Pet. 1:18-19 and 2:9.)



Calling a Pastor

The second step was taken the following Spring. Three years had now nearly passed since the church was organized and there had been a healthy growth in membership of the congregation. During all this time they had been under the care and supervision of the classical missionary, Rev. A. Van Arendonk. Faithfully and tenderly had he cared for them, baptized their children, comforted them in sorrow, advised them in their problems and regularly had he come and preached the Word on the Lord's day. But now it was felt a full time minister was needed. Consequently aid was asked from the Board of Domestic Missions to supplement a minister's salary, and Feb. 12, 1912, a call was issued to Rev. J. Broek. When this called was declined, on March 13, Rev. J. J. Vander Schaaf was called, and when he declined, on April 23 a call was extended to the late Rev. J. Meeter then a candidate for the ministry, to become the first regular pastor of this flock. Who can express the joy of the Church when soon the reply came that he had accepted the call and was willing to become their first Pastor.

The Parsonage Planned

With the coming of our Pastor further progress was made. New meetings were organized such as catechism classes, and a young people's society. Moreover, it was felt that what was needed above all was a parsonage. Until now a house for the pastor to live in had been rented somewhere in town, but a parsonage next or close to the church was, after all, desired. On the corner next to the church, where today our parsonage stands, stood a house, which could be bought for a small price, but which was not suitable for our purpose. A congregational meeting was called and subscriptions were received at once in order to be able to purchase this property. At the next congregational meeting, which was held about a month later, it was reported that this property had been bought for $425.00. The house, sold to one of the members, who was the highest bidder, was moved onto a farm and preparations were made for the building of an up to date home for the Pastor. But before building was begun sorrow filled the hearts of the congregation when their Pastor announced that he had accepted a call to the Ebenezer Reformed Church. Faithfully had he labored among them, and though his pastorate had been brief just two years—the blessings of God had been many and new goals had been reached.

The Second Pastorate

The congregation did not lose heart. Steps were taken to carry on, for, even before Rev. Meeter left for his new field of labor a call had already been extended to Rev. Menning. When this call was declined it was at once decided to call again, and the Rev. A. Oosterhof was the unanimous choice, who also before long gave them a favorable answer. That the congregation rejoiced is evident from the minutes, for now at once the proposition of building the proposed parsonage was considered again. This matter had been tabled for more than six months, but now a congregational meeting was called for June 24, 1914, and it was decided to proceed with this building project at once. A new building committee was appointed and efforts were made to obtain sufficient funds to build. Within six months the Board of Domestic Missions gave assurance that it was ready to deal with this matter also, and $800.00 was placed at the disposal of the church. It was decided to borrow $1500.00 more from other sources, which also proved successful, and soon ground was broken and building begun. By the middle of the summer of 1915 our present, splendid new parsonage was ready to be occupied—built by voluntary labor and the Pastor and his family took possession. The Reformed Church of Decatur now enjoyed its own buildings, the new church and parsonage.

Its Early Problems

However, we must not conclude that this church had no problems. Like every other congregation it faced grave difficulties during its early years. For instance, in one of the classical reports the Pastor made specific mention of the fact that there was "so much poverty in the congregation." The income of the farmers was not too bountiful and consequently their contributions to the support of the church were in proportion. Testimony relative to this fact was freely given to me by one of the charter members. At times it was even "hard sailing!" Frequently on Saturday some one would have to go to the woods to chop wood with which to heat the building on Sunday morning for services, for there was often times no coal in the bin. Then in extremely cold weather it was a difficult task to heat the church due to the poor heating equipment in the building. One of the old members, who served as janitor for many years, gives us a little glimpse of this problem when he told me this story:

He said it was in the heart of the winter, and cold—very cold. Saturday morning had dawned and the next day services were to be held in the little church. Because of the extreme cold it was deemed necessary to build a fire on Saturday evening which would help in heating the building on Sunday morning. He went to the church with that in mind, but found that there was no fuel left, not even wood. Moreover, it was so cold that it would be impossible to heat the building with wood only—coal was needed. But where and how to get it? He went to one of the elders of the church to make this immediate need known, but the funds in the treasury were depleted, too. At last the good brother took two dollars out of his own pocket—practically all he had—and gave it to the janitor to buy coal. He testified how delighted he was with this money, saying that even if this money had been given him to buy bread for his own household he could not have been happier.

Then there was the problem of competent leadership. It is important in every church to have men and women who can stand with pastor as teachers and leaders. Sometimes the minister has to be absent for a Sunday on a Classical appointment or so, and a substitute is needed to take his place in the pulpit that day. Small congregations cannot always afford to have a student or other pastor come to take charge of the services for that Sunday. Therefore frequently one of the elders is called upon to take charge of the service and read a ser-

mon on that occasion. However, such leadership is not always abundant, especially so in small churches, and Decatur often suffered in this way also.

A Word of Appreciation

at this time is due the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church. Throughout these 25 years of our history this Board has stood shoulder to shoulder with us in all our labors, to keep this work going, yea, to build it up. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of money it has contributed, for yearly it has given us a liberal appropriation toward the minister's salary. Moreover, during the periods of vacancy it has sent the classical missionary to supervise, to counsel and guide us in our problems, as well as to conduct the services on Sundays. During several summers it has provided us with a student missionary to take charge of the work like a full time pastor and paid his expenses also. How can our church ever forget what the Board of Domestic Missions had done for us as a congregation? It brought this church into existence through its classical agent 25 years ago, and for 25 years it has nurtured it like a mother cares for her child. We may well pray the blessings of God upon this institution and liberally support it with our gifts throughout all our days.

CLUB PAYS TRIBUTE TO 'MOTHER'

Keeler Thursday Club Holds Last Meeting of Club Year at Home of Mrs. Charlotte Putney.

The Keeler Thursday Club enjoyed a very happy day at the lovely home of Charlotte Putney last week. Over 30 partook of the bountiful picnic dinner.

Among our guests were Mrs. Mead, who gave us several musical readings, and Mrs. Marie Gwilt sang two numbers; both guests from Dowagiac.

Leta Bailey sang two numbers.

Nellie Warren whistled two soloes.

We celebrated Maggie Gwilt's birthday. Roll call, "Our Hobby and Why."

This was our last meeting of the Club year. Our next meeting will be at Nellie Warren's the second Thursday of October.

The following article was written by one of our members. We should like to share it with you:

MOTHER

Life and time and wisdom and science, which so cunningly withdraw the meaning and significance from almost all other words, can only add enrichment and beauty to this simplest and homeliest of them all—"mother."

Youth, such a magic word for a while, turns out to be only a dream, blown away between yesterday and tomorrow.

Love, another glamorous word, gets itself tangled up with rent and reason, stupid pride and stupid words, uncomfortable relationships with a strange man's strange family

There remain the few real words—the true words, and one of these is mother.

Nothing in the bewildering rush of our days,—the amazing, breathless, changing, and improving and inventing and discovery, is more astonishing to me than the fact that the more and more sophisticated world, far from pushing her from her old place, can only glorify and dignify more completely the woman who gives children to the world.

My own life has held more than half a century of good years; but there were only a few when they were crowned with glory. Not all the money, the travel, the pleasant fame and interest and thrill that comes to one, can compare with the exquisite time when the girls and boys were small, when bread had to be buttered, and hands and faces washed; when a country ranch was rich with small voices, when we went on picnics, had pillow fights, and Christmas trees, gypsy fires, sunburn and birthdays; then at night,, oh! so tired, it was mother that knew just what to do for for us.

It is a wonderful thing to have children, but don't forget that it is even more wonderful in the hurry and heat of busy middle life to be able still to boast the proud possession of a mother. The power is not often given to any one of us to make a fellow mortal completely happy. Life is too various.

But if there is a mother of yours somewhere this Mother's day, then it is your priceless privilege to give her utter joy. A telegram, should she be miles from you, or if near, flowers, a leisurely visit, will put hours of unclouded brightness into her quiet Sunday and keep her heart warm for many Sundays to come.

Don't let anything keep you away from your mother, not even if it is years since you lost the habit of going to see her. There was a time—and to her it doesn't seem so very long ago—when you ran to her with all your troubles, little and big; when you raced home with tear-dazzled eyes, and a bursting heart to find her safe and loving and infinitely reassuring in her kitchen, ready to open her arms to sobbing and scratches, broken dolls and broken hearts. Remember, how completely she lived for you then;

give her back a little of that love now.

There were nights when she never slept because of you, tears that she shed, days when she walked in the valley of the shadow for you. You never knew it then. What you did know was that she fought your battles, filled your Christmas stockings, cooked pancakes for you on cold mornings, packed picnic lunches when long vacation came; what you did know was that she never failed you, never stopped loving you for a moment, no matter whether you were good or bad.

Make this Mother's day radiant for her. Tell her all your worries as you used to do; she'll only love you more for that. Her life is quiet now, but her heart and soul still are those of the woman who stood beside your father in the days of her youth and beauty, ready to face all the joys and sorrows of wifehood, home-making, motherhood, living.

Perhaps her sound, common sense and her hard-won philosophy may actually help you. Whether they do or not, you will face business worries tomorrow with a lighter heart, remembering those hours today; when you were with her; when mother for a little exquisite space, had her boy or her girl home with her again.

God gave the world its sunshine,
Its foliage and flowers,
Its silver-throated song birds to while away the hours.
He gave the shimmering starshine,
The rose of June time sweet,
But when He gave us mothers,
Its beauty was complete.

Effie Lyon.
Nellie Warren, Club Reporter.

MEMORIES

Editor The Republican,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Sir:—In a recent issue of the Republican I read with deep sorrow of the the untimely passing of another of my boyhood friends, Mrs. Carrie Cory Long, of Lawrence township. And I am sure the loss of this splendid woman has cast the entire community in deep mourning, for the writer has been a life long friend of this wonderful woman, and her radiant smile and wonderful personality will surely be missed by every friend and neighbor that have ever known her.

As the writer turns back the pages of memory to the Valley of Yesterday he finds himself a green farmer boy in the early teens working as a farm hand on the Warren Cory farm on the Lawrence road north of the old Corwin school house. It was in the spring of aboht 1885, and Carrie was fresh from teachers' college, the young teacher was full of ambition and went out and rounded up several school boards and was at once signed to teach the Shafer district school.

As the school house was over a mile over a very sandy and uneven road from the Cory homestead, it was up to the writer to act as taxie driver for this fair young schoolmarm, so each school day the writer handled the stearing gear over the faithful old John, one of the plow horses on the farm, with one hand and the other often carried the lunch basket or books, and the trip to and from the little old school house was often times too short, and on down through the years of nearly a half a century the writer has lived over, and over the many happy days spent on the fine old Warren Cory farm.

Carrie came rightfully with her ever pleasing personality and superb manners, for she was raised in a truly Christian home by two wonderful parents. Without a doubt the State of Michigan never claimed two more honest and useful pioneers than Warren and Lida Cory and although these two dear old pioneers have laid down their burdens of heavy toil and have gone to a well earned rest, their kindly neighborly spirit still lives under the spreading branches of the great shade trees that have cast their shadows over the spacious old fashioned homestead, that has been the home of one of the finest and most beloved women, nearly all of her useful but uneventful life.

I am sure the entire community as well as Van Buren county will long mourn the loss of this splendid woman and most useful citizen, and my sympathy goes out to her entire family, husband and relatives, for they alone can realize the great loss of such a true wife and friend.

Chas. A. Bellis.
115 McNee Ave., Whittiehr, Calif.

The late Daniel Webster Brodhead was as shrewd at selling as he was at raising peppermint oil. He never held for a fabulous top, but would never sell under $2. He knew that oil under $2 was out of line with the value and it would not stay that low very long. Above that figure the price was more or less speculative.

Mr. Brodhead always got a fair price and he escaped much of the worry and sometimes loss which falls to the lot of the unstable speculator.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, Editor

This issue and the next issue of the Republican are dedicated to Abraham Lincoln. We hope you will not object.

We think of him lovingly and reverently as "Honest Old Abe." His honesty, intelligence and clear vision carried him to the highest place in the gift of the American people, and still to the masses he is plain "Old Abe."

We think of him as one of us, a common, every day man like the least of the millions who earn an honest living.

Old Abe! You carried the burdens of a warring, bleeding, desperate nation! But you did not hesitate, you did not doubt your course,—not once did you turn back or even stop your steady, patient, forward pace!

The way was dark and you were ambushed on every side, but far into the future, with clearer vision than any of your fellow men you saw the star of hope,—the Bethlehem star—which led an afflicted people through a terrible conflict and into the promised land of peace.

Then you lay the burden down and the benediction followed, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

The assassins's bullet could not strike the Soul that had won the crown, and Lincoln lives today in the hearts of his countrymen as truly as ever he lived in the shadowy years of the Civil War.

The twelfth of February will be his one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday. It is not such a long time ago to the 12th of February, 1909. This country has developed rapidly.

But when Lincoln was born the pioneers had hardly reached the Mississippi. He was a child of the frontier, the wilderness of Kentucky.

No child of today has had so lowly a birth. A rough log shanty, with but one room and no floor,—that was his home. February, coldest month of the year! Utter loneliness! That was the picture. There were few to help and few to care.

The pioneer life became too hard and cruel for his frail mother. She gave out and died, leaving little Abe and his sister Sarah, and Thomas Lincoln, their father, to continue the struggles as best they could.

When Nancy Hanks Lincoln died her son was but nine years old and it did not seem as though he had a chance to work out of the obscurity of his humble beginning. It is easy to imagine that the mother's only grief at the thought of dying was for leaving Abe without her tender care, to a life of such hardship.

"A Book of Americans" by Stephen and Rosemary Benet contains this poem which tells so pathetically the mother's thoughts for her lonely boy that it seems sure to become a permanent part of our best American poetry,—

NANCY HANKS

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost,
Seeking news
Of what she loved most,
She'd ask first

Where's my son?
What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?

"Poor little Abe,
Left all alone
Except for Tom,
Who's a rolling stone;
He was only nine
The year I died.
I remember still
How hard he cried.

"Scraping along
In a little shack,
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back,
And a prairie wind
To blow him down,
Or pinching times
If he went to town.

"You wouldn't know
About my son?
Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?"

Yes, Abe got on.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln would have been satisfied could she have known how well he got on.

It has been said that it matters little what a father may do or be, but if a boy has a good mother the best in the world is possible to him. Abraham Lincoln must have had a wonderful mother.

You all are more or less familiar with his history.

He attended the grade school less than a year. No high school, college or university ever was opened to him during his student years.

He studied alone by the light of the burning logs in the fireplace. He became a lawyer of national prominence. He so thoroughly mastered composition that his Gettysburg address is regarded as the finest short speech ever uttered in the English language.

There seldom was a flaw in his logic, and he never lost faith in the ultimate triumph of the right. His motto in his own words was, "Firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," and he did not hesitate to acknowledge his faith in God, and declare his confidence that His will shall prevail.

In his Cooper Union speech made before he became President he pleaded with a people torn with dissension,—

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us—to the end—dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Do you recall his farewell at the station in Springfield when he left for Washington to take up his perilous duties as President?

It was on a cold rainy day just seventy three years ago this month. He was leaving his home and friends for the last time, although he did not know it then, and these are the words he said,—

"My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried.

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

"Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Lincoln went on to Washington and for four years and two months piloted the Union through the tempestuous seas of discord and strife.

Then as peace again dawned on the stricken nation the assassin's bullet closed his earthly career.

The lifeless figure was returned to Springfield, but "His soul goes marching on."

As Stanton said, when his mortal eyes were closed in death, "Now he belongs to the ages."

OLD AGE

Written by Charles E. Warner of Niles on the Occasion of the Old Timers' Reunion at Gravel Lake September 9, 1934.

I used to think a person's age was
reckoned all in years;
That Father Time had fixed the date
at which old age appears;
That Nature, as in other things, had
fixed the time by law
When man must find a cushioned seat
and from the world withdraw.
But Life cannot be counted so. In
years no age is told.
For some are old when they are
young; some young when they
are old.

What matters if your head is bald, or
if your hair is gray,
If you can greet the morning's sun
with spirits bright and gay.
What if rheumatic joints have lost
their once elastic spring
If you can watch the play of youth
and to fond memories cling.
Gray temples do not mark your years,
nor yet your age unfold;
For some are old when they are
young; some young when they are
old.

Strive to keep old friendships warm,
but welcome friendships new;
Don't measure all the joys of youth
by things you used to do.
Enjoy the memories of the past but
you will also need
To think and plan for future joys or
you will go to seed.
A youthful mind is better far than
pockets lined with gold;
Don't grow old while you are young,
but be young when you are old.

THRILLS OF THE FAMOUS FAIR

Mr. and Mrs. Frank White Saw Many of Them. Shot with a Cork and Taken to Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank White spent three days at the Chicago Fair. Mrs. White said she walked 500 miles, wore out two pairs of shoes, spent an hour in the hospital and had the time of her life.

It would take a week to tell all about it but here is the story in brief:

The best thing I saw was the gardens of the world, 5 acres put in by the most famous gardeners. Each gardener has a certain amount of space to do what he wants to with.

This exhibit was back of the Horticultural building on the lake shore. They had creeks running through the land and ponds scattered here and there, and ducks and swans and cranes on the ponds.

They had an orchard of rose trees higher than my head. They were the most beautiful things you ever set your eyes on.

Michigan has no building display this year. Couldn't afford it. Last year Michigan had the nicest one. This year the Florida building beats them all and next is the California building.

We paid a quarter to go into the Black Forest. Frank thought that was the best thing he saw at the fair. They had genuine ice right out in the sun and eight skaters. After they got through skating they scraped and sprayed the ice and drew a floor over it and danced on the floor. They have a Frigidaire way of freezing the ice.

Those six large singing fountains were wonderful too. They are so wonderful it is difficult to describe them. That was at night of course.

In the Ford building they were making automobiles from beginning to end. We saw the whole thing.

Then we went into the free automobile show of Ford's. There was a stage with a beautiful automobile. It would sing and joke and talk and answer questions and nobody around it. A man down in the audience would ask it questions and it would answer. It would move at his command. That was a free show.

There were many free shows and I did not see any that cost more than 25 cents.

In the Science building we saw the liquid air demonstration. It was wonderful, but I saw only the first part of it.

They put liquid air in a bottle and took a cork and pounded it into the bottle. The cork shot out with a mighty force and struck me right in the forehead. I threw up my hands and exclaimed "Oh!" The cork fell in Muirl's lap and she's got it yet.

The lecturer came right down and the ushers came right up, and a nurse and a doctor came rushing in. They took me to the hospital where I stayed about an hour. Two officials from the fair came and asked me many questions and wrote down my answers. Maybe they thought I was going to sue the Fair for damages. It gave me quite a headache and I had a spell of nervousness but was all right in a little while. It happened about 8 o'clock in the evening.

We went to the fair the next day and I was all right.

It is worth anybody's time and the small cost to see this fair.

Oh, yes, I wanted to mention about the free live power show. Allen King performed with lions and tigers and leopards and a lady performed with three elephants

PASSING OF A RESPECTED PIONEER

Mrs. Ella Barney Haynes, Native of Hamilton Township, Died May 31. Was Nearing Her 84th Birthday.

Ella Barney was born September 18, 1850, in Hamilton township and passed on to her heavenly home May 31, 1934, at her home in Decatur. She was a daughter of the late Chester and Louisa Millard Barney. She had one sister who passed on several years ago.

She was married to the late Joseph H. Haynes October 16, 1872. One child was born to this union, Bernice Louise, who has always lived at home and has been a true and faithful daughter.

Mrs. Haynes joined the Presbyterian church in 1884, and was always prominent in its activities, willing to lend a helping hand to members of the church as well as to neighbors and friends.

She had always lived in or near Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. Haynes were in business here for many years, and as Mr. Haynes' health failed, Mrs. Haynes and Bernice carried on the business and faithfully cared for the husband and father through several months illness. Mr. Haynes passed away January 17, 1913.

Besides the daughter Mrs. Haynes leaves a number of cousins and many friends to mourn their loss.

Funeral services were held at the Newell Chapel Saturday afternoon, June 2, at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. L. F. Cooper officiating, and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

Relatives and friends from away who attended the service were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Haynes and Mrs. Dell Meachum of Hartford, Mrs. Hattie Porter, Mrs. F. L. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bond and Carl Mumaugh of Dowagiac, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nower of Paw Paw, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hyden of Los Angeles, Calif.

Those who remember the business street of Decatur from 25 to 40 years ago will experience a feeling of sadness at the passing of Mrs. Haynes. She is one of the few remaining persons who were promient in business here before the days of the automobile and the paved Main street.

The Haynes restaurant and express office was one of the busiest places in town. The first celery was shipped out of Decatur through that office and the Haynes family found the first market for it. Boxes of celery were delivered at the office and piled high on the sidewalk before train time. They started the industry on its way and today celery growing and shipping is Decatur's greatest source of income. To these worthy pioneer shippers no small credit is due for the establishment of this village as a great celery growing center.

Mrs. Haynes was an active, energetic woman, outspoken in matters which interested her, always honest and straightforward, generous and public spirited.

Changes go on, and the people of another day are in time forgotten or are unknown to those who follow, but if the history of Decatur is ever written into one good story Mrs. Ella Haynes and her husband who passed on before her will occupy prominent places in it.

THE SALE OF NEWTON WOODS

Three of Nine Heirs Consent to Disposal of Two Eighties. Negotiations To Be Completed Saturday.

Cassopolis.—Three of the nine heirs of the late James Newton, have consented to the sale of two 80 acre tracts of the famous Newton woods. A lumber company of South Bend has offered $22,000 for these two tracts and a petition for sale has been filed by Jesse Green, administrator, and must be agreed to by all of the heirs.

One of the tracts is located at the corner of the Dowagiac-Marcellus and Cassopolis-Decatur highways where the school house is located and is known as the east half of the northeast quarter of section 30. The other 80 acres borders the road running south from the Volinia store and is known as the south half of the southeast quarter of Section 29.

Last May an effort was made by Haines Egbert, Elkhart, to purchase a considerable part of the woods with the intention of preserving them. The deal fell through, although it had approval of Mr. Green, the administrator. Some of the heirs objected.

Egbert offered $23,000 for the two eighties, together with a third 80 which took in the land adjoining the house across the road from the school. These pieces of woods were appraised at $24,000.

The present negotiations are to be completed by Dec. 1, according to the Cass county probate court.

TAU DELTA CHI SORORITY

Holds Annual Reunion at Rosevelt Home in Keeler.

The Tau Delta Chi Sorority held its thirteenth annual reunion August 16 at the home of Mrs. Charles Rosevelt near Keeler. The following members were present: Mrs. Leo Rose, Mrs. Harold Lawrence and Mrs. Leo Kelly of Kalamazoo; Mrs. Ward Hood, Paw Paw; Mrs. Howard Haney, Sarasota, Florida; Mrs. S. H. Dwight, East Lansing; Mrs. Edward B. Kelley, Chicago; Miss Mabel Willison, Detroit; Mrs. L. O. Reeves, Lawrence; Miss Marguerite Parker, South Haven; Mrs. Ransom Kinney, Mrs. Angus Cary, Mrs. Blaine Bailey and Miss Florence Lindsley, Decatur; Miss Ruth Rosevelt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Miss Mary Rosevelt.

Guests were Mrs. L. S. Jones, Teddy Lawrence, Mr. Howard Haney and Patty and Rogers.

Very interesting letters were read from Mrs. Guy Brown, Ferndale, Mich.; Mrs. Byron Picton, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Lawrence Spillman, Ottumwa, Iowa; Mrs. Charles Simon, Kalamazoo, and Mrs. Clarence Taylor, Vernon, Michigan, who could not be here.

The pot-luck dinner, always an important feature of the occasion, was enjoyed by all.

Piano solos by Dorothy Kelley and Cleo Dwight took us back to our high school days.

Edna Beals Hood was re-elected president and Mary Rosevelt, secretary.

We were very happy to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Jones to meet at their home in South Haven for our next reunion, July 28, 1935. Bring the whole family and your bathing suits.

DISCIPLINE IN SCHOOL

Chicago, March 2—The discipline suggested for our schools by Harriet E. Allen in the Voice of the People [Feb. 27], would go a long way toward solving the juvenile delinquency we are mired in.

Coddling and pampering "difficult" students obviously precedes the coddling and pampering of our criminals. So, why not "nip it in the bud?"

A fortune is probably being spent with experts trying to solve our criminal delinquency. Here is an ex-teacher giving the authorities a formula for free. RALPH PRUCHER

SUPERVISOR GILLESBY LAYS DOWN HIS WORK

After a Long Illness Which He Struggled Bravely To Overcome Death Brought Relief from Physical Troubles Last Friday Evening.

Supervisor L. O. Gillesby of Hamilton township passed away at eight o'clock last Friday evening, October 12. He had been in poor health for nearly a year and for the past three weeks was confined to his bed. Although his relatives and friends realized that he was seriously ill they did not expect the end to come so soon and there was surprise and sorrow expressed when the sad news spread along the village street Saturday morning.

Mr. Gillesby led an active and useful life almost to his last day. He was born in Waterford, Province of Ontario, Canada, July 25, 1870, and moved with his parents to Michigan when ten years of age.

His early education was received in the public schools of Bad Axe and Port Huron. He taught in the schools of Huron county and later was physical director of the Y. M. C. A.'s of Port Huron and Muskegon.

Entering the Y. M. C. A. college in Chicago in 1896 he became a successful director of physical education and in 1898 entered the Northwestern University Medical school, continuing meanwhile as an instructor in anatomy, dissection and other subjects at the Y. college for two years.

From 1900 to 1905 he served as Y. M. C. A. physical director at New Orleans and Birmingham, Ala. Returning to Chicago in 1906 he became director of athletics and assistant professor of physical training at Northwestern University.

In 1910 he was advanced to a full professorship and was made secretary of the building committee. He drew the plans for Patten gymnasium, then the largest gymnasium in the world and forerunner of all the great field houses.

He was sent by Northwestern to study the physical training systems at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylania, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Carlisle, Columbia and other eastern schools. Under his direction and original methods Northwestern forged to the front rank in physical training and athletics, while during his entire career as a physical director he piloted many teams and individual athletes to outstanding records and coveted championships.

Many successful men in business and the professions today remember with keen appreciation the training in physical well being and the inspiration in character building they received under the direction of Mr. Gillesby.

Mr. Gillesby bought his home farm in Hamilton township and moved onto it in 1918, and from that time on he has been classed as a prominent citizen of this community. He has served his township as supervisor for the past six years.

In April of last year he was elected chairman of the Board of Supervisors and last spring was unanimously re-elected. He spent much time and thought on the work of the Board and received many compliments for his able conduct of the office of chairman.

At the request of his friends on the Board and elsewhere he became a candidate for the Republican nomination for member of the State Legislature. Early in the campaign his nomination was generally conceded, and had his health remained good he undoubtedly would have become the candidate of his party.

He saw that he would not be able to attend the October session of the Board and sent his resignation as chairman. Also at his request Township Clerk Griffith Davies attended the sessions of the Board in his place. He carefully planned his work ahead and provided for every emergency in so far as he was able.

Mr. Gillesby is survived by his wife, Elsie Gillesby, and five children,—Mrs. Henry Houseman, Jr. of Decatur, George and Harriet of Detroit, Robert of Milwaukee, and John at home.

Funeral services were held at the home Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. E. H. Bradfield officiating Friends from his home township and Decatur and prominent citizens and officials from other towns were there to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had become a leader in the affairs of his county. The burial followed in Hamilton cemetery.

The Board of Supervisors in session at Paw Paw adjourned at noon and attended the funeral in a body. Beautiful floral pieces were sent by the supervisors and court house officials, and by citizens of Hamilton township as well as by many others.

The pall bearers were Lewis Wright, Griffith Davies, Murl Abrams, Will Robbins, Guy Collins and Earl Walker. The procession to the grave was estimated to be a mile in length.

20 Years Ago - -

September 25, 1913.

Miss Hazel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Keyes, was united in marriage with Robert D. Menzie of Omaha, Nebr., last Friday, September 19.

W. Carlton Lindsley, first violin, led the orchestra in the play, "The Great Divide," in the Beckwith Memorial theatre, Dowagiac, last Saturday evening.

John Durst died suddenly in New York City September 17. The family came from Chicago ten years ago and bought the George Davis farm in East Decatur.

The Poor Block

The three story buildings known as the Poor block were built by Charles N. Poor at two different times. The north building which was damaged by fire last summer, was built in 1852.

Mr. Poor conducted a hardware store on one side of it and John and Fred Chadwick conducted a drygoods store on the south side. George Boughton had a photograph gallery on the top floor.

The two store buildings adjoining on the south were built by Mr. Poor in 1864. Ira Nash and Lon Keables were the first tenants of the room now occupied by Beek's 5 to $1, and the printing office conducted by Prof. Bellows and A. E. Blackman occupied the second floor.

William E. and Philander Trowbridge were the first tenants of the room, later known as Carney's drug store and now occupied by James Shanahan and Andy Hinch.

Mr. Poor also built the house adjoining his store and resided in it for some time. It is known as the Pott's house.

MANY YEARS IN HAMILTON

Newton Osborn Belongs to a Family of Pioneers Who Helped To Clear the Land Their Children Now Live On.

It's pleasant to visit with the old timers, friends we have known from boyhood.

Newton Osborn of Hamilton township came in last Friday to renew his subscription and we talked over the old times. He has taken the Republican as long as we have been publishing it.

He sent in a Government report last year on his neighborhood and told the Secretary of Agriculture that it had been a long time settled. Once in a while a neighbor dies or a tenant moves, but the owners of the farms seldom change.

Horace Osborn, father of Newton, Earnie and Mrs. Corwin, was one of the early settlers. He came to Hamilton from New York with his family in 1848. He was pretty small then, but not too small to take an interest in politics and he used to tell the children how he shouted, "Hurrah, for Polk and Dallas!"

When Horace Osborn and his wife were married Horace had a team and $50 in money; when he died August 15, 1917, two days after his 76th birthday he owned 264 acres of land and a full equipment of stock and tools.

Mrs. Osborn followed him the day before Thanksgiving day in 1928, and now the children are classed among the old folks of the community.

50 Broadway,
New York,
September 11, 1934.

Miss M. Gladys Lincoln,
Mr. Arba N. Moulton,
Miss Bernice L. Haynes,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Friends:—I received your letters about the Alumni meeting ear-

ly in the summer. However, soon after my return in May I became ill and while not seriously sick and able to do some work, I had to slight everything that I could and take two long trips away from home to rest up. I have been back a few weeks and though not well I am much better.

It was a great disappointment to me that I was not able to attend the reunion in June but I was not able even to write letters at that time.

Cordially yours,
Norman E. Webster.

THE PASSING OF E. J. RAWSON

Death Comes After Long Illness to One of Decatur's Best Known Pioneer Citizens.

Edward J. Rawson passed away after a long illness at his home on West Delaware street at 4:45 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, January 3.

Funeral services were held at the home on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. L. F. Cooper officiating and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

The home was filled to its capacity with friends from the village and country as well as from other places. Members of the Masonic lodge, of which he was a member, attended in a body and a wealth of beautiful flowers surrounded the casket.

At the close of the helpful address by Mr. Cooper the following brief sketch of Mr. Rawson's life was read by Arba N. Moulton,—

When the Michigan Central blazed the trail from Detroit to Chicago the elite of New England came out to this wilderness of the west and created settlements which grew into thriving cities and villages.

The Rawson and Nutting families came on to this station. Here they saw possibilities for future development and went to work with a will to help realize them.

These families were of the true aristocracy of the colonies,—enterprising, resourceful, venturesome, daring. They gave distinction and class to the village of Decatur, and those fine qualities never have left it. They were as refined and elegant in their primitive dwellings on the frontier as they had been in their ancestral homes in the east.

Lyman T. Rawson and Cynthia Nutting were married here, and the house on East Sherwood street where they began life together is still known to older residents as the Nutting home.

Edward J. Rawson, for whom we are today paying the last earthly tribute, was born there September 2, 1857. Later the father built the beautiful home among the evergreens at the southerly limits of the village, and it became one of the most delightful places in the social life of the community.

Mr. Rawson attended the Decatur public school, and at the age of 18 became a student of the Michigan Agricultural College. There he was a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in the year 1878.

He then spent two years with a grain commission firm in Detroit, then followed the grain business for a short time in Marcellus and Hartford.

In 1883 he went to Colorado and for six years held a position as bookkeeper at Denver and Como for the Union Pacific railroad.

Upon returning to Decatur he went into the grain and coal business with his father, and after the latter's death formed a partnership with the late A. E. Lawrence. He retired from active business in 1908.

On the 25th of June, 1895, he was united in marriage with Lena E. Lyle and she survives him. Until prevented by his ill health their pleasant home was a favorite place of entertainment and their many friends knew that a hearty welcome always awaited them there.

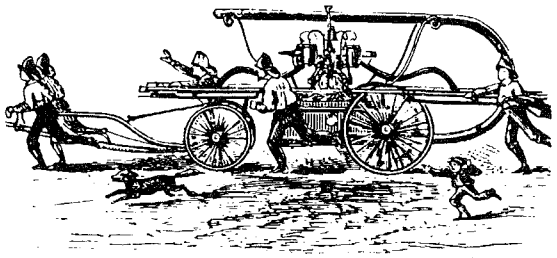
Mr. Rawson took an active part in local politics and when called upon, which in his younger years was often, served in both village and township offices. For many years he was the chairman of the annual township meetings. He presided with such fairness and ability, and was so considerate of every one present, that when finally sickness kept him away it seemed as though no one else could quite fill his place. In national politics he was a life long Democrat.

He was well informed on many subjects and was an interesting conversationalist. He possessed an unusually equable disposition, was solicitious of the welfare of others, and always cheerful.

This beautifully expressed desire of Thomas Dreier so fully sets forth his high ideals that it seems fitting and proper for me to read it in closing his brief sketch of his life,—

"To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face, to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the ultimate purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind, and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days."

Among those who attended the funeral services were Mrs. Belle Baker and Mrs. Bessie Beckwith of Dowagiac, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Lyle, Mrs. Chas. Slocum, Mrs. W. O. Kling and Miss Jean Anne Slocum of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Duncombe and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McWilliams of Paw Paw, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Weddell, Dr. and Mrs. Ward Collins, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Rogers of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. Volney W. Olds of Hartford and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edgerly of Dowagiac.



DECATUR SUFFERS COSTLY FIRE

Village Building, Fire Trucks and Equipment, the Expensive Electric Equipment, the Hamilton Building All Destroyed with But Small Part of Loss Covered by Insurance.

QUICK RESPONSE OF PAW PAW AND DOWAGIAC FIREMEN SAVE VILLAGE BLOCK

The village building on Main street, commonly know as the engine house, was destroyed by fire early Saturday morning. It was a real community tragedy—a most unusual occurence. The entire fire department, owners of property endangered, men, women and children stood quietly looking on as the flames ate into the pretty building and threatened the entire block. It was like the family standing around the bedside of a dying relative, helpless to do ought but mourn.

The village building might properly have been called the City Hall and the fire station, but it never was honored by any official title. Nevertheless it was a credit to the village and generally considered one of the best built structures on the street. It was fortunate for other property owners in the vicinity that it was well built. The strong brick walls held the fire closely within them and saved what might

have been serious losses to others.

The first floor of the building contained the two village fire trucks, hose, and other fire fighting equipment, and in the rear was the village bastile and the electric equipment.

The second floor was composed of the village council rooms, and the firemen's meeting room. The village library was located in one of the council rooms.

By this time everyone interested knows how the fire caught, that is he knows all that is to be known about it.

At 3:55 o'clock Saturday morning, March 3, 1934, Nightwatchman Robert McArdle was sitting in the restaurant drinking a cup of coffee when suddenly the arc lights on Main street began to flicker.

He went immediately to the building to investigate. When he entered the smoke was so thick that he was able only to reach the button that sounds the fire siren.

It was just four o'clock when the shriek of the siren was sent out on the night air to the peacefully reposing community.

It was not an ordinary shriek, such as the tired native will listen to for a brief instant and then turn over and resume his slumbers. It was distinctly a wail of distress, a long drawn out cry for help.

And it did not stop. No one could stay in bed with that noise in his ears. The reporter, filled with apprehension, hesitated not, and was on the street ahead of most of the crowd.

Johnny Overley, at work in the restaurant, rushed over and they attempted to save a truck, but failed and were compelled to beat a hasty retreat. One of John's hands was severely burned.

The entire fire fighting apparatus was in the burning building and no one could get to it. It was said the flames, traversing the ceiling to the door fixtures welded them so the doors could not be lifted.

Chief Elmer Woolfe hurried to the street and when he saw the situation, placed telephone appeals for the fire companies of Paw Paw and Dowagiac. Then the firemen and the crowd waited and waited while the fire burned fiercer and fiercer.

The walls of the building stood gallantly, but the flames were carried to the Hamilton building on the north and the Upfield building on the south.

Minutes seemed like hours and still the rescuers did not come. Would they ever come, would they get here in time to save the other buildings in the block? were questions asked but not answered. Anxious crowds scanned the highway in both directions.

Finally an advance guard of Paw Paw firemen drove swiftly up to the street and announced that the Paw Paw truck was on the way, and soon they were here.

The boys, assisted by the Decatur company, quickly laid the hose and people began to breathe easier. The danger of further loss was passed.

In another minute the Dowagiac truck was here and the flames were quickly under control. The two companies made remarkably quick time in coming and it was only the anxious suspense which made it seem long. They worked like the master fire fighters they are and Decatur people are very grateful to them. It was a time when we all could say that we appreciate such neighbors and friends.

No one knows how the fire started. No one ventures an opinion. There are only guesses. The building was electrically wired two years ago. The wiring was done by G. B. Lintemoot and helpers under the National Electric code approved by the Board of Underwriters. The room was heated by a stove standing on a cement floor. The jail was empty.

Other Losses

The Hamilton building to the north was entirely destroyed. This building was erected by the late L. L. Hamilton in 1897. It was divided into two rooms. The large room was used by him as a furniture and undertaking store and the small room was rented. At the time of the fire both rooms were untenanted. The large room contained store furniture and the personal furniture of W. H. Carrington and family. Mrs. Carrington was the daughter and they came here a few months ago from LaJunta, Colorado. Some of this furniture was saved. The building was insured for $2,000.

The Upfield building to the south escaped serious damage. The building contains three store rooms, the first formerly occupied by Byrd's shoe shop was vacant, the next is occupied by the office of the Michigan Gas and Electric Company and the third was the A. and P. store.

The roof of this building was practically destroyed. Covered by insurance.

All of the property of the American Legion of Decatur was stored in the village building. It consisted of rifles, flags, relics of the World War, all prized by the members. The property was insured for $200.

The village building was insured in the Niagara Company for $2,500, the village furniture, library and fire equipment was insured for $1,000.

There was no insurance on the two fire trucks. The new truck was purchased six or seven years ago at a cost of $7,500. It was never insured and the insurance on the old truck ran out several years ago.

We understand that fire trucks are not generally insured. One does not expect a fire truck to burn. It is argued that the village might as well insure the standpipe or the Lake of the Woods as the fire truck. It is supposed to put out fires, not to catch fire. But this fire is a proof that anything can happen.

The Beek store on the opposite side of the street was damaged by the heat, glass of two display windows were so badly cracked that they will have to be replaced. This building belongs to the heirs of William Kimble and is under the management of Earl L. Burhans.

The Beek sign and the front will need repainting.

The village records are kept in the store of the clerk, G. R. Gale, and are safe.

The heaviset loss to the village is in the trucks and the expensive traffic and street light equipment and the fire siren. It will not be far from $15,000.

SATURDAY FIRE DAY FOR DECATUR

John Shaad was once chief of the fire department of the village of Decatur and he still has a vivid recollection of how fire fighting was done in his time.

John helped to fight fire in the days of the bucket bridgades, before the village owned a fire truck and hose.

A & P 75 YEARS OLD TODAY

J. T. Patten, Oldest Living Employee, Tells of Early Food Stores.

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company today announced plans for its 75th Anniversary celebration. This company started in 1859 as a single store on Vesey Street, New York. Today its anniversary sale will be celebrated by 90,000 in 15,000 stores serving 6,000,000 customers a day.

J. T. Patten, the oldest living member of the organization, gave reporters an eyewitness account of the company's growth.

"My first job with A&P was in May, 1874," said Mr. Patten. "The company was then sixteen years old and had only twelve stores, but a large mail order business.

"I remember well the first store I worked in. We sold only tea and coffee. Blending was done locally—if a customer found a blend too weak or too strong, she brought it back and the blend was changed to suit her taste.

"That early store would probably be considered rather ornate today. On the walls were great oil paintings of Chinese scenes. A gallery ran around the store half-way between floor and ceiling. From this gallery hung a multitude of bird cages with canaries, cockatoos and parrots; and to complete the picture there was a large fountain in the center of the store in which goldfish swam. In the center of the ceiling hung a giant chandelier with many white, gas-illuminated globes on it. Glass prisms hung from under each light. These were always carefully taken off in the early summer and the whole was covered with mosquito netting. The prisms were always washed, polished and replaced in the fall. In the windows there were a great many illuminated gas globes in arched rows.

"A year later I was moved to 53rd Street on Eighth Avenue. In 1876 this was the farthest north the company had reached and just about as far north as New York City had reached, for north of Fifty-ninth street there were only shanties through which ran the Boulevard, now renamed Broadway. In this store we sold tea, coffee and sugar under the smiling sun of a Chinese scene painted on the walls over the tea bins. To this Fifty-third

street store many farmers used to come from the country that lay north of Fifty-ninth street to do their ordering for several weeks."

When asked about the famous blizzard of '88, Mr. Patten told how he walked for miles to open his store, an hour and a half late. The sales that day were $2.86, and it was three nights before he was able to go home.

"I have lived in the greatest seventy-five years of the world's history," continued Mr. Patten. "Never before in history has there been a period of such constant and rapid change. Light, heat, power, transportation, communication, entertainment, medicine—everything from the maternity ward to the undertaker's parlor has either come into being or been drastically changed during those seventy-five years. This is not true of any other 75 years in history. For thousands of years people lived pretty much as their fathers lived. The American colonists used the same crude grease lamps and the same tallow candles that ancient Egyptians used. No major improvement had been made in artificial illumination for ten thousand years. Then came the development of kerosene and gas, then electricity. And all this in the last three quarters of a century.

"These changes, of course, affected every phase of life and activity in America. I saw them from a grocery counter, and saw their effect on food retailing. When things changed food stores changed with them. I remember the great railroad buildings of the seventies and eighties—and saw how more foods became available and how our own company grew as a result of it. I remember the first automobile I ever saw, and I, too, yelled, "get a horse." But soon, with automobiles trucking foods to new outlying stores, and with customers coming to stores from greater distances, food stores grew into complete grocery stores with wide assortments. It became less and less necessary to deal with customers by mail, or send our wagons out to their houses to solicit orders.

"Customers began to depend on the new canned foods, on fresh vegetables summer and winter, on individually packed foods instead of bulk. Retailing grew up with America—every development in American life had its effect on our business.

"Today I marvel when I compare the food business of fifty and seventy-five years ago with modern, efficient, wasteless food distribution as we know it today."

The development of retail food distributing with the growth of America is portrayed in a series of posters by Louis Fancher to be displayed in A&P stores during the 75th Anniversary celebration.

AWAY BACK YONDER

By F. L. K.

You like old stuff, Arba? Here's some.

It was away back yonder when they counted my years with a minus sign before a rimless cypher. Thrifty, wealthy farmers built those large white houses and covered the windows with green blinds. They built big red barns and used the old buildings for stables, granaries and sheds.

On Little Prairie where later I came into the picture, those fine buildings were the rule and I was told that only one farmer owed anything for labor and materials when they moved into the new home and he paid it all up the next year.

They had plenty of everything, lived well and were satisfied. Rapid transit was afoot or by slow ox team or farm horses hitched to a heavy wagon which frequently got stuck in the deep ruts of unimproved roads. Practically no taxes and schools maintained by rate bills. Few tools and little machinery.

Were people contented and happy in those simple times only about two generations back? Candidly yes, they were. Why? Mr. Coolidge in an October magazine article says:

"The whole stream of life moved leisurely so there was time to observe and think. The march of events was not all the time hurrying people beyond their capacity to comprehend. Experience was sufficiently meager so it could be carefully considered and digested. Contemplation was possible. The opportunity existed to form mature and settled convictions. Existence then seemed to have a continuity and certainty which now are strangely lacking."

And then the great ex-President went on to confess that "There was nothing to suggest to a boy that conditions of life would change violently. I never mistrusted that history was not all made, public questions not all decided and the world was not destined to go on indefinitely as it was then going."

I well remember when they said, "We must educate or perish." And have we educated?

Then we sang those doleful tales about Mollie Darling, Lottie Lee, Little Maude, Daisy Dean, Clementine, Alice Benbolt and a lot of other nice girls who had gone up to heaven, but now they twist the gadget and get, "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied."

They started the Pony Express with six hundred tough bronchos and seventy-five light-weight riders making the trip from St. Joe, Mo., to San Francisco in ten days, charging five dollars per letter delivered. In December, 1860, Pres. Buchanan's message to congress was printed in Sacramento nine days later.

Then began the machine age, installment buying and a system for the thorough exploitation of the thrifty farmer and nobody seems to have noticed that since then he has been steadily going down and out and can no longer hold his farm home or contribute to the maintenance of the towns he once did. He is driven to the wall when he can no longer make a profit but each year must suffer a loss. Now he says by heck if those town and city folks want food they will pay for it or starve, and if they ever get organized, they can bring us to time a plenty in a few months.

When the farms fail, we must all fail.

REV. L. F. COOPER PREACHES FINAL SERMON

FINISHES TEN YEARS AS PASTOR OF LOCAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. PLANS FOR FUTURE AS YET UNDECIDED

The Rev. L. F. Cooper, whose resignation to take place the last of July as announced several weeks ago, delivered his last sermon Sunday morning.

He completed an unusually successful term as pastor of the Presbyterian church of Decatur for the past 10 years. He came here in July, 1924. He is now 62 years of age.

Church members, friends and local business men are gratified to learn that the Rev. Cooper and family will continue to reside in Decatur, although retired from active church work.

The retiring pastor was born in Washington county, Tennessee, in 1872. He attended the preparatory school of Tusculum college at Greenville, Tenn., and at the age of 19 entered upon his college course in the same institution, graduating in 1895 with the degree of A. B. He also won a prize for proficiency in mathematics. He was graduated from the McCormick Theological seminary at Chicago in 1900.

He has served pastorates at North Bend, Wis., Minok, Reynolds, and Philo, Ill.; and at McComb and West Unity, Ohio. His charge here was the longest uninterrupted term of ministry.

His marriage to Electa L. Ensign of Hicksville, O., was consummated on May 10, 1900. The Coopers have five sons, all of whom are now engaged in business except Harold Cooper, the youngest, who is now a civil engineering student at Michigan State College, East Lansing.

Mrs. Cooper has also been active in church affairs here, having directed the activities of the Women's Missionary society and acted as a teacher in the Sunday school.

Since Rev. Cooper's coming to Decatur there has been 130 accessions to the church membership, all on profession, with the exception of 20 which were by letter from other churches. The mortgage on the church has been paid and the interior of the church decorated. Rev. Cooper was instrumental in establishing the Bible study period in the Decatur High school and for several years taught two periods each week.

Decatur has eight other religious denominations and Rev. Cooper's co-

operation with these churches has been very pronounced, whose enlistment of his co-operations and quick perceptions and understandings of conditions have endeared him to the people of the village.

Surprise Party for Mrs. L. F. Cooper

Last Friday evening Mrs. L. F. Cooper was very happily surprised at the manse by the sudden appearance of some 24 ladies, friends and fellow members of the Philathean class, loaded with baskets of food for a pot-luck supper. Harold was the only one of the family "in the know" and it was very apparent that he hadn't squeaked. Mrs. Cooper had been played upon by two late callers who, at the stated time, asked to look at a certain quilt pattern, then they must needs have a drink of water, so the front approach was out of view and the deluge was on before she was aware.

Soon tables were ready and exclamations over the delicious repast were heard on every side. Of course the Cooper table received special attention. Following the supper, two very interesting reviews of recent trips were given by Mrs. A. C. Brigham and Mrs. A Dwight.

After lively discussions a few gathered at the piano to sing a verse of "Auld Lang Syne," making sure that Mrs. Cooper was close by, for again she was being tricked, as certain ladies were hustling a foxey fine net table cover into place. It took a little magic to work her along to a clear line of vision, and all were "tickled pink" to note her sudden pause and the confused expression, "Well, I guess I'm seeing things!" Attention was called to the supposed price-tag on the corner which, however, proved to be a little note of presentation.

"With many good wishes we took our leave,
As happy in giving as she to receive."

A Member.

THE TRAGEDY AT KEELER

William Slater and Not His Older Brother Ralph Did the Shooting, Killing Himself and Dangersouly Wounding Another.

It was not Ralph Slater, as reported in the Republican and other papers last week, but his younger brother Will who shot the Keeler farmer and then mortally wounded himself. We were unable to learn how it came about that Ralph was named as the perpetrator of the tragedy.

Will Slater was the youngest of the three sons of John Slater. The family lived in Decatur during the eighties and nineties.

We are not so much surprised that it should be Will, although he grew up to be a likable man, a good worker, honest and conscientious.

In early childhood there appeared to be a slight defect in his mental make up and it is not unlikely that tragedy early developed in his mind.

In his boyhood years he was known as "Chiney," probably from the fact that his eyes pointed slightly downward like those of a Chinaman. As a small boy he seemed to think that other boys had it in for him, and he had it in for them. The boys had their gangs and hunted for each other, although they kept at least a block or two apart. We distinctly remember in early boyhood of having a real fear of Chiney and his gang, and he may also have been possesed with the same feeling toward other boys.

Ralph Slater was about two years older than Will. He was bright and active and the only boy then in school who was able to attain the coveted distinction of playing ball with Decatur's most celebrated nine.

Ralph was the youngest member of the nine. He is now about 64. He and Frank Thomas of Chicago and Frank Stapleton are the only survivors of those youthful athletes who a half century ago made this village famous.

Ralph was a mischievous little fellow but not mean. He was popular with the boys. Once when a big revival was going on at the Disciple church he and Eddie Congdon stumped the crowd to go forward. The other fellows backed out, but they went on through and at the proper time were baptized in the big tank under the platform. We always had a curiosity to look into that tank but lacked the audacity or nerve or religious fervor to follow the necessary procedure.

Ralph Slater drifted away from Decatur when a young man. His home is now in Toledo where he has a responsible position as overseer.

Bert Slater is the oldest of the Slater boys. He lives in Benton Harbor but once in a while comes over here to renew old acquaintances.

Bert was known in those early years as Boliver. After he grew up he was made nightwatchman of the village. He took his work seriously and never displayed the white feather when courage was required.

One night he thought he saw a burglar in the corner grocery where Rud now puts up pills. He pulled his revolver and fired through the plate glass window, but the burglar was imaginary. At another time a fight was started on the street. Boliver rushed in and laid one of the combatants low with his black jack. The man was unconscious for an hour or two but the nightwatchman broke up the fight.

James Futter, the wounded man, is in the Lee hospital at Dowagiac in a desperate condition, with chances against his recovery. William Slater, who shot him and then died by his own hand, was buried in Hamilton cemetery last Friday.

After the burial Ralph and his son of Toledo and Bert Slater came on to Decatur and called upon a few of their early acquaintances.

MRS. SUMMY DIES AT 91

Was the Mother of Mrs. David Anderson of Paw Paw and a Highly Respected Pioneer of Van Buren County.

Mrs. Harriet Summy, 91, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Anderson, in Paw Paw, last Thursday, November 1. She had been a resident of Van Buren county more than sixty years.

She was a daughter of Col. Wilder Stevens, was born in Williamsville, New York, and came to Michigan at the age of 20. Her husband, Earl Summy, was a veteran of the Civil War.

Although never meeting Mrs. Summy, we have had correspondence with her and greatly appreciated her friendship. She had a clear mind, enjoyed good reading and had made the most of her rich and varied experience. She was a regular reader of the Republican and we have the pleasant memory of a letter from her in which she said that she enjoyed reading it.

Mrs. Summy on two occasions saw our noble president, Abraham Lincoln, first in Buffalo as a candidate and next after his assassination when his body lay in state in Chicago.

The funeral of Mrs. Summy was Sunday afternoon and the burial was in Prospect Hill cemetery.

David A. Squier, for eleven continuous years Decatur's supervisor, is dead, and in his death the village, township and county have lost a faithful public servant and the people individually a valued friend.

Born on a farm a few miles south of Decatur Mr. Squier has spent all of the seventy odd years of his life in this community.

He was a Democrat in politics, but so strong was the confidence of the people in his ability, his honesty and integrity that year after year in the face of a large Republican majority they elected him supervisor of this township, and there never has been an instance when he betrayed in the smallest degree, the people's trust.

The Passing of Meeker Shookman

Meeker Shookman, 77, well known Twin lakes resort owner and former Dowagiac grocer, died early Tuesday at his summer home. Bright's disease and complications were the immediate cause of his death.

Mr. Shookman was born in Wayne township April 14, 1857, and spent practically all of his life in that community. Fifty-three years ago he was married to Charity Rich, who died in March, 1931. Their only son, Bert Shookman, died in 1930.

Funeral Thursday, August 2, at 2:30.

Meeker Shookman's wife was a cousin of E. H. Squire of Decatur, and Meeker, himself, a second cousin.

THE WORLD IS VERY OLD

E. R. Washburn, Teacher of Biology in the Decatur High School, Places Its Age at 25 to 50 Million Years. Earth Formations Around Decatur.

D. H. S. CHAPEL APRIL 6

The speaker, Mr. Washburn, was introduced by Mr. Houseman who said he always had something worthwhile to tell his audience.

Mr. Washburn said that if it took an old timer to talk about age, he was suited for the job. When he was young Mr. Washburn heard that the world was about 6,000 years old. He now thinks that 6,000 years is a very small estimate, that 25 million to 40 million years would be a better guess for the age of the world. He proved to us by the conditions right around Decatur that the world is very old.

First, Mr. Washburn told us a fish story. While spearing from a fish house on Lake of the Woods, he caught a very large carp, which, he said, was a rather dirty deal for the poor fish because it couldn't see the spearer.

In order to retain and kill the carp he shoved it into the mud at the bottom of the lake. When the fish was pulled up a great smudge of material came up also. Part of the material that made the smudge was marl.

Acres of marl are now at the bottom of Lake of the Woods. Marl is found in many places about Decatur and throughout the country. Marl is mostly made up of decayed clam shells, so it has taken a very long time to make all of this marl.

If marl should become dry and compressed for a great length of time it would become limestone. Scientists thoroughly believe that limestone was formerly seashells. Niagara river now flows over limestone.

Michigan, Canada and the whole world over has much limestone, even the tops of mountains have once been part of the sea-bottom because they have limestone on them. Therefore, the world must be very old because it took a very long time for the seashells to turn into limestone.

When oil wells were being dug near Decatur on the Welcher, High and Vought farms, many interesting things were dug up. Shale was found in one of the wells. The shale was in a formation which would in years to come turn into slate. This slate was once clay, which was once silt, which was once material carried in suspension in water.

Clay comes from three different sources—it may be seashells, it may be left when limestone rocks decay as they have done in Kentucky, or it may be formed when glaciers scrape over rocks and grind them to pieces.

While drilling they came to a layer of shale 700 feet thick which was most likely put there by a glacier. This layer of shale is thicker than six standpipes are high. About one-half way down in the shale is a layer of coal 18 inches thick. Coal comes from partially decayed vegetation.

About 20 feet down while drilling on another farm the drill went through rock into sand and gravel which was about 50 feet thick. This sand and gravel is the same kind of material that is found in our river beds today. Mr. Washburn read in Clellan's Geology that in ancient times there was a great river in the western part of Michigan.

Another evidence of the great age of the earth is the petrified animals, many of them have been found right around Decatur. Northern Michigan has a great quantity of petrified sea coral which proves that it was once sea bottom.

Ages and ages ago there was some fire mist which later became the planet which we live on. Ages later there was a crystal which was made a cell. The cell later made a jellyfish, saurians and dinosaurs like the one Opp has in the Alley Opp comic strip. Then came the cave men and now here we are men and women who appreciate poetry such as the following, which was the one Mr. Washburn used for his theme and repeated several times in the course of his talk.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

By W. N. Carruth.

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon—
The infinite, tender sky—
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfield,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on the cresent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod;
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

RURAL CARRIERS GIVE "SERVICE WITH A SMILE"

COUNTY ASSOCIATION MET IN DECATUR LAST SATURDAY EVENING TO HONOR FOUR THIRTY-YEAR MEN WHO HAVE RETIRED

The Rural Letter Carriers' Association of Van Buren county held their regular monthly program and business meeting at the Methodist church in Decatur Saturday evening, February 17, 1934.

This meeting was held to honor the rural letter carriers of the county whose retirement, after thirty years of service, took effect February 1. The retired carriers honored at this meeting were Edward Beatty of Hartford, Stephen Calbetzor and Guy Calbetzor, brothers, of Decatur, A. E. Douglas of Paw Paw, whose retirement took effect at the same time, was not present as he and his family are spending the balance of the winter in Florida.

As the majority of the honored men attended the Methodist church, it was decided to ask the ladies of their church to serve them a banquet dinner, which they did in a very creditable manner. Kenneth Lyle and his musicians ushered the party into the dining room to the strains of well chosen music and continued to play appropriate selections throughout the banquet hour. Many expressions of commendation were heard for these young musicians and to just say that they were enjoyed is putting it very mildly. The dining room tables were arranged in the form of a cross, were covered with white linen and decorated with red and blue crepe paper, carrying out the red, white and blue color scheme. Bright colored bouquets completed the decorations. Rev. Mr. Uhlinger acted as host and gave the invocation. A bountiful chicken dinner was enjoyed by over sixty people.

After the banquet everyone retired to the church auditorium where Mrs. Hazel Cady, the Decatur postmistress, extended a most cordial welcome to the guests and paid a fitting tribute to the carriers who were retiring. Mr. Frank Weed, president of the Berrien County R. L. C. A., responded to this welcome in a way that made us feel that he was glad to be with us. Mr. Arba Moulton, our editor, and at one time our postmaster, gave a short address to the carriers and stressed their loyalty and faithfulness to the postal service. He recalled several instances that showed his intimate knowledge of the rural carrier's work. The Calbetzor brothers served the patrons on Routes 2 and 3 under Mr. Moulton as postmaster.

The three retiring carriers who were present each gave a very interesting review of their service for Uncle Sam. They spoke of the different kinds of vehicles—bicycles, motorcycles, buggies, cutters, mail wagons, sleighs—in which they had delivered

the mail and on down to the present day automobile. One carrier expressed his preference for the horse drawn vehicle of the olden day, believing he could give better service when he was not whisked over the roads at such high speed. They recalled the snow drifts, the swollen streams, the deep mud, the short days when a lantern was needed to read the addresses and many more experiences that are dear to their hearts. They did not forget to mention the friendships made among their patrons, the hot cup of coffee offered on that zero morning or the team the farmer used to pull him out of the mud. How they enjoyed talking about the early days and how their audiences enjoyed listening to them.

Following this review the chairman, Mr. A. C. Dwight, in a few well chosen words presented the retiring carriers in the name of the Association with beautiful desk sets, gifts that the recipients will use and cherish.

Waldo E. Phillips delivered a short address and made a pleasant contact between the carrier and patron. Mr. Phillips is a farmer, a patron, is associated with the farm bureau and with the elevator exchange and he expressed the appreciation of the rural folk for what the rural service had done for them. He assured them that the depression would soon be history and that Michigan being the "best state in the union" had weathered the storm much better than many other states. We agreed with him.

Mr. Thos. Abbs, of Eau Claire, the state president of the Michigan R. L. C. A., took the floor and gave a short talk to the assembly, ending with a poem to the retired carriers which he had composed himself. He read communications from Mr. Armstrong, who is in Washington. He expressed pleasure that so many of the thirty year men were retiring willingly. Lloyd Bishop, district president of the Congressional district, spoke on broadening the use of the parcel post. Seven men who had served Uncle Sam thirty years or more attended this meeting. They were Thomas Abbs, Bert Fisher of Berrien county; James Fulton of Kalamazoo county; John Lee of Van Buren county, besides those mentioned above. Other out-of-town county guests were Mrs. Abbs, Mrs. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Martens of Vicksburg; Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Lang, and Frank Weed.

OUR DEBT TO UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

American Legion Armistice Day Address at Hartford High School.

By Wm. A. Burnette Farmer,
Hartford, Mich.

I am proud to be here and speak for the American Legion. It is an honor of which any good American citizen might well be proud.

My young friends, what is wrong with your parents and your teachers and what is wrong with your elders in general? There is something wrong with them, isn't there? If there were not, then you wouldn't find so much fault with them, would you?

A boy in Evanston, which was my winter home until a few years ago, answered that question by saying that the only trouble with his parents was that he got them too late in life to change their habits. Well, there may be something to that. But don't you forget that your parents and your teachers and all your elders were once your age. Do you ever expect to learn more than you know now? Well, maybe they have learned a few things too since they were your age!

The reason why we keep on learning after finishing our school and college days is because in the school of life there is no such thing as graduation. The longer we live the more we learn, provided we have open and alert minds and do not close our minds to the experiences of the race and the great facts of life. The experiences of the race and facts of life constitute the only foundation upon which we can build for the future.

There was a time when we had no houses; nothing to eat except wild berries and animals we killed. We had no language; no means of one generation transmitting to the next what it had learned in the hard school of experience. What a dreadful thing it must have been to live through those times. I don't see how our ancestors ever fought their way up through the jungles against pestilence, disease and threat of starvation and their natural enemies. But I am certainly glad that was all over and those battles were won before we came into this world, aren't you?

All these things happened before the dawn of history, too. But do you have any doubt that your ancestors were in those battles? Well, I want to tell you that if anywhere down the line the connection of life had ever been broken, at any time, like the snapping of the connection of an electric light current, we would not have been here today! Therefore let's give our ancestors the credit due them.

I have just told you about the Unknown Soldiers of phehistoric times and how their battles were for the survival and to get started on the road to learning and civilization. Now let us consider the Unkown Soldiers of history. For every hero you have read about there have been a million men of the same mind, spirit and courage whose deeds have never been recorded. These millions have made snail-like progress down through the ages, suffering, bleeding and dying, to build civilization the civilization which has been built up at such enormous cost! This is our heritage from the past.

Do you know the names of the soldiers who fought and died to help Washington win our independence—but they were real men! They suffered when they were shot and bayoneted just as you or I would. When they died they left wives and children and other loved ones behind them to grieve their loss. Heart-aches and pain have always followed death wherever it occurred. But this is the price which soldiers and their kin have always had to pay.

Think also of the long-suffering and waiting of loved ones and of the soldiers themselves during the war. The father and mother at home who wait and hope and listen—listen too often for the footsteps of those who never return!

It required soldiers to save the Union in 1860. Abraham Lincoln was a man who loved peace. His human heart and sensitive soul shrunk from war. War, with its devastation and heart-aches, was too much for Lincoln. Yet he could devise no other way of saving the Union. War was the price!

Washington had to pay to establish this government by waging a long and bloody war, and war was the price Lincoln had to pay to preserve it. When I speak of Washington and Lincoln I am not forgetting those legions of Unknown Soldiers who fought with them.

During the World war, our soldiers fought to "make the world safe for democracy." We didn't get what they fought for, but that wasn't their fault. They were called to arms by congress and so far as they were concerned, the World war was a Holy war. These men trusted their chosen representatives and so if the war was not justified, the blame belongs to congress and the president.

Pay the Soldiers

Our soldiers were the innocent victims of an illusion. But again I say, this in no way detracts from their high patriotism. They are just as deserving of their country as was Washington and Lincoln and their soldiers.

This thought leads me to remark upon the shameful way our ex-soldiers have been treated down at Washington lately. This government owes the ex-soldiers a debt for services rendered during the World war. This debt is one of adjusted compensation. It is an acknowledgement of our belief that the burdens of war should not fall entirely upon the shoulders of our young men who actually go into service.

Congress has passed upon this adjusted compensation and it has become a fixed debt of the government to be discharged in 1945. The veterans wanted this paid two years ago as a means of putting money into circulation and relieving the depression. They were told that this could not be done because it would bankrupt the government. If this was not a false argument, then why isn't the government broke now? We have borrowed billions of dollars and spent them to put men back at work and put money back into circulation. But there is nearly as much unemployment today as there was two years ago.

Millions are receiving "easy" money while the government sinks further into debt. If we had paid the veterans the money would have gone directly into circulation and instead of being $2,000,000,000 in debt, we would have had that debt paid off. It seems to me that this would have been a sensible way to have handled the situation.

Now we hear talk of a five billion dollar "easy" money program down at Washington to be spent during the next two years. If there are to be any

further appropriations of "easy" money, I maintain that the veterans should come first I shall not begrudge paying my share of taxes to pay the soldiers who fought for my country, but I shall object to slaving away trying to make a living while the politicians at Washington misappropriate tax money for campaign expenses and vote-getting purposes.

Now, I am in favor of treating these veterans like we said we would when they went to war for us. In those days nothing was too good for them. We cheered, we yelled and we took them into our homes. We fed them, we sent them overseas to make the United States and the world "safe for democracy," but when the war was over we soon forgot them.

Our gratitude was so short-lived that I am reminded of a definition for gratitude which I read a short time ago. It said, "Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." That fits in exactly with our changing attitude toward the veterans.

When we wanted them to go out and fight our battles for us, we had gratitude, which was a "lively sense of favors to come," but as soon as the favors were over, our gratitude was gone. But, of course, if we were attacked by a foreign power today and our shores were invaded, we would smile upon these veterans again and our gratitude would return.

I am in hearty accord with the stand which the veterans have taken with regard to the conscription of capital and industry without profit in time of war. There is absolutely no reason why capital and industry should not be on the same basis as our armed forces. This might go a long way to keep our country from plunging headlong into other wars. I am with the veterans on this part of their program.

I am also in favor of their stand on federal control of munition plants for the purpose of preventing the international traffic in armaments. It may not be possible to prevent war at this stage of our civilization, but we must do everything within our power to stop the ghastly slaughter of human beings.

But, if there is anything worse than war, it is slavery. Therefore, I am also in favor of the veterans' program for an adequate national defense. Those who talk against an adequate national defense are not logical in their arguments. I am in sympathy with the purpose of the pacifist, but I cannot agree with their theories. When they can show me that Chicago and New York are safe without a police force, then I will be in favor of national disarmament.

The policies of the ex-service men which I have briefly presented to you are but a few of the aims for real Americanism on the part of those men who 16 years ago defended us with their brains, brawn and souls, and I think that you will agree with me that we can safely lay the future of our nation in their hands. And so, on this 16th anniversary of that unforgettable Armistice day, I wish to dedicate the hearts and minds of all of us to these stalwart defenders and to tell them that what they have done for us will ever live within us—and undying spark of inspiration and loyalty to our Fatherland.

QUINT WHITMORE

Once a Partner of the Great Bailey, This Showman Was Rich Only in Experience.

(Taken from the Republican of Twenty Years Ago.)

Quint Whitmore, magician, wanderer, and funny man dropped into the Republican office last Saturday looking for the secretary of Hamilton fair. He came with his tent and baggage which is the sum total of his earthly possessions, but he possesses also a boundless good humor and never failing contentment which boost his personal assets up to the level of those of a millionaire.

Quint was born in Cassopolis 65 years ago but it has been many years since he has called any village his home. He says he lives nowheres. He never worries, his home is where night overtakes him and he can sleep in a graveyard as comfortably as in a feather bed. This year he has traveled in twelve states and Canada, coming "with a whirlwind of fun" as it says on his bills.

Quint has had his ups and downs. He married once and life has never been the same to him since, but that comes into the story. Some time after he started out in the show business he fell in with Frank Bailey of Niles, who also had a small tent show, and the two formed a partnership. One time when the show was doing one night stands near Saginaw they took in a young fellow by the name of J. A. McKinnis and gave him a job. He stayed with them for three years and then bought out Bailey's interest and changed his own name to J. A. Bailey. Whitmore and Bailey were partners during the years of 1876, '77, and '78 and then Quint got married and Mrs. Whitmore and Bailey did not harmonize and Quint kept his wife and sold out to his partner. Nine years ago she too quit Quint.

The same Bailey that was in partnership with Quint later became the partner of P. T. Barnum and his name is known in every country in the world under the name of Barnum and Bailey.

It was advertising that won fame for Barnum, it was advertising that won fame for Barnum and Bailey. Bailey had a little menagerie, but from his advertising the reader imagined it but little smaller than the collection in Noah's ark. Bailey advertised a "wonderful baby elephant with two trunks" and Barnum chanced to see the flaming large bills proclaiming the freak. The baby elephant was taught to carry a little trunk with its own trunk and the advertisement became a fact. Barnum without stopping to consider what he might be buying telegraphed Bailey an offer of $20,000 for his baby elephant with two trunks. Bailey had copies of this telegram printed on his posters and under it he said, "This is what Barnum thinks of my baby elephant with two trunks. Don't you want to see him?" When Barnum saw the poster of his telegram, he said, "It isn't the elephant we want, it's Bailey," and in a little while these two great showmen formed a partnership which continued the balance of their lives.

Quint's first experience in the show business was with Stowe's shows. That was back in the fifties and he was a little fellow. He was called a general utility man and did tumbling, leaping and a dozen different tricks. The Stowe show went out from Berrien Springs and went broke and disbanded at Keeler Center in 1867. Burr Robbins took the show and went on the rocks at Fennville within a month. Instead of disbanding Robbins held the company together, they went out in the harvest fields about Fennville and worked and the Fourth of July opened again and showed to a tent full, morning, afternoon and evening. This celebration day put Robbins on his feet and from that day he made money. He died about twenty years later worth over a million dollars Robbins' wife was a Lawrence girl, her name before marriage was Nettie Webster.

Whitmore next went with W. W. Cole, the first if not the only show to make a tour of the world. Next he went with Forepaugh's show for three seasons doing magic work in the side show. He next went with Barnum's Hippodrome and Congress of Nations. He was a Fan Cannibal of a tribe discovered by Livingston in Central Africa. His haid got him the job, it was curly and bushy, he let it grow long so that it stood out as big as a bushel basket. He wore a lion skin trunk and sandals.

He next went with Hennessy, traveling in Texas and Mexico. He run the side show and worked the ring. This was his last engagement, he has since been out for himself with varying success although he has gained riches in the school of experience.

While in Decatur he stopped at the home of his half-sister, Mrs. George Long.

SORGHUM RECALLS THE PAST

It is always a pleasure to the Republican to hear from its friends and former Decatur residents. The paper's recent stories about sorghum have brought a number of comments and last week we received a picture of a sorghum field together with a good letter from Dana Sherrod who spent his boyhood years in this village.

Dana attended the Decatur High school and spent several years clerking in the Durkee and Lammond dry goods store before going out for himself. Mrs. Sherrod was also a Decatur resident, formerly Gladys Galbreath, and both have many friends among the older residents of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrod reside in Bloomington, Illinois, and the latter's mother, Mrs. Elnora Galbreath, resides with them. Mr. Sherrod is a traveling salesman which accounts for the dating from another town of the following letter.

Pittsfield, Ill.,
November 7, 1934.

Mr. Arba N. Moutlon,
Decatur, Mich.
Dear Arba:

I read your paper every week. I always read "This week" first, and enjoy it very much.

I was interested in an article by Dr. Greenman about the old sorghum mill. Enclosed is a picture of one, that was in our paper last Sunday.

We have some of this sorghum and I like it very much. It is not black, like the old sorghum molasses but medium light color and not bad to eat on pancakes. Anyway I like it.

There is lots of sorghum grown in the southern part of Illinois.

The cartoon enclosed is along the line of your editorial last week, showing the need of more interest in politics by all the people instead of the reverse as seen in this cartoon.

I enjoyed the nice visit with you, which I had last summer when we took the ride around the Lake of the Woods and the swamp.

Was very much interested in the article about Floyd Odlum, in your paper a few weeks ago. He was a very good friend of mine. He went to high school at the same time I did. He and I were going into some kind of business together at that time. I do not remember what the business was, but I do remember how late we sat up one night figuring out the rules and regulations of our partnership.

With best regards, I am,

Yours very truly,
Dana P. Sherrod.

WE HAVE A NEW SUBSCRIBER

An Order Comes from Tuck High on a Scrap of the Decatur Republican of Fifty Years Ago.

"Send me your paper to the County Farm."

That is the order from Tuck High, a friend of many years standing, and of course the order will be obeyed.

Tuck's return to the big brick on the road to Hartford after his spectacular escape with his whiskers last winter, may be a surprise to some of his local acquaintances, but we'll wager a giant firecracker against a can of those red beets in the Infirmary cellar that Tuck won out in the battle for his beard and at least a part of it still adorns his comely countenance.

His order for the paper was written on a ragged half page of a copy of the Decatur Republican dated Wednesday, November 5, 1884, when Andy Johnson was the publisher.

Not many of our present residents will remember this village and community of that time, but it was even then a lively place, as it is today.

The scrap of paper does not contain much local reading. An item from Little Prairie Ronde says, "A large company of hunters including Earnie Hathaway, R. Lundy, C. Hardy, Jim Jewell and Linneus Lawrence started for a hunt in the north woods Tuesday after having done their part toward saving the country." Which probably means voting on election day.

Here is a part of an item which aroused some curiosity: "The care and management of horned cattle will be discussed at the next meeting."

Here is the readable part of an item which aroused our great curiosity and we call upon Editor Cochrane to dig out his files and reproduce the rest of it,—

". . . worn by a protectionist gave him just no protection at all, and he dropped his whip, a signal for cessation of hostilities. Dr. Rowe paid $2.75 for his whip, from which he had worn the cracker and about two inches of the bone, while Dr. Merrill had damaged his only to the amount of the cracker, which he also paid for. We are ashamed of our townsman, he being challenger, and the first to give up, and the challengee a Democrat at that.—Day Spring."

WHAT ABOUT LAKE OF THE WOODS?

By James R. Uhlinger.

The other day in the course of running around on my duties I bumped into something which has proved to be unusually hopeful. Ever since moving here I have been interested in anything and everything which would call to community life and well-being from the recreational and social points of view. It was not long until I had discovered the Lake of the Woods and a fine unused Scout cabin beside it. The following paragraphs have to do with that lake, that cabin, the need of recreational facilities, and related affairs.

Last week I happened to appear down at the Lake of the Woods just as Mr. J. G. Hirst, owner of the territory on this side of the lake, had decided that much as he hated to have to do it, the lake beach must be closed to bathers. No man in this community, much less Mr. Hirst, would think of doing a thing like that without reason. There are reasons for that action, and they are good ones. I went around the premises and saw for myself just what was wrong, and what was back of the decision of Mr. Hirst as owner of the property.

1. The water had a scum over it—a hang-over from the night before when over a score of people had taken a bath in the lake, leaving the soapy scum behind them.

2. Property showed signs of abuse and destruction. A fish pond was full of stones which formerly surrounded it. Anything of value which could be moved had been carried off. A building had been broken into. The diving board was gone. A new shuffle-board court had had stones thrown on it.

3. In talking to people who have been down to the lake, I learned that a woman went in the already crowded water the other night with an open sore on her leg 1½ inches across. This certainly violates health laws.

4. The area surrounding the beach has been used as an open air toilet. Even around the cottage the grounds have been violated in this way.

5. A few nights ago, people from Chicago who own the cottage down by the lake had to get up between two and three a. m. to beg a loud abusive group to go home so they could sleep. Drunken people have sometimes made the beach an unfit place for decent people, I was told.

Now, what should be done? Any man who is interested in decency, law, and order would close his property to such actions as these. He has every right to use the law to do this when one remembers that rowdies have climbed, bent over, and half-ruined the trees which have been set out there. This seemed like the only possible action. If I owned that property and the above things had taken place there, I would close it too for the sake of a better community.

The last day or two, though, has brought forth a rumor that people are circulating a petition regarding the close of the beach. Many people have stopped me on the street and asked about this loss of bathing privileges. "It is terrible," they say. But no one ever thought it was terrible to let things like I have mentioned go on down there. No one ever thought of thanking a man for the use of his property and of working with him to make it a desirable place and to improve the beach.

They cry now that the "town's only beach is closed," but I have not been able to discover that the town's law-enforcing officials have done very much about patrolling the "town's beach" as part of our after-dark protection. On good authority I have heard that there has been nude bathing and open changing of clothes.

I dropped in at Dr. Bope's office the other day and talked over the matter. In his own shrewd way I think he has struck the truth when he says that the wild rowdyism and law-breaking actions of about 10% of the bathers has resulted in these complaints, and this action. Lots of people have behaved while there, but 10% have not and now all are made to suffer.

Here is the heart of the whole thing! Mr. Hirst is not at all unwilling that people who will take care of things should enjoy the facilities of the lake. He wants good recreation and decent amusement.

To support this statement I want to announce that he has offered me the chance to organize a group of the young and middle-aged people of Decatur and use the fine scout cabin on his property FREE OF CHARGE for the rest of the year. There are no strings on this offer at all. The only requirement is that there shall be decency there. The organization is now beginning and the cabin should be open by the week-end. We hope to have some member of the organization deputized so there will be official authority on the grounds.

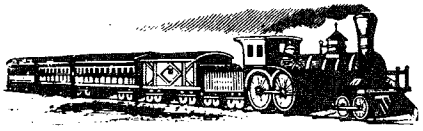
The club will be open to such people as will maintain a high standard of recreation and social life such as De-

catur longs for. There will be dues in order to equip the cabin and make it more comfortable, although the owner has not requested the group to do anything in return for the use of the property.

I have talked to a very few, but one business man said, "I am tired of being hounded by this, that and the other money-making proposition. I would like to give $10 or $15 to something like this where I can see some actual civic value attached. I'll build a diving board when I can be sure it will not be torn down and broken." We want business men who are tired of the old money grind to feel that this club is a thing which will give back to them and to the community increased value for every cent invested.

But this has not yet solved the beach problem. If the people do feel that Lake of the Woods is a town beach, it seems to me that the town council should have some definite understanding with the owner of that property. I, for one, hope that public baths are stopped down at the lake so that people who are so modern as to take their baths at home can get some kick out of going down there to swim. Moreover, disappointed people will do the right thing needed to make it so that 10% do not do things that take their privileges away from them. Let such people help the officials do away with rowdyism by reporting misconduct.

Let's get together and do something worthy for the community by cleaning up this condition, and by organizing a good recreational group. Those who would like to join should notify Mr. Uhlinger. Standards will be high and the membership will be made selective by voting all members into the club.



The Trainmen

By M. H.

THE trainmen, oh, the trainmen
Are a strong and gallant crew;
They never shirk their duties—
They have weighty work to do;
Flying o'er the flying cars
By the pale light of the stars—
With a steady step and true.
If an order they should alter
Or a single moment falter
What would come to me and you?

The trainmen, oh! the trainmen
Are the bravest in the land;
With sudden death and danger
They are walking hand in hand.
If a hand a switch misplaces,
Death stares them in their faces;
On a single plank they stand,
But they may not shrink nor shiver,
Though the dark and icy river
By that single plank is spanned.

The picket dies on duty
When need and honor call.
Perhaps a single sentinel
That guards the outer wall.
Yet, when history tells the story,
There is no green leaf of glory
Unless a general fall.
So, not many words are spoken
When a brakeman maimed and broken,
By the pulse of life forsaken,
From between the cars is taken.
"Brakeman killed"—and that is all.

So they walk the path of duty,
Sternly faithful to each trust,
While their loved ones pray and tremble
As loving loved ones must.
Over plains and mountain ridges,
Shooting tunnels, crossing bridges,
Winter snow and Summer dust
Blanch and tan their earnest faces
Till some day the last train races
Through Death's tunnel; labor ceases;
Life's fair engine falls to pieces,
Prey to ruin and to rust.

But, oh! ye railroad workers!
Nothing matters if at last,
Having laid aright your switches
Over bridges, gaps and ditches,
Smoothly o'er the road you passed
Watchful in the right direction;
If you made that last connection,
Then your lot was nobly cast.
Oh! hearts so true and stable,
You have kept your last time table,
Never, nevermore to roam;
With signal lights all swinging
With the last bells ringing, ringing,
You have flagged the final station,
You have entered "Home, Sweet Home."

SAW THE CHICAGO FIRE

Mrs. Muirl Howe Gives Graphic Description of the Great Conflagration Which Started in the Stock Yards.

Mrs. Muirl Klinger Howe, daughter of Mrs. Frank White of Decatur, resides at 722 West 59th street, in Chicago, not far from the territory covered by the big Chicago fire of a couple of weeks ago.

Mrs. Howe has written Mr. and Mrs. White a graphic account of her experiences on that terrible Saturday afternoon and night from which the Republican is privileged to print the following,—

Sunday p. m.

Dear Mamma and Papa:

I went to the big fire and my eyes are still red. I had cinders and dirt in my hair, so now I have taken a bath and feel better.

Lillie called me about 4:30 yesterday and asked me if she could turn the hose on our porch. Then we heard the fire siren and shut the water off, as we knew it would be needed.

Things are terribly dry and the smoke was like black night down Halsted. The young girl up stairs came down and we walked clear to 42nd and Halsted streets and nearly roasted. We could see the flames long before we got there. No cars were allowed to run on the Halsted street line.

I never saw so many people and such sights. When the Drovers' Bank burned it was like a roaring furnace. The firemen were black as coal. Ambulances were clanging and even private autos carried suffocating firemen out of the heat.

We saw families standing about and their few belongings piled upon the sidewalk. Many were carrying nice clean blankets tied around their few clothes in a bundle on their shoulders.

The smoke and heat were so blinding that we would have to turn around and shut our eyes at times, and the noise of the engines was deafening. We saw cowboys riding herd and a big fenced in school yard was full of horses packed in solid,—all great big beauties.

But the firemen could not save them all. We saw the bridge burning inside the big fence that has barbed wire on. A fireman guarding one of the double gates let in a fire engine and the firemen tried to break down the fence with axes to let the stock out, but the fire had then crossed Halsted and was raging in the old frame buildings and they had to leave.

Just think, it burned two fire engines, twisted the steel elevated girders, burned the piling to the water's edge of Bubbly creek.

I saw houses with the people staying in them and a hose in the house. Floors wet and the fire coming, yet they stayed. The black smoke was awful, people looked wild.

Then it was reported the fire had headed for 39th and State streets and the wind was taking it northeast. The water from the hose turned to steam and at times the flames would roar straight up. We could see the sun like a dull ball through the smoke.

One man rushed through the crowds. He was carrying a tin water pail full of water glasses and a few dishes and nothing else. Another had his radio cabinet and others had their dogs.

The heat was terriffic and firemen, overcome, were carried out every few minutes, and it was heart rending to hear the poor animals that were trapped. We came home late, tired and excited.

I just now heard another engine going to the engine house. All day we have heard them. They make a different sound than going to the fire. It is such a calamity when work is so scarce.

Muirl.

JONT. SAYS

Little drops of dollars,
Little grains of sand,
Will make the $200 pension
All over the great American land.

Why not? People over 60 have to put in their time as well as railway mail clerks and carriers, and school teachers too numerous to name.

Jont. says he has pie every day now. It's bread and butter and sauce.

Only 2 residents of Little Prairie Ronde who lived there when he did,—Frank Rosewarne and Elmer Morris and their families.

Birthday congratulations — Jont

will be 75 years old the 14th of December, but don't tell how old he is, it might interfere with his getting a job.

A half pound tablet for 5 cents at Republican office.

JUST A THINKIN'
By Jont

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make up Decatur, with its muck soil and other farming land.

Decatur is on the Dixie, 3 hours drive from Chicago. It was incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in 1857.

It was re-chartered by the Legislature in October, 1861. E.P. Hill was the first president. Seventy three years later, at this writing, Dr. Bope holds the helm and I think he will hold her at level keel, and will not raise or lower his sails at every wind jam he runs into.

Decatur seems to be having a good trade. Here you can get most anything you want for town or country.

There are 8 churches and each one has a trail by which they can point out to you the way to heaven.

This puts me in mind of old Brookfield Gard. He made up his mind he would read the Bible through. He read until he came to the word Leviticus. He pronounced it 'Leave it you cuss.' There he quit. Hope this did not keep him out of heaven. Well, Frank Kern and I are going there some day. Then we will know whether he got there or not.

You who do not read the Bible as much as I do will find that Leviticus is the third book of Moses.

I wonder if Frank remembers that big pickerel that used to live in the outlet between Big Fish Lake and the upper saddle of Saddlebag Lake. He was so long he had to swim out in the lake to turn around.

1934

WALTER BROWN SEZ-

You know Dana Smith had a pretty good story about Isaac Willard, but he didn't tell all about him. I suppose it would be next to impossible to tell all about that man. There are lots of stories about him.

I heard tell about a man who went to him and wanted work. Willard told him to set down and wait till he got back. The man sat down and waited three or four hours, and then got tired and went away. Probably if he had stayed till Willard got back he would have gotten work and been paid for the time he waited.

Another thing I heard tell of about Willard. They had the Michigan Central graded from Kalamazoo to within a few miles of Paw Paw. The railroad company wanted Willard to donate the land for the depot and other buildings out of the acres which he owned at the Paw Paw settlement, and Willard wouldn't do it. So the raidroad men ordered a new survey, changed the course and cut Paw Paw off the line. That was how Decatur came to be born.

It kind of seems to me I heard something about the Michigan Central going through Charleston to the south of us, but I can't say for sure. They may have found it too hard work to clear the swamp on the Charleston route. There was some reason for cutting Charleston off, for Charleston was quite a town then, and Decatur wasn't anything. The railroad killed Charleston.

Say, that salt-rising bread argument has got several angles to it or what ever you're a mind to call it. It sure has. I was brought up on salt-rising bread when I was a boy. My mother made it and I'll never forget how it would smell when it got to raising before she put it in the oven. It would smell to high heaven, it sure would.

Why, you take it years ago and you never heard of granulated sugar. They called it loaf sugar, it came in barrels and was so hard you had to break it with a hammer.

A long time ago, away back in the seventies there was a man who lived on the out-skirts of Paw Paw just before you make that last turn to go in. He had what they called an ashery. He went around the country gathering up wood ashes. He came to Decatur every spring with a team and wagon and gathered up the ashes around at the houses and we always saved him all of ours.

He extracted the lye out of the ashes and I expect he made soft soap, anyway I don't know what he did with it. Practically everybody burned wood in those days. Even the railroads burned wood in the engines.

DECATUR'S FIRST CHURCH BUILDING

It Was Built by the Presbyterians and Originally Stood on Their Lot. Catholics Bought It and Moved It onto St. Mary's Street.

From the records of the Presbyterian church in the possession of John Brigham, clerk of the session, and recollections of L. G. Stewart we have obtained something of a history of the first Presbyterian church which has been known to the past two generations as the Catholic church. This building was torn down last week and the lumber in it will be used in the enlarging of the new Catholic church.

The settlement of Decatur was started in 1848 and one of its first residents was Rev. Marcus Harrison. He owned much of the block on East Delaware street where the Presbyterian church now stands. He also owned a large acreage on the south side.

In 1852 he organized a church here. There were more Congregationalists than Presbyterians, but Mr. Harrison offered the lot for a building providing the Society would organize under the Presbyterian denomination.

His offer was accepted and the first church in Decatur was built that year. It was the building dismantled this month by the Catholics and originally stood on the Presbyterian lot donated by Mr. Harrison.

The Presbyterians outgrew this church home, sold it to the Catholics and erected the commodious building which was destroyed by fire Friday evening August 10, 1917.

Rev. Marcus Harrison and family lived on the corner that has recently been known as the Geo. McOmber house and is now owned by Joe Penning. The house was moved back, facing George street and is owned by Miss Emma Bradfield. It is one of the very oldest houses in the village.

Rev. Marcus Harrison died during those early years and his grave is in the cemetery given by him to the township of Decatur and named for him.

William E. Trowbridge and E. P. Hill were two prominent citizens of Decatur in the fifties who were members of the Presbyterian society at its organization. Mr. Hill was the first president of the village of Decatur.

Civil War Veterans Meet in Bangor

Nine Soldiers of the Civil War Hold Last County Reunion of Which They Will Have Charge.

The Van Buren County G. A. R. Battalion held its last annual meeting in Bangor last Thursday.

Nine survivors of the Civil War were present. William H. Ashley and James Martin were there from Bangor. The others came from South Haven, Allegan, Gobles, Kalamazoo and Chicago. Their ages ranged from 84 to 92.

Editor Herbert Wood of the Bangor Advance gave the address of the day. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Riley, aged 86 and 81, sang a duet, "Who Will Tell the Story When the Boys in Blue Are Gone."

The reunion closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and next year the meeting will be in charge of the Veterans of the Spanish-American war.

On the night of this meeting James H. McCall, 91, of Kalamazoo, passed into the life beyond and the ranks of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were still further depleted.

Mr. McCall was a grand old citizen. From 30 to 40 years ago he was a frequent visitor to Decatur and had many friends in the village. He became interested in the Decatur muck land about the time the late A. M. Todd bought here. He purchased and cleared 80 acres on the Deuel road which is now the splendid farm of the Van Zelfte Brothers. He built the big barn and peppermint distillery on the property and spent many thousands of dollars in improving it. He sold it to the writer about 30 years ago and he later sold it to the Van Zelftes.

And so the old soldiers, one by one, are leaving the land they fought to save. Soon they will be gone and others in their youthful prime may be called upon to do again the work they did so well. Let us hope that the next time it may be done in peace instead of war.

"All quiet on the Potomac tonight;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever."

A NATIONAL INDUSTRY ESTABLISHED IN KEELER

William A. Burnette Moves out from City of Chicago and Puts Little Town on the Map. Establishes Cookware Company of America on Farm Once Known as Simpson Acres.

Written for the Republican
by JOHN H. COLLER.

After making steady advances during the difficult years of 1932 and 1933, the Cookware Company of America is now leaping forward to new high records. The company which sells unique patented kitchen utensils did more business in the first three months of 1934 than in the first seven of last year, President William A. Burnette stated today.

Scores of new salesmen are being added each month and the Cookware territory is being spread westward and through the New England states in a campaign to cover the entire country by the end of the year. About 20 Van Buren men and women have secured employment at the Keeler offices and in sales positions, and many applications for sales posts are being received now from others over this and adjoining counties.

This business, nearly three and a half years old, which made it a veritable child of the depression, was launched by Mr. Burnette in Chicago. In a few months it was growing; new men were being trained and added to the field force and the most modern sales plans were put into effect. It was found that the overhead cost of the Chicago headquarters was staggering, but a unique solution presented itself to the founder of the company.

In the palmy days before the market crash of 1929, Mr. Burnette had purchased the Simpson Acres, over 650 acres developed into fruit and dairy business, in Keeler. One day the idea came to him that he could establish his offices at the farm, do business from there as well as he could from Chicago, and greatly reduce operating expenses.

Always a man of action, he lost no time in making the change. He converted a farm house on the No. 1 farm into a model office building, the equipment of which equals the modern offices in the cities. He readily admits that it was a most ideal change and enthusiastically states that his moving to a small community could well be followed by many other Chicago concerns that suffer from staggering overhead, taxes and other expenses bound to be faced in the metropolis.

Mr. Burnette, after studying for the ministry, turned to the direct selling field 14 years ago, starting in the kitchen utensil game. His ability and foresight sent him to the top ranks of the nation's salesmen. Always observant and on the alert for opportunities, he devised the heavy cast aluminum utensil some 13 years ago and rose to fame in the industry in this line.

Later he invented an improved method of cooking with a new type of utensils and soared into the millionaire class. Late in 1929 he perfected the present Cookware utensils and system of food preparation under the most ideal and scientific conditions and swung over entirely to the manufacture and sale of this advanced type of utensil. His efforts to beat the depression have been crowned with success and his foresight and knowledge of the aluminum business is being rewarded by an ever-increasing wave of orders flooding in from over the territories.

Fought in 1870-71

Residing quietly in Decatur is August Frederick Karl Palm, 87, who has the distinction of having fought in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871. He was born in the city of Leipsic, Saxony, in 1847. Under command of Gen. Von Scheffler, he served with the Fourth Corps of the Prussian army in the campaigns in France until wounded at Verdun, the battlefield which became famous again in the World war. Mr. Palm was with the army which entered Paris.

After the war, he travelled extensively in Europe and came to Chicago in 1882. There he followed his trade as an interior decorator, specializing in papier mache work until 1919 when he removed to Saugatuck. He came here five years ago.

Mr. Palm's youngest son, Harry, served with the American army in France in 1917 and 1918. He was wounded in one of the closing campaigns.

A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY

Dr. Greenman Discovers Sorghum Mill and It Recalls the Happy Days of Childhood.

When the writer was a boy, which was quite a while ago, there used to be a sorghum patch on about every other farm at least. And there were mills close by where this good sweet could be made up for family use each fall. But for some unaccountable and regrettable reason sugar cane raising has gone out of fashion around Decatur. The writer has kept an eye out all summer for sorghum patches and has noted but two and they were miles away.

Sorghum is a most delicious sweet and is cheaply raised. A small patch will furnish a half barrel or so of syrup, and if there is anything that a family of children will take to and ask for more it is this very same syrup on a heavily buttered slice of home made bread.

It is good for the youngsters, too, and in addition to this, it is an excellent cooking molasses. There used to be a time when many people thought that sweets were eaten just because they tasted good. Now we know that sugar is one of our most important foods. So there is more than one reason why a good supply of sugar such as the sorghum is a desirable item of every day use, and should be stored away for winter.

We discovered just the other day that there is a little sorghum mill operating over on the East Valley road not far from the Robert Wood farm. A fine grade of syrup is made there but the owner says that none of his trade comes from Decatur territory, but mostly south and east and also north as far as Plainwell.

N. H. G.

EMORY H. SQUIER AGAIN SUPERVISOR

Veteran Victor of Many Election Contests Comes Back with Majority of 36 After Four Years in Retirement. Defeats Supervisor Sutton.

The tables have turned and Emory H. Squier, veteran victor of many township elections in the past, has come back.

He was elected Supervisor in Monday's election over Supervisor Jay G. Sutton by 36 votes.

The election was unusual in several respects. Some careful observers saw the hand writing on the wall several days in advance of the balloting and predicted the result. Some who had forgotten or did not know the almost magic vote getting power of the Democratic candidate, were greatly surprised.

It was the most listless election with the lightest vote of any election since the franchise has been granted to women.

With a registration of over 1,200 and a record vote in the township of over a thousand, last Monday but the small number of 512 votes were polled.

Another unusual thing in connection with this election was the fact that over 25% of the voters did not vote a party ticket. That is they did not mark their ballot in the circle under either party, but simply placed a cross before the name of each individual for whom they desired to vote. 142 votes were marked in this way.

This can be interpreted in no other way but that political parties have had their day. It is no longer for a party that people are voting but for individuals. The donkey and the elephant have lost their power to pull and the organizations they stand for

are being relegated to the junk pile.

This idea may have been borne out at the Jackson day banquet at Lawrence a few evenings ago. The old line Democrats who in years past gathered around the tables to eat and be merry in honor of Old Hickory were hardly in the majority, and the new alignment known as the Farmers' Union were greatly in evidence.

We are in a day of many changes, of intense political interest on the part of many and of entire lack of political interest on the part of as many others.

Supervisor-Elect Emory Squier, however, is known today as an old line Democrat. Throughout an active political career of nearly a half century he never has wavered from strict party allegiance, and he probably is too old now to attempt to try out new political theories. We predict that he will continue to be known as a straight out and out Dem and wage his future battles as he has in the past.

He has served Decatur township for twenty years as Supervisor, and until the time he went down before a young Republican giant in the person of Jay Sutton he had lost but two elections in 22 years. A man who can show a record like that is a hard man to go against in any election, and it is no reflection on the good work of Supervisor Sutton that the vote went against him this time.

Supervisor Sutton has served four years and will step out with a good record, both in his township and in the county.

Of the 542 votes cast 116 were straight Democrat. The average vote, however, shows a Republican majority of about 40, more Republicans than Democrats splitting their ticket.

Frank Morlan, Democrat, was elected Highway Commissioner without opposition and one Democratic candidate for constable, Ira Cole, was elected. The balance of the ticket was Republican. The vote by ballot,—

For Supervisor—
Jay G. Sutton, r. 251
Emory H. Squier, d. 287

For Clerk—
G. Raymond Gale, r. 279
Dan J. Fox, d. 250

For Treasurer—
Nellie Hoffmeyer, r. 330
Mrs. Chas. Shridde, d. 194

For Highway Commissioner—
Leo Southworth, r. 1
Jessie Wiles, r. 1
Frank Morlan, d. 334

For Overseer of Highways—
Raymond Carpenter, r. 288
Joe Lapekas, d. 230

For Justice of Peace—
Lyle Parker r., ...272
Jason Goble, d. 247

For Member Board of Review—
Will L. Congdon, r. 266
A. J. Goble d. 248

For Constables—
William Whitaker, r. 303
Wendell Miller, r. 277
Ira Cole, d. 272
Irvin Goodrich, r. 246
Hugh Hartsead, d. 244
Dan Gerow, r. 237
Fred Forbes, d. 223
Ira Roberts, d. 197

Caught on the Board

The election board consisted of H. H. Creagan, chairman; Clarence Haefner and A. N. Moulton, inspectors; Leroy Byrd and E. L. Knight, clerks; Leona Vroegindewey, registrar, and Edw. Mullinex, gatekeeper.

HISTORY OF THE CASS COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL

Composed by Etheleen Holloway and Howard Jessup. Typed by Estella Hartman, R. F. D. No. 5, Cassopolis, Michigan.

Never has our nation been making history so rapidly as in the past few years. Recently great inventions have been made for the cause of humanity. We are all familiar with the causes and result. We have followed the history of our nation, previous to this period, and have lived through all the great wars and recent struggles in behalf of the oppressed. The great nations of the world rejoice in their inventions that have been made to uplift the intelligence of their people rather than still be based upon ignorance and superstition.

The history of the Normal Class of 1934 is, in many respects, similar to the history of the nation. We have been struggling with the fundamental principles that form the basis of an education, and have been preparing to meet the requirements of a teacher of the age in which we live.

On this occaion, time permits us to review only a few of the many startling experiences and interesting events, that mark the progress of the class, and of each individual.

Two hundred and thirty-eight days ago as the sun, it its journey, was approaching the Autumnal equinox, we entered the rooms in which we have since passed many hours of earnest study, so to speak, but now we go forth triumphant over all trials, cares and examinations.

During the first term of our normal school life our corps of teachers numbered six. Miss Rouaan, principal; Miss Barton and Miss Wilson, critics; and Miss Brockbank, Miss McFarlane, and Miss Arbuthnot, for art, physical education, and music respectively. But during our second term Miss Arbuthnot became unable to continue her course of music instruction, and finally, after a much appreciated vacation from that subject, Miss Martineau, our new teacher, arrived. She proved to be very efficient. During our last term we had still another teacher, Mr. Laubaugh, for agriculture. Mr. Flagg, commissioner of schools, came Wednesday, December 20, and taught a Geography lesson, and also on Monday, January 15, he began the instruction of school law, which he completed two weeks later.

But now to the class with a few words in regard to their experiences:

In our first term along with our lessons we had two observation periods of fifteen minutes each. Every day, at this time, we would go tip toeing into either Miss Barton's or Miss Wilson's room to observe the teacher and take notes of her procedure or method of teaching. Well, this was all very fine, but it was a mystery as to just how many knew, at that time, what they were to look for. This we hardly found out until our second term when actual teaching by each student replaced our observation period. After twelve weeks of such teaching we were to undertake the responsibility of teaching a room for a half day. During these days there remains with each student some little experience that they feel was really worth experiencing. We visited rural schools November 16, and in groups of two we taught in them on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 10, 11, and 12.

Throughout the year we have had several speakers who came and gave us lectures. The first lectures on education were given by Mr. Flagg, at the very beginning of the year. Miss Corneliuson came on Wednesday, November 29, and lectured on posture. The next lecturer was Miss Hutsell who came from Lansing on Wednesday, December 20. The last lecture given after Christmas vacation was on visual aid. It was given by Miss Turner from Lansing, on Tuesday, January 9. Miss Reams, a blind lady from Saginaw, visited our normal all day January 23, and told us many interesting things about blind people, how they read and how they write. Wednesday, April 4, brought Dr. Davis from the State Health Department at Lansing to lecture on teeth. On April 30 Miss Evens came from Western State Teachers' College. Our last lecture was given last Friday by Dr. Meyers, our present state representative, who reviewed for us the work of the House of Representatives.

On Monday, September 25, we held our first class meeting and election of officers, as follows: Ruth Leadbetter, president; Kathryn Springsteen, vice president; Josephine Biek, secretary; and Dick Biek, treasurer.

On looking back over the calendar of our activities we find that this great Normal class of '34 has really been very active. On Wednesday, October 4, a short time after we elected class officers, we started our social program. This was with a weiner and marshmallow roast which was held near LaGrange.

All the dramatization done by this class, and there was plenty of it, can be traced clear back to Thursday, the nineteenth day of October, when we all participated in "Bremen's Band," a dramatization of a reading story.

We had a Halloween party on October 25, with cider and Miss Wil-

son's birthday cake as a speciality. On the afternoon of the 27th the critic room invited us to their party. On this occasion, among many surprises, Tommie Reed told an extemporaneous ghost story.

The County teachers' meeting was held in our auditorium in December and Roxanna Steele from State Teachers' College gave an address, and Mr. Cauffman, a reading. To complete the program, we presented our first play, "The Spirit of Christmas." Later we gave it at Wayne and for the Argue Nots at the high school. On the afternoon of December 20, we were entertained by a Christmas program given by the orthopedic room and in the evening we had a Christmas program of our own, in which time many gifts were exchanged.

Those who took part in the plays that we gave between 20 and 30 times had lots of fun, got over stage fright (to some extent) and had a course in socialogy of first hand experience. Psychology was also brought to our attention because we noticed that every place we went, people enjoyed the plays more if they had eaten their supper before. Here are a few incidents which we shall never forget, that happened at different places where we gave the plays.

Cushing Corners School—Bart meets teacher from the hill in Kalamazoo.

North Wayne—Compliment on good looks.

Franklin School—Late because of misdirection. Ask Allegra.

Dewey School—Gift of a large box of candy.

Silver Creek Town Hall—All right, folks, and a leap from the stage. Ask Charley.

Wayne Grange—Tap dance.

Kalamazoo—Visit to the other hill, the trial. Do I? Forever waiting, and a blond's ride home are among the many things that will always be remembered. The mock trial just mentioned was written and presented by the whole class for this meeting of county normals at Kalamazoo.

The historian has endeavored to ascertain the magnitude of the class but has come to the conclusion that it is incommensurable by any finite unit.

As we first entered the Normal we numbered 32, but tonight our number is but 24. To give you something of an idea of how faithful and earnest we have been in our studies and work, several declare that in the winter they weighed from 5 to 10 pounds more than at the present time.

The total number of days in which the class has experienced the trials and pleasures of life is 190. Our oldest member is 22 years, 6 months and 3 days and our youngest has lived 18 years, 1 month and 9 days. Our average age is 18 years, 10 months and 4 days. Our total weight is 2795 pounds, our giant tips the scale at 159 pounds and our pigmy is just heavy enough to balance the scales at 96 pounds. Our average weight is 116 pounds. Our total height is 123 feet. Our tallest member is 5 feet 11 inches, and our shortest 4 feet 11 inches. Our average height is 5 feet 4 inches.

Dear Friends: I have tried to give you an idea of the history of the school life of the Cass County Normal Class of 1934.

To those future teacher workers may I commend you for the part you are taking in his adventure. We are, like Admiral Byrd, only at the beginning of our long trek into unexplored lands. Strong and courageous leaders must chart the way and every man must do his part.

What others' future may be is soon to be revealed to us by those who have the power of prophecy. "May the Hand that has guided our past be as mindful of our future" is the prayer of the Class of '34.

"Be strong.
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle—face it, 'tis God's gift."

CELEBRATES SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Sister Mary Imelda, Once a Resident of Decatur and Known as Alice Murphy, Completes 25 Years as a Member of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

On March 17, 1934, just past, Sister Mary Imelda, a member of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Michigan, celebrated her 25th anniversary as a member of that order. This year she is located in St. Benedict's Parish school, Highland Park, Michigan.

Sr. Imelda is better known in Decatur as Alice Murphy. Some of her former instructors and class mates are still members of that community. She attended Decatur Union school from the first grade to the ninth inclusive.

She with her sister, Hazel (now Sr. M. Adelaide) received their high school course at Nazareth Academy.

She has been granted a degree from the University of Detroit. Has taught the 7th and 8th grades in St. Augustine's Parish in Kalamazoo and different parish schools in and near Detroit.

Sr. M. Adelaide was present at the celebation. A Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in the Convent chapel at 8 a. m. The altar was beautifully adorned with roses, lilies and other spring blossoms—gifts from relatives, associates, friends and former pupils.

Many choice souvenirs fitting the occasion were in evidence. It was a joyous reunion to all privileged to attend.

The following is taken from the Parish paper in Highland Park,—

"The pastor, sisters and laity of St. Benedict's Parish congratuiate her and pray that God will bless her daily work. What a wonderful life to have served God faithfully, working for His honor and glory, and the salvation of souls, that in return God will grant her the eternal reward of a life well spent.'

A LINE OF LOCAL HISTORY

Taken in Part from the Republican Files of Twenty Years Ago and in Part from the Editor's Storehouse of Recollections.

July 2, 1914.

Mrs. William Stong of Flint has been here visiting her sisters, Mrs. Andy Simpson and Mrs. Geo. Smith. These women are daughters of William M. Pardee who came to Decatur from Ohio in 1848, the year Decatur became a settlement.

Mrs. Stone remembers well the day the family arrived here. They came by the Michigan Central from Battle Creek and this was the end of the road. Workmen were laying the track on through and building the depot.

There were then but four buildings here: Two log houses located on the site of the Hinckley livery barn, a store on the corner of Main and Sherwood streets kept by Charles Tucker, the corner where later the Duncombe House stood and was burned down, and a house where the freight house now stands into which the Pardee family moved.

William Pardee came here in the employ of Beers and Sherwood, who owned all the land now included in the village of Decatur. He surveyed and platted the village. He was the second postmaster, Mr. Phelps being the first.

It is not generally known that the first poor house in Van Buren county was located in Decatur. William Pardee was appointed overseer of the poor in 1859. He then lived on land he had purchased near Harrison cemetery and Pickerel lake.

There was no place provided for the county delinquents and he turned his house into a county house.

The number of inmates averaged from 4 to 5 in the summer and a dozen in the winter.

Among the inmates Mrs. Stone remembers Edmund Hayes of Paw Paw, Aunt Betsy, the blind woman, High LaRoo and Ellen Raun.

The last named was insane and caused much trouble. She would run away and wade out into Pickerel lake as far as she could and stand there and Mr. Pardee would have to wade out and drag her in.

Mr. Pardee died in 1860, a year after he became commissioner of the poor. His widow continued the work until 1861 when another commissioner was appointed and the poor house moved

to Paw Paw.

Mr. Pardee raised the first celery grown in Decatur. He raised it on the sand, planting it in a trench and filling in as it grew. The only road across the swamp in his day was a plank road crossing east of Harrison cemetery.

Mrs. Stones maiden name was Amian Pardee; Mrs. Smith's maiden name was Viola Pardee, and Mrs. Simpson's maiden name was,—well we just can't think now. Will some old timer come in and tell us.

George Smith was a veteran of the Civil war and a resident of Decatur back in the Civil war days. He worked for many years for the Hinkley Stave Company and after he became too old for hard work he became nightwatch and kept peace in the village, although he was not always able to do as well at home.

Nightwatchman Smith took great pride in the village park and spent the nights working in it during the summer months, and if he didn't like particularly to be around where trouble was, no one ever ran off with the village or shot it up during his long administration.

He and Viola had a boy named Charlie. Charlie got so he could do one thing pretty well. He could play a snare drum. He became a drummer in a circus and married the trapeze lady. She was a likable little lady, but the same could not be said so freely of Charlie. They separated and Charlie went to Florida with his folks.

After they had both been laid away in the land of perpetual sunshine Charlie came back to live on the friends of his boyhood. It is said the state of Florida bought him a railroad ticket to Decatur. Certain it is that this county bought him a railroad ticket back to the town in Florida from which he came.

And thus endeth this history.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

20 Years Ago - - -

September 25, 1913.

Miss Hazel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Keyes, was united in marriage with Robert D. Menzie of Omaha, Nebr., last Friday, September 19.

W. Carlton Lindsley, first violin, led the orchestra in the play, "The Great Divide," in the Beckwith Memorial theatre, Dowagiac, last Saturday evening.

John Durst died suddenly in New York City September 17. The family came from Chicago ten years ago and bought the George Davis farm in East Decatur.

The Poor Block

The three story buildings known as the Poor block were built by Charles N. Poor at two different times. The north building which was damaged by fire last summer, was built in 1852.

Mr. Poor conducted a hardware store on one side of it and John and Fred Chadwick conducted a drygoods store on the south side. George Boughton had a photograph gallery on the top floor.

The two store buildings adjoining on the south were built by Mr. Poor in 1864. Ira Nash and Lon Keables were the first tenants of the room now occupied by Beek's 5 to $1, and the printing office conducted by Prof. Bellows and A. E. Blackman occupied the second floor.

William E. and Philander Trowbridge were the first tenants of the room, later known as Carney's drug store and now occupied by James Shanahan and Andy Hinch.

Mr. Poor also built the house adjoining his store and resided in it for some time. It is known as the Pott's house.

Misses Mary and Ruth Rosevelt have gone to New Castle, Ind., to enter DePauw University.

October 2, 1913.

Miss Grace Woolfe of Decatur was united in marriage with Chet Hamlin of Battle Creek September 29. The ceremony was performed by Elder Terry at his home in Buchanan.

LeRoy Hamlin was born in Decatur in 1884. He was employed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad and came to his death by falling from a bridge on which he was working September 25.

William Popendick of East Valley and Mrs. Jennie Hoyt of Dowagiac were married by Rev. O. J. C. Woodman at her home in Paw Paw September 30.

The Southern Michigan Fruit Asso. sold grapes for 20 cents Monday.

Quint Whitmore, magician, wanderer and funny man is showing at Hamilton fair this week.

35 Years Ago - - -

December 1, 1898.

Oliver P. Hakes went to Buchanan last week to visit his daughter, Mrs. Crotzer. Mrs. Crotzer is the mother of Claud Haydon.

Miss Ethel Van Duzer came home from Albion college to spend the Thanksgiving day.

Miss Mabel Lindsley, teacher in Buchanan, was home for Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. M. Linderman and daughter Ray have gone to Kalamazoo for the winter.

A. H. Copland has bought a farm seven miles north of Traverse City and the family have gone there to live.

Town Treasurer Dan Carney Sr. is collecting taxes at Carney's drug store.

Sylvester Hamilton has remodeled his house and built a barn.

Wood taken in exchange for subscription by the Republican.

Until January 1, J. I. Huff will furnish good gloss finish cabinet photos for $1.50 per dozen.

December 8, 1898.

Dr. N. H. Greenman has located in Hartford to practice his profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Charles are visiting at the Brodhead home.

Lieut. Bret H. Cockett has gone to Augusta, Ga., to join his regiment.

Harry Lee came home from Traverse City last week for the holiday. He has a good position as attendant for the state asylum for the insane.

Will C. Moulton is now located in New Orleans where he expects to spend the winter.

The grand opening of the Star Grocery in the beautiful new store building will occur next week.

Sim Huff lost $40 in currency last Friday. He tucked two twenties in his vest pocket and when he wanted them they were not there.

Moving the Post Office

"Where is the post office?" Somebody has stolen the post office. Gone in the night like Levi Van Steenburg."

These are some of the many expressions which greeted our citizens as they came down to business or to get their mail Friday morning.

People filed up to the old post office where many of them had gone for their mail for 27 years, only to find the door locked, the curtain drawn and an empty room within.

It did seem as though our Uncle Samuel had played a mean joke on us. The new location furnishes the postmaster a tenant for his new building.

The popular opinion seems to be that the room which was fitted at the expense of the taxpayers for a postoffice and had given satisfaction since the erection of the building might satisfy the present postmaster during the remaining 1½ years of his incumbency.

Postmaster Trowbridge displayed his well known energy in making the change in the night and causing no delay in the distribution of the mail.

December 15, 1898.

Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Rose are spending a few days in Chicago.

Supper ten cents at Stewart's hall Saturday evening.

Mrs. Zerelda Warner and son Roe have gone to Chicago to live.

Miss Lottie Van Camp and nephew of Hartford were in town Sunday.

Will Jessup has one or two pieces of muck land to rent at reasonable prices.

Mrs. Thede Harlan has placed the accounts of her late husband with H. H. Van Camp for collection.

Corporal Richard Abrams is home on a 60 day furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Conway have returned from a three weeks trip in the east and have commenced housekeeping at the Conway farm.

Private Willie Labadie of the 35th Michigan is home on a 30 days sick furlough.

Village Clerk E. J. Rayson has received word from J. W. Pearls that

work on the electric light plant will commence in a few days.

EARLY HISTORY OF GLENWOOD

Reminiscences of the Time When the Station on the Michigan Central Was Known as Tietsort's Siding.

This interesting letter is from Wm. H. Howland of Jackson. It refers to the history of Wayne township printed in the Republican on November 29. The letter was not received in time to be printed last week. Mr. Howland was an early resident of Decatur and for many years an engineer on the Michigan Central. The Republican is always glad to receive his stories of early railroad and Decatur days.

Naming Glenwood

My first introduction to Mr. Craig Sharp was in a saw mill which he owned and operated at Corymbo five miles east of Michigan City in 1872. This mill had been in operation for a number of years and all the lumber timber had been cut off and no more timber in sight. Mr. Sharp looked over different locations and he finally decided on a place known as Tietsort's Siding. In 1873 Mr. Sharp moved the saw mill from Corymbo.

Mr. Sharp did not like the name of Tietsort's Siding, so he had it changed to Model City and he was appointed postmaster. The railroad company did not take very kindly to the new name and did not change the name on their new time cards; but in October and November, 1874, the railroad company rebuilt Tietsort Siding and Thadieus Hampton who owned all the land west and north for several miles agreed on the name of Glenwood. The railroad company built a new depot one-fourth of a mile west of the old depot in November, 1874. They painted the name Glenwood on a board and nailed it up on the building where it has remained since 1874.

The original building was about 18x28 feet and one and one-half stories in height. There were no houses around Tietsort's Siding so the railroad company built an addition on the west end of the old depot and rented it to the section foreman for five dollars a month.

At this time there was only one siding in the town, about 800 feet in length, so the company built one new passing track, one new side track, one mill and stock track. Also a wood yard track which extended over to where the brick store now stands. They had to dig large forest trees out by the roots in order to lay the ties and rails.

From 1874 to 1884, while the timber lasted, Sharp's saw mill did a wonderful business. From 1884 to 1894 it slowed down considerable and the saw mill was turned into a hoop mill and it operated in that line for a good many years. The length of the siding in feet in 1874 in Glenwood was 3,685 feet; distance from Detroit was 172.6 miles.

When I first knew Mr. Craig Sharp he was a preacher of the Gospel by profession and was also well posted as a mill wright, and during the week when the mill was in operation he was always on the job dressed in his clerical garb, including plug hat. He was a fine looking man and made a nice appearance, was about six feet in height and weighed about 180 pounds. He was as straight as an arrow.

He was inclined to be quite charitable and has the credit of donating the lumber from his mill that built the church and school house you mentioned in the last issue of your paper. Mr. Sharp failed financially but I believe he was honest in all his dealings with all mankind.

Daniel Tietsort deeded the railroad land now owned by the company around Glenwood in 1848, and they name it Tietsort's Siding in his honor. It was known as Tietsort's from 1848 until November, 1874, when it was changed to its present name of Glenwood.

The grading and building of all passing and side tracks was under the supervision of my uncle, the late James Mahoney of Decatur. The same year he had supervision over the rebuilding of all siding and passing tracks at Decatur, Lawton and Dowagiac. The new or original coal chutes were built in Lawton in 1874. Coal burning engines at that time were very few, but they had a system of coaling with buckets and a windlass which was rather a slow way of coaling an engine.

EARLY HISTORY OF CORWIN POSTOFFICE

And Carrying of the Mail to Hartford Postoffice. By Edwin S. McGowan, Lawrence, Michigan.

It was in May, 1891, that the government established a postoffice at Corwin. Mr. Willie Hessey, owned and operated the store at Corwin. He had an idea it would be nice for him and his business, also for the store patrons and neighborhood of Corwin to have a postoffice. Mr. Hessey joined in rooting for a postoffice. How to make the dream come true was the question.

A meeting of Corwin citizens was called and the postoffice question threshed out. There seemed to be only one way to settle the question; write the postoffice authorities at Washington asking if they would establish a postoffice at Corwin, and what help the government could give if any in the way of establishing the little postoffice. Willie Hessey was chosen to write the Postoffice General in regard to the postoffice.

In due time a letter from Washington was received by Mr. Hessey. The letter was written along this line:

Mr. Hessey: The government cannot establish a postoffice at Corwin and pay all expenses such as postmaster and carrying of the mail. We will do the best we can for you, however. If you will act as postmaster, free of charge and get some one to carry the mail free for three months without expense to the government, we will be glad to establish a full fledged postoffice at Corwin. Also the government will send back to the mail carrier all the money received by the postoffice department for the sale of all postoffice orders from the Corwin office.

Another meeting of Corwin citizens was called to hear the government letter read and thresh out the details and contents and so on. The question had seemed to be: Who can we get to carry the mail for three months, and how can we pay the carrier. Some one suggested we pay the carrier from a citizen subscription and would be patrons of the new postoffice; each person to give what he felt able to give or wished to.

A subscription paper was properly made out and passed around for signatures, the person's name and amount given. Some gave 25 cents, others 50 cents to $1.

With the amount the government promised to return to the carrier from the sale of postoffice orders, coupled with Mr. Hessey's promising to pay the mail carrier well for all the goods hauled for his store, and Corwin citizens agreeing to pay for all articles of merchandise brought for them from the town, the carrier took the mail.

This plan seemed to be o. k. in a financial way. The next question to come up: Who could they get to carry the mail on the strength of these plans. Many eyes were focussed in all directions. Mr. Hessey, or some one, suggested that Edwin McGowan, writer of this article, undertake the task. Maybe Mr. Hessey or some one knew I was in a better position than many others to take the job owing to the fact I had a good young driving team, also good buggy and wagon, so on.

I suppose they also knew I had two things on my hands—lots of time and a sick wife; my wife having been stricken with consumption, had gone to her parents' home and I to my folks' home near Corwin. Edwin, the writer, accepted the position offered by the Corwin citizens and the first mail left the Corwin postoffice as near as the writer can remember about the 15th of May, 1891.

The three months soon passed away and paid the carrier fair wages for three trips each week he made to Hartford with the mail. After the three months were up the government established a full fledged postoffice at Corwin.

Mr. Willie Hessey was appointed postmaster. Edwin McGowan signed a contract with the government to carry the mail three days a week to Hartford. It was not big pay for carrying the mail, something like $1 or so each trip, adding the amount received for drawing Mr. Hessey's store

goods and other goods for private citizens it paid fairly well.

Miss Blanche Moffet, later Mrs. Henry Drullinger, was teaching the Corwin school at the time Corwin postoffice was established. Blanche sent the first and biggest money order. It was for a Cincinnati buggy, all the rage at that time. No tin Lizzies those days and folks had their whims and choice of buggies, same as people do now after 43 years with autos.

Edwin S. McGowan carried the mail about 18 months, near as the writer can remember, as about this time his wife recovered her former health, partially, and Mr. McGowan bought a little farm and house in Keeler township near the Abbott school house, thus ending my first and only mail carrying—as I resigned my position and Charley Brown took over the mail contract with the government.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago

Sept. 28, 1899.

Roe P. Warner and Nellie Van Camp were united in marriage by Elder Reese at Bangor Sunday.

Chas. Beeton went to Chicago Wednesday where he hopes to join the hospital corps of the U. S. army and be sent to the Philippines.

Jay Warner of Volinia has bought a farm in the Yakima Valley, Washington. He shipped his stock and household goods by freight and went with the load. He was about two weeks on the road. Mrs. Warner will go soon.

Miss Gertrude Charles will leave for Venice, Italy, next month where she will take a year's course in vocal music.

Frank Potts, founder and proprietor of the Star Grocery, has sold out to I. B. Bagley and M. P. Cady who will conduct the business under the firm name of Bagley and Cady. The business was established 11 years ago and a few years ago Mr. Potts erected the elegant two story building adjoining the Doctors' offices on the east side of Main street.

A football team has been organized with Supt. Bishop as manager and Waldo Phillips captain. The boys expect to have suits soon and play with neighboring high schools. Will this be a boon to our local physicians?

The Paw Paw canning factory was partially destroyed by fire last Thursday.

L. Brigham and son John are attending the State Fair at Grand Rapids and exhibiting the soft ground horse shoes manufactured by them.

October 5, 1899.

Robt. Sloan has sold his residence on East St. Mary's street to W. W. Greenman.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Ray C. Morris at her home in Schoolcraft was received in Decatur Wednesday.

Rev. A. N. Eldred has been called to Branch county to attend the funeral of a relative.

Irving A. Dewey and family have gone to Adrain where they expect to reside permanently.

F. A. Hemenway of Bellevue, Eaton county, has purchased the Alex. McWilliams farm in Hamilton and will move onto it next spring.

A game of football will be played at the ball park between the high schools of Decatur and Kalamazoo next Saturday. This will be the first game of football ever played in Decatur.

Will McIntire, Charlie Cook and Curtis Johnson of Hamilton township have gone to Fort Snelling, Minn., to join the 45th U. S. Volunteer regiment being organized to go to the Philippines. N. F. Simpson of Keeler has been commissioned a captain of this regiment.

Alexander Sloan, an early resident of Hamilton, died at his home in Benton Harbor September 28. Aged 70.

October 12, 1899.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Dewey were present at the laying of the corner stone of the U. S. Federal building in Chicago Monday.

Mrs. Joshua White, wife of a former pastor of the Methodist church of this village, died at Three Rivers last week.

Philander Trowbridge, Mrs. L. D. Roberts and Rev. Geo. B. Rogers are attending the Universalist state convention at Charlotte this week.

The Lawrence Times, which has been published for the past year by Ernest G. Klock, has been sold to Miss Vera P. Cobb, who took possession last week.

Officials of the Benton Harbor fruit jubilee perpetrated a huge joke on the 20,000 present at the last day of the celebration. The great crowd had come to hear Hon. Ex-Congressman Sockless Jerry Simpson of Kansas, but he was unable to come. Press Woodruff, the Arkansas humorist, was hired to impersonate him. Woodruff put on his make-up in Chicago and sailed for the Harbor. A brass band and long procession of carriages were at the dock to meet him. He made a humorous address, was wildly cheered and took the boat for Chicago before the crowd 'got on.'

The famous law firm of Howell and Carr of Cassopolis dissolved last Saturday. Mr. Howell will continue in the practice and Mr. Carr will commence his six year term as circuit judge on the first of January.

John Lyle was born in Devonshire, England, January 5, 1818, and came to the United States in 1829. He came to Michigan in 1835, while the state was yet a territory. He died in Paw Paw October 5, 1899.

The Kalamazoo football team did not make its appearance last Saturday and the game did not materialize.

News of the death of Mrs. Charles Schuster in Milwaukee was received Tuesday. Mr. Schuster conducted the Big Corner Drygoods store in Deca- for many years.

Jacob Byers was run into by an unknown wheelman Thursday evening. The wheelman was riding rapidly and struck Mr. Byers with such force that both were catapulted to the ground. The wheelman acted the part of a coward in recovering his wheel and speeding away in the darkness and leaving his unfortunate victim where he had fallen.

The special train which carries President McKinley from Chicago to Kalamazoo will pass through Decatur at 5:30 next Tuesday afternoon. An effort is being made to get it to stop here, but if it doesn't we can say that we have entertained a President for a second or two, anyway.

18 pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar at the Fair.

Some new cross walks have been put down on Main street under the direction of Marshal Gillum.

A BALLOT OF 1896

Frank Morlan Brought It to the Republican Office and It Recalls History of That Memorable Campaign.

This was the famous campaign in which William Jennings Bryan ran against William McKinley for President. Bryan won the Democratic nomination over Silver Dick Bland of Missouri by his speech which electrified the national convention, "Thou shalt not crucify man on a cross of gold," he said, and the speech became known as the "Cross of gold" speech.

Mark Hanna conducted McKinley's campaign on the issue of the full dinner pail and it was a red hot campaign.

Bryan probably would have won had he been able to hold the Democrats together, but some of them would not stand for free silver. The hard money Democrats held another convention and nominated Palmer and Buckner for President and Vice President. That divided the party and made the way easier for McKinley. Still it was no one-sided election at that.

Bryan made a speech in Decatur from the rear platform of a special train and Mrs. Bryan, who was with him, was given a beautiful bouquet of roses.

A few weeks later in the campaign a delegation of Palmer men stopped here and made speeches from the band stand. One of the speakers was the fiery Professor Thompson of the University of Michigan. He made a rousing speech which so enraged Ned Rathburn that he engaged the professor in an argument while the latter was on his way to his train.

Ned Rathburn had his failing but he was one of the brightest men who ever went out of this town. Had it not been for the drink habit which took him off while yet a young man of 36 he would have gone far in political or newspaper work.

Prof. Thompson became so angry at Rathburn's thrusts that he finally

shouted as he was boarding the special, "I went to the Civil war to kill such d——d Democrats as you are."

That's how the Republicans got in in '96, but the Democrats had their revenge in 1912 when the Republican party divided on the Progressive issue and Wilson was elected President.

Hazen S. Pingree of Detroit was elected Governor of Michigan on the Republican ticket that year of 1896.

MRS. CORDELIA BULLARD 100 YEARS OLD

LAST SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, WAS HER BIRTHDAY. WAS BORN IN MICHIGAN AND HAS RESIDED IN HAMILTON TOWNSHIP 97 YEARS. RECEIVED CALLS AND REMEMBRANCES FROM MANY FRIENDS

Hamilton township in Van Buren county claims the oldest living white woman born in Michigan. She is Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett Bullard, who was 100 years old Sunday, January 21, 1934. For the past 97 years, she has resided in Hamilton township, not more than a mile from the homestead her father, James Bartlett, claimed when he moved to western Michigan in 1837.

Born in Wayne county, three miles west of Detroit, on January 21, 1834, she came with her parents, at the age of three, by wagon across an overland wilderness trail to St. Joseph. Territorial road at that time was the only trail west through Michigan, and the little cluster of a half-dozen homes at Fort St. Joseph was the only habitation for miles around.

In this community, they stayed at "Halfway house," an inn kept by a family by name of Stearns. The pioneer child stayed in St. Joseph with her mother while Mr. Bartlett and another man returned to Van Buren and arranged for the purchase of 80 acres lying between Lawrence and Decatur. There a cabin was built, and the family moved into their new home in April 1837. Their's was one of the first homes in this unsettled wilderness. Decatur village at that time did not exist, and their only neighbors were Indians.

67 Years on One Farm

The next chapter of importance in this pioneer woman's life was her marriage on July 19, 1857, to Stephen Bullard. Her husband bought another 80 acres adjacent to the original homestead, and cleared it for farming. Mrs. Bullard relates that she lived 67 years on that one farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullard celebrated their 72nd wedding anniversary in 1929. He was 94 years of age when he died three years ago, March 20, 1930. Death was due to a malignant growth, and not from natural causes.

Mrs. Bullard has looked forward with eagerness to her centenary. She attributes her longevity to plain food. She will eat no pies or sweets, and enjoys a hearty diet each day of meat and potatoes. Active until the past few weeks, she is now confined to her bed, but manifests an interest in her son's household, with whom she has lived since her husband's death.

She recalls incidents of a long life which picture the growth of Van Buren from a wilderness to a county of prosperous farms. She has been a life-long member of the Methodist church, and extended her energies in doing good for others.

Sons Are Aged, Active

Two sons, now 75 and 73 years of age, live on Hamilton township farms adjoining the old Bullard homestead. "Mort" lives 1½ miles north of the original 80 acres on which her father settled. Mrs. Bullard makes her home with Mort and his wife. Clarence, the elder of her two "boys," farms 80 acres adjoining that of his brother. He is a bachelor.

The original farm, cleared from virgin timber, still remains in the possession of Mrs. Bullard. It is located 5½ miles south of highway U. S. 12 on the old Bangor-Decatur road first used by pioneer travelers in Van Buren county.

MRS. EUNICE COMINGS BULL

A Short Story of One of Volinia Township's Oldest Residents. Written for the Republican by Estella Hartman, Cassopolis, R. F. D. No. 5.

As a tribute to one of our oldest residents, I am writing a short story of her life. Eunice Comings was born of Pennsylvania Dutch parents, January 12, 1850, in Orange township, Shelby county, Ohio. Their names were William and Katherine Terwilliger Comings.

Eunice is one of a family of four children, two girls and two boys. Mary Jane Comings died when only 18 years old. Alexander also died and Wilson Comings, now lives at Gladwin, Mich., and passed his 80th birthday December 30, 1932.

Eunice's father, William Comings, died at the age of 87 years, and her mother at 77 years.

Eunice Comings was married to Benjamin Franklyn Bull December 30, 1879, in Ohio. Mr. Bull was a member of the Christian church having joined it in 1871. He died June 18, 1902, at the age of 72 years.

Mrs. Eunice Comings Bull came to Michigan from Ohio in April, 1905. She came to care for her uncle and aunt, Cornelius G. and Jane Lawrence Terwilliger.

Mr. and Mrs. Terwilliger were married January 1, 1850, in Hamilton county, Ohio. Cornelius Terwilliger died November 18, 1907, at the age of 82 years, and his wife Jane died at the age of 96 years.

Eunice Comings Bull when a child attended school at the Union school, District No. 5, in Orange township, Shelby county, Ohio.

Not long after Mrs. Bull was married she figured in a run away accident, and though she carries the marks of this accident, yet is still very active for one of 83 years.

This accident occurred as she and her husband were driving in a one-horse wagon from their home to Sidney, Ohio. When they came to the river they found men repairing the bridge, and just as they got nearly onto the bridge some man stuck a hoe up in the air which frightened the horse, causing it to run away, going down a steep embankment, throwing them out and injuring them both seriously.

It is a wonder they were not killed, but some unseen power was in charge and has been all these years, and now at the remarkable age of 83 Mrs. Bull is still able to care for a small garden of vegetables, flowers, etc., and carries water from a neighbor's well across the road.

Aside from what her neighbors do for her, her needle makes her living, piecing and quilting quilts.

She is a kind and peaceful neighbor and will do no one or anything one bit of harm. She often gets out to the services at the Volinia Baptist church, also calling on her many neighbors.

Mrs. Bull lives alone in what is known as the old Terwilliger house on the Crego estate. Her many friends are wishing she may continue in health and activity for many years to come.

As an added tribute to Mrs. Bull I add this little poem which came to me recently.

NOT GROWING OLD

They say that I am growing old,
I've heard them tell it times untold,
In language plain and bold—
But I'm not growing old.

This frail old shell in which I dwell
Is growing old, I know, full well—
But I am not the shell.

What if my hair is turning gray?
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I still can see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

What should I care if Time's old plow
Has left its furrows on my brow?
Another house, not made with hand,

Awaits me in the Glory Land.

What tho I falter in my walk
What tho my tongue refuse to talk?
I still can tread the narrow way,
I still can watch, and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be as keen
As in the past it may have been.
Still I can hear my Saviour say
In whispers soft, "This is the way."

The outward man, do what I can
To lengthen out his life's short span.
Shall perish and return to dust,
As everything in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day.
Then how can I be growing old
When safe within my Saviour's fold?

E're long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the "everlasting prize."

I'll meet you on the Streets of Gold
And prove that I'm not growing old.

John B. Roberts.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago

December 22, 1898.

Will Clark has gone to Cadillac for the holidays.

Clarence Van Curen has gone to Chicago on business.

M. P. Cady and daughter Lucy have gone to North Dakota and Iowa for a visit.

Willie Mahoney and Henry Carney have gone to Jackson to work as brakemen.

Sheriff Elect Wesley Thomas has appointed Charlie Chappell under sheriff.

Mrs. Gertrude Lee Morris of East Groveland, New York, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Warner, at Cass.

Hon. Jason Woodman, chairman of the Republican county committee was in town Saturday.

The boilers for the electric light plant have come and the work is being pushed.

H. A. Chapin, the millionaire of Niles, died last week. He was over 80 and reputed to be the richest man in Michigan.

Jacob Eckenberger died of heart disease Thursday, December 8. He was a veteran of the Civil War and an Odd Fellow.

December 29, 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Moon are guests of Henry Moon.

Dr. Mahoney of Chicago was here for Christmas.

Frank Huyck of Chicago is home for the holidays.

Plush albums for your price at the fair.

The marriage of Miss Hoatson and Will Harlow occurred at Calumet December 26. They will reside in Ann Arbor while Mr. Harlow is completing his senior year in the medical department of the University.

Walter Barron and Miss Verne Denyes of Dowagiac were married in Niles Wednesday evening. They have gone to Chicago on a wedding trip and then will reside in Decatur.

Miss Celia Hinkley of Burlamont spent Christmas with her parents.

George Jackson has rented a blacksmith shop at Three Oaks and took possession Monday.

Miss Nellie Potts, teacher in Jackson, is home for the holidays.

A reunion of the Decatur High school class of 1897 was held at the home of Harry Lee in Hamilton Friday evening.

Supt. W. V. Sage is attending the state teachers' meeting at Lansing this week.

John F. Cook and Miss Edith Burlington were married December 28.

October 9, 1848.

The Michigan Central was built through Decatur in 1848 and the first train making the run from Detroit to Niles stopped at this station October 9, 1848.

This reliable information was made by J. S. Tuttle to a Niles paper. Mr. Tuttle said,—"In September, 1848, I came from Detroit to Lawton over the Michigan Central, the passenger trains then running only as far west as Lawton.

"From there the 4 horse stage took passengers westward. Early in October the road was completed to Niles, and on or about October 9, 1848, an excursion train went from Niles to Detroit.

"The Detroit railway officials furnished free tickets to a goodly number of the citizens of Niles.

"The following year was when the great rush to California occurred by overland. The pioneer Californians have since been called the 'forty-niners'."

Benj. Desenberg of Lawton died last Saturday, October 4, after a short illness. Henry Wiles died October 1 at Lawton. He was the father of Mrs. Harry Tomkins.

George Batt, well known citizen of Porter, died October 2, aged 62.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden Treat are parents of a daughter born October 3.

35 Years Ago

June 1, 1899.

Henry Brown died Monday morning, May 21. He was a native of Ireland and came to America when he was 25 years old. He was the father of three children living, Miss Mollie Brown of Decatur, Mrs. Thomas Clancey of Dowagiac and William Brown, now in the Klondike.

Miss Nellie Van Camp of Hartford is visiting Decatur friends.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carney Jr. on May 29, a daughter.

Pure paris green, london purple and insect powder at Carney's.

Under Sheriff Charlie Chappel paid a visit to the town Monday.

While walking east on St. Mary's street Thursday Mrs. James Potts tripped on a loose plank in the sidewalk and fell heavily. Medical assistance was summoned.

The East Decatur school closed Monday, Ida Montonye teacher.

Contractor Pearl has completed the water works plant at Paw Paw.

The village assessment roll shows the assessed valuation to be $453,350, an increase of $6,000 over last year. D. A. Squier is the assessor.

Cass Rosewarne left Monday for Highmore, South Daktoa. He owns a farm near there.

June 8, 1899.

The new "flaring" skirts at Durkee and Lammond's.

Clem Ball of Glenwood has purchased a half interest in the Roberts meat market and took possession Monday.

The best bug poisons are paris green and london purple. Get them at Carney's.

Two Decatur young men graduate from the University of Michigan this year. They are Richard J. Huyck from the dental department and William P. Harlow from the medical department. Commencement week at the University begins June 18.

The worst storm in its history swept down on the village of Decatur Monday. The roof was lifted partly off the Carney drug store building and the chimney demolished. The north foundation of the Ellis store was washed into the cellar. The glass in the north display window of Stern's dry good store was broken and the rain damaged the goods. Water poured into S. M. Rawson's cellar till it was 5 feet deep. 26 large trees were blown down on the Umberfield farm. Lightning killed a bay horse for John Graham. Mrs. Seymour Rose was shocked so badly she could not move or speak for some time.

Swarms of electric light bugs play every night around the big arc lights on Main street. Their sting is almost as deadly as a scorpion. A man stung by one lay on the curbstone two hours

unconscious. They live at the bottom of old wells, cisterns and ponds in the day time, and at night go forth after insects. The electric light attracts them in large numbers. They strike the lamp and fall dazed to the sidewalk. In the morning they crawl away. Then is when the barefooted children want to look out. Their stinger is a half inch long.

Mrs. Libbie Tuttle went to Milwaukee last week to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Landolt.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, Editor

We have made a new acquaintance—found a new friend.

A woman she is, radiant with life and original ideas which sparkle like diamonds when she expresses them,—and she is a hermit

She once declared, "I do not cross my father's ground to any house or town," and nobody doubted her word.

One can tell by her picture that she is a plain, unpretentious little woman. She describes herself as being "Small like the wren, and my hair is bold, like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves."

She replied to an inquisitive friend,—"You ask my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano."

In the years of her happy young womanhood an affair with a man turned out to her lasting sorrow. She quit the world and everybody in it, except her own family.

She led a solitary life for thirty years, wouldn't even go to the gate and hardly anyone in her native city of Amherst, Massachusetts, knew of her existence.

Cut off from the world by her own wish she found pleasure in expressing herself in poetry. They were intense, compact, almost explosive little poems.

She died thirty-eight years ago, and after her death 700 of her poems in manuscript were found in an old mahogany drawer, all marked to be burned.

But her family did not burn them and through them, though unknown while living, she now enjoys a living fame. How true is that line of Riley "She is not dead, she is just away." And not even away, but right here when we make her acquaintance.

Four years after her death the first book of her poems was published and the reading public suddenly awoke to the fact that America possessed a new and noted woman poet.

A famous English writer called her poetry, "Perhaps the finest by a woman in the English language," and another added, "Why say 'perhaps'?"

Her poetry is not like other poetry. It has unequalled brevity and intensity A critic wrote,—"Her poems seem to gather force with every line until they fairly explode."

None knew the details of her life's tragedy save her favorite sister Sue, and now with both in their graves, the secret rests secure.

Her name is Emily Dickinson and this is one of her poems:

"If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

BACK TO THE FARM.

By Will C. Moulton

Older residents of Decatur will remember Will C. Moulton, younger brother of the Editor of the Republican, whose home was in Decatur until he grew up and drifted away.

Will mounted his bicycle one bright summer morning in the nineties and called back, "Good-bye, Arb.," as he swung around the corner. A few weeks later a letter came from him postmarked, New Orleans. Next he had joined the army and was stationed at Jackson Barracks, next he was at Fort Precidio, San Francisco, then on a two years campaign in the Philippines.

Will served nearly eight years in the army, completing his first enlistment with a trip around the world. After so much travel getting down to work did not come easy, but he finally found his calling and 'settled down' by continuing his travels as a free lance salesman.

The whole of the great west from the coast to the Mississippi is his territory. He sells druggists' sundries and novelties and the druggists of nearly every town and city in that vast area are his customers and friends.

Twelve years ago he established Moulton's Live Wire, "The Little Journal of Human Interest for the Drug Trade," and from the last issue we take this story which he names, "Back to the Farm."

During his boyhood years Will's chief interest was in farming, and he never became discouraged at it, no matter how hard the work or how limited the returns.

One year we raised an acre of onions together on our grandfather's farm south of the village. It was a hard job. We lived in a house on Prospect street, walked the mile to the field after school, worked every hour of daylight and walked home again in the dark for a late supper. We planted the seed the last of March when the snow was falling and melting as it struck the ground.

That fall we were rewarded with a bumper crop of the choicest onions that that rich muck land ever produced, and then came the tragedy of our experiences. It seemed everybody raised onions that year, and when the marketing time came there wasn't any market.

Of our prize crop of 650 bushels we succeeded in selling four bushels at 50 cents per bushel. 646 bushels were stored in the barn and the next spring were hauled out to the further line of the tamarack swamp where the odor could no longer destroy the comfort of the household.

I never was keen for farming after that experience, but it did not phase Will. He continued to farm whenever and wherever he could find a square rod of land, and now after all these years he is actually in possesion of a farm of his own.

Now, as they say in the synopsis to the fiction in the daily papers, go on with the story.—Ed.

BACK TO THE FARM

We've waited so long to start the continued story of "that farm" we bought last year that a lot of folks have told us they didn't believe we had any farm.

But over on the records in the Snohomish county seat there's a diagram of it, with our name attached- and right here before us is a freshly made out tax statement calling for the 1933 taxes—so we know we have it.

Also, we're confronted with the job of buying some work clothes and laying out the year's farm activties, all in two weeks, so we can hurry back on the trail again.

Many years ago we conceived the notion that we'd have a farm like this some day—and every time an old suit or hat or overcoat became too shabby for drug store ethics, we salted it away and said—"Well, we'll keep that to wear out on the farm."

There was a whole trunk full stored away in the basement and when we finally did get the farm, we opened it up, with high anticipation that we'd have something to wear, befitting the "Country Gentleman."

We had carefully guarded this trunk from the Salvation Army and the Good-will Industries, but we might just as well have let them had it because the moths had beaten us to it

and the whole thing went into the furnace.

Be it said, in justice to the "leading lady" that she had no part in this "hold-back." She wanted to give the stuff away in the first place, so it would do somebody some good, and she didn't believe we'd ever have any farm anyway—and she wouldn't milk a cow, if we did have.

But the laugh's on her, because she's getting a bigger kick out of it than anybody—and if she doesn't get wind of this, she'll be a large part of the story.

Anyway, to be exact, this farm is just twenty miles out of Seattle, three miles north of Bothell, on the Everett highway and our rural address, if we lived on the place and had a mail box, would be Route One, Bothell, Wash. but we haven't any mail box.

It's a scenic parcel of land and capable of making a fine country home and a good living, should the pinch of poverty ever cross the pathway, as it sometimes does.

Not a large place, as farms go, but its contour is so irregular and its topography of such shape that it is extremely interesting to the owner at least, and takes us a good half day to go over it and see what there is to see.

There's plenty of timber, too—beautiful green woods with a dozen varieties of evergreen trees including fir, hemlock, and cedar—and the growth is so dense in some places that a considerable part of the farm we have never yet explored.

It's a rectangular, oblong tract and a hogsback curves its way through the center. In front, it slopes from a high sand and gravel loam, down to the main valley below where we have several half-cleared acres of rich, black muck-land suitable for raising onions, celery, potatoes and general garden truck, on a good scale.

Behind the hogsback, on top of which we sometime plan a scenic walk and roadway flanked with fruit trees, runs a rippling, sparkling stream of clear, cold water, the whole length of the place and this is lined with trees and brush and wild flowers on both sides, so thick in places we can hardly see in which direction the stream goes.

Normally this stream is only eight or ten feet wide but when we went out there during the rainy season this winter, it was a raging river.

When we commenced this little series a few months ago, we didn't realize that we had "started something."

We had no thought that it would be more than passing interest, least of all that it would add new subscribers to the Live Wire and keep others on the list, to see how the thing came out.

There was no intimation that there would be such a tremendous interest in this "back to the land" movement nor that such staid old business men as the retail druggists, would fall for it.

We never had any expectation of making farmers out of business men, ourselves included. It's always a shame to give up one business for another, unless the one given up is a fizzle—but there's a lot of satisfaction and enjoyment in owning a piece of land.

One may have a fine automobile, some flashy diamonds, or other valuable personal assets and be proud of them, but a bit of land, with trees and grass and water on it, is a part of old Mother Earth, something tangible and substantial that doesn't wear out, get lost, nor move away. It's a reserve force in the strong box, "a refuge in the time of storm."

Every time we land in New York, after driving through the wide open spaces—and see the congestion of humanity, hanging on to each other like flies, we wonder why they have never heard of the great big West, where there is room for all and space to breathe—and, probably as good a chance of making a living as where they are.

The spirit of adventure and exploration seems almost as dormant in the large centers today, as it was in the time of Columbus.

There are thousands of people in New York City who have never been out of it—and others whose limits of the West, stop at Buffalo and Cleveland.

Farming is a business, the business of making a living, just the same as running a drug store—and one has to like it and enjoy it, to make it go.

Not all farmers are successful, neither are all druggists, nor other business men.

While not under full production, the story of this farm is by no means theoretical. Like many lads of the old school, we had early farm training—that has stuck to us through the years—and know that if we should ever take up farming for a living, we could put it over. Times have not greatly changed.

Brother Arb, of the Decatur Republican back in Michigan, who puts out the best weekly in the state, is fond of telling of our early partnership ventures in onions, in quantity production. They were all failures, but he admits that I stuck—and he didn't. (There! I guess you won't copy this one.) And that's the secret of success in any venture.

There will be crop failures and business reverses—but the chap who everlastingly sticks to it, who likes his job and is not afraid of hard work, nor easily discouraged, will pay out in everything he undertakes.

There are people today, many of them farmers themselves, who will tell you that you can't make a living on the farm under present conditions—this in the face of the fact that there are successful farmers all around them right now, in almost every state in the Union, who are not only making a living, but actually making money.

There are more farm boys and girls seeking college educations in the agricultural institutions and great universities than ever before—and these farms are paying for them. Some of the boys and girls earned them, themselves—earned them by little farm sidelines of their own, while still helping "dad" make a living for the family.

Not so many town kids are doing that.

You bet! You can make a living on the farm—but you've got to like it.

In the initial description of the farm we bought over in Snohomish county last year, we mentioned that we had a house, some neighbors, a chicken coop, and a hired man—and that we would tell about them in our next issue.

To picture the house and the neighbors properly, we must first describe the lay of the land. To reach the place from Seattle, we follow the main paved highway for twenty miles to the Blue Moon Fox Fur farm, three miles north of Bothell. At this point a road turns to the left and our white house, on a hill at the end of it, looms up like it really was something.

This gives the farm and the road leading up to it, the shape of a heavy block letter "T," the oblong farm being the top of the letter and the road the handle. The house is in the center of the farm and the farm is in the center of the road. It can go no farther without running through the house, so for lack of a better name we have sometimes called it "The End of the Trail."

The public road ends at the entrance to the farm where it becomes our own private road, branching in both directions. At this entrance point, which is flanked by alders, evergreens and shrubbery, the stream crosses the road and there is a rustic bridge. We have pictured an archway entrance to the place here, for future development, and an extension of the private roads all the way around the farm, through the woods and up and down the ravines and hogs' back. At present a huge gate halts any stray traffic, usually hunters' cars, that come that way.

This leaves plenty of wide open space between the house and the entrance way where the lawn is sloping and terraced. It is also effectually isolated from the rest of the world, as there are hundreds of acres of forest behind it.

The road leading from the highway to our entrance gate passes through a perfect little valley of rich, level, black bottom land. It's less than a half mile long, but it is divided into attractive little garden plots on both sides, mostly cleared and with growing crops. Our windows look out over these gardens and with the green hills beyond, gradually sloping to the snow-capped Cascade mountains, the view is strikingly beautiful.

The people who occupy these five acre garden plots are our neighbors and we must run the gauntlet of all of them before we reach "The Trail's End." We are the key position and have the advantage in elevation, timber, water, pasture, forage and drainage, as well as a few acres of black bottom land sloping down to and adjoining their own.

The neighbors, therefore, are both naturally and diplomatically friendly. We have been approached for every-

thing under the sun, water privileges, pasturage, stream rights, sales of a strip here and purchase of a strip there the springs, the stream and the natural clover, being the chief points of covetage.

We had barely taken possession of the place when the neighbors began to arrive to pay their respects.

Well, to the left of the house, at the edge of the fish pond, is a never-been-occupied chicken coop. It is built in style, with gabled roof and fancy colored art glass windows, taken from an old Seven Day Adventist church—"and thereby hangs a tale." It is equipped with a stove, a straw tick bed, a couple of chairs and a table and is quite cozy, when the weather is cold.

There has been a continuous controversy between the leading lady and us as to whether we should occupy the chicken coop or the house, on our periodical, week-end visits. She is strong for the house, while we prefer the chicken coop. We've compromised amicably, so far, my having our picnic dinner in the house, when the weather was warm—and in the chicken coop, when it was cold.

It was cold when our visitors came, so it was in the chicken coop that we received our neighbors.

Our Neighbors

We'd been there just long enough to get the fire roaring good, from pine knots and Douglas Fir when the shaggy head of a backwoodsman pushed its way into the doorway and said "Howdy."

"I'm neighbor Kirkland," said he. "I own the tract adjoining yours on the left and have another down in the holler, where the shack is. I came up to pay my respects to my new neighbors."

"Howdy, neighbor," said I. "Glad to meetyer. We'll no doubt have a lot in common."

It was evident there had been a neighborhood row and he got in his side of the story first. He followed up his approach the next day with a proposition for water rights and pasture privileges, which were declined. Then he wanted to sell his Cascara bark, for which we had no market.

Immediately after his exit on the first day, came another head in the doorway, announcing neighbor Stockton, the owner of the adjoining tract on the right. Trailing close behind him was Mrs. Stockton, plainly of Norwegian bent and characteristically talkative.

"We came to pay our respects to our new neighbors," chirped they both at the same time—and to this couple, we offered our best and only straight-backed chairs by the fireside.

From them we were indifferent listeners to another side of the story, wherein it developed that Neighbor Stockton had attempted to knock Neighbor Kirkland's block off for trespass on his prerogatives, and nearly succeeded.

Anyway, he was in trouble—been to court and was facing a ten dollar fine, which he couldn't pay, or ten days in jail which was inconvenient. The long

and short of it was, he needed help, not only for the fine, but to buy shingles and other things.

We took pity on him and offered him a job, whereby he could earn the money necessary for his requirements. That was the end of that.

Pretty soon another man came up and said he was Neighbor Shoemaker from the second five acres below, a beautiful tract. From him we got the "low-down" on the whole situation.

"How long you been out here?" said I.

"Three years," said he.

"Making a good living off'n it?" said I.

"Nope, none of us making a living. We work around."

"Bet I could make a living the first year," said I.

"You got more land," said he.

"Bet I could take your five and make a living."

"Bet you couldn't," said he.

He was good natured, had no troubles and didn't want anything, so we asked him to come again and knew we would be good neighbors.

Then another lady neighbor came up, with a bunch of kids and in the days that followed, we got to know them all. They're good neighbors, all struggling to get along—and they gave us an inside picture of what the world is up against.

We don't go out often and they can't understand why we live there. But a mutually sympathetic feeling has sprung up amongst us—and whenever we do go out we stop at each 5-acre plot for a little visit as we drive slowly along to "Trail's End"—and perhaps the most satisfactory thing that has developed from this farm so far, is the valuable thought that—we like them—and they like us.

After all, what better accomplishment can there be in life—than to be "good neighbors"?

HOBO FOUND DEAD HAD $1,281

Ed. Murray, Fellow Hobo, Discovered Body in a Sitting Posture, Notifies Sheriff's Office, Where Body Was Searched.

No matter how interesting may be the story of the tramp found dead on the railroad bridge one-half mile southwest of Paw Paw with more than $1,200 in his pockets, Wednesday morning, July 4, it will probably never be known, for dead men tell no tales and the hobo is apparently alone.

Ed. Murray, fellow knight-of-the-road, discovered the tramp's body in a sitting posture on the abuttment of the bridge. He immediately notified the Van Buren county sheriff's department and Coroner Thompson. The body was taken to Paw Paw where it was searched and in the pockets were found bills of mostly $50 and $100 denominations totaling $1,281.41. No identification card was found and no other means of identification could be discovered in the wayfarer's tattered clothing.

His discoverer, Murray, told a peculiar story to the local authorities. He said he had met the hobo before and that a year ago they had passed on the same road. At that time the dead man had carried a violin and three overcoats. He spoke with an Irish brogue and was believed to have been in Paw Paw the night before. Murray said that he believed the dead tramp hailed from southern Ohio.

Coroner Thompson stated that there were no signs or marks of violence and that apparently death had been caused by some natural cause probably a heart attack. Attempts to identify him are continuing.

The dead man is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He is seventy-five years old, has blue eyes and curly gray hair.

K. K. K. AFTER WARREN

Colored Man Who Had Worked for W. O. Bowers in Hamilton Four Years Heeded Mysterious Warning To Leave. Was a Good Workman.

Some six weeks ago Walter Warren came to town and parked his tin Elizabeth by the side of the street.

When he returned to it he found on the seat a letter informing him that it was about time he was leaving this community.

A week later a second letter was mysteriously left at his home. This second letter informed him that he had better leave at once. It was signed "Klu Klux Klan" and with it was enclosed the letter 'K' printed in red.

It said the red letter meant blood. If he received a third communication it would contain the letter 'K' in black and that meant death.

Walter did not wait for the third letter. He loaded the Lizzie with luggage and gas and hurriedly wabbled away toward the distant abode of the setting sun. With him went a World War vet. who had been bunking with him a few weeks and whose occupation is traveling.

Walter Warren is a colored man, single and a good, reliable workman. He had worked for W. O. Bowers four years and resided in the tenant house. When he came to the Bowers farm he was enroute from Los Angeles to London. A waiter by trade he had an ambition to perfect his calling by learning the ways of serving in England.

He liked it here and stayed.

Mr. Bowers thinks he has gone back to California.

AN ARTIST IN WOOD

Beautiful Black Walnut Pieces Now on Display in Store Window the Work of Our Townsman, S. W. Cushman.

Who says that artists are not appreciated? And does everyone know that there is an artist working—in wood—in a little kitchen shop in Decatur? If you don't know these things, look at the two beautiful black walnut pieces now on display in Mr. Newell's window, placed there just recently by Mr. Cushman, the aforesaid skillful workman in fine woods.

These lovely tables are only a fair sample of the many fine things that this artisan can fashion out of the timber that grows around Decatur.

In many an attic, up in old barns, even in old fence rails that were split 80 or 100 years ago, are to be found the beautiful black walnut and cherry woods that can be fashioned into lovely pieces of furniture. Look for these boards and take good care of them for they will soon be all gone.

These trees are now so scarce that the furniture companies will pay fancy prices for them. They will even dig out old black walnut stumps and try to salvage small pieces of serviceable wood, the trees having been cut down 75 years or more ago.

N. H. G.

CENTENARY OF METHODISTS IN DECATUR

Local Church Will Celebrate One Hundredth Anniversary of Organization and First Meeting in Van Buren County.

One hundred years ago, July 27, 1834, the first Methodist class meeting was organized in Van Buren county at the clearing made by Mr. George Tittle for his home in the southeastern part of what later became Decatur township. Plans are being made by the Methodist church in Decatur to appropriately celebrate this event from July 22 to 27th. Rev. James R. Uhlinger, pastor of the church, has finished most of the plans for the program, and the following items can be announced at this time:

Sunday, July 22, is Homecoming day. A former pastor of the church will preach in the morning at 10. At noon a basket luncheon will be shared by those who attend in the church parlors. In the afternoon greetings from former members of the church will be given and an interesting program in which some of these former members of the church participate is being worked out.

METHODISM IN VAN BUREN 100 YEARS OLD

Hot Weather Does Not Destroy Interest in the Centennial Program. Reminiscences Told of Early Church and Village Days.

The Centennial celebration of the Methodist church has been gaining momentum since its opening with the home coming on Sunday. In spite of the obstacle furnished by the terriffic heat, the services have been very enjoyable due to the use of electric fans for ventilation purposes.

Rev. E. C. Finkbeiner, former pastor of the local church, preached the home coming sermon Sunday morning. He pointed out the wonder and worth of the past one hundred years of church work, and then suggested the challenge which the next one hundred years thrusts before the followers of Jesus Christ.

The basket lunch in the church parlors at noon proved to be a very happy thought for the temperature there was as low as it was in the coolest place in town. Many visitors and former members joined the fellowship of this hour as well as that of the afternoon meeting which followed.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. Chapin McAllister, opened the afternoon program with a group of choral selections. Letters were then read from the former pastors who could not attend. Dr. W. P. French wrote [illegible] Oxley, Penrob, Ontario where he spends his summers. Dr. French was appointed to the Decatur church in 1882—nearly 52 years ago. Later he served as district superintendent and served the local church in that capacity from 1914 to 1921. Today, after forty years in the active ministry, Dr. French remains in comparatively good health.

Rev. D. D. King wrote one of his unique letters from his home in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Alice Tench, widow of a former pastor, wrote from her home in Leonidas, Michigan. Rev. L. L. Dewey fully intended to be present, but his boy was operated upon Saturday night for appendicitis, and LeRoy thought he should not leave. He intends, however, to be present on Thursday night.

After the choir had sung another group of selections which were highly appreciated, several of the visitors were invited to speak. Rev. Leslie J. Nevis, pastor of the Capital Ave. Methodist church of Battle Creek was the first of these. He was followed by his wife who was known to Decatur as Miss Grace Irey, the school teacher. Superintendent of Schools Ralph Harper of Galesburg continued the program with some of his clever thoughts. Fred Dewey came with his son from Lansing and gave some interesting reminiscences of the old times when Willard Van Antwerp blew Attorney Arthur Moulton out of his chair on Main street with a fire-cracker. He said in those days they used to warm-up for the Fourth of July by practicing all day on the third. Fred said the old choir used to be pretty good in those days, but that it could not equal the choir in the church now.

Letters were read from former members who could not attend. Mrs. Ella McAdams, who is 82 years of age, wrote from Jackson. Mrs. F. Hall wrote from Wayne Chapel. Nellie Betaque wrote from South Bend. Miss Emily Henderson's letter came from Dowagiac. Greetings from the B. W. Kibby's were postmarked Kenmore, New York. Elmer Empson's invited Decatur folks going through Colon to stop and visit at the house by the side of the road." Mrs. Elizabeth Dewey Rice wrote from Lodi, California. The last letter was from Mrs. F. P. Freeman of Jacksonville, Illinois who had been in Philadelphia for the winter. She said that Lee is taking his vacation with his brother on the island of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Ora Clark read one of her distinctive bits of "verse" which dealt with some of the later history of the church. "Hold Thou My Hand," sung by Mr. McAllister, brought the program to a close.

Other visitors who have not been mentioned above were Adam Nutt's two daughters, Mrs. Florence Thomas, of Lawrence, and Mrs. Fred Martin of Vicksburg.

METHODISM IN VAN BUREN 100 YEARS OLD

REV. J. R. UHLINGER

Enterprising Pastor of the Methodist Church of Decatur who has been the general manager of this successful Centennial Celebration.

LAKE OF THE WOODS CAMP

LAKE OF THE WOODS GIRLS CAMP, DECATUR, MICHIGAN E-361

Property on the West Shore of the Lake Made Over Into a Fine Summer Home. One Hundred Twenty-five Chicago Children To Spend Nine Weeks There.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Greenberg of Chicago are building a little city on the west bank of Lake of the Woods. It has gone up so fast this spring that few people realize that this community has become the seat of a new and pretentious enterprise.

A few months ago Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg bought the August Tange farm of 53 acres on the west shore of Lake of the Woods.

The farm is ideally located for a summer resort or recreation camp. It was once the home farm of Mrs. Mary Youells and her husband, the late Milo Youells. They saw its possibilities, built a dance hall and advertised for summer boarders.

They were successful to some extent, but the work was hard and Mr. Youells' health gave out, so they sold the dance hall to the Decatur Grange and it was moved to Decatur. A few years later it became the property and edifice of the First Reformed church.

Mrs. Gothe next became the owner of the farm. She built another dance hall and two cottages and planned to make of it a popular summer resort. The depression came on and she was compelled to sell.

A family by name of Kakis next obtained the property and they sold it to August Tange of Chicago. The transfer to the Greenbergs was made through the real estate dealer, Wm. Meulleider of Hartford. They bought with definite plans in view and with sufficient capital to carry them out.

They named it Lake of the Woods Camp and proceeded at once to put it into shape for use the coming summer.

Erected Many Buildings

They have erected 22 buildings 16x24 feet in size and each a self-contained unit for 8 children including counsellor. Each building contains 8 beds, 4 dressers, porcelain toilet and wash basin, shower, radio and electric lights. Eight of the cottages have sun bathing pavilions with bath tubs for weekly scrubbing.

The dance hall, 28x60 feet, has been moved back 700 feet from the road and converted into a mess hall. It contains 40 individual tables with four chairs for each table. An additional building, 20x20 feet, has been added to the mess hall for a completely electrified kitchen. All of the cooking will be done on electric stoves and there will be electric refrigeration.

The Michigan Gas and Electric Company, under the direction of our local manager, G. B. Lintemoot, extended the lines from highway M-40 near the Iodent farm at an expense to the camp owners of $1,000, and the electric bill for the season will amount to from $600 to $800. The entire place will be well lighted and there will be several search lights.

The well man Butcher of Dowagiac is putting down five wells to be pumped by two electric motors.

A hospital has been built which contains ten beds and complete equipment, and a doctor and nurse from Michael Reese hospital, Chicago, will be in attendance during the entire season.

Two club houses have been erected on the beech, one for boys and one for girls, and they are equipped with easy chairs, books and radios, and there is a watch tower for the supervisor. There are five 35 foot flag poles.

The ten-room residence has been remodeled and will be used for the parents who come to visit their children.

The camp is provided with four concrete septic tanks 4x4x10 feet in size with 6,600 feet of soil pipe and 3,500 feet of water pipe. This was furnished and installed under the supervision of John Smith of Hartford.

A pier 105 feet long has been built into the lake and George Kemp has contracted to pour in 150 loads of gravel to make the bottom hard and safe for bathing.

The camp will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg, of Chicago, social workers, who have spent many years in children's work. They will be assisted by a counsellor staff of 25 university men and women from Illinois, Wiconsin and Ann Arbor. Other employes will bring the total number up to 35.

The counsellors will arrive between the 15th and 20th of this month to map out the season's program and the camp will open June 29.

The guests will be 125 children, girls and boys ranging in age from 6 to 16. The tuition is $200 for the season of 9 weeks and this will include horseback riding. The camp will provide 10 or 12 horses, 4 row boats, 6 kyaks and 2 motor boats.

Arrangements have been made with the Cozy Theatre for entertainment twice a week at the movie.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PAST

Knowing that Editor likes to peruse old newspapers, as well as books and other records of the inexhaustible past, Otto Wagner brought to the office some of the treasures of his attic.

One is a copy of the New York Times of October 18, 1876. "Printed on the Walter Press of the Centennial Exhibtion."

The Presidential election was but two weeks away and the paper's candidates were announced at the head of the editorial columns,—General Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio for President and William A. Wheeler of New York for Vice President.

That was the first campaign in which we took a prominent part. We were not very old at the time, but were never more important.

The Moulton home was on the hill at the easterly end of Wheeler street, in the very house now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Pollock, and the Eckenberger home was next door.

In those two homes were two enthusiastic young Republicans, and it is quite probable that Hayes and Wheeler never would have been elected had it not been for their political efforts.

The boys went to the woods north of town and cut a tamarack pole which must have been all of fifteen feet long. It was hauled to the line between the two places on a 'lightning express' wagon; Dr. Broderick painted a gorgeous streamer for it and the raising was done with appropriate ceremonies. When the pole was up and the streamer floating in the breeze at the top, all of the kindergarten enthusiasts assembled ran around the pole, throwing their caps into the air and shouting, "Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler; Hurrah for 'Christopher' B. Hayes!"

It was a great occasion, and if you doubt it, ask our fellow townsman, Sela N. Eckenberger.

Seventy Years Ago

Seventy years ago the ninth of April General Robert E. Lee surrendered to U. S. Grant and the terrible Civil War was over. The Surrender took place in a house owned by Wilmer McLean in Appomattox, Virginia. On that eventful date Silas Rawson of Decatur was with his regiment, the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, down in the wilds of Georgia hunting Jef. Davis. They found him about a week later and the capture made the Fourth Michigan and the Twelfth Wisconsin cavalries famous.

Silas Rawson served four years as veterinary in the cavalry and it was a proud day for the family when he came home. The government presented him with two twenty dollar gold pieces for his part in capturing the President of the Southern Confederacy.

He said that Ed. Munger of Paw Paw was the first man to lay hands on Davis. John Bennett of Hamilton, Simeon Huff of Volinia and several others from this county were in the same regiment.

Seventy years ago on the ninth of April Charles M. Rawson and his little brother Albert were together in Decatur. On the ninth of April, this year, they were together in Chicago. The latter is very ill and may not long survive.

TWO CIVIL WAR VETERANS IN LAWTON

Lawton has two veterans of the Civil war and they took part in the Decoration day services.

The survivors are Harvey Harper, 91, and Thomas Nesbitt, 88. The Leader printed their pictures in its edition of last week. Mr. Harper was a member of Company H, 12th Michigan Infantry, and Mr. Nesbitt of Company G, 28th Infantry.

Decatur has not a veteran of the Civil war now living, and we once had a G. A. R. Post of over 100 members.

REPUBLICAN MEMORY STORIES

A MEMORY STORY

Jont. says,—

As a boy of 8 or 10 years old I can remember a man who lived in Pokagon. He was crippled from his knees down. He wore shoes on his knees, for his feet were as small as a little boy's He was a big chunky man and must have weighed 170 pounds.

He had a little wagon wide enough for him to ride in, and had with him 4 and 6 dogs. If the roads were soft and muddy he hitched on the 6 dogs, and when the roads were good and dry he used only 4 dogs.

He had a peep show that he made his living with. His machine was a tube about 12x18 inches in size. There were two pipes, one for each eye to look down into the tubes.

Inside there was a fan like a fan in a fanning mill. He opened a door or slot to put in the pictures. You could turn a crank as you were looking at the pictures—and see 10 or 12 different ones at one turn.

I do not remember how many he would let us look at. He could slip in any number of them for he had a box full. He charged ten cents for one sitting.

At that time of life most any boy would liked to have had his team of dogs, harness and wagon. The harness were bridle, collar, hames, back bands and lines. In fact, like a harness for horses. He had a lash whip and a socket to hold it.

By the time I was 12 years old he had a horse team hitched to a peddlers wagon and sold tinware, food and clothing. His route was from Pokagon to Lawton and Paw Paw.

There are now but few living who can remember him. Ezra Gard could, for he went by the Gard farm on his trips.

So much for the good old times when we were easily entertained, when bands of gypsies or an occasional Indian would walk through the country. Their toes always turned in, and so did they if they wanted something to eat. They most always got it for in those days folks did not intend to let anyone go away hungry. Amen.

Jont. Goble.

MEMORIES

Editor of the Republican:

The mail man dropped the Sentinel Leader of Sparta, Mich., on my desk and in looking over its very interesting columns a shadow of sorrow passed over my brow, for in column five I saw the picture of one of my best and life-long friends with an obituary notice above, and I had to bow my head in reverence, for that notice told the passing of one of Michigan's best and most useful citizens, Mr. Irvin McGowan, formerly of Lawrence, but now of Sparta, where he was at the head of one of the largest piston ring factories in America.

What made it hard for me to realize that Irvin had answered the last call was that it was only three short weeks since he and Mrs. McGowan were my luncheon guests, and from all appearances he was in normal health for a man with such a big business responsibility on his shoulders, for, as I said Irvin was and has been a life-long friend, for I have known him since he was about ten years old, and I for any one else ever had the privilege of having the friendship of a more interesting or dependable friend than Irvin

He was made of the stuff that r men are made of and nature was mo generous in his case, for although was reared in a simple country ho and knew that the best in life can from the sweat of the brow he work hard and made the best of his meag opportunities and in middle life b came one of Michigan's best and mo sucessful men, and with his great su cess he never was too busy to remem ber his old friends no matter wha their circumstances were or what wal in life they were traveling in, his rea welcome hand-shake and cheerfu words cast sunshine wherever h went.

About fifteen years ago I had th privilege of being the honored guest at one of the great McGowan reunions in Lawrence, which I believe was about the 35th of its kind, and it surely took me back to the olden days, for, as a boy I shoved my dirty feet under the heavy loaded table of the very first McGowan family reunion held in the dooryard of the quaint old country home of Irvin's grandfather and grandmother, the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGowan, on the town line road north of Corwin school house in Hamilton.

Irvin and I have been in direct correspondence for many years and when his ship came in and he had a little leisure time to travel he came to California and visited me several times, and Mrs. Bellis and I were his house guests over the holidays in Santa Monica three years ago, and it goes without saying we thrashed out old times every night till late hours, and this winter when again he and Mrs. McGowan dropped anchor again on the shore of Santa Monica Bay only a few hours passed before he dropped me a card stating they would be my house guests Sunday, January 13, and again we traveled over memory's lane

of our boyhood days.

Michigan has not only lost one of its most useful citizens, the world has lost a great genius with ability to accomplish great things but the everlasting ambition to go ahead and do things that are most useful to humanity for Michigan or any other state never produced a man with a more humanitarian make-up than Irvin McGowan. His every thought was ever most in the interest of the under-privileged, and he was always ready to extend a hand to give his fellowmen a lift over the rough places in life, and I am sure he will be missed by everyone of his great host of friends more than one can express on paper.

THE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man," said a fellow-pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with your building here;
"Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way.
"You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

MEMORIES

MR. FRANK ARNOLD
By Chas. A. Bellis

As usual the mail man brought me the Republican on the Monday morning delivery. Its columns were full of the Christmas spirit, but the large headline on the front page caused me to again bow my head in sorrow for the loss of one of my good friends in Decatur, Frank Arnold, a boy I knew from the time we both wore knee pants.

We were boys together and he will never be anything but a boy to me. We were one time classmates in the sixth grade of the old Decatur school and we have been friends ever since.

One winter in the late eighties I was working for Jay Dodge on a farm by the railroad track west of town. When the fall crops were harvested and the frost was on the pumpkins the winter term of school began.

Jay's children had started and that first week when they came home nights and told what fun they were having it put the school idea in me.

But my father was not able to buy me suitable equipment such as books and clothes, and besides my family had moved to a new location in the Lee district, which was a strange school to me, so I decided to help myself.

I went to town and after some walking and a lot of inquiring I secured a place with Dr. Baker to work for my room and board. I enrolled at once in the Decatur school, and after some necessary preliminaries, was landed in the sixth grade.

My teacher was a Hinckley girl. Have forgotten her first name, but she was a fine teacher. She was rather strict and let the children know that their parents sent them to school to learn and not to play.

But there were 2 or 3 boys in the room who were possessed with an over amount of pep and she brought them up a standing quite often. I believe one of the most mischievous of the boys was a namesake of the teacher, a Morrie Hinkley.

For some reason Morrie did not like the teacher very well and he did things to keep her in hot water, but never anything very serious. Right behind him in his shenanigans, was that lively little fellow, Frank Arnold. What one of those boys could not think of to bother the teacher the other could, and when one of them was not standing on the floor beside her to study the other was.

When they got too mischievous she would send them to the professor, who if I remember right, was Mr. Pierce. That was half a century ago and I may have forgotten his name, but if I live three centuries I never will forget those two little scamps in my room.

Many years have passed but Frank and I have always remained like old school friends. I haven't seen or heard of Morrie Hinkley since those boyhood times, but think someone told me that he has long since answered the last call.

Frank and I were boyhood friends in school and out of it. We have hunted rabbits together in the grubs west of town and fished together on the Lake of the Woods.

One fall, with another boy by the name of Chamberlin, I believe we called him Fat Chamberlin, we hunted in the swamp somewhere near the old Hamlin homestead. We were out for rabbits and partridges and Fat's little dog ran through a fallen tree top and scared up a flock of about 15 wild turkeys.

I was about 20 feet away and it startled me so that I never thought to shoot at them but pulled the trigger on my gun and shot into the ground in front of me. Frank and the other boy were a little further away, but the turkeys rose so quickly and so soon disappeared from sight over the high tamaracks that they did not shoot. Frank never got over joking me about being scared at those wild turkeys.

Frank's father was an old friend of my father and they had many business dealings. When we lived in Hamilton Ed. Arnold ran a meat market at the north end of Main street near Mal. Carney's drug store. My father used to buy meat of him and sometimes sell him live fat hogs.

If I am ever privileged to visit Decatur again I surely shall miss the hearty handshake and pleasant greeting of my old friend, Frank Arnold. If one wants good friends he must be himself a good friend, and that was Frank, and I am sure there are many others who will miss his smiling face on Main street.

My sympathy goes out to every member of his family. I want them to know that their loss is not borne by them alone. We have all lost a friend, and if I were a member of the Decatur Rod and Gun Club I would ask it to set aside a day as Frank Arnold day at which the members would assemble and fire a salute in his honor.

Chas. A. Bellis,
115 McNees Ave.,
Whittier, Calif.

GYPSY THIEVES
VANISH WITH MONEY

His many friends feel truly sorry for Adam Nutt. Those Gypsy women who called on him last week took every cent of money he had in the world. He had just cashed a check for asparagus and the bills were in a roll.

The women pretended they wanted work and they did work Adam to the complete finish.

The sheriff's department and the state police came loyally to his aid and drove in every direction trying to round up the Gypsy band to which these thieving women belong, but they were unsuccessful.

Mr. Nutt came to town Saturday morning. He had been driving all night with the police and said he had not slept for 24 hours. He was about played out with over exertion and worry. His son John, who is a Kalamazoo policeman, came to see him and to do what he could to help him; but the Gypsies had apparently made a clean get away.

It is a burning shame that a crime like that can be successfully committed in a civilized country like the United States. It could not have been done in the horse and buggy days, but the swift modes of travel enable the culprits to find a hiding place almost before the officers can begin to search for them.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE
AT MARKS HOME

It happens that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marks celebrate their birthdays on the same day, March 22, so last Friday evening about 35 of their friends and neighbors gathered at their home to assist them in the celebration.

Progressive pedro was played and prizes won by Merle Stickney and Ernie Slack, after which a delicious pot-luck supper was served.

Doc and Daisy were then presented with useful and appropriate birthday gifts. Music was furnished throughout the evening by some of the guests and all returned to their homes declaring that the occasion had been a complete success. He was 58 and she was 45.

THE SIXTY-EIGHTH COMMENCEMENT

Class of 42 Receive Diplomas of Graduation from J. G. Sutton, President of the Board of Education.

The school year closed with the Commencement at the high school auditorium last week Thursday evening.

The auditorium stage is rather small but by careful planning the 42 graduates, instructors and speakers, making a total of 47, were comfortably seated upon it.

The class, composed of 21 young men and 21 young women, made a pretty appearance. The young ladies were handsomely gowned.

The auditorium was filled to capacity and every number of the program was well received.

Dr. Goodsell, acting president of Kalamazoo College, gave an interesting address, receiving the close attention of his audience. Several remarked that he was a more handsome man than the picture in last week's Republican would indicate.

The Program

Processional .....Frances McKee
Invocation .....Rev. L. F. Cooper
Solo, "A Birthday".....Helene Mucha
Introduction of Speaker.....
..... Henry Houseman
"What Are You Worth" .....
.....Dr. Charles T. Goodsell
Solo .....Edwin James
Presentation of Class.Frank E. Dodge
Presentation of Diplomas.....
.....J. G. Sutton
Benediction .....Rev. L. F. Cooper

A GLORIOUS ALUMNI REUNION

A Happy Reunion of Many School Day Friends and a Riot of Fun Closes the Commencement Week.

The Alumni banquet last Friday evening was a scream, if that word is strong enough to express it; it was everything that would make a member glad he was there, it was a rousing success.

The Toastmaster did it. He punctured all precedence with the abandon of his humor, and put a punch into the proceedings which would make all other varieties of punch tame.

Of course the Toastmaster did not do it all. This consummation of a perfect reunion began weeks ago in the quiet homes of its officers. These officers did not make much noise themselves but they certainly laid the foundation for as big a noise at the annual gathering as was ever set going on a like occasion.

Miss Bernice Creagan read the reports as a matter of form, and they were accepted as a matter of course. Mr. Houseman gave the invocation, and Mrs. Graham in her kindly original way, welcomed the fine class of 42 members.

There was music that worried the orchestra but satisfied the crowd; there was a supper that did great credit to the cuisine artists of the First Reformed church; there was a period when all were receiving full value for the ticket they purchased for 35 cents. Then the honor was given to the writer to introduce the Toastmaster, Rev. LeRoy Dewey, of Grand Rapids, and the fun began.

Mr. Dewey was at home. He was a boy again, with the perfect frankness and abandon of a one hundred per cent kid and the training in oratory and humor of a Beecher and Twain. He was among friends and he made the most of it. One story followed another and roars of laughter followed the stories. What fun everybody had, what a pity that every member of the Association could not have been there.

Mrs. Margaret Copley, President
Mrs. Lucile Rudzinski, Vice President
Miss Bernice Creagan, Secy. and Treasurer
Mrs. Dorothy Hudson, Marvin McWilliams and Miss Josephine Lohroff, executive committee.

Officers elected for the coming year are:

Arba N. Moulton, President
Mrs. Cora Dwight; Vice President
Miss Bernice Creagan, Secy. and Treasurer
Mrs. Lottie Huyck, Miss Gladys Lincoln and Miss Maxine Fitch, executive committee.

Early in the evening Harry G. Lurkins was asked to speak of our members who had passed away since last we met, and he did it most eloquently.

Strange as it may seem they were all from the three classes which had met in reunion in the afternoon. They were Bernice L. Haynes, Dean Lawrence and Vincent Sherrod of the class of '98, and Dr. Charles M. Welch of the class of '99.

The 169 banqueters present rose in silent tribute to their memory.

A NOTABLE CLASS REUNION

D. H. S. Graduates of the Last Three Years of the Last Century Met at Home of Harriet Van Camp Graham Last Friday.

During the past few years larger classes have graduated from the Decatur High school, but the school has never turned out a livelier, brighter or more congenial crowd of young people than were those of the last three classes of the nineteenth century.

The classes of 1897, 1898 and 1899 contained an even fifty students,--16 in the first, 20 in the second and 14 in the third. They all were friends, with interests more or less in common, and they seemed more like members of one than of three classes.

A number of them joined their interests for life. Fay Beach of the class of '97 married Florence Galbreath of the class of '98, Harry Lurkins of '97 married Katherine Campbell of '99, Cyrus Tremper of '98 married Edith Knight of '98, Lysle Hampton of '99 married Alice Griffin of '99, Fred Henry of '99 married Lura Lee of '99 and both passed away within a few years, Claire White of '97 was to have married Bertha Hich of '98, but passed away while attending the U. of M., and Bertha married him a year later.

On [illegible] Friday occurred [illegible] of the boys of them. They met at the home of Harriet Van Camp Graham with 19 of the 50 present in person and eleven more by their letters.

It was a great event. The pot luck dinner served at noon was bountiful enough to have supplied the entire fifty.

Some of the classmates had not met for many years. They can not exactly be called young any more, but they have not lost their youthful activity and are far from being old.

The afternoon was given over to lively visiting and reading the letters of absent members, and the time passed all too quickly.

This formal letter to the hostess was from Rev. LeRoy Dewey:

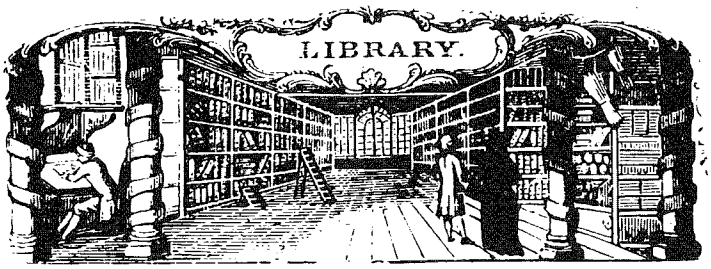
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MRS. FLOYD ODLUM

Mrs. Floyd Odlum is given a full page picture and story in the current number of the American Magazine. It has some local interest from the fact that Mr. Odlum, a millionaire financial of New York City, was a Decatur school boy some thirty years ago. His father, Rev. George A. Odlum, was at the time pastor of the Methodist church.

The following sketch, taken from the American, was furnished by a Republican reader,—

Her hobby has turned into a prancing steed. Mrs. Floyd Bostwick Odlum is the first woman to head a large retail store on New York's famed smart shopping mart—Fifth Avenue. Began work 2 years ago—for the fun of it. Her innovations brought in the customers, upped the business, put her behind the president's desk. Got the job through her husband, investment-trust head, who, when he discovered he owned a big women's apparel shop, didn't know what to do about it. She did. Rummaged around, modernized, persuaded a grand duchess to direct a photographic studio, put in a tray service for purchasers who are hungry—all Odlum oddities. Born in St. George, Utah, 1892. Lives now in Forest Hills, L. I. Two sons: one at school near home, the other at Dartmouth College. Occasionally the whole family goes to the thousand-acre Odlum farm in England; more frequently they go back to their Utah mountains to fish, hike, loaf. One of the best-dressed women in the country—one of the busiest.



LIBRARY STARTED, WATCH IT GROW

Opened in the Kaplan Store with Mrs. Martin Knoll in Charge. A Book Drive To Follow Soon.

Fourteen branch libraries established in Van Buren county, and only 400 books for them! That was the situation last week as stated to the Republican by the County Librarian, Mrs. Zella Benton of Lawton.

Mrs. Benton, in starting the library system in this county, is doing her work nobly. She has established the libraries, but the state is lagging in its part of the program.

The plea is a lack of funds. It's a common plea, uttered on many occasions. If it were not for this lack of one thing or another the millennium would be right upon us, and the Townsend pensions would be declined with thanks.

But a library without books is about as impossible as a forest without trees, and Mrs. Benton has taken upon herself the added task of assisting the state in supplying the books. There is a string to that proposition also: she wants the home folks to assist her in assisting the state in supplying the books.

Mrs. Benton desires to start out with a subscription paper with the request for books instead of currency. This ought to be easy. Nearly every family has a book it would contribute if properly approached.

Here is an opportunity to tell the story of the young wife who was looking for a Christmas present for her husband. The clerk suggested a book. "Oh, she replied. "He wouldn't care for that, he has a book."

Another mixup in the Decatur library arrangements came like a cloud upon a clear sky. As stated in the Republican last week the vacant store building in the Kaplan block had been secured for the home of the library. The very next day Mr. Kaplan obtained a cash renter. As may be inferred the lease to the library was without consideration and naturally was cancelled forthwith.

Mr. Kaplan, however, did a nice thing in offering the librarian a corner of his own store, heat and light furnished, and the library will be open to the public there Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, with Mrs. Martin Knoll in charge.

The sum total of the books on hand at the opening was fifty, but when the drive gets under way the number is expected to increase rapidly.

The Decatur Public Library today is like a tender sapling just planted. Keep the date of its birth in mind, January 23, 1935. In ten years from this date it may be a municipal accessory of several thousand volumes, housed in a beautiful building with the name, carved in stone above the entrance,—"Decatur Public Library."

And we won't forget to put the names of Mrs. Benton and Mrs. Knoll in the little brass box in the corner stone.

There are other names, too, which ought to go in that box, names of ladies who have kept the library idea going in this village for many years.

The Republican hereby asks someone familiar with the facts to write for the paper a history of the library activities in Decatur which have led up to the starting of the present library, sponsored by the State of Michigan.

This might be a nice assignment for a member of Mrs. Savage's class in Journalism.

GRUESOME RELICS IN AN OLD SAFE

Robert Brewer is the mechanic of the Iodent farm. He is a good workman and the boys all like him.

He was born in Volinia township some 35 years ago and likes to read the occasional stories in the Republican about his old home community.

One day when Bobbie was a young boy he went over to the Copley homestead to work. A rain came up and drove the hands from the field to the house. The late E. B. Copley reserved a room in the house and was there at the time.

He was trying to unlock a small safe, the combination to which he had forgotten. He told Bobbie the safe had not been opened for many years and asked him to try his hand at unlocking it. After a couple of hours work the young boy succeeded and the safe was found to be full of old keepsakes.

Mr. Copley took out of it a deck of cards, some of which were stained with blood. He said they were picked up from the floor of the Henry Morris home the morning after the murder. There was also a picture of the fine Morris horse which the murderer rode to South Bend after his terrible deed.

CAN ANY OLD TIMER BEAT THIS RECORD?

The Republican has another old time subscriber who has the record of Neils Rasmusson beaten a little.

George M. Smith lived down in Milton township in Cass county, near Edwardsburg. He was born down there and his parents were among the county's early settlers.

He had grown up and was taking charge of the home place, and had a hired man working for him. The hired man got to playing smart on him and he turned him off.

The man stayed around in the neighborhood a week or two and then lit out with a neighbor's horse.

George Smith had just been elected constable and took naturally to ferreting out such things. The neighbor went to him with his complaint and George surmised at once that the horse thief was his former employe.

The hired man's folks lived in Bangor and the constable took up the scent in that direction. Together he and the neighbor went to Dowagiac and there they got wind of the culprit. The case was turned over to the sheriff and George drove home alone.

The Carpenter family lived near his place and on the same road. When they saw him coming back they went out to meet him and get the news. With them was their pretty granddaughter, Amelia Carpenter of Decatur, who was visiting them.

George took a shine to Amelia right away and forgot that he had to hurry to get back home. From that day he carried on a most agreeable courtship for about a year, and then he came to her home in Decatur and married her.

Mr. White, the Methodist minister, performed the ceremony on the 22nd of February, 1877, but it was not until fall that he got a place down near the old home farm and they went to housekeeping.

His young wife wanted the Decatur paper and that was when he became a subscriber to the Republican, and he has taken it ever since, over 58 years.

In '79 they located in Hamilton township, and that township and Decatur have been the home of George E. Smith most of the time since.

The first Mrs. Smith has long since passed away, but the memory of her is still fresh and our townsman says he never was sorry that her grandparents stopped him to inquire about the horse thief.

Amelia's father was James Carpenter, a shoemaker of Charleston away back in the time when that deserted village was a flourishing trading center for the settlers of northern Cass county. Her mother was a Tittle.

WHAT BECAME OF THE WILD PIGEONS?

By Edwin McGowan of Lawrence.

It was in the fall of 1879, near as the writer can remember, that the wild pigeons left their Michigan summer home for their winter home in the southern states, and they never came back. Some say the pigeons were caught in a big storm and swept into the ocean and perished, others say some disease caused their death.

We cannot believe either solution correct as in the first solution: Granting the pigeons were caught in a big storm and a hundred thousand or more were swept to death, no doubt there would be hundred of thousands that would not have been flying at the time of the storm, owing to the fact they were still in some other state and not flying near the ocean at the time of the storm.

In regard to the last solution; If fifty or one thousand pigeons perished with some disease in some other state; then if thousands of pigeons were found dead some one would report the fact to state and national authorities in regard to the disease that caused extermination of the wild pigeons.

Thousands of dollars have been offered by sporting magazines, papers, and sporting clubs for the correct solution of what became of the wild pigeons. So far as the writer knows the correct solution has not been given or money collected.

Many of the early settlers made a business of netting pigeons. Ray Bunnell has a pigeon net his grandfather used in netting wild pigeons. We do not know if this is the only pigeon net left in the state but we know it is an antique, as it is something like seventy-five years old.

How Pigeons Were Netted

Perhaps it might be interesting to many readers of this story to know how pigeon nets were made and what they were made of. They were made of cord, like fish net, meshes being just large enough for the pigeons to get their heads through.

Nets were made fifteen to twenty feet wide and twenty-five to fifty feet long. The net was set by fastening one side down, the other side fastened upon sticks with a trip-cord fastened to it and the operator hid in bushes or behind trees.

A stool pigeon was used to attract a big flock of pigeons. The stool pigeon had a cord tied around one of his legs and fastened to a stump, wheat or other grain was scattered from the net into the woods a rod or so. Soon as the net was full of pigeons the trip-cord was pulled and the net fell down over the trapped pigeons.

Then came the task of killing the net full of pigeons to make them ready for dry picking. The pigeons must not be clubbed to death as that would cause the body to be black and blue and spoil the looks of the birds for shipping and it would have been slow, hard work to wring each bird's neck. A little tool like pinchers or plyers was used, as the pigeons stuck their heads through meshes of the net a man would reach in, snap or break the birds' necks. The pigeons were next picked and packed and shipped to New York, Chicago and other large city hotels.

Two of the leading men in this part of the state to net pigeons were Jay Alden and Charles Hathaway. They shipped thousands of birds each year. There was a big business done in shipping squabs. One of the big nesting places was in the dunes of Thunder Mountain near the shore of Lake Michigan.

A few days before the squabs were old enough to fly the old scraggly tamarack and pine trees would be cut down and hundred of young blue pigeons would be gathered up and shipped to market. It was a big disappointment to the hotels in the cities when the pigeon catching and shipping business ceased.

The writer has seen a flock of pigeons a mile long that would dim the sun for some time. The wild pigeons had their rules or by-laws or codes as the males would fly to feed in the early morning, fly back home at noon and then the female would fly to feed in the afternoon and fly back to roost at night.

Mrs. Carrie Dillenbeck has a token and antique in remembrance of the wild pigeon in the way of a big feather bed made of wild pigeon feathers. A friend of the writer said there were yet a few thousand wild pigeons in California. If so, we wish they would make us a flying visit at least, if not willing to stay at their ancestors' former home.

The writer would be pleased to hear from any one privately or through the columns of this paper regarding what became of the wild pigeons.

DELAWARE ST. IN '69

A Rare Picture of Decatur from the Haynes Home on Exhibition at Weeks Photo and Gift Shop.

Miss Grace Weeks has in the display window of her Photo and Gift Shop a unique showing of pictures of early Decatur days.

The central attraction of the group is a picture of Delaware street looking west, the photographer standing just east of the telephone station and on that side of the street.

The north side of Delaware street predominates and the old two story town hall, torn down in 1900, is the outstanding building. A part of the house that stood where ArchieWoolfe's service station now stands, is shown.

The Brigham corner is vacant. On the west side of Phelps street are shown two frame buildings. If we remember correctly the corner building was Abbott's store, the next one had a sign above it,—F. A. Russsell. We believe A. S. Abbott of Green Bay, Wis., could tell some interesting tales of the street at that time.

Further down on Deleware the tall spire of the Methodist church is plainly seen.

The picture is painted in water colors and is 22x28 inches in size. It was made from a tin type taken in 1869. The painting was made for J. H Haynes in 1893 and Mr. Haynes paid $50 for it.

It remained a part of the furnishings of the Haynes home and after the death of Miss Bernice Haynes, last of the family, became the property of Mrs. Hazel Kelsey. Mrs. Kelsey has authorized Miss Weeks to sell it for $10, and it surely should hang on a wall of that new village building, when we get it.

Miss Weeks has several other pictures of early Decatur days which she has made from old photos given her by the late Charles Pritchard.

THE STORY OF THE M. E. PARSONAGE

Some repairing is going on at the Methodist parsonage. The Rev. Mr. Uhlinger has been overseer and chief carpenter and he has been ably assisted by J. C. Fisher who has spent the winter in the south and needs exercise.

Mr. Uhlinger discovered a board under the porch on which were written the names A. H. Young and Buckley and yours truly, John Shaad.

He wondered how it came there and showed it to several of Decatur's older residents. The story of the find drifted to our townsman, John Shaad, and the Republican, and here is the explanation:

The late John Shaad Sr. built the house on West St. Mary's street in the early seventies, and the family lived there about a year. He then sold the house to Mrs. Jane Manley, mother of Clem Manley and moved into the present Shaad house on East Delaware.

Mrs. Manley in time sold the house to L. D. Hill and he sold it to the Methodist church society for a parsonage. Now if we knew the first Methodist minister to occupy it the story would be complete.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE MANAGER OF THE NEW COZY THEATRE

THE REPUBLICAN offers its congratulations to Fred E. Pennell, manager of the New Cozy Theatre, for his splendid enterprise in erecting the new and up to date play house for the comfort and pleasure of his patrons.

The opening of the New Cozy will be an event upon which the manager deserves the congratulations of the entire public, and the people of this community are also to be congratulated that they can take their friends hereafter to such a commodious and beautiful place where they may enjoy the best motion picture entertainments at reasonable prices and as quickly as they are shown in the large centers of population.

This is the first time a building has ever been erected in Decatur expressly for a theatre. Buildings previously used for movie shows have been rebuilt from blacksmith shops and store rooms. In the old days less was required of the movie house, but nevertheless the pioneering was well done, and although the town has moved slowly up to the present improvement the foundation for it has been well laid and the future prosperity of the business here is secure.

Now, with the advent of the talkies, structural details have become more important, slight imperfections are more noticeable, a faint echo even seriously interfering with the effect of the sound film.

On Christmas day, 1932, Fred Pennell opened his Cozy Theatre with sound pictures. The venture did not create much of a stir on the street or in the community. The movie business was pretty much run down here and the little house had been closed for some time. The new venture then was not taken very seriously. Probably not many thought the new manager, who came here a stranger, would stick. That he has stuck and made good is now joyfully apparent.

He added at once new equipment for better production, then new seats for greater comfort, then he created surprise and pleasure by bringing the leading attractions here ahead of nearby competitors.

Movie fans who had been in the habit of driving elsewhere for their movie entertainment found that in so doing they were behind instead of ahead of the times. The home folks began to turn in at the Cozy and people from other towns were also attracted here by the billing of the latest leaders. The manager, with alert eye, saw what might be accomplished with an attractive new building and he began to make plans for the future.

In the meantime he had continually made improvements on the old place, installing new heating and air conditioning plants and the new seats.

A few weeks ago Manager Pennell announced that the Cozy would be closed with the showing of the popular picture, "The Little Colonel," starring America's newest sweetheart, charming little Shirley Temple, and that a new Cozy would be opened March 28 with another master piece.

Despite the bad weather the old building was quickly razed to the ground and the construction of the new has progressed apace.

Coming at this season of the year the employment provided by the demolition of the old buildings and the erection of the new has been of real benefit to the community, helping those so employed in bridging the gap that seems inevitable just prior to the beginning of employment on the muck farms.

The opening feature of the New Cozy program is typical of the type of program Mr. Pennell has brought to Decatur and will continue to provide. Will Rogers comes to show that "Life Begins at Forty." That homely philosopher, potent former of public thinking and sterling American, has produced some of the most worth-while entertainment ever offered the public in any form. Nothing in his pictures comes even close to the border line of giving offense. Indeed, on the other hand, all of his pictures give a measure of good advice on this vexing problem of living.

That Decatur business houses welcome the new Cozy is amply proven by the ready response they have made to our call for a great send-off for the New Cozy in this week's Republican. Never in recent years has the response been so ready. It is the feeling of our business community that the Cozy Theatre is an asset in the community, in the quality of the entertainment offered, in the business it keeps at home and the out of town trade it attracts.

So the Republican bids you, "Good Luck," Manager Pennell. "We'll be seeing you." at the opening of the Cozy's new home. All who read this page are urged to patronize not only our home town theatre but also our other home town business enterprises which are just as fine in their fields as the Cozy Theatre is in the realm of screen entertainment.

CORNER STONE OF NEW "COZY" LAID

Address by Rev. J. R. Uhlinger and Work Performed by Charles H. Ritter, Master Mason

GRAND OPENING APRIL 28

The corner stone of the New Cozy Theatre was laid with appropriate ceremony Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The event was postponed once or twice because the speed of the builders was not quite up to the program. A few interested persons were present and witnessed an interesting event.

Rev. J. R. Uhlinger opened with an address published below. A box containing an account of the theatre project as published in Decatur Republican, a picture of the new building, and a copy of the address was placed in the corner stone by Eugene Pennell, little son of the proprietor.

Charles Ritter, Master of the Decatur Masonic lodge, incased the box with mortar and set the corner stone, and in well chosen words complimented Mr. Pennell on his enterprise, and wished him success.

Mrs. Ritter and Mrs. Pennell were also present.

The construction work is being pushed rapidly to completion and Mr. Pennell guarantees that the new building will be opened to the public as advertised on Sunday, April 28.

From ten to fifteen men are at work every day and in a few days there will be day and night shifts. Architect P. J. Funke is overseeing the work.

Mr. Pennell went to Detroit Wednesday to buy fixtures and complete arrangements for the opening.

The opening date is Sunday, April 28, and the play will be "Life Begins at Forty," with Will Rogers in the leading role.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

At the Laying of the Cornerstone of the New "Cozy" Theatre. Decatur, Michigan, April 5, 1935.

By James R. Uhlinger

The dedication and building of the new Cozy Theatre comes at a very significant time in motion picture development, in the progress of business in Decatur, and in the national building program.

This theatre is being completely remodeled and doubled in size the year after criticism of the motion picture industry has been sharpest and a few months after the betterment of the movies has become so apparent that only the blind and the foolish fail to recognize the change. All of our major American institutions have had their growing pains.

The motion picture is a [illegible] institution in our life which has grown by the process of trial and error, as all other good institutions have, and in the process of experimentation with

the American mind mistakes have been mixed with the positive values. But in the last year the silver screen has made strides toward coming of age. Pictures used to pass with public approval if they merely afforded diversion and some sort of entertainment for two hours. Now great and beautiful productions are increasingly supplanting mere entertainment. Surely pictures like "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night," "One Night of Love," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street, "The House of Rothschild," "David Harum," "Little Women," and "David Copperfield"—all pictures of the recent past—indicate the tremendous power of the movies for good and also the willingness of producers to meet the demand for great themes when the public calls for them.

The illiterate and moron class will no longer pull the pictures down to their level, but the brilliance and beauty of future productions promises to be perhaps the greatest single factor in American life tending to pull the lower and baser element upward to an appreciation of the good. It is our faith that as the movies have championed material values—money, fame, clothes, and the purely physical—in the past, so in the future they will sponsor spiritual values — courage, honesty, faithfulness, loyalty, decency, abiding love in the home and progressive citizenship.

The list of books scheduled for production this year gives ample evidence for this faith: Dante's "Inferno," Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," Lloyd Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession" and Karl Cepak's "R. U. R."

It is highly significant that the old theatre closed with the showing of "The Little Colonel," featuring one of the oldest and youngest of our fine actors—Lionel Barrymore and Shirley Temple, while the new theatre opens with "Life Begins at Forty," featuring the one man who best represents the average American Will Rogers.

This dedication takes place at the close of four years of national and international depression in economic affairs. In being the first major building improvement on the Main street of the village after the low ebb, the construction of this modern brick building stands as a milestone between the struggle of the past few years and the better conditions of the years to come.

The fact that this project is being materially assisted by the Federal Housing Administration is another distinguishing characteristic, for it stands as an index hand pointing to a new day for the so-called small business man in America.

We must not over-look the more significant fact, however, that this new building and the prestige this theatre has gained in the last few years are due to the enterprising labor of the owner and manager, Mr. F. E. Pennell. The two years and few months that he has been in Decatur in this capacity have been marked by constant improvements, and this is but [illegible] tions. We trust it [illegible]

[illegible] of his progressive [illegible] will follow.

Therefore, we who are [illegible] round this corner-stone on the day of April in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-five do hereby join in the dedication of the new Cozy theatre.

We dedicate it to the vast majority of people who will never travel very far away from Decatur except through the medium of the motion picture camera and the record of its travels which will be shown on this screen.

We dedicate it to the interpretation of the best literary masterpieces of all nations as they are made to live before our eyes in picture and sound and perhaps in color.

We dedicate it to the cause of lifting the lower element in American life to an appreciation of the good and the beautiful and the worthwhile.

We dedicate it to the task of helping in the fight against modern evils—vice, crime, exploitation, greed, and war—by representing them in their true light with the aid of the never lying eye of the camera.

We dedicate it to the opportunity of providing constructive recreation and entertainment for tired and worried people.

We dedicate it to the necessity for opening our children's eyes to better rather than worse ways of living.

And, lastly, we dedicate this building as a fitting step forward in Decatur business life and a worthy memorial to the work of the man who has made it possible, Mr. F. E. Pennell.

James R. Uhlinger.

HOMECOMING AT CORWIN

Written by E. D. Scott and Read by Him at the Annual Reunion at the Corwin School Sunday Afternoon, August 25.

Today we meet as one great family for Home Coming, and to celebrate the taking up of the first land in Hamilton township by Robert Nesbitt just one hundred years ago. The first structure erected in this township was a hunter's cabin in 1833, but the builders owned no land.

A century has passed, and no flight of our imagination can picture this country to our minds as it was at that time. It was a glorious, unbroken expanse of noble trees—oaks and elms six feet in diameter were common. Black walnuts eleven feet in diameter are recorded. Giant whitewoods and sycamores towered over the landscape like sentinels.

In the oak country the Indians had kept parts of it burned off to provide pasture for their ponies, and the early settlers called this "Opening Land." Such few roads as existed avoided hills, ponds, and marshes with no regard for straightness.

The first comers here faced tremendous odds, for they had their cabins and barns to build, their furniture to make by hand, the land to clear by primitive methods, and then to face the ravages of hunger, storms, disease, and the wild animals—wildcats, panthers and wolves were a constant menace to stock and mankind. (The names of the pioneers will be given as they were known to their friends.)

To illustrate, Toby Byers and his wife arrived near here driving an ox team hitched to a crude wagon. With them they carried a large hogshead which they placed on the ground nights, spread their blankets in it, and used it for a bed and shelter until their cabin was built. At night they built fires to protect their oxen from the wolves, and these fires had to be refueled during the night. In those days being treed by wolves was a very common occurance.

In the earliest days even wells were scarce, and much of the drinking water was hauled in barrels. Sometimes they were careless about the source of supply, and fever and ague resulted, but it was called "Fever 'n' Ager" then.

Hay and fodder were scarce in those days, and stock often came out in the spring "skin poor" as the saying went. Frequently in the winter farmers had to cut down trees that the stock might browse the tops to prevent actual starvation. Canned fruit was practically unknown. What little there was to be found was preserved in stone jars often sealed with putty. One family which later became prosperous, found their only winter luxury in pumpkin butter. On rare occasions a few dried raspberries graced the table after apples were gone, and strings of dried apples and pumpkin hung from the rafters in later years.

Among the poor families parched rye passed for coffee, and dried raspberry leaves masqueraded as tea. Much of the clothing of that period was "homespun." Cloth could be bought in far distant stores, but "store" clothes were not known; even the blankets for the beds were woven at home.

Clearing the land was a mighty task, and grubbing was a profession. Flintlock guns and bullet molds were standard equipment in every home, also candle molds. Hay was cut with a scythe, raked with a wooden hand rake, and loaded with wooden pitchforks. Wheat was cut with a cradle, raked and bound by hand.

Cornfodder was tied with basswood bark for many years. Letters were a long time in reaching their destination, and the first adhesive stamps appeared in 1847. Books were few, and mostly religious, with no papers, or magazines in circulation.

Amusements were home created, and husking bees were pleasant gatherings, often held by lantern light.

Building a log house was called "log raising" and called for a day of festivities. The women usually cooked a fine dinner of wild game, the men built the house, sometimes drank whiskey, and when the work was done, held running, wrestling, and jumping contests.

Men wore cowhide boots the year around, as the first rubber boots in America were 500 pairs imported by a Boston sea captain in 1853, and none were known here for many years.

There were practically no opticians, and when age impaired the sight many people were more or less blind. All the men wore either whiskers or mustaches, and the girls wore dresses that would make several complete costumes for today. Doctors treated many ailments by bleeding the patient. Teeth were extracted by means of a turnkey, and it was a brave person who could face the ordeal. In Keeler, a blacksmith did this work free of charge for many years. Later he got a pair of heavy forceps, and pulled many an aching molar with them, always gratis.

Horse stealing was about the only organized crime, and it worried the early settlers constantly, as they never knew when they awoke in the morning if they had a horse or not. One dangerous, and clever gang had their headquarters in the Dowagiac swamp, and as the water stood in there the year around the thieves could come and go leaving no trail. They had well built stables, and a snug cabin, and the ruins of these buildings were still in existance a few years ago.

The Territorial road was a main traffic route between St. Joseph and Detroit with frequent taverns, some of them of dubious reputation. At the Keeler tavern where Ted Rosevelt now lives a branch led southwestward across the present fields to Niles and South Bend.

Cultivated fields were surrounded by pole, or rail fences. These were later somewhat replaced by board fences. Cows were turned loose in the woods, and sometimes they strayed many miles, and were lost for several days. Gourds were grown to serve as dippers in the days before tinware became the vogue.

Dame nature did not coddle the pioneers. Planting the crops among the stumps was a difficult job with the crude implements of that day. Small grain was sown by hand as there were no drills. In the earliest days corn and potatoes were merely hoed. Then the single shovel cultivator was introduced. The double shovel was considered a vast improvement, but even that has been obsolete for more than 40 years.

There was no let up to the hard work in the winter, for rails had to be split and hauled for fences, and wood had to be cut with an axe, and really heating a house with a fireplace just could not be done. The bill of fare in those days read about the same every day—bread, potatoes and salt pork, with sometimes Johnny cake, or mush, seldom any butter for most families.

All the lakes had fish in them, and deer, wild turkeys, partridges, quails, fox, gray and black squirrels were common, but successful farmers had little time for hunting or fishing, and fish pole and shotgun men were looked upon with disfavor. Life was hard, with few holidays, or pleasures,

DEATH OF MISS JENNIE BUELL

She Was a Former Resident of Little Prairie Ronde, a Graduate of the Decatur High School and Promient Worker in State Grange.

Miss Jennie Buell, 71, passed away last Friday night, January 11, at her home in Ann Arbor.

She was one of Michigan's pioneer women in agricultural work and a member of the State Grange 50 years. She was a state lecturer until her recent retirement in December because of ill health, and had previously served for many years as state secretary of the organization.

She leaves two brothers, Lincoln E., state secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for 23 years, and Harry C., Spokane, Wash., and two sisters, Flora C. Buell of Ann Arbor, and Bertha G. Buell, a teacher at Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

The Buell family were well known in Decatur in an early day. They resided on a farm adjoining that of Levi Lawrence on Little Prairie Ronde when that fertile spot was known throughout the state for its productive acres, model country homes and intelligent farmers.

Jennie and Lincoln Buell graduated from the Decatur High school in the class of 1879 and Flora in the class of 1881.

DEATH OF FORMER DECATUR RESIDENT

Fred Stern received word Monday that Sig Desenberg had died that morning at his home in Buchanan. He was 72 years old.

Mr. Desenberg is an old time resident of Decatur. He was a clerk in the store of Desenberg and Stern, Ben Desenberg being his brother. From Decatur he went to Waco, Texas, and then to Buchanan where he went into the clothing business.

This business was sold last year to his nephew, Bill Desenberg, son of his brother Lewie who died three weeks ago.

Mr. Desenberg is survived by his widow, a son and two daughters. The son is a lawyer in Detroit, one of the daughters teaches school in Niles and the other in the University at Wheeling, W. Va.

Funeral services of Mr. Desenberg were held in Buchanan Wednesday.

FRANK D. MORLAN

Jont. Says:

At the time Frank Morlan and I attended school at Charlestown we were 7, 8, and 9 years old. We began to work side by side. We were the machinists of the school.

There was a weed called Jimson which grew 3 or 4 feet high and was hollow in the trunk and limbs.

We cut off one stalk at the bottom under ground so the water could not leak. Then cut off the top about two feet from it, and the lowest limb, this was also hollow, left 6 or 8 inches for a spout.

Then we found a round, stiff weed 2 or 3 feet long, wrapped a rag around one end for a swab. This we used for a pump rod. We poured water in the stalk and we could pump it out.

As we grew older we each bought and ran a threshing machine outfit. Sometimes we helped each other. In fact, we worked side by side a great many days.

Frank, John Keller and I each worked our engine on the same shed in a saw mill; Frank with a June engine, John with a Garr Scott and I with a Canton Monitor. So we got acquainted with all these steam powers.

Frank liked machinery better than I did, so was better posted about it. There were the Wood and Tabor, Birdsell and Westinghouse engines that we were better acquainted with than we were with a five dollar bill.

We used to go to Saddlebag lake Saturdays and stay until Sunday night. The first one there would pick out a place to camp, and we always caught enough fish to eat. My job was to fry the fish rolled in flour. The others cleaned them. We had big pots of coffee and other things to make up a good meal.

Frank did like to go fishing. There are not many left of the old gang of 10 or 12. Frank has started on the long journey, and he will expect us to follow. He will leave a signal on the trail where he camps. I think he will be at the right hand of God, and on the golden streets with the angels will he trod. Jont. Goble.

The Editor says,—

Frank Morlan was a good engineer. We first knew him back in the eighties when working in the old measure factory. We worked there four summer vacations during the years when we were 10 to 14. The hours were 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., the wages 50 cents per day the first three summers, and 62½ cents the last summer.

Several other boys worked there. We all worked hard but enjoyed a little fun when the opportunity presented.

Frank Morlan was the engineer, and for his expert services received the munificent sum of $1.50 per day. He was not underpaid, that was the ruling wage for the work he performed in those days.

Frank Morlan was a capable engineer. The man he followed was not so good. After he had been on the job a few days Stillman Slocum, the manager, went into the engine room to inquire how he was getting along. Frank said he was getting along all right, he guessed. "Why have you shut down?" asked Mr. Slocum.

"I haven't shut down, she is going," replied Frank. He had the engine running so smoothly and quietly that the manager thought it was not running at all.

Frank burned the shavings from the planers and they were shot to the engine room through a large chute. When the boys would get a big soft pile of them ahead of Frank they would steal quietly down to the room, try to take him unaware and

roll him into them. He was about an even match for three boys and for a few minutes, till one side got the better of the tussle, the shavings would fly. Shavings are as uncomfortable as snow when you get them down the back.

Frank never forgot those early years, and the fun he had with his boys as he called us. Of late years he has frequently referred to them, and always with the remark that they were the happiest years of his life.

He was kindness itself,—a loyal and true friend. A. N. M.

LAKE MICHIGAN

Out in Gary, there's an unknown skylark that has sung a song of old Lake Michigan. Here it is:

Darting, sparkling little wanelets
Of the blue Lake Michigan,
In the sunlight brightly glancing,
O'er the surface lightly dancing,
Borne by winds so gently whipping
Tiny billows toward the shore,
Where they break with muffled roar.

Little billows, angry, foaming,
O'er the lake forever roaming,
Twirling, whirling tiny whitecaps.

Leaping, tossing little madcaps,
Ever splashing, always dashing,
Softly smashing, gently crashing
On the beach and on the shore,
Where they'll play for evermore.

1935

By May Cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Dwight are former residents of Dec [illegible] and Mrs. Bushey [illegible] their daughter. The story printed below is taken from the Clovis (California) Independent of May 16.

SYCAMORE INDIAN VILLAGE

I was the guest Thursday of Mesdames L. D. Dwight and Margaret Bushey, on a motor trip to the little Mono Indian village of Sycamore, nestled deep down in a beautiful canon formed like a huge saucer which at this time of the year has a few small streams of water dowing through the acres of trees, wild flowers and grass that stands at least a foot high.

The saucer is dotted with the little cabins and homes of the Indians. Many of the houses are now surrounded with growing plants and flowers in full bloom and the homes are well kept and at places we found the women seated out of doors piecing some very pretty quilts.

Since my last visit to this mission several years ago I found great improvement in the home life as these people have evidently used what small funds they have earned in improving their homes and making them attractive.

Mrs. Dwight and her husband acted as government teachers at Sycamore a few years ago and the result of their good work among these native Americans is to be seen at the homes of the former pupils of the Dwights.

We first stopped at the home of Mrs. Bill George where we visited a short time and made the trip up the mountain side and down the mountain side back again where formerly the Dwights were forced to carry all water used at their school headquarters.

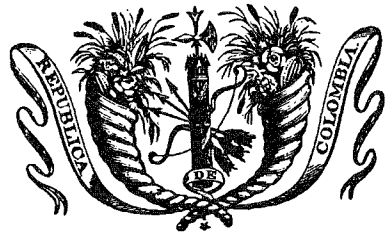
As rattle snakes are numerous this year we had to keep a close look-out for these dwellers of the dust.

I then walked through the high grass to one of the acorn rocks where for ages past the squaws have pounded out the acorns in the pestals made deep by constant usage and at this season of the year a wigwam of limbs has been built over the huge rock and inside this wigwam I found Mrs. Hancock and her aged and wrinkled aunt who is about 75 or 80 years old, seated on the rock busily making acorn meal. What a job. The acorns had been dried and shelled, and they would pour a small handful into the excavation of the rock, and Sally, whose scrawney hands were ill-fitted for such a steady job would pound away with a three-cornered rock until the meal would get fine and then the meal would be placed in a hand woven vessel and the chaff would be sifted out, the result is a fine slightly dark meal which when cooked Indian fashion has a very pleasant taste.

The Indians were hard put to when the white man drove them into the Sierras in the early history of this state, as they had no food. This Indian meal is one result of that time when they were forced to live on acorns. They now use the meal as their national dish when entertaining at their big gatherings.

We then went to the home of Mrs. Ed and made the acquaintance of her very young son, Leonard Ed, who is still kept in his Indian basket that he may have a very straight, strong back when he grows up.

Julia Jensen, an older squaw, lives at his home and Julia has grown so fat and being troubled with rheumatism, it is hard for her to get about but Julia is a jolly soul and although she speaks only a few English words she at once started me in on the Indian language. I would like to tell you the words but I better not. We also talked with Blind Frank who sits outside his cabin home to keep warm in the bright sunlight. And Emma Lewis showed us her five weeks old daughter, little Dolores, who smiled on the white strangers.



BUSINESS MEN OF DECATUR IN 1872

By George W. Yaw of Dowagiac.

Our good friend, George Yaw, of Dowagiac, gave the Republican recently a story of the home he built in Wayne township in 1872. Decatur was then his trading town. He drew many loads of heading bolts to the Hinkley Stave Company and was as well acquainted with our business street as he now is with the block in which he lives.

Decatur was a busy pioneer town in 1872. As an incorporated village it was but eleven years old and only 24 years before it was a barren expanse of grubs without an inhabitant.

Mr. Yaw lists the business and professional men of Decatur beginning at the north end of Main street as follows:—

Henry Russell, wagon maker
Harry Russell, blacksmith
W. H. Clark, furniture
David Squier, agricultural implements
Coleman and Carney, drugs and wall paper. (Mr. Yaw may have Decatur confused with Dowagiac here. It was before Carney's time. Leavens had a drug store here and so did Thomas Browning at that time. Coleman and Carney were Decatur young men who opened a drug store in Dowagiac.)
James Potts, groceries
Peter Pardonnette, harness maker
S. N. Thomas, hardware
Lewis Stewart and John Rogers, groceries
Shourtes, dry goods
Delos Lee, drugs
Jacob Johnson, cobbler
Anson Knight, saloon
Ed. Arnold, meat market
Old Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, milliners
Shelters hotel
John Shaad, boots and shoes
Joe Cohn, haberdasher
Thos. Browning and Son, drugs
Chadwick dry goods store and millinery
Hathaway dry goods
Theo. Harlan, blacksmith and wagon maker
Andy Johnson, foreman Republican
N. E. Hooper, dentist
Doctors Rogers, Dillon, Rose, Keables and Baker
Hinkley and Van Duzer, stave and heading mill
Lime Rawson, wheat buyer and elevator
Hopkins grist mill
Chamberlin, wheat buyer
Hank Rogers
Lawyers Parkhurst and Tuttle
This is Mr. Yaw's list as he remem-

DECATUR FIREMEN INJURED IN DETROIT

Leo Helmer and Archie Wiles, Delegates from Decatur to State Convention, Cut by Broken Glass and Burned by Fire from Explosion.

CHIEF WOOLFE ESCAPED UNINJURED

Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 1, 1935.—Thirty-two persons, including four children, were injured Wednesday when an explosion blew out the windows of a demonstration room at the Fire Department Training School, Warren and Lawton avenues, during an exhibition of a new fire extinguisher before 150 delegates to the convention of the Michigan State Firemen's Association.

A quantity of gasoline had been placed in the glass exhibition room, in the center of the larger room. It was planned to ignite it, and then put out the fire with the new type extinguisher, which utilizes carbon dioxide gas and exerts a "freezing" influence.

The man conducting the exhibition threw a match into the gasoline and then ran out of the chamber, closing the door behind him. Instantly there was a flash and a terrific detonation. The windows of the glass chamber blew out.

Those seated nearby were showered with flying splinters of glass. The blast of flame singed the hair and eyebrows of a number of the spectators. The crowd rushed for the exists.

Several Women Present

While most of those watching the demonstration were firemen, delegates to the convention, there were several women present. They were the wives of delegates. Several neighborhood children also had made their way into the room.

A call for ambulance apparatus brought also both police and fire department ambulances. The injured were taken to Receiving and Providence hospitals.

Lieut. Daniel E. Jordan, of the Detroit Fire Department, said the explosion occurred before the new extinguisher could be brought into action.

"My idea is that the room lacked oxygen," Jordan said. "That's the only way I can account for the explosion."

Chief's Statement

Chief Paul Lefke, of Lansing, said: "They put a pan of gasoline in this glass-enclosed room, and then touched it off. When the heat reached a certain point, it was supposed to trip the fire extinguisher and put out the fire. I don't know what happened, but the first thing I knew there was an explosion and the glass and the fire came right out into the room.

"I was back some distance and only got part of it."

Lowel A. Downing, of Port Huron, said that a number of women and children were present although there had been an attempt to exclude the children. He said that the man who was to conduct the demonstration threw a match into a tank in which there was about three gallons of gasoline. Then he ran and shut the door.

"There was a terrific explosion and a flash of fire," Downing said. "My hair was on fire. I ran, beating the fire out of my hair with my hands."

Chief Elmer Woolfe, Leo Helmer and Archie Wiles went to Detroit last week Wednesday morning as delegates from the Decatur Fire Department to the State Firemen's Convention.

They left Decatur at about 3 o'clock in the morning and arrived at their destination at 8. The convention was held at a firemen's training school.

This statement of the accident is dictated by the Chief.

The program consisted of demonstrations of various kinds of fire equipment and the firemen were being instructed in modern fire fighting methods.

Four o'clock was set for a demonstration of the C. O. 2-gas fire extinguisher.

The demonstration was held in a glass enclosure and probably 200 firemen, their wive and children were watching it through the windows.

We three Decatur men were standing close to one window and when the demonstrator touched a match to the gasoline in the pan I had some sort of a premonition of danger and turned and walked back through the crowd.

I had gotten about ten feet away when the explosion occurred. I was knocked down by the force of it, but was uninjured.

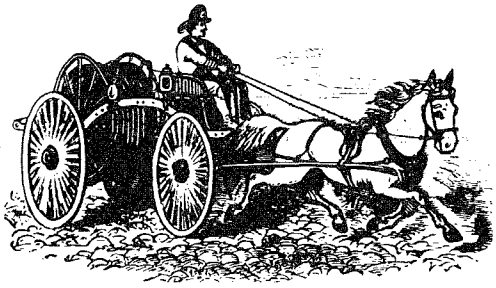
Leo and Archie remained close to the window, and broken glass was thrown in their faces. Flames followed the explosion and they were also severely burned.

I rushed back through the crowd and found Archie standing up but badly cut and burned. I helped him to a rescue truck and he was taken at once to the receiving hospital.

I then went back to hunt for Leo but did not locate him until over two hours later at the hospital.

Archie remained in the hospital all night. Leo was released and we roomed together at the Norton hotel.

Thursday noon we were able to leave for home and arrived at 4:30. Archie and Leo stood the trip well but have since been confined to their homes by the severity of their injuries.



HOW PIONEERS SOLVED THE PORK PROBLEM

By Bessie Fuhrman.

Besides making their own sugar, bread and hominy, soap, candles, etc., the pioneers produced and preserved their own meats, possessing right at their doors the materials for doing it.

If they lacked corn or wished to save it they turned their porkers loose in the beech woods to feed upon the beech nuts snugly stowed away under a thick carpet of leaves.

This way of fattening hogs for the winter's supply of pork and also turning to good account an abundant crop of beech nuts occurred within my own remembrance. While still a little girl my father bought a drove of hogs from a man who was moving away. He put them in the wood lot where there was an abundance of beech nuts and there they revelled in the food prepared by nature.

Beech nuts fed hogs make finer flavored pork than corn fed hogs and it was our pioneers who popularized the idea that has since been commercialized by trade marking, especially fine flavored foods, candies, etc., as Beech Nut brands.

Thus we see that the pioneers not only solved their problems of supply, but worked out valuable ideas they could not capitalize because of the drudgery of their lives.

But nevertheless they enjoyed their lives in their way. They were happy

in doing their work even if it was tollsome. They lived close to nature the year around, while modern city people catch but an occasional glimpse of such sylvan surroundings.

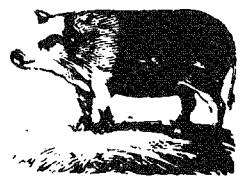
The pioneers lived in as picturesque environments as Scott made for his characters. Our Michigan holly with its beautiful red berries, the evergreens of the lowlands or hill sides, our clear streams and blue lakes and grand old forest trees are as lovely and interesting as any the Scottish bard described.

The gorgeous skies, the sunset, the varied colors of the autumn foliage, the snow on fields and trees, the dainty tints of budding spring, the wild beauty of the unexplored landscape made pictures for the pioneers which no artist or modern gardener could begin to equal.

Even that unforgetable picture Scott gave in "Ivanhoe" of swine feeding in an open place in the forest as the late afternoon sun is lighting up some hollies that grew nearby was no more picturesque or peaceful than the scenes our grandfathers beheld everywhere about them.

So why lament the lot of the pioneer or show how they solved their problems, why consider them or try to keep their memories green?

For this reason: We cannot appreciate a picture that has no background. The pioneers are the background and it still is distinct enough to form a part of the picture of our present day progress. They are then necessary to a true and complete comprehension of the present value of our own state and community.



JONT. RECALLS HIS SCHOOL DAYS

Jont. Says:

I went to school at West Valley in the years of 4, 5 and 6. Mary Warner was my first teacher. She was the mother of Miss Mabel Willison and Mrs. Arba Moulton. There are only four living of the 40 scholars who went there at that time. They are Jack Goble, Lyman Gant, Arilla Gant Huyck and myself.

I went to school at Charleston long before that school house was taken down and moved to the Warner district. That was when I was 7, 8 and 9 years old. Louise Warner was my teacher there. Of the 45 who went there with me but 6 are living. They are Frank Morlan, Jennie Van Curen, two Fulton boys now in California, Harley Squier and myself.

I started to school in the Shaw district at the age of 10 and graduated at 19, or would have if I had gotten the credits they give in our high school nowadays.

That was in 1869 and those who went there at that time as far as I can remember were Dee. Wickett, George Wickett and Charlie Wickett, May Parker McKee, Minnie Colson McKee, Lillie Colson McKee, Will Shaw of California, Arthur Shaw of Maryland, Glennie Shaw Bowen of Kalamazoo and myself.

Yes, I have read Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte, the second edition. It was awful the way she was handled and starved. I have read several books.

I have read the Bible enough to think there is a God, but Congress and the State Legislature have taken the government out of God's hands and have told the farmers they could raise only so much grain and stock.

God, just to show them He was yet alive, sent us a long hot and dry summer that cut the crops more than the government did.

Now I suppose Congress opens its works by prayer. They pray for some of the most foolish things, but with all their prayers they don't seem to have confidence enough in God to let Him regulate the crops.

Speaking of Thomas' corner where that old kettle used to set. An old gentleman who could not see very well sat on that kettle with a paper in his hands.

Frank Thomas, John Hughes and others up stairs opened the window and dropped down a black thread with a bait on it, that looked like a big spider. The old man saw it and hit at it with his paper, but it would come right back to him. Finally he got disgusted and went after it, striking right and left.

It started up the outside wall. He stood up and struck at it as far as he could reach, then felt satisfied he had gotten the best of it and sat down to sun himself again.

Such is life in town. O the boys! the horrid boys! But boys grow up to be men which girls never do.

Well, we are looking for that $200 a month pension. If I get it and cannot find a way to spend it, I will have some of the young folks show me how. Then I will not have to go over the hills to the poor house, according to Will Carleton.

Now I lay me down to sleep by Eugene Field's [illegible] Sweet Home, by Howard Paul's [illegible]

JONT. HAS COME TO

Jont. says: Decatur, Michigan, is the best town I ever lived in. It seems to contain anything and everything one wants and can use.

Of course we ought to have more Democrats. The railroad that passes through here is one of the best and we have lots of trucks to haul our freight. Illinois coal mines are so near we can truck coal here in a day.

We have plenty of stove wood and all kinds of stores,—hardware, granite ware, under wear and read-to-wear.

We have high land and low land and all kinds of crops. I'm in hopes we will have a good corn crop, for corn makes whiskey and whiskey makes the good old Democrats. The Republicans don't need that for they have high tariff that gives them the stimulents they need.

We have a new Tiger store, why should we ask for anything more? If we could pass the laws the Democrats have in view everything would be booming. Congress has been in session ten weeks. They have passed six laws and named a baby. Can you beat it?

Jont. Goble.

ARE THE BOYS OF TO-DAY AFRAID OF WORK?

Will C. Moulton in The Live Wire.

When the writer was a lad in knee-pants and got his first job in a country drug store at three dollars a week, he was all pepped up over it and begged to be allowed to stay on till nine o'clock in the evening.

We liked the job from the start—decided to be a druggist then and there—and never lost the notion till we owned a drug store.

Long hours meant nothing to us. It gave us just that much more time to study the old U. S. P. and the other obsolete books on the "five foot shelf"—and to learn the names on every glass labeled bottle in the store.

At fifteen, we could fill prescriptions blindfolded—and tell the doctor a lot of things he didn't know about drugs.

We liked to work and were down washing graduates and filling the kerosene lamps at seven o'clock in the morning—and that was the attitude of all the other store boys with whom we came in contact.

On the last big swing over the territory we asked exactly thirty drug store boys if they were going to study pharmacy and become druggists.

They were big boys too, fourteen to eighteen, and old enough to have ideas of what they wanted to do.

Not one of them seemed to be a candidate for a pharmacy college, and the almost invariable answer was a doubtful shake of the head and a snappy "Nope—too long hours."

It was apparent those boys were just there to draw their pay—and we couldn't help wondering what they were doing in a drug store and what particular use they could be to the druggist, if they were not trying to learn his business so they could be useful to him.

It was curious too, that all used the same expression—"too long hours."

This erroneous idea has been so long identified with the drug business that many people believe it.

It has been our observation that the everage retail druggist spends less time in his store than almost any other type of merchant.

But, whether the hours be long or short, the amount of work involved should not influence a young man in his choice of occupation, unless he is just naturally lazy, because no one ever got very far in life without work—hard work and plenty of it.

There may be legitimate reasons for not wanting to be a druggist—but "too long hours" is not one of them.

A LITTLE BOOK WITH A HISTORY

Contains Recipes—Is 77 Years Old—Went Through Johnstown Flood—Belongs to Mrs. Spain of Volinia.

Written for the Republican
by Estella Hartman.

Cassopolis, Mich.,
August 19, 1935.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

I am enclosing a little article I thought might interest you, and of course you can print it in the Republican.

Now I am going to tell you of a little "book" that might be of interest to some of the old fashioned mothers, and grandmothers.

It is a little "Recipe" book and is now owned by Mrs. Adah Spain, housekeeper at the Will Hartman home in Volinia.

While looking through some of her "treasures" last week Mrs. Spain came across this little book. It was her mother's recipe book, and the recipes were written in it by her mother in 1858 at Norwich, New York, making it 77 years old.

If this little book could talk, it could tell many things, among which would be a story of the Johnstown flood which occurred May 31, 1889. Hence this little story which follows.

Mrs. Spain, her husband and little 2½ year old son lived at Painted Post, New York at the time of this flood.

On May 30 Mrs. Spain had the misfortune to lose her home by fire, and after the fire they went to the home of her parents, who also lived at Painted Post.

The next day, May 31, they heard the dam at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, had given way owing to so much rain.

Johnstown being 200 miles from them, the flood-waters did not reach them till the next day, June 1.

Then Mrs. Spain with her family and parents watched the waters creep up inch by inch, then foot by foot, finally forcing them and everything they could carry up stairs, where they were rescued from an upstairs window, as the water came within an inch of the second floor.

Mrs. Spain, her husband, and little son; her parents, McLeod and Catherine Cunningham; her grandmother, and a niece were all taken in one trip in a row boat manned by two men, across a perilous stretch of swirling, rushing water, dodging trees, buildings, animals, etc., to a place of safety. This little book was among the few things her mother saved from this terrible flood.

A tree which lodged between another tree and a building was all that saved their house from leaving its foundation, as this tree turned the current.

Although this little book cannot tell of these terrible experiences, it can give fine recipes, some of which will follow this story and a few of Mrs. Spain's thoughts put down in rhyme.

"Mother o' Mine"

"Just an old fashioned mother,
In an old fashioned day—
Doing old fashioned baking
In the old fashioned way.

"How well do I remember,
She had always on hand,
A brown molasses cake
In a big dripping pan.

"Many cakes have I tasted,
That were made by other hands,
But none have surpassed those
Of the old dripping pan.

"And my old fashioned mother,
In her true loving way,
Shall live on forever—
In sweet memory to me."

Adah Spain.

Soft Ginger Bread

4 teacups of flour
2 teacups of molasses
1 teacup of sugar
(Can use 3 teacups of sugar and omit the molasses.)
1 teacup of butter.
1 teacup of sour milk
4 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger.

Competition Cake

5 teacups of flour
3 teacups of sugar

2 teacups of butter
1 teacup of cream
4 eggs
1 nutmeg

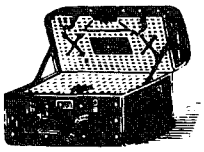
Loaf Cake

4 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
2 eggs
1 gill of yeast
½ gill milk
Nutmeg and raisins.
This makes 2 loaves.

Indian Bread

1 qt. meal
1 qt. sour milk
1/3 qt. flour
2 tablespoons molasses
1 tablespoon of soda
Salt
Bake 1½ hours.

I think this will be all for this time. More of these recipes will follow soon.



MEMORY STORIES

THE HAMILTON CORNET BAND

By Albert R. Johnson.

Dear Mr. Moulton,—

It is with pleasure that I attempt to write an article on the Hamilton Cornet Band which was in extistence in the eighties.

It was organized by the following members of Hamilton and Lawrence townships:

Eb Cornets
C. P. Abrams, John Johnson
Bb Cornets
Hod Wheaton, C. F. Cole
Eb Altos
Chas. Coney, Gaylord Frisby
Bb Tenors
Jay Utter, Geo. Johnson
Bb Baritone
A. R. Johnson
Eb Tuba
R. E. Norwood
Bass Drum
Wm. Wakefield, Robt. Johnson, bass drum and cymbals
Snare Drum
Daniel Huntington, Horace Wheaton

The organization took place in the parlor of the late Robert Nesbitt, he being enthusiastic for the organization and a great helper. C. P. Adams was elected leader; Jay Utter, secretary; and Chas. Coney, treasurer.

It was voted to hire Chas. Pritchard of Decatur as teacher. He proved to be very proficient and the band gave a satisfactory entertainment at Town meeting, that being our first attempt in the way of an entertainment in the open air. The organization took place about the first of February, 1879.

Some of the members became dissatisfied and a re-organization took place in 1883 when Adams, John Johnson and Chas. Coney joined the Van Buren County Light Guards, and quit the old H. C. B.

Their places were taken by Jesse Fuhrman, Sam Logan, Alfred Broadhurst, Wm. Fraser, Wm. Broadhurst, Wm. Brown and Len Shrakengast, the most of whom made good musicians. Prof. Goetz, a old German band teacher, became the director and proved to be a great man in the place. Professor Goetz was a good composer as well as teacher of music and was a thorough instructor on almost any kind of an instrument.

I think it was in 1890 that the band disbanded on account of so many moving to other fields of labor.

Of course there were others who became members of the band, but they were members for but a very short time.

We had several outstanding engagements. One was in South Haven on the fifth of July, the Fourth coming on Sunday.

I remember the event very distinctly. We got there on Sunday and the rooms were all taken, so some of us boys were given a place to sleep on the floor in the basement of a bakery. It proved to be a very fine place. Cakes and pies and all kinds of pastry that one could imagine were there.

In the morning we were assigned to go out and meet a delegation and escourt them into town for the parade.

After the parade we played on the boat and made one trip out on the lake. When we arrived in port we got word that dinner was ready and that was the nicest part of the trip.

We went straight to the hotel and after dinner a fight was started between the sailors and colored people. It lasted nearly all the afternoon and as nearly as I could find out one colored man was killed, several were badly wounded and the rest were driven out of town.

We could not get started for home until late, it being so hot our horses would swelter with the heat. So we stayed over night in Bangor, and the next morning played on the street. The people liked us so well that we made a very good engagement to play the next Fourth of July in that town.

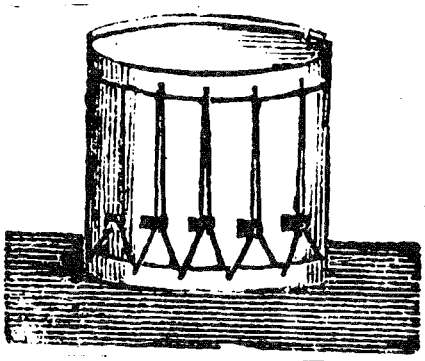
We had some good engagements, and paying ones too. The engagement at South Haven was just before President Garfield passed away.

I well remember an incident which took place one night when we were out for rehearsal. It was moonlight and a very nice night to be out, and some marauders thought to have a little fun at the expense of A. R. Johnson and Chas. Coney, who had to go home through about a half mile of woods.

When about half through the woods we were startled by an egg hitting Coney's horn. We ran a short distance and then turned around and were confronted by four men, two of whom we recognized.

They were quietly informed that unless they found another way out of the woods, and that at once, they would be carrying some lead instead of eggs. They promptly decided it would be the sensible thing to take our advice and so the chase ended without any further trouble.

When it was necessary for our band to travel in a band wagon it was almost always driven by the late Solomon Steele. Many of the older people will remember him as a four horse driver who had driven stage coaches in his early years.



PASSING OF PIONEER OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

FRANK STERNS

Dedicated to and read at the funeral n the Newell chapel last Thursday by Beea Young. Frank Flagg delivered the comforting funeral address.

Recently we are unaccustomed to hear obituaries read at funerals; however, the friend we have assembled today to respect and who has been very closely associated with us for years, a member of our household, held the attitude, indentically coinciding with our own—that these occasions are for an especial tribute to our departed friends! then why not speak of them in a little story of their life, and give voice to our personal appreciation of them. This would have been the request of our dear departed friend, Frank Sterns.

Frank was the youngest son of Sidney and Lucine Sterns, among the sturdy Michigan pioneers from New York state.

The 15th of next April he would have passed his 82nd birthday. Two sisters, Mrs. Martha Dolliver, and Mrs. Nellie McNeal, and his only brother, Zebine have preceded him to higher life.

One sister, Mrs. Ella Claflin of Niles, also two nieces and a nephew, Miss Myrtle Claflin of Niles, Mrs. Maud Drullinger of Hartford, and Claud Sterns of Hamilton, survive the deceased.

Frank Sterns' name is as familiar to us as the name of our own township, since he has resided in Hamilton township, and most of the time upon his father's estate, since his inception of life in this world.

His occupation was farming, and the community regarded Frank as a quiet, honest citizen and friend.

In his youth he married Miss Orpha Sammons, but they soon separated and Frank lived the congenial life of the bachelor to the last. He remained in the old home and cared for his father and mother through their declining years.

There are many interesting episodes in this life. Frank Sterns was the favorite young man in his society.

One little story he would enjoy being told, was the incident of an impromptu gathering of young people at a little private function. For a diversion it was proposed that each of the young men present should endeavor to imitate an eminent impersonator of that time, Jimmie Warner. Each young man made the attempt, and Frank was unanimously accorded the prize, for being the exact imitator of Jimmie Warner. This ascribed Frank the nickname of Jimmie Warner by which he was known to all of his personal friends.

Needless to say, we shall miss Jimmie in our home. The little thoughtful duties about the place he offered to do for "Beea" will be remembered and our care of him was most cheerfully administered.

We could not wish him back to take
those feeble steps again,
To see him bear the burden of this
worn-out earthly frame.
How peacefully the angel comes, when
pain is too intense.
And bears the soul on wings of love,
to life's sweet recompense.
They beckoned him, 'twas mother and
the friends he'd known of yore.
This, his reply, "I'm coming! Yes, I'm
coming! Help me o'er."
So soon his prayer was granted, and
his yearning soul was freed.
He'd gone to join those loved ones,
and to follow in their lead.
And to behold those greetings, e'en
with separations here.
Can but still the deepest anguish, lull
our grief and dry the tear.
Death, the Gateway to the life eternal,
joy forevermore.
Yes, we'll miss you Jimmie, but we'll
meet you, on the other shore.

We are earnestly grateful for the friendly assistance rendered us through the illness and death and burial of Mr. Sterns. A shower of thanks to the community for their floral tribute. Especial thanks to Frank Flagg, to the pall bearers, Amos Vanderhoof, Geo. Goodrich, Harry Creagan, Max Knoll, Sherb Richmond and Lon Phelps, and to Mr. Newell for his excellent service.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Young.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF LAWRENCE

And How a Portion of Its Best Citizens Moved Over to Decatur.

J. A. Brokaw is writing some interesting history of Lawrence for the Times. He says the first organization of the township included the towns of Arlington and Hamilton.

John Allen of Ann Arbor owned the land on which the village was platted. He laid out and named the principal streets and gave the village park. He also gave a village lot to each of the early settlers who would build a house on it.

The Allen school house was probably named for him and there were Allens in the village up to a short time ago, if they are not still there. Twenty odd years ago an Allen was running a livery barn there and his wife was a sister of our townsman, Bert J. Hinckley.

Bert Hazleton, who was brought up in Lawrence and lived there till he went to explore the wide, wide world, used to say that Decatur was made up

of the pick of the people of Lawrence. Being included in that statement the Editor could find no fault with it. His parents were married in Lawrence and both sets of grandparents lived there at the time.

Robert L. Warren, Editor of the Decatur Republican in the early eighties, came over here from Lawrence and the Rowlands who followed him a few years later once had a residence there.

Prof. Burkhead, head of the Decatur public school from 1870 to 1876, was promoted from the Lawrence school and John B. Upton, prominent Decatur lawyer in an early day, first put out his shingle in Lawrence.

The Chadwicks came from Lawrence and in 1864 built the tallest building here. It is still the village skyscraper. For a long time the Chadwicks conducted general stores in both places. The late J. H. Hayes clerked for them in Lawrence first and then here.

Frank Carpenter lived in Lawrence when he was married long years ago. At a more recent date Dr. W. P. Bope and family transferred their residence to this village, and still later Arthur Clark and family came. There probably are others, and if they will report the information we shall be glad to use it later.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rice and Fred Payne got as near here as Hamilton township and Glen Weaver, proprietor of the Decatur recreation parlor and sitting room, has a foot in both places. He is like that very amusing cartoon showing Mussolini straddling the Mediterranean with one foot in Italy and the other on the soil of Ethiopia. The cartoonist said he had straddled so far that he could neither get himself back to Italy and peace or over to Ethiopia and war. But we expect to see Glenn over here bag and baggage one of these days. He will get some one there in Lawrence to give him a push.

Wm. G. Lindsley writes from Decatur to the Lawrence Times that if the Lawrence Fair was established soon after the Civil war as stated in Mr. Brokaw's history, that he must have a ticket for the first fair held. He has a membership ticket good for year 1865 issued by the Lawrence Driving Park Association to his grandfather, Wm. Irwin, who lived on his farm in section 24, Lawrence, until about 1890. This ticket was signed by J. H. White, treasurer; Jno. R. Baker, president. The fair was held September 27, 28, and 29, 1865.

FAMOUS MOVIE DOG SHIPPED HOME

"Nancy" Arrived in Decatur Last Friday, May Be Sent Later to Hollywood. Her pups Win Prizes at Kalamazoo.

Here is the vital part of a letter to Warren Mosier which is interesting all of our local sportsmen:

Pineland Plantations,
Newton, Georgia,
April 8, 1935.

Dear Warren:—

The picture people stayed here four weeks and took some wonderful pictures of the dogs. One they took of 'Nancy' is where she is roading and the studio reported it was great. They wanted a price on her, so if you want to sell her let me know what to ask them.

This picture is a big feature to be released next fall by Paramount. Nancy is sure to be in it.

I will ship Nancy to you this week, as I would not have anything happen to her and the screw worms will get bad in a few days.

If they want Nancy brought to Hollywood I will have you send her to me at Washington, Ind. Watch that she does not pick up too much flesh. I think you will find her in first class condition.

I have not brought her down for breaking shot, as you preferred her that way, but she sure can break and she has had a lot of experience on quail this winter.

I had a hard time standing Nancy up on point where I wanted her to stand, and for her to hold her tail high enough, but I took a pin and stabbed her with it every time she let it down until she would hold it up right, then got back and they got the picture.

This picture will be great, as there are a lot of scenes in it where the dogs run into his point. One dog was running so fast that he dropped to the ground when he got scent, and then raised up into a high standing point, and the camera was on him all the time.

Sincerely,
Herbert Fishel.

Nancy, Decatur English Pointer, who has won fame as a movie actress, arrived home last Friday.

Every line of activity has its special language and some of the dog language may be unfamiliar to all Republican readers. Hence the following explanation of statements in the above letter:

Roading is working upon game.

Breaking shot means that a dog points the game and waits the hunter's command after he has shot. Nancy is trained to jump at the firing of the shot, which is especially desired in retrieving pheasants. Fifty per cent of the pheasants shot by hunters are not instantly killed. They are quick as a flash and get away only to die unretrieved in some secluded spot. The hunter goes on wounding and losing others.

The hunter's limit is two pheasants a day, but most hunters, if they get the shots, will be responsible for the death of more than that number.

If every hunter had a dog like Nancy he would lose few birds and game would be much better protected.

ENGLISH POINTER PUPS WINS PRIZES

Warrien Mosier and Frank Hazzard attended the pupple show at Kalamazoo last Friday evening.

Warren owns 4 and Frank 2 English Pointers of the age of ten months. Their mother is Nancy, the thousand dollar dog owned by Mr. Mosier and Harold Hudson. This dog has been at Pineland Lodge, Newton, Georgia, the past winter, on the hunting preserve of Judge Bingham

YOUNG AT EIGHTY

Arthur Jacobs of Lawrence is a Living Proof That a Windmill Man and Ex-Cowboy Can Keep From Growing Old.

Arthur L. Jacobs of Lawrence is nearing eighty, but is still engaged in the windmill business and can do a good day's work when called upon. There is something about the trade of putting up windmills that keeps a man young.

Mr. Jacobs went west in an early day and followed the career of a cowboy. It was a rough experience but it made him rugged and strong and probably has something to do with his present satisfactory physical condition.

The last time he visited Decatur he brought the Republican one of his favorite poems which he has preserved in a neat black frame. This is the poem:

THE COVERED WAGON

By Lena Whittaker Blakeney

Through a mist of tears I watch the years
Of my youth go by again,—
The golden years when the pioneers
First peopled an unknown plain.

By our camp fire's gleam on a far off stream,
Like a light in a drifting haze,
I journeyed back by the old dim track
That leads to the vanished days.

As the phantom trains of the wind-swept plains
In shadowy outline pass,
The cottonwood trees stir with the breeze
That ripples the prairie grass.

The prairies swoon in the radiant noon,
And I catch the faint perfume
Of the cactus, blent with the faint sweet scent
Of the yucca's waxen bloom.

The cattle drink at the river's brink
At the close of the peaceful day,—
They are dim-seen ghosts of the trampling hosts
That, far-flung, once held sway.

I hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And a note from a night-bird's throat
The deadly purr of a rattler's whir,
And the bark of a lone coyote;

And the muffled thrum of the Indian drum
As it beats a weird tattoo
For the wild war dance the old romance
Still stirs me through and through!

The trail grows dim . . . Ah, now the rim
Of the sunset sky bends low,
And the gray-green sedge at the creek's edge
Is bathed in a blood-red glow.

The moccasined feet of my vision's fleet
Still lures me down the years
And I [illegible]
That I see tonight through tears.

THE PASSING OF JAMES McWILLIAMS

Death Comes to One of Decatur's Oldest and Best Citizens Who Would Have Been 88 Years of Age on His Next Birthday.

James McWilliams, splendid pioneer citizen of Decatur, passed away at his home on East Delaware street at about 4 o'clock last Saturday morning, January 5. He had been in failing health for several months and death, although lamented by relatives and many friends, was not unexpected.

Mr. McWilliams enjoyed the distinction of being one of the very oldest citizens of Decatur. His residence in the township dates back to 1863, in the stirring time of the Civil war, but 15 years after the first building had been erected in the village.

He was one of eleven children of Archibald and Ann Pollock McWilliams of the county Antrim, Province of Ulster in the northeast of Ireland, where he was born May 23rd, 1847. He would have been 88 years of age on his next birthday.

The family came to America when he was sixteen and located in the north part of Decatur township. He lived at home and helped develop the farm until he was twenty and then went out for himself.

He was united in marriage with Flora Lyle, daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth Lyle, November 13, 1872, and they were parents of six children, Frank L., Harry W., Mrs. Anna Hinkley, who passed away February 28, 1931, Mrs. Mae Wiley, Mrs. Ruby Hinkley of Berrien Springs, and Alexander G., who passed away December 4, 1913. There are also five step-children, Mrs. Bertha Kirkland of Phoenix, Arizona; Will Garland of Dowagiac; Harley Garland of Niles; Geo. Garland of Deerwood, Minn., and Mrs. Mae Reits of Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams sold their farm and moved to their home in Decatur village in 1912, and the latter passed away there January 29, 1916.

December 22, 1919, Mr. McWilliams was united in marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth Vought who survives him. Besides his children there are also living two brothers, Archibald P. McWilliams of Olivet, and Robert McWilliams of Paw Paw, nine grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

His brothers and sisters who passed on before him were well remembered and highly esteemed citizens of the community. They were Alexander and John, Mrs. Catherine Graham, Mrs. Ann Lyle, Mrs. Jennie Lindsley, Mrs. Mary Lyle, Mrs. Isabel Howland and a daughter who died in infancy.

Mr. McWilliams had been a member of the Presbyterian church of Decatur since boyhood and he was probably the oldest living member on the church roll.

In his younger years he was known far and wide as a farmer of exceptional ability, and there were few men who could keep up with him in the field. He was always fair with and considerate of those who worked for him and never would ask a hand on the farm to do what he would not do himself. He was honest, just and upright and his word was as good as a bond.

Funeral services for Mr. McWilliams were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. L. F. Cooper officiated and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

ARTISTS TO PLAY SUNDAY EVENING

Miss Lucida Scott, Distinguished Decatur High School Alumnus, To Play in Public Concert.

This Sunday evening Miss Lucida Scott of Co[illegible] student at Olivet college, will be one of three young ladies from the college who will present one of the outstanding local concerts of the year. Rev. James R. Uhlinger has been trying to present this group in a Sunday evening program for over a year now, but this Sunday the concert has materialized at last. The trio—violin, cello and piano, will play in the new Corwin community house at 2:30 in the afternoon and in the local Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 in the evening.

The concert will include a variety of numbers by the trio as well as solos by the individual artists. It is probable that at least as an encore Miss Scott will play one or more of her own compositions which have won for her wide distinction. Some time ago several of her compositions were presented over the radio.

This trio has played in practically all of the larger cities of Michigan and in Chicago. Wherever they have played they have been enthusiastically received. It is hoped that although Decatur is one of the smaller towns on their schedule the church will be filled as a sign of recognition to one of our most distinguished high school graduates of recent years. The offering will be given to defray the expenses of the group.

THE "LULLABY LADY" HEARD

Mrs. Irene Vought Reading Gave First Weekly Program Over WIBA at Madison, Wis., Last Friday.

"That's it, that's Irene's voice," said Delbert Vought, and a proud, happy smile lighted up his kindly face.

It was last Friday in the early evening. Mrs. Irene Vought Reading was to give her first weekly program over the radio at Madison, Wisconsin, from 5:45 to 6:00 o'clock Central Standard time. The station was WIBA, a fairly powerful station, but not so readily heard on this side of Chicago. The Wesley Labadie family have a new radio and Mr. and Mrs. Vought went over there to listen in.

There was much static that evening. Somewhere in the distance to the west of us the elements were madly threshing the sound waves and beautiful melodies which came out of the air were frequently broken with the harsh crackling sounds. Many who turned on their radios that evening, turned them off again impatiently and looked to other forms of entertainment.

But finally, through the crashing noise of the agitated heavens came the clear sweet voice of Mrs Reading singing first favorite song by Cattie Jacobs Bond, "I Love You Truly."

It came over the ears of the listeners, "Like the sweet scund that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor"; and then all was static again.

Mrs Reading will give a program of fifteen minutes from 5:45 to 6:00 p.m. Central Standard time every Friday evening. The station is WIBA, and she will be announced as the "Lullaby Lady."

THE OLDEST RESIDENT

Friend Arba:

I have just read in your paper where Tom Mahoney claims to be the oldest native resident of Decatur.

Tom is a very good friend of mine, and I hate dreadfully that under the circumstances I am obliged to challenge his statement. Tom is a good straightforward square shooter, and a splendid citizen.

When I first came to live with my mother and father, the 31st day of May, 1868, I was just a ltlle fellow, and don't remember some of the details, but from what I have learned since, am forced to believe that old Doctor Baker was there to welcome me to Decatur. So if you don't believe me, you can ask him.

There was not many people living in Decatur in 1868, and I don't think you will find many, if any, still living here at present, who were born here before 1868. Now that's off my chest.

I was born in the village of Decatur in the exact spot where the town hall now stands. Charles E. Lee.

THE OLDEST NATIVE OF DECATUR VILLAGE

We are getting into all kind of arguments over that declartion of Tom Mahoney that he is the oldest living native of the village of Decatur.

In comes a well known townsman who says positively that Tom is mistaken, that he himself is the oldest native of Decatur

This one is not as old as Tom but hinges his claim to being the oldest living native on the fact that he has lived here every day of his life and now lives on the same lot on which he was born.

He says Tom Mahoney has not always been here. Tom went away and stayed a long time. He fired on the railroad and stayed for a while in his majesty's Dominion of Canada. That spoiled the continuity of the continousness of Tom's residence here and takes away the longevity medal from off his chest.

Charlie Lee, who likewise lays claim to the medal, is likewise estopped from further claim.

Now comes another claimant. Sela N. Eckenberger was born right inside of the corporation limits of this village, in a little house on the hill, in 1870. This question about the claimant leaving town without leave has so complicated the situation that it may require a government commission appointed by the President to settle it.

Other contenders for the longevity medal please report at once

But not the least of the remembrances was a Christmas letter from Henry Conde Upton, a Decatur boyhood friend, or we might better say childhood friend, for he moved away from Decatur before either of us wrote his age with two figures.

Conde Upton was a son of Professor Upton who was superintendent of the Decatur public schools from 1876 to 1882. The family went from here to Nebraska and now the children are located in Los Angeles, California, and its suburbs.

We have seen Conde Upton but three times since he left Decatur so many years ago, but the friendship formed in those early days has never grown cold.

The Uptons were among the fine families who brought quality and dignity to this village in its formative period.

THE BIG CHIMNEY OF DECATUR

When we want to know something about the Decatur of fifty years ago we go to Walter Brown. He is now a resident of Kalamazoo, but lived here so many years that no list of the pioneers would be complete without his name.

He drops the Republican a line to tell us that the old brick chimney at the site known so many years as the measure factory, is a monument to Decatur's early history.

It was built for the big flour mill back in the seventies, and contains 50,000 bricks. Dan Carney Sr. was the mason who laid them.

TRACING ANCESTORS

Art Institute,
Chicago, Jan. 18, 1935.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton, Editor,
Decatur, Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—I hope you will pardon this belated acknowledgment and thanks for the copies you have sent me of your publication.

You are doing your community a greater service than you may realize when you run articles about art in your columns; I know that all persons interested in Art appreciate such an attitude and, I for one, will gladly do anything within my power to help with the good work.

I looked up your location on the road map and discovered that I had been through your city this last fall. You may remember that I mentioned having relatives in that vicinity; I was looking some of them up at that time.

My ancestors on my mother's side followed the tanning trade in the colony of Virginia about the time of the Revolutionary war, but, thinking opportunities would be better, eight brothers and sisters loaded up their possessions on an ox cart and journeyed through the wilderness to the vicinity of what later was Chillicothe, Ohio, They had no trouble with the Indians as they, themselves, were more Indian in blood than anything else, although there was some Scotch-Irish and a trifle of African acquired somewhere along the line.

My great grandfather, William V. Hill, and his brother, Dennis, established tanneries at Chillicothe and Piketon, Ohio, and became quite well-to-do, but Dennis sold out and moved to the vicinity of Niles, Michigan, where he bought large quantities of land within what is now Niles, and all around in the surrounding country.

Part of the family moved to Dowagiac, which was mostly Indian and settled there, intermarrying with the inhabitants of that village. There is where my trouble comes in in tracing the family. A large number of descendents of this group became known as Indian, many became indentified as white and the rest married into the negro families which settled in Cass county.

Today many Hills throughout that territory see each other and some times are neighbors. They may be black, white or red and don't dream that some of them spring from a common ancestor. That is the interesting point of it. As the original family was of mixed blood I am compelled to confine my tabulations to those who still consider themselves of mixed blood in order to prevent embarassment and even tragedy to descendants who are now full fledged Caucasians, or known as Indians.

But the most interesting and distressing part is this—that the old pioneering spirit which enabled the original Hill to brave all those dangers to get to Michigan and to acquire enough land to leave each of his twleve children very well fixed has dwindled down until there are few Michigan Hills, Finleys, Wilsons, Fosters, Hackleys, Curtis, Adams, Ivys, or Dinwiddies who have retained their holdings or who occupy any prominent positions at the present time in their communities.

Yet others, of them who left and went elsewhere have become prominent in many fields. The ones I looked up in Cassopolis I traced back to Chicago where Irene Hill has charge of the X-ray department at Provident hospital here and her brother Anthony is working himself up in one of the large undertaking establishments here.

Hope I haven't tired you with this but, to me, there is romance and excitement in uncovering these things many of which I won't be able to publish when I eventually put the family history into book form, and much of it concerns your part of Michigan.

W. V. FARROW

MINSTREL SHOW COMING

Yes, suh! We am sho' comin'. The biggest, hottest, snappiest, zestiest, zippiest show the town has seen in ages. Get your ticket early; the seats are going fast. Prices are popular; very reasonable for such an entertainment.

The cast is all local. The director is a home town man, serving without pay. (Just like any other politician; big hearted, you know). The sponsoring organization is a local, worthwhile group, which will use the proceeds in this community for the benefit of community work.

You will be tickled by Sambo's jokes, Bones' wisecracks, Tambo's slams and the comebacks of Mose.

The opening chorus is a peppy Denison production made effective in connection with another very popular Negro song of the south.

The male quartet, male duet, clarinet, saxophone, basso horn and vocal solos will make you want to go again. A trumpet solo is one of the features, also.

The doctor and his patient will be

there to demonstrate modern methods in Minstrel Surgery. Mose will sing for you the futility of being a Romeo or a Juliet, impersonating both characters.

The date is February 21. One night only. The place is the town hall in Decatur. Prices are: children in school, 15c; Adults, 25c. No reserved seats. Sponsored by Methodist Ladies' Aid.

100 YEARS OLD

Written When There Were No Postage Stamps or Envelopes and Found Among Papers of the Late A. B. Copley.

Earl Copley came across three letters written over a century ago to his ancestors. He was about to give them to some young collector but the reporter sidetracked them.

When they were written there were no postage stamps and no envelopes. The written sheet was folded and addressed on the outside.

One of the letters was written by Wm. B. Copley of New Hartford, New York, to his brother, Alexander Copley, Champion, New York. The letter is dated May 14, 1820, and the carrying charge of 10 cents was paid by the recipient.

The letter is perfectly legible although it is 115 years old. The ordinary writing paper turned out nowadays will hardly hold together that long.

We present here a part of the letter:

Dear Brother:

I can give you immediate employment here, but not for any certain length of time. If the cotton business flourishes there will be no danger but that you will get constant employment, and good wages after a little experience.

If you want any assistance I can lay hold of some cash yet. I have rent to New York for books amounting to $100, my patent cost me upward of $30, sickness $40 and have lent $50 to my neighbor.

If you can leave your family and come here and work a spell I will engage that you shall have good wages as you can get where you are, after which, if we can make business work favorably you can make arrangements for moving your family.

My improvement in the loom is of great importance and it probably will be made use of everywhere. I cannot take advantage of it myself, being so confined with my business in the factory here. Therefore it would suit me very much if you were here.

Yours in haste,
Wm. B. Copley.

THE COLD NEW YEAR

A Hard Time for the Soldiers at the Front. Some Frozen to Death on March Home.

Henry High lived in this village and in the country to the south away back in the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

In his prime he had a threshing machine outfit and went about the country threshing wheat and living off the fat of the land. As the years rolled along he came to the age when he could work no more, and then he lived in the memories of the past.

Henry High had pleasant memories and a ready aptitude for conversation. If there ever were any clouds on his horizon they had silver linings, and Henry did not worry.

When Lincoln called out the boys from the north to put down the Johnnies, Henry High was one of the patriots to go, and the fact that he was a veteran of the Civil war is the basis of the information for this story.

The "Gospel Trumpet" of the old veterans was the National Tribune. It fought the battles over again each week, pulled for bigger pensions, kept the flag waving and the fire of patriotism blazing.

Every Civil war veteran who could raise the price of a dollar a year took the National Tribune, and Henry High was one of them.

Henry is gone, but Jont. Goble, his step-son, is still with us. Jont. didn't fight in the rebellion. He wasn't old enough. He was in creepers when the Boys in Blue were settling the dispute in the south. But Jont. saved the Tribunes and brought in the paper's story of the cold New Year that we have been talking so much about the past few weeks.

Fuller's Ohio Brigade had served its first enlistment and the boys were going home. They left a small town 75 miles south of Nashville the last day of December, 1863. The day was warm and sultry, temperature in the fifties.

The boys started off at a lively pace, with joyful rout step, unencumbered, with extra luggage or clothing. By midnight the first day out the temperature had dropped to zero, and the next day it went to 30 below.

That was the Valley Forge time of the Civil war. The Ohio boys slept that night in barns, houses and churches. They kept bonfires going all night to keep from freezing. Some were frozen to death.

REMEMBERS THE COLD YEAR

George E. Smith remembers the cold new year as plainly as though it were yesterday. It was the first of January, 1864, when he was 13 years old and lived on the old home farm near Edwardsburg, Cass county.

He says the day before was warm and at 6 o'clock that morning the thermometer registered 20 degrees above zero. By 9 o'clock it was down to zero and going down fast. He recalls though that the coldest it got at his home was 28 below zero.

His brother William was married and they had one child then. They lived about six miles from the homestead and came over in the wagon hitched to an ox team to celebrate the holiday.

It was so cold that night that William left his wife and daughter and team and went home on horseback to take care of his stock. He was the father of Attorney Fred W. Smith, now secretary of the Detroit Civil Service Commission.

MRS. ESTHER SLOAN AT 90

Many Friends Call and Send Her Friendly Remembrances on Her Birthday February 1.

REACHES 90.

To the best of our information Mrs. Esther Sloan enjoys the distinction of being Decatur's oldest citizen. She was ninety years old last Friday, February 1. It was a happy day for her, as well as for George E. Smith with whom she has a home. Mr. Smith will be 85 the second day of June.

Esther Brooks was born on the Brooks homestead near the Fields school house in Hamilton township the first of February, 1845.

She lived at home until her marriage to Robert Sloan in 1861, when they went to housekeeping on the farm since known as the Hemenway farm in the same township.

Mr. Sloan died in 1914 and since that year Mrs. Sloan has lived in the Smith home. Mr. Smith planned the birthday reception for her and they kept open house all day.

Friends began coming as early as nine o'clock in the morning. Mr Smith kept track of the callers and they numbered 58. Birthday cards were sent to her through the mail and cards and flowers and other tokens were brought by the callers. When Mr Smith called at the printing office Monday morning he reported a total of 104 greetings. He says that Esther feels like a young girl and is very happy over the thoughtfulness of himself and friends.

This verse on one of the cards is typical of the friendliness expressed by all of them:

Once through the door of my heart there came
A good friend known by your own good name;
Once, nay a hundred times, I see
Just what that friend has meant to me.
Once every year it is great to send
Every good wish to a very good friend.

THANKS FRIENDS

I wish to thank my friends and relatives for the many remembrances, cards, etc., sent me on my ninetieth birthday. Also I thank Mr. Smith for the wonderful surprise it was to me.

Mrs. Esther Sloan.

WILL CELEBRATE 90TH BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Esther Sloan Will Reach That Grand Old Age on the First of February. Will Keep Open House in Celebration of the Day.

Mrs. Esther Sloan will be 90 years

old on the first day of February.

Mrs. Sloan lives in the home of George E. Smith on East Delaware street and the house will be open to her relatives and friends all day. It will be an open house reception to which they are all invited.

Esther Brooks Sloan was born on the farm then known as the Brooks farm in Hamilton township on the first day of February, 1845. She is the last of her generation of the Brooks family.

The old homestead was located one mile east of the Field school house.

She was married to Robert Sloan January 1, 1861. They went to housekeeping on the farm now known as the Hemenway farm. Mr. Sloan died in Decatur in August, 1914. They adopted a daughter, Nellie who married Frank Selby and passed away January 19, 1916, and Mrs. Beulah Selby Hazzard was her daughter. They also had a son, Harley.

Mrs. Sloan gets about remarkably well for her years. She and Mr. Smith, who is a young man of only 85, do the housework and keep up the home, but Mr. Smith says Mrs. Hazzard is very nice about coming in and helping them when needed.

Mrs. Sloan has a large circle of friends both in Decatur and Hamilton, and we predict her ninetieth birthday will be a happy one for her and them.

THE PROSPECT LAKE POST OFFICE

Established In the Home of Huron Jacobs About 80 Years Ago. Albert Johnson Was Post Master When Office Was Discontinued.

A few weeks ago the Republican printed something about the Prospect Lake post office, which was discontinued July 31, 1900, and asked for further information about it.

W. G. Lindsley was born on the farm three miles north of Decatur where he now lives, 76 years ago the 14th of next month.

His grandfather, William Irwin, returned from the California gold rush of 1849 and located in the Prospect Lake district in the early fifties. Not far from that time the post office was established and located in the residence of Huron Jacobs, father of Arthur E. Jacobs, about a half mile north of the west end of the lake. Mr. Lindsley remembers going to the post office there in the late sixties.

From the Jacobs farm it was moved to the Dennis Cooper farm, now the L. T. Chase farm, and from there to the James Abrams farm, now occupied by his son Archie. Mr. Lindsley remembers that the office was at the Abrams place in 1895.

The last move of the Prospect Lake post office was to the Albert Johnson home. Mr. Johnson was appointed postmaster in Grover Cleveland's second administration and held the office until the rural routes were established and the office discontinued.

Prospect Lake is frequently referred to as Christie Lake, the name being given it for the three Christie brothers who lived at the west end of it. The official name, however, is Prospect Lake.

Likewise the official name of Reynolds Lake is Lake George; the official name of Popendick Lake is Perch Lake, and the original name of Lake Cora was Four Mile Lake.

The Prospect Lake post office received its mail from the Decatur post office. It was transported by the stage which made trips between Decatur and Lawrence, and when the stage was abandoned the government let the job to a star route carrier.

FROM A DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST POSTMASTER

Flint, Sept. 24, 1935.

Dear Editor:

Two or three weeks ago you asked about the Prospect Lake P. O. I thought some one would answer before this. I have my father's old diary of 1859.

My father, H. Jacobs, was postmaster and the office was in his house and the mail was brought by stage. I was born in '63 and when I was old enough to go to school at the old school house in Nauvoo once in a while I would get a chance to ride in the stage. Then the mail was carried by a mail man Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In 1876 we moved to Paw Paw and Dennis Cooper was appointed P. M. He kept the office till '86 or '87, then James Abrams took the office and had it till it was taken up.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Cora Northup,
1418 Ave. B, Flint.

ARTHUR JACOBS WRITES

Lawrence, Mich., Sept. 28, 1935.

Mr. W. G. Lindsley.

Dear Sir:—My father, I think, was the first postmaster of Prospect Lake. My recollection of the post office was during the Civil war, about '62.

The mail was carried between Decatur and South Haven, two 4-horse stages a day, and always loaded with passengers. I remember well some of the old drivers,—Ans, Knight, Seth Cary, Sid Sterns, and Joe Packard, and I can remember some interesting stories about those old drivers. My oldest brother, Charlie, was the last driver, I believe.

The post office was moved to Dennis Cooper's about '78 or '80. The mail was carried in the later years three days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

I was carrying the mail when the office was discontinued. Sometimes in the winter when the roads were blocked I took the mail on my back and went afoot, and times in the summer when my horses were busy I carried it on the old high bicycle.

Yours truly, A. E. Jacobs.

WE MAY ROAM . ROUND THE WORLD

By D. J. Johnson, M. D.

We may roam round the world,
Yet we only find rest
On the spot where the feet
Of our infancy prest;
And we turn to the haven,
Though distant it lie,
In the evening of life,
For 'tis there we would die.

Dear home, thy lone image
Lives on in the breast,
Though misfortune or crime
May have darkened the rest;
And broken and dried
Though its fountain may be,
In its depth there's a tear
Still remaining for thee!

Youth floats back again,
As we gaze on the spot;
Blithed hope, broken frame,
Weary years are forgot,
Memory kindly returns
Thy bright visions of yore,
And O, blissful moment,
We are children once more!

Jumbo tablets—the most for your money—5 cents. Republican office.

In Memory of Frank Morlan

The dirge is played; the solemn sermon said;
The "Old Timers" circle broken; a beloved one is dead.
As Life's feeble shadows were fading in the West
He dropped into that dreamless sleep, in the Vale of Perfect Rest.
No more we'll clasp his mortal hand in friendship as of yore;
He's been welcomed to that circle of "Old Timers" gone before.
We cannot gild our grief with words; no message can atone,
But, in memory's membership we still count him as our own.

Chas. E. Warner.

Gravel lake, Sept. 8, 1935.

ADVICE

I've rounded out my three and ten
And still keep on surviving;
Though that's the years God gives to men
I still am fat and thriving.
Through all my years I have been told
That I should watch my diet;
That I might live to be quite old
If I would profit by it.
"You are too fat," a doctor said,
"Your weight is most appalling;
Cut out mince-meat; eat whole-wheat bread,
Or the Angel will be calling."
"I know you like those luscious pies,
But you must use your reason;"
"Like me take morning exercise,
And eat spinach in its season."
That doctor in a graveyard lies
From chronic indigestion,
While I still eat those luscious pies;
What kind I do not question.

Geo. Lee, Former Resident, Dies

George Lee, 85, brother of our townsman, Charles Lee, died at his home in Galena, Kansas, September 20.

He was a son of Calvin Lee, one of the five or six Lee brothers who settled in Decatur and Hamilton in an early day. If we remember correctly Calvin Lee bought the first village lot that was sold in Decatur. It was where the town hall now stands. He built a house on it and lived there till the

house burned down. Charlie Lee was born there.

George Lee grew up in this young, and enterprising village and became one of the old Hinkley Stave factory gang.

That stave factory was a flourishing institution in the time of the Civil war and for thirty years or more following. Most of the hustling young men of the town obtained the practical part of their education there and some of them drifted out into the country at large and gained positions of prominence.

George Lee started in as a boy tying heaters and graduated as a stave cutter. Then one day he shook the sawdust off his clothes and set out for the west, and nobody around here heard much about him after that.

Charlie Lee was the youngest and is now the sole survivor of the family.

A Bad Man in Town

George McCoy walked the ties from Glenwood to Decatur. Jimmie Price will remember the day and date, and so will Ed. Kinney.

George was in a fighting mood. He had flourished a revolver in Glenwood and threatened his brother's family. Mr. Price was then the village marshal and he was notified of the approaching offender.

George McCoy was a powerful man and had the appearance of being a desperate character. The officer spotted him as he came upon Main street and realized that he had a job on his hands to arrest him. Officer Price was no coward, but he showed good judgment in asking Ed. Kinney who chanced to be near to assist him.

Jimmie walked up to McCoy and said, "You come with me." McCoy jerked away and replied, "Like H—ll I will!"

In a flash Ed. grabbed one side of him and the marshal the other, and there was a struggle. Fortunately the jail was close by and they got him, cursing, in it. He was carrying a revolver when captured.

Deputy Sheriff Milton Flanders of Cass came down on the afternoon train and took him, handcuffed, to Dowagiac.

A PIONEER CARPET WEAVER

By Bessie Fuhrman.

Miss Fuhrman begins this pioneer story with a well worded comment on Washington Irving's characters, Baltus Van Tassel and Ichabod Crane, in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. This introduction has been omitted only because of the limited space available, and we are going direct to the story.

As the writer says if we had a Washington Irving to help us to realize the romantic charm of pioneer lives we might appreciate more than we do the splendid background we have in them. We might also appreciate more than we do the splendid privileges we enjoy as the outgrowth of their efforts, and we might be more inclined to strive to make our work as beneficial to future generations.

The Story

The pioneers left us more than material foundations; they left us the stern traits of character which bring success. Their resourcefulness and perseverance, their kindness of heart, unselfishness and loyalty to family and friends are priceless legacies to those who accept them.

They worked hard and managed their own affairs so that they lived comfortably and few of them became dependent on charity. It was character, not wealth, that kept the pioneer afloat.

It is true that some of them showed human weakness as do some today, but the good points of the pioneers more than offset the poor ones.

For an example of the really fine characters of early Michigan days we will tell of a pioneer rag carpet weaver who was affectionately known to her neighbors and friends, as well as to her nephews and nieces, as Aunt Libbie Jacobs.

Aunt Libbie had a mission and it was to help the women of her day solve the problem of floor covering. It was a difficult problem then, for if the women had not been able to procure carpet rags they could not have had carpets. Hand made throw rugs were practically out of the question. With all other duties the women could not take the time to make them.

Aunt Libbie's bright rag carpets, striped and hit and miss, or all over hit and miss, went to many homes and contributed their part in making them cheerful and cozy. Her old hand made loom of heavy hewed beams turned out many hundreds of yards of rag carpet, and no one but herself knew what work it was.

But she kept cheerfully at her monotonous task of throwing the long rag-wound shuttle back and forth, back and forth, with the heavy treadmill work of adjusting the warp between each throw.

Unlike Silas Marner, the "Solitary weaver of Raveloe," about whom George Elliott wrote so charming a story, this little woman had her family,—her husband, son and daughter, and her blind, white-haired, sweet sister-in-law, Aunt Hattie, as well as the public to serve.

Still more unlike the weaver of Raveloe Aunt Libbie worked with bright colors while Silas Marner worked with white in weaving the fine linens for the house wives of Raveloe.

Aunt Libbie seemed to illustrate the fact that colors are cheerful and stimulating, for she had good reason to be depressed and out of humor.

But no matter who called or how busy she was Aunt Libbie, at her loom, smiled and heartily welcomed her callers. And so for years this pioneer weaver wove carpets until she must have carpeted most of the homes in Lawrence township and even beyond its limits.

But weaving rag carpets was not all that Aunt Libbie did for her generation. Who knows how far that little candle of her cheerful spirit 'throws its beams?' With every carpet she wove in something of her life,—her patience, perseverence, kindness and courage. How could anyone forget Aunt Libbie when one of her carpets covered the floor?

Aunt Libbie Jacobs had her part in the work of developing and beautifying our good state of Michigan, and she performed it faithfully and well.

DECATUR BARBER HAS BEEN "MOWING BEARDS" 47 YEARS

The following story of our well known fellow townsman appeared in the New Year edition of the Benton Harbor News Palladium,—

Decatur, Jan. 1.—Frank ('Deacon') White, veteran barber of Decatur, has given shaves and haircuts from the same location here during the past 47 years, and has not been absent from his shop more than three months in all, in that time.

He is the oldest business man on Decatur's Main street, and the only man operating in 1880 who still "keeps shop." L. G. Stewart, local retired grocery man, is the only Decatur resident living who was in business when Mr. White came here.

Mr. White, who will be 80 years of age next August, was born in Troy, N. Y., and came to Decatur as a young man. His first shop was located in the present postoffice building, later moving to the hotel block on Sherwood street.

Forty-seven years ago, he moved to his present location, a two-story building of frame construction which he purchased from Malcolm Carney. He used kerosene lights and heated water for the shop in a teakettle atop a small wood stove. A wooden sidewalk then ran in front of the building. Neil King bought this wooden structure and moved it to his muck farm for a barn 26 years ago.

In 1909, Mr. White erected the building he now occupies on that site; a one-story brick structure with a steel front, equipped with modern lighting and plumbing, and heated from a modern hot-air furnace.

He has trained 32 men in the barbering trade during the half-century or more that he has operated a shop in Decatur.

With but two exceptions, he has always "gone it alone" in his barber shop. Once he had a partnership with a barber who was a one-time apprentice of his. This arrangement lasted three months. During 1922, he installed a beauty parlor in connection with his shop, but maintained this sideline business but one year.

Those who have patronized him

seem to have a life-long attachment for his shop. His present clientele comes from miles around, including men who have moved to adjacent communities, who return to the Deacon for a favorite tonsorial job.

Mrs. White, whose girlhood home was on the prairie near Nicholsville, seventy-four years old last October 31. She and Mr. White were married 46 years ago last October 1. They have lived in and owned their neat little cottage on West Delaware street since moving there in 1893, 41 years ago.

An attractive small garden which Mrs. White personally attends, yields many bouquets which are distributed generously to their many friends. On one occasion, flowers from their garden were placed on the grave in Arlington National cemetery of Mrs. White's father, who was killed in the Civil war.

Mr. and Mrs. White, while both are advanced in years, are alert and active, taking a keen interest in local activities and are particularly interested in "seeing the movies" as recreation. Their friends in Van Buren county are many, productive of a philosophy that "courtesy and friendliness beget a strong foundation for a pleasing and happy old age."

A STORY OF KEELER

Great Granddaughter of Judge Keeler Arrived in Township Named for Him One Hundred Years Ago June 30.

Miss Mary Rosevelt of Keeler township has kindly written this interesting story for the Republican. She is a daughter of Mrs. Allie Rosevelt and the late Charles Rosevelt and her grandfather built the beautiful brick residence, that is now her home, in 1868.

Decatur, Mich., July 1, 1935.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

On Saturday, June 29, 1935, Mrs. Charles M. Palmer of Charles City, Iowa, and her daughter called on us. They were motoring to Quebec and stopped because Mrs. Palmer wished to see the place again where her great grandfather, Judge Woolcott H. Keeler, once lived.

Older residents of Decatur may remember Mrs. Palmer as Mary Phelps, the granddaughter of Theodore Phelps and Almina Keeler Phelps.

Mrs. Palmer's father was Colonel Phelps, who several times visited us when I was a small child. I remember him as a courtly, distinguished-looking man whom I liked very much. I was always impressel as a child by the fact that he lived on the Isle of Pine.

Theodore Phelps had a store in Decatur when the village was young. I believe Phelps street was named for him. Mary Phelps, as a child, often visited her grandparents in Decatur and with them often came to see my grandparents.

We thought it an interesting coincidence that Mrs. Palmer should have happened to come just one hundred years lacking one day from the time her great grandfather first arrived in Keeler, for he came on June 30, 1835.

Judge Keeler was a native of Vermont. He bought one hundred and twenty acres of land from James and John Nesbitt, who had located and entered it the summer of 1834. They were the first white settlers of the township. In addition to this Mr. Keeler also located and entered other land in the vicinity, about a thousand acres all told.

That summer he built a log cabin where our house now stands. One of his sons drove through from Vermont with a team and a load of household goods. Mrs. Keeler and the other children came around the great Lakes by boat to St. Joseph.

I shall quote from an article which my father wrote in 1929, at the time of the Van Buren County Centennial, about the early days in Keeler:

"In the spring of 1837, when Michigan was made a state, a town meeting was held at Mr. Keeler's house. The township comprised the present townships of Lawrence, Hamilton, Hartford, and Keeler, and was called Covington. The meeting was attended by Tom Conklin and B. A. Olney of Hartford, Isaac De Long of Lawrence, Philotus Hayden, Robert Nesbitt and Mr. Broughton of Hamilton, and Tobias Byers, Ira Foster and Woolcott Keeler of Keeler.

"After the business was finished they raised the frame for an addition to Mr. Keeler's house. This was the first frame building between Paw Paw and St. Joseph."

(This building is still in use. My grandfather made part of it into a tenant house when he built our house in 1868. The old dining room we use as a shop.)

"The newly surveyed Territorial road passed the place and Mr. Keeler decided to start the tavern which was used for 15 years as a stopping place for stage coaches, carrying mail and passengers between Detroit and St. Joseph. It was known as the Elkhorn Tavern from the elk horn which Mr. Keeler found in Magician lake and displayed as the sign of the tavern. This elk horn is still in my possession.

"Mr. Keeler had received a good education in his youth in Vermont and became a prominent man in the community. When the township of Covington was divided Keeler was named for him. He was the first postmaster and the postoffice office was in his tavern.

"He held various township offices and was appointed associate county judge.

"The first survey of the Michigan Central Railroad followed the Territorial road from Kalamazoo to St. Joseph. Mr. Keeler platted a village, Keelerville, on his land. When the railroad failed to materialize he was unable to sell lots and when the village of Keeler was established later it was located in the center of the township.

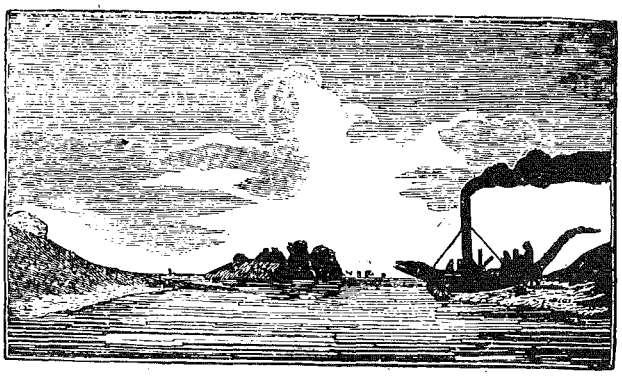
"In 1850 Mr. Keeler sold his homestead to John V. Rosevelt and moved to Decatur.

"One daughter, Ursula, married John Brown and lived in St. Joseph. The other daughter married Theodore Phelps and lived in Decatur. His son, Eleazer, died in Keeler; Simon, the other son, moved to Wisconsin."

Mrs. Palmer remembered every detail of my grandparents' home and family. She was disappointed to learn that the pane of window glass upon which Stephen A. Douglas scratched his name had disappeared. It seems that Mr. Douglas was not just a chance visitor at the tavern as I had supposed but a friend of the family and at one time a suitor of Almina.

Trusting that this may interest some of your readers as much as it has us, I remain, Yours sincerely,

Mary E. Rosevelt.



THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS

Decatur Lodge Receives a Visit from the Grand Secretary, Fred A. Rogers.

The Grand Secretary, Fred A. Rogers, highly entertained the Odd Fellows in his recent visit to the Decatur lodge.

He is well loaded with anecdotes and good humor and fraternal information. He never forgets Decatur for an experience he had here some 30 years ago which was associated with the Republican office.

He came over to an Odd Fellows meeting with Harry McNeil of Paw Paw, when both were officers of the Grand Lodge. He left his grip in the office and forgot about it until late in the evening, and then for a while he could not remember where he had left it.

About midnight he got the Editor out and recovered it. He was a much relieved man when he saw the grip. It not only contained valuable lodge papers, but several checks which could have been easily cashed.

In his address the other evening Mr. Rogers quoted from an address on Odd Fellowship by Congressman Pittenger of Minnesota.

Here are some of the nice things said:

The widows and orphaned children of our departed members need care and attention. We are going to take care of these children when death takes from them the protection of a father or mother.

Some day we will be too old to work. I do not like to see an old brother who may have lost his property go to the almshouse. We ought to take care of our aged members.

Our Order is world wide. It teaches the great principles of friendship, love and truth.

Without friends we are helpless. Fraternal contacts make friends, and there is no greater asset in the world.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows is non-political and non-sectarian. Men and women of all political parties and of all creeds are welcome if they will subscribe to a belief in the God of the universe, and if they believe in the gospel of love. Our broad platform in this regard may well be expressed in the language of Larry Ho, our Minnesota poet, who said:

"I haven't any creed that would
Stand a questioning test,
I only play the game
And do my level best;

"To earn three honest meals a day
To sing and dream and laugh
To split my sorrows and my joys
No worse than half and half;

"To carry love within my heart,
A smile upon my face
To add a little sunshine,
To this earthly dwelling place;

"And get of simple human things,
To wonder now and then
The deeper wisdom that can see
How God still walks with men."

MAKING A HOME IN THE WOODS

Geo. W. Yaw of Dowagiac Tells How He and His Wife Built Their First Home in the South Part of Hamilton.

(Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Yaw of Dowagiac celebrated the 62nd anniversary of their marriage October 15 and that date was also Mrs. Yaw's 82nd birthday. They established their home in the woods of south Hamilton and Mr. Yaw tells here the interesting story of their early hardships which they remember as the happiest time of their lives.)

Dear Editor:—

I am not sure I can be classed among the Van Buren county pioneers but I and my wife can go back as far as 1872.

I bought 40 acres of land in the edge of the swamp ½ mile south of Brooks' corners. There was no building place near the road but there was a beach ridge back 40 rods or near the center of the 40.

I went back there and felled the trees away in all directions and cleared a place large enough for a 16x20 cabin. I cut logs, got a team and drew them up to the place, then went around and invited men to help me raise the last log house built in Van Buren county.

Every man within three miles and a half came and it proved to be a day of sport.

I was married the 15th of October, 1872. My wife's people lived on a farm near the North Wayne church. I went up there every morning and one day while I was engaged in cutting poles for rafters and joists for overhead I heard a wagon bumping over the logs laid for a road, the only way we could get in. My wife had got her little brother to hitch up her father's team and drive her there.

I thought she was going to ride back with them, but she said, "Not on your life. I came up here to help you build that house and I am not going until it is done. All we have got is in that wagon and we might as well begin to keep house now as anytime."

I tried to show her how unreasonable it was, but no, sir, stay she would. No floor, no roof, no windows, no doors, and we could throw a dog through between the logs any place. I had a load of old lumber there and threw down some boards in the southeast corner and put up what we called a bed. It was in the month of August.

I felled a red oak tree near the house, cut it in lengths of 30 inches and rived out the shingles or shakes, as we called them, and the first thing I did was to shingle the corner which covered the bed. But it didn't rain for two or three weeks.

I made a pole ladder and my wife carried all the shakes up to the eaves as fast as I put them on.

I gave $5 for an old building which had 4 windows in it, so I put 4 windows in my cabin. I made the doors

out of the best of the old lumber, but it was a year before I got the floor down upstairs.

We were happy, and proud of our home. We could not see out to the road, or even see a light at any other farmer's house at night, and it got so dark we could cut it with a knife.

I chinked and plastered the cracks between the logs with clay I found in the swamp. As soon as I got the house enclosed so my wife could live in it I had to go outside and get some work of neighbors which were from 3 to 5 miles away. I worked for nearly all of them at different times, and when I wasn't working for my neighbors I worked at cutting and grubbing my own land.

My wife's father gave her a young heifer and her calf and we had chickens. My wife made butter and our hens layed eggs. I would walk to Decatur, 5 miles, sell the butter for 8 cents a pound and the eggs for 8 cents a dozen and take it all in trade. But we had no use for money. That would seem rather tough today. But we were getting us a home, and my wife will say to this day that those times were the happiest of her whole life. I often think in these later years, how many girls of today would be happy under those conditions.

Now I will give you the names of the farmers we considered our neighbors, beginning at the Fields school house:

Going south: Calvin Fields, Samuel Service, Leonard Tisdale, Finley Gard, Daniel Harstell.

Going west: Horace Osborn, Charles Stewart, George N. Geer, Tolley Langley, Oliver Geer, Chas. Van Duzer, Judson Phelps, Geo. Skinner, Lyman Phelps, Erastus Osborn.

Going north: Jacob Byers, Bradley Hagar, James Osborn, Chas. Anson, James Weeks.

Going east: Pap. Sterrett, Reason Comly, John Comly, Chas. Hungerford, John Brooks, Ahira Beardsley, Mat. Cady, Mr. Walt, Silas Mumaugh, Chas. Cady, John Humphrey, John Code.

Every one of these men is dead*. Most all of them I have worked for. My little place is now owned by a man named Vanderbusch. The whole place is cleared and is a lovely garden.

The winter of 1873 was open and warm, hardly a flake of snow all that winter. I started at the northwest corner of my 40, felled black ash trees on the line, cut and split them into rails, laid up an 8 rail fence clear around the forty that winter—just a mile of fence.

As we gradually got ahead we bought a good little team of horses, and I cut timber and drew heading and stave bolts to Hinkley's stave mill in Decatur. We had the best timbered 10 acres of land in all that country and I put nearly all of it into stave and heading bolts.

We got out of debt, had some stock and were getting along just fine. But a wreck was just ahead of us. In the winter of 1886 my wife was taken sick and never set her foot on the floor for over four years. Well doctors and other bills knocked the pins out from under me and I had to sell out.

I sold to George Pursival for $1,200, paid all my debts and moved to Dowagiac and went to work at my trade.

Geo. W. Yaw.

*Of Mr. Yaw's long list of neighbors Mr. Ahira Beardsley is still with us. Ed.—

HAND-SHAKING MEMORIES

By Jos. A. Krziza.

THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR

It may seem strange that my first three "Handshakes with the Great" were with champions of the squared circle. The fourth was with a champion of a very different sort, the silver-tongued orator, the late Willam Jennings Bryan.

It was during the campaign of 1896 when Mr. Bryan was Democratic standard bearer on the now famous Free Silver (16 to 1) platform. Mr. Bryan's special train stopped at Stuart, Nebraska, my American home town. The candidate came down from the rear platform and getting into a new "surrey" was driven four blocks to the "bandstand" under which was housed the old fashioned hose reel and man-power fire engine.

It might be of interest to record that my father was not satisfied until he had purchased the surrey in which the great man rode.

Mr. Bryan, in his speech, told of an experience in a restaurant. He entered and asked the waiter for two eggs straight up. They came scrambled. When Mr. Bryan protested he was advised, "Better take 'em scrambled, sir, they look better."

My first impression was of the candidate's need for a hair cut. His handclasp was firm as he urged me to continue a staunch Democrat.

The Editor Comments

William Jennings Bryan, born in 1860, was but little more than a boy when he went to the national Democratic convention in June, 1896, but he had already served two terms in Congress and was a most ambitious and energetic young lawyer and editor.

He was editor of the Omaha World-Herald at the time and went to the convention as a delegate from Nebraska.

He said to some of his friends,—"If I can get an opportunity to speak before the convention before the balloting I believe I can make a speech that will win me the nomination for President."

His friends made for him that opportunity and he made the winning speech. It is well known history that he electrified that great crowd of delegates and visitors. His matchless oratory brought cheer after cheer, and when he reached his dramatic climax with the well known phrase, "You shall not crucify man on a cross of Gold," the crowd went wild. They stood on chairs and yelled themselves hoarse, and marched with waving banners around the Coliseum. After that old Silver Dick Bland and other brilliant statesmen, who had borne the blunt of the Democratic battles for a generation or more, took a back seat for the newly crowned hero, the famous "Boy Orator of the Platte."

Bryan set out to win the election on a platform demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. McKinley beat him with Mark Hanna's slogan of the "Full dinner pail" and "McKinley and prosperity."

Conditions were something like they are today. Cleveland, a Democrat, was President and the country was just emerging from the panic of '93, so if you believe that history repeats itself you will concede the election next year to the Republicans.

Bryan was nominated for President again in 1900 and again in 1908, and while he did not win the nomination for himself in 1912, he did dictate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. Wilson appointed him Secretary of State but in a short time he resigned and thereafter devoted himself largely to the cause of international peace.

He died suddenly at Dayton, Tennessee, July 26, 1925, and is buried in Arlington cemetery.

The Republican wants more hand shaking memories. It is a subject that can be made very interesting.

DEATH OF MRS. CATHERINE CARNEY

After a Long Period of Ill Health the End Comes Peacefully at Her Home on North Phelps Street

Mrs. Catherine Wheaton Carney passed peacefully away at her home on North Phelps street at ten o'clock Sunday morning, May 26.

She had been in poor health for several years and at times it was thought she could not long survive, but her power of endurance was great and she met and overcame the serious attacks as she had met and overcome many obstacles in her active life.

Last Saturday afternoon she was able to sit out in the warm sunshine among the flowers in her garden, and Saturday evening visited with friends and retired as usual. The morning found here laboring to breathe, but the end came quickly and peacefully.

Mrs. Carney stands out as one of Decatur's most active and prominent women, and in her strong character can be traced the influence of good ancestors.

She was the only child of Captain James H. and Eleanor Francisco Wheaton.

Her father was one of the fine young men of Michigan who gave his life for his country.

He enlisted as a private in the First Michigan Infantry of the Civil War May 1, 1861, and for ability to handle

men and bravery in action was promoted from time to time until on the first of January, 1864, he was made captain of his Company. He was wounded at Bull Run, Virginia, August 30, 1862, and was killed in action near Poplar Grove Church, Virginia, September 30, 1864.

The young widow and her little daughter were living in Adrian. Her means were limited and on the advice of a relative who considered Decatur a growing town with a good school she came here to establish her home.

Mrs. Wheaton was a daughter of Judge Francisco, one of the early Judges of Jackson county, and she possessed the true characteristics of an energetic and fearless pioneer.

Catherine, who was always known to her friends as Kate, was born in Adrian September 1, 1863. She never saw her father, and sometimes mourned because she never had a father like the other girls.

She attended the Decatur public schools to the year of graduation and was united in marriage with Malcolm S. Carney April 14, 1885. Mr. Carney had learned the drug business in the Trowbridge store and through study at Chicago, and with Clarence Coleman opened a store in Dowagiac. Within a year he sold out to his partner and bought the Theodore Trowbridge store, and Decatur continued to be his home till his death October 16, 1926.

Mr. and Mrs. Carney were parents of five children of whom Mrs. Lucile Rudzinski of Decatur, Mrs. Aileen Haefner and Malcolm of Detroit are living.

Mrs. Carney was fond of her home and she accepted without complaint the business cares that fell to her lot. She was an indulgent mother and very loyal to her friends.

The abundance of flowers brought to her bier spoke eloquently of the love and esteem in which she was held

Mrs. Wheaton was a daughter of Judge Francisco, one of the early Judges of Jackson county, and she possessed the true characteristics of an energetic and fearless pioneer.

Catherine, who was always known to her friends as Kate, was born in Adrian September 1, 1863. She never saw her father, and sometimes mourned because she never had a father like the other girls.

She attended the Decatur public schools to the year of graduation and was united in marriage with Malcolm S. Carney April 14, 1885. Mr. Carney had learned the drug business in the Trowbridge store and through study at Chicago, and with Clarence Coleman opened a store in Dowagiac. Within a year he sold out to his partner and bought the Theodore Trowbridge store, and Decatur continued to be his home till his death October 16, 1926.

Mr. and Mrs. Carney were parents of five children of whom Mrs. Lucile Rudzinski of Decatur, Mrs. Aileen Haefner and Malcolm of Detroit are living.

Mrs. Carney was fond of her home and she accepted without complaint the business cares that fell to her lot. She was an indulgent mother and very loyal to her friends.

The abundance of flowers brought to her bier spoke eloquently of the love and esteem in which she was held both here and elsewhere.

Funeral services were held at Swihart's funeral home at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. J. Schuitema of the Presbyterian church officiated, and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

"Out of the strain of the Doing,
Into the peace of the Done;
Out of the thirst of Pursuing,
Into the rapture of Won.
Out of grey mist into brightness,
Out of pale dusk into dawn—
Out of all wrong, into rightness,
She from these fields shall be gone."
"Nay," say the saints, "Not gone but come,
Into eternity's Harvest Home."

ANECDOTES OF THE PIONEERS

Collected by E. D. Scott and Read by Him at the Corwin Home Coming Sunday, August 25.

Robert Nesbitt

The following little stories of the early settlers are neither great, nor important, merely interesting in the fact that they are typical of an age that is gone, when the log cabin was the only dwelling place the wilderness afforded.

Robert Nesbitt took up the first land in Hamilton township in 1835. He was a fire eater and a stormer who believed life was given to us for the purpose of accomplishment. He admired fine workmanship and was a fine mechanic himself. Carelessness, slipshod work was a sure target for his anger. He believed in doing only worthwhile deeds himself, and was always willing to help others in their struggle toward progress. He detested any improvident loafer, and if a man would not help himself, he could expect no aid from Robert Nesbitt.

His inner nature was tender and sympathetic, and no one knows how many sacks of flour left his mill without charge, nor how many thousands of feet of lumber he sawed without pay with his old up-and down straight saw, for the circular saw was yet to be invented. Soon after he came to this county he walked nearly to Paw Paw to assist in a "log raising."

One day when he was repairing the roof of a barn a little girl about three years old climbed to the top of the tall ladder and was trying to get on the roof. A slip meant almost certain death, but he sang out cheerfully, "Come right along, that's right." His reassuring voice, and presence of mind kept the child from confusion and saved her from a dangerous fall.

One time later he got short of money and rode horseback over to Hartford township to borrow $600.00 of B. A. Olney. Arriving there he stated his mission. Mr. Olney was something of an eccentric, and hid his money around his buildings, and he told Mr. Nesbitt to wait, and he would get the money for him; but Nesbitt started walking around looking at the barns when he spied Mr. Olney flat on his stomach reaching through a hole in the floor, and hauling out hands full of silver dollars. Nesbitt asked if the whole $600.000 was to be in silver, and upon being told that it was, said he did not want it, and rode home without it.

Mrs. Thomas Conwey

Mrs. Conway, wife of "Big Tom" Conway and mother of Austin Conway (a name given him to distinguish him from the rest of the Conways) being left alone for a time had to care for the stock. A cow with long, sharp, upturned horns had a calf down in the woods, and needed to be brought to the barn, but she was ugly. Mrs. Conway grabbed a handspike and started after her; the cow charged, and was knocked down with the handspike. Mrs. Conway then roused the calf and drove both to the barn as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary.

Philetus Haydon

Philotus Haydon settled here in 1836, and soon became prosperous. He was an extremely big-hearted man who liked to help his less fortunate neighbors, and was one of the most loved men of his time.

On occasions when he wanted to accent his remarks he did so in a loud voice, and there were dozen of anecdotes about him. One spring By. Adams borrowed a drag of him, and it was nearly winter before it was returned. He said, "Mr. Haydon I brought back your drag, and Haydon replied,—"What did you do it for? No one else ever brings anything back."

One March a man bought a yoke of oxen from him, and was to pay him later. The man used them until late in the autumn breaking ground, logging, and pulling stumps, but found that he could not raise the price. Winter was coming on, and he had no feed for them. So he drove them home, and sorrowfully told Haydon that he could not pay. And Haydon yelled, "Well, turn them down in the back lot."

G. I. Sherman came here from New York to see what the country was like. He found some land to his liking, but had to make a down payment. He had $1800 in a New York bank, but little with him. Like others in trouble he went to see Haydon, and explained his situation. Haydon asked him if he intended to become a citizen here, and when Sherman stated that he wanted to build his home here, Haydon wrote him a check for $50.00 on the Kalamazoo bank. Sherman asked him if he did not want a note, but Haydon walked away, and merely roared back, "Go to H——, if your word ain't any good, your note ain't either."

It is known that many families have stories of their pioneer ancestors that are interesting and they are requested to send them in to Mrs. Marcia Wild, at Corwin, Route 1, Decatur, Michigan, and they will be written in a book that they may be preserved. Also the State Historical Society is now making a collection of these stories, and wants to get them in before the close of 1936, so they select what is wanted for the permanent records. A little volunteer historical society has been formed at Corwin and it will place all these stories at present in a loose leaf book, so please send or bring them in at your convenience.

ANECDOTES OF AN OLD TIMER

Will King came over from Marcellus again Saturday evening and renewed his subscription to the Republican. Then he went along over to his home on his 17-acre farm in the Lee district, Hamilton.

Will wisely hangs on to that little farm and there isn't the scratch of a pen against it. He said he would stop at Doc Marks' and watch 'em dance a little while and then go on over home and go to bed and get up when he got good and ready.

From this you can draw the conclusions that Will is a bachelor and lives alone by himself, and when he gets over to his place he is "monarch of all he surveys."

William King is one of a desirable class of individuals who haven't so very much book learning but a heap of common sense. A visit with him will always bring out a gem or two of wholesome truths worth relating.

To him there never has been a depression. "I can always find work," he said. He says he is not a fast worker but he "keeps at it steady" and reckons to give his employer his money's worth.

By the way he will be 66 years old the 17th of September and is hereby cited for a birthday congratulation. He was born in Volinia, his father was born in Whitmanville and his mother in the township of Decatur, so he is a full-blooded Michigander. His mother was Catherine Scott.

Will was named for his grandfather, who originated in Ohio, joined the Ohio militia and went to the Blackhawk war. This great war was fought in Illinois and the only bloodshed in it was suffered by a soldier who was trying not to meet the Indian Chief Blackhawk so hard that he ran into a barbed wire fence. (What? No barbed wire then you say. Well, then he must have been shot by a jug.) Abe Lincoln was a captain in that same war.

The elder King, returning from this section of Michigan, liked it so well that he never went back to Ohio.

Our townsman has not been on the town and says he never calculates to be, but he joined the Townsend Club and is a member in good standing. That is different from being on the welfare. That is a business proposition. He says they have got it figured out so that with a small two per cent tax it will be self-supporting. The money will just keep on revolving, pay in and pay out. Everybody will have plenty and nobody be the poorer for it.

Will King has political ideas also. "I can't see why they got so sore at Hoover," he said. "Of course I'm a Democrat and maybe I ought not to say that. The trouble with Roosevelt is that he promised too much."

And so we predict that William King will go along under any administration in his same good natured even temper way, taking what comes to him and making the best of it. He will not complain about anything. Like Josh Billings in his eulogy on that loveliest of all earthly creation, woman, he will calmly admit,—"If they never had been born at all you would not hear me making any complaint about it."

A PIONEER OF DECATUR

Wayland Nicholson, Uncle of Mrs. Stella Lindsley, Attended School Here in 1864.

A recent caller at the Republican office was Wayland B. Nicholson of 211 Glendale avenue, Highland Park, Mich.

Mr. Nicholson came to Decatur from Vandalia in 1864 and was one of the boys who attended the new school finished that year. He went the day it was opened. It was taught by Prof. F. R. Bellows.

He remained in Decatur until he was 20, then went to Hartford to work in the accounting department with Hill, Hinckley and Rogers.

Mr Nicholson with his niece, Mrs. Stella Lindsely, spent the winter in Minneola, Florida, where he has two cottages built in 1927. Since his wife died in 1933 he has made his home in Detroit with his son James who is in the accounting department of the J. L. Hudson Co.

In his boyhood days Mr. Nicholson was the devil on the first paper printed in this village, the Decatur Clarion.

Since the fire in Lansing, that fatally burned so many of the leading citizens of our state, he has invented and is making plans to manufacture an all metal collapsible fire escape that can be folded into a small bundle and weighs from three to seven pounds, according to the desired lengths. They work satisfactorily for any height from two stories to five or six. Any man, woman or child can descend from the window of a six-story building safely in from five to six minutes. They are far ahead of a rope escape, as they will not burn and have holds and stirups for the feet and can be operated nearly as well as a regular ladder.

Mr. Nicholson is now in his 81st year but is still in good health. He and Lewis Stewart have been renewing their early school days in Decatur. They are about the only ones left of the first year's pupils of the new school. Mr. Nicholson and his niece arrived from Florida April 7 and he has been helping Stella with her work of getting her home, garden, flowers and lawn in shape for summer. He returned last week to Detroit by motor.

Winnie Miller went to Kalamazoo last week to see his children, Dorothy and Mildred. They had the measles but got over it. He is going to have them out here for the summer,—part of the time, anyway, he says. They are going to sing over the radio. They sing and play the piano. It would surprise you to hear how good they do it. They were picked out of 150 in the Lincoln school.

LOOKING BACKWARD

20 Years Ago

January 28, 1915.

A meeting will be held in the Council rooms this evening to reorganize the Decatur fire department.

A Disastrious Fire

The handsome 2-story brick building erected by Frank Potts 15 years ago and the Roberts meat market adjoining were destroyed by fire January 21 in the early hours of the morning.

The reporter saw that terrible fire when it broke through the front of the store and the flames through the opening made by the falling glass shot almost to the middle of the street. It was one of the village's worst conflagrations.

The two buildings were owned by Mrs. Camilla Potts Keener and were insured for $3,800, less than half the cost of building them.

The mystery of the origin of the fire was never cleared. The Warner grocery, which occupied the big store building, was closed for the night at 9:20.

Perry Austin, the clerk, locked the back door and left the key in the lock. 40 minutes later the night watch went to Mr. Warner's house and informed him that the back door was unlocked. Mr. Warner accompanied the night-watch to the store, unlocked the front door, went through the store, locked the back door and returned home.

Two of the first men through the alley after the alarm of fire was given were Chas. E. Criffield and L. S. Jones. They discovered the back door open and one new shoe from the Warner stock on the ground.

At the first blowing of the fire whistle a man was seen in a sleigh running his horse south on East street.

The Mammy Was Not Afraid

Thaddeus Stevens, the famous Congressman of the reconstruction period, had an old colored cook and she was the only member of the household who did not stand in awe of him.

One day she accidentally let fall a tray of dishes. Stevens, hearing the crash of chinaware, lost his temper.

"What's all that you're breaking in there?" he asked angrily, adding many words that shocked the aged mammy.

Coming to the door she looked the fiery statesman squarely in the eyes and shot at him: "Whatever 'tis I'm a-breakin' it ain't the fo'th commandment."

A boy Scout movement has been started in Decatur with Otis Newell as Scoutmaster and Rev. E. M. Tench, assistant.

On Mission of Death.

Last week a stranger from Lawrence with a big sack over his shoulder, came to [illegible] and [illegible] some wheat in the [illegible] and scattered it on the ground near Schpok's warehouse.

In a little while the ground was covered with English sparrows eating the wheat. Some of them fell over dead while eating and some flew several rods and dropped dead. The stranger gathered them into his bag as fast as they fell. He spent the entire day at this gruesome occupation

A Country Boy Visits the City

A Cass county young man took his first trip to Chicago. He had determined to learn all about the big city in his own way, so went alone. He would have the best the city afforded and would stop at the best hotel if it cost him the dazzling sum of a dollar a night.

The obliging hotel clerk said he had a room that would be about right for him and high enough to meet his idea of luxury.

A bell boy took him in the elevator up to the fourteenth floor. It was so high up the building seemed to sway in the air and when the young man looked out of the window of his room he calculated the distance to the ground to be about a mile.

After the bell boy departed and he was left alone in his luxury the young man's feeling of exuberance gave way to fear. He thought of fire and the agony of being powerless there in the sky with the red flames creeping up story by story to devour him.

The nervous strain was more than he could bear. He retired but could not sleep and arose to search for a way to safety.

A red light in the hallway flashed the words, "Fire Escape." He thought it meant the building was on fire and he made for the exit.

The door opened easily from within and the young man stepped out upon an iron platform fastened to the cold dark wall 14 stories above the ground.

The door swung shut and the click of an automatic lock sent the cold chills chasing over him.

He wrenched and tugged at the door but it would not open. He pounded and yelled but no one heard. Above him shone the stars in the black canopy of night, in the dizzy depths below were the lights of the great city.

With much difficulty he swallowed the big lump that rose in his throat and slowly and fearfully began the descent of the long zigzag flight of stairs.

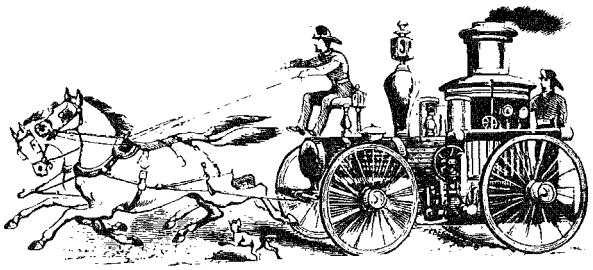
As he neared the bottom hope and courage returned to him, but soon fled again when he stood on the last step of the fire escape with still another story to descend before reaching the sidewalk.

After long deliberation our young friend, clad only in his night shirt, and shivering in the frosty air, again shouted for help. This time two big policemen answered and ordered him to jump, which he did after hanging by his hands from the lowest step.

He fell into the outstretched arms of the policemen and the law. The officers looked upon him with suspicion and started him for the city bastile, but he begged so hard they finally accompanied him into the hotel for identification.

The genial clerk, whose business it is never to forget a customer, recognized him, and the story of his unhappy adventure was accepted as true.

The next morning the young man took the train for home, sweet home, fully convinced that the country is the best place for him.



THEIR DUTCH ANCESTRY

The Family Tree of the Huycks. An Address by Frank Trott of Chicago at the Second Huyck Reunion August 11.

Mr. Chairman, Cousins all, Fellow Dutchmen:

Your committee notified me that it was customary at affairs of this kind to have someone make a speech guaranteed to put everyone to sleep after a bounteous dinner and they felt that anything I could say would have the desired effect.

Some 300 years ago there lived in what is now Belgium and Northern France a race of people called Walloons. These people were Protestants or Huguenots and were very much disliked by their King who happened also to be King of Spain. So he set out to convert them with fire and sword to the official religion. But he did not realize the pig-headed lot he was trying to convert. No doubt the well-known amiable, amendable dispositions of all Huycks can be attributed to these Walloons.

Thousands of them ran away to Holland, England and Germany to escape his wrath. Among them was a minister and his flock who went to Wessel, on the Rhine, in Germany. A son of this minister entered the employ of the Dutch East India Company and was placed in charge of an expedition to found a new colony in America.

He sailed from Amsterdam, Holland, in the ship Sae Gull and arrived in what is now New York City on May 4, 1626. They named the new colony New Amsterdam.

This man was Peter Minuit and he became the first governor of New Amsterdam. The maiden name of his wife was Huyck. With them came her brother, Jan Huyck, and from him descended most of the Huycks in America today.

Now Jan Huyck was appointed to many soft political jobs by his brother-in-law, the governor. He was made Koopmen or Keeper of Stores in the little fort they built to protect themselves from the Indians. As no minister came with them he was appointed to read the Bible in the church services they held. I have no doubt he was equally skillful in converting the Indians with powder and ball and his fellow emigrants with his brass bound Bible. Who can successfully deny that the well-known piety of all New Yorkers today is due to those early labors of our grand-sire.

Jan was also appointed Ziekenrooster or Krank-Boesecker which translated means Consoler of the Sick. In his idle moments he taught in the village school. Jan Huyck married Lizabeth Peters on July 5, 1657, and the record of that marriage is preserved in the archives of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York City.

The Dutch East India Company was owned and operated by business men of Holland and Belgium, then known as the Low Countries. This area contained three distinct races of people, the Hollanders who spoke Dutch, the Flemish who spoke Flemish, and the Walloons who spoke French. When the minister finally came to New Amsterdam he was a Dutchman. He appointed two deacons for his new church and they were Peter Minuit and Jan Huyck. The emigration during the years previous to his coming had been mainly from Holland. So he preached his first sermon in Dutch and half his congregation, including his two deacons could not understand a word he said. So he preached a second sermon in French for their benefit and the Dutch half of his congregation went to sleep or whatever it is folks do in church when bored to death.

The fact that this colony was promoted by business men and not by re-

ligious fanatics had a profound influence on its character. The Puritans of New England founded religious communities with commercial principles, the Dutchmen founded commercial communities with religious principles. There is a distinct difference. They had much joy in this colony compared with New England.

They prospered in crops and furs and with the profits imported all the luxuries of their native land. Their homes naturally reflected the architecture of Belgium and Holland. They soon adopted corn as a food from the Indians and created new dishes from it according to Dutch ideas of good eating. The records of travelers in this colony in early days are filled with tales of good living.

We can be assured that our people were originally Walloons or Belgians. As time ran on in New Amsterdam, the emigration was mostly Dutch and the whole aspect of the colony changed. We became Dutch in language and thought for a hundred years until the colony was captured by the English.

There was another distinct emigration to this colony from France. They were mostly Huguenots or Protestants. They purchased large tracts of land from the Indians up the Hudson river and had their own communities which were strictly French in language and thought. They made the fatal error of intermarrying with the Dutch and were eventually swallowed up by the Dutch.

I have recently learned that an early grandmother of mine belonged to this French outfit. She was captured by the Indians with three of her children and tied to a stake in the midst of fagots. She began to sing the 137th Psalm as her death chant. Pardon me if I repeat this Psalm with which you are no doubt all familiar: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept, when we remembered Zion. For there, they that carried us away captive, required of us a song." Her singing captivated the Indians who delayed the execution until they suddenly found themselves surrounded by soldiers from New Amsterdam led by her husband, Louis Dubois. I salute this day Catherine Blanshan Dubois, my early grandmother.

May I digress a moment to reflect upon those early grandmothers of ours. How we should adore them. I have never found anything which quite equals the words of the Hon. Joseph Choate who said, "Our grandmothers, not only did they have to stand for all the hardships and trials that our forefathers stood for, but they had to stand for our forefathers themselves."

When the English captured New Amsterdam they inflicted the English laws and speech upon the people. The new officials were mostly English and their efforts to write Dutch and French names in the records explain the terrible time we have today to trace our people. It is also true that the Dutch used the Swedish system of taking their names, that is, the son of John Huyck was not Peter Huyck but Peter Johnson. So the name Huyck ofter got lost in the shuffle. The English established the English system of family names. But in those communities which were a mixture of Dutch, French, and English only God knows who was who, depending upon whether the town clerk was Dutch, French or English.

We next hear of the Huycks near Albany, N. Y., and Rensselaer where the records show they begat and begat and begat and tried to populate the nation with Huycks. They are there to this day. Just how we are related to them I cannot say as one or two generations are missing. The earliest record I have been able to find of our branch of the family is Isaac Huyck who sleeps beneath a stone near Wilton, N. Y. Isaac was born in 1729 and died in 1826 aged 97 years 5 months and 16 days. I am in correspondence with Huycks in that vicinity and hope eventually to clear up the record. They hold a family reunion such as this each Labor day.

Now Richard Huyck married Katrine. His son John married Mary Christie in Sidney, N. Y., and raised a family. He loaded them all into a wagon and set out for the promised land of Michigan where he arrived in 1825 and settled in Tecumseh. One of my correspondents heard from the lips of her grandmother, Katherine Huyck Vickery, a vivid description of that wagon trip she made as a tiny girl traveling with her parents. Abidjah and Richard, sons of John and Mary Christie, came from Tecumseh to this vicinity in 1836. Another son, William, my grandfather, settled in Grand Rapids. A daughter, Katherine, married Isaac Vickery and settled in Kalamazoo.

Just a word about the Dutch people. In the words of Henry VanDyke * * * the ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen, a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him * * * That is the spirit of the typical Dutchman, never has it been needed more than it is today, to guard our land against the oppression of the plutocrat on the one hand, and the demagogue on the other hand, to prevent a government of the parties, by the bosses, for the spoils, and to preserve a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

I admire your patience in listening to this harangue even if I doubt your good judgment. I note I have been partially successful in the task assigned to me as several have gone to sleep. In closing may I give you a bit of verse which seems suitable for this occasion:

They sailed from the shores of the Zuider Zee
Across the stormy ocean,
To build for the world a new country
According to their notion;
A land where thought should be free as air,
And speech be free as water;
Where man to man should be just and fair,
And law be Liberty's daughter.
They were brave and kind, and of simple mind,
And the world has need of such men;
So we say with pride (on the father's side)
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They bought their land in an honest way,
For the red man was their neighbor;
They farmed it well, and made it pay
By the increment of labor.
They ate their bread in the sweat o' their brow,
And smoked their pipes at leisure;
For they said then, as we say now,
That the fruit of toil is pleasure.
They held their faith without offense,
And said their prayers on Sunday;
But they never could see a bit of sense
In burning a witch on Monday.
They loved their God with a love so true,
And with a head so level,
That they could afford to love men too,
And not be afraid of the devil.

When the English fleet sailed up the bay,
The small Dutch town was taken;
But the Dutchmen there had come to stay,
Their hold was never shaken.
They could keep right on, and work and wait
For the freedom of the nation;
And we claim today that New York state
Is built on a Dutch foundation.

SILVER THREADS

By Chas. A. Bellis, 115 McNees Ave., Whittier, California.

THE OLD SAW MILL

If it had not been for California there might never have been a Mark Twain whose one hundredth anniversary we celebrated November 30. And if there never had been a Hamilton township we would not on that same 30th day of November been weaving these silver threads into golden memories of boyhood days down by the old mill stream in that beautiful country of hardwood land and sparkling waters.

Out in Hamilton in what is now kown as Corwin ran a beautiful little stream, dancing and playing night and day, as it probably did centuries ago. Down through the timberlands, over the meadows, on through the marsh lands where the golden cowslips grow, it ripples along. Where it came from and where it was going nobody seemed to know or care.

All tho name I ever knew for it was Brush Creek. That was its name when as a lad I lived within a few hundred feet of its banks.

For nearly fifty years the little stream had work to do. It could not

idle its time away as it does today. There were thousands of acres of timber to be sawed into lumber to make homes for the pioneers. There was land to clear and bridges to build over many streams, and the little creek was harnessed to help do it.

One day an enterprising man came along that way, saw the opportunity to create power, and built a dam across Brush Creek about a mile southeast of the Corwin school house.

He then built a large saw mill and equipped it with an old fashioned up and down drag saw driven by a quaint and crude turban water wheel.

The name of this pioneer was Tuttle, and I knew his old water driven saw mill well in my boyhood days.

It was in the early eighties that I first went to this old mill with my father. We had a load of logs to be sawed into lumber for a little board shanty to be located a half mile west and a half mile south of the old school house of Corwin, which for several years we were to call home.

I shall never forget the thrill I had when I saw the man roll the logs onto the long carriage, drive the steel contraption into either end to keep it from rolling, and grab the long lever that started the carriage a traveling toward the saw. The old mill began to roar and groan and the great saw danced up and down.

When the saw struck the log sawdust filled the air and soon a half round board called a slab dropped from its side. Then as the man twisted the lever the carriage ran back. Soon the saw was going again up and down through the log, a board fell off and in a short time the log was turned into boards. My father loaded them onto our old narrow tired wagon and took them home to finish our little shanty cabin in the timber.

This primitive saw mill was operated for several years by its builder, Mr. Tuttle, and then it passed into the hands of another old pioneer by the name of Wilder. After a few years he sold it to a good-natured home-spun fellow with a fine family. He moved into the little white house south of the mill and we soon learned that his name was Michael Carp. He had bought the mill and was asking the surrounding neighbors for custom sawing.

I soon learned to love this family and especially the man, who always spoke kindly. As the years went on so did our friendship. I spent many happy hours in the old mill, riding back and forth on the carriage as Mr. Carp ran the saw.

He sawed ties for the railroad and timbers for the barns of the nearby farmers, and I was not always the only passenger who rode on the old log carriage. Mr. Carp had a black eyed little daughter, my school mate for several years, who often rode with me.

Since I have lived in California I have had the privilege of meeting several members of this fine Carp family, and among them was Carrie's mother. From her I learned that this little school mate of mine had long since laid down the burdens of life, as had her father. But there are still several members of this dear old pioneer family living.

Mike Carp ran the saw mill a few years and then sold it to a younger man with a family who like Mike, moved into the little white house nearby.

The yard was now full of logs and the old mill was busy all winter. The snow made it easy for the farmers and others to cut and haul the logs to mill and often there were great stacks of them brought in.

On the end of each log they put a mark with a paint brush or iron stamp to signify the owner, and he was notified via the grape vine system when his logs were to be sawed. There were no telephones or rural routes in those days.

The new sawyer, as the sawmill man was known, was a fine young fellow by the name of Byron Ostrander. Like his predecessors he was an upstanding citizen and a fellow well met, and he was soon doing a good business at the old mill.

But by this time the timber in the immediate vicinty began to give way. The woodsman and his trusty axe had conquered the mighty forest, the wild timber land had been turned in to fields of golden grain and yellow corn, and next week I will give you the story of the old cider mill.

By Chas. A. Bellis.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE IRISH.

We will weave the Silver Threads into a Magic Carpet and spread it down in the peaceful community of Corwin and vicinity, the happy land of my boyhood days down on the farm.

There the beans were pulled by hand, the potatoes were dug with a fork, and barefoot boys picked them up at wages of from 25 to 50 cents a day.

Corn was dropped three kernels at a time by the same boys and was covered by the hired man with a hoe. The hired man drew the enormous salary of 15 to 20 dollars per month, board and washing thrown in, and sometimes, if the man was an extra good fellow, he was given the privilege of driving the old gray mare to the open buggy to see his best girl on Sunday nights, and even to a barn dance in the vicinity.

Yes, sirree, them were the real facts in the Corwin neighborhood fifty odd years ago. The writer crawled on his knees over several hundred acres of beans, pulling them and piling them in small piles to dry. Then they were taken to the barn floor and threshed out with two clubs tied together with a piece of buckskin, called a flail.

I have dropped corn, 3 kernels at a time all day in the hot sun day after day in the spring with the man with the hoe about a frog's jump behind me. As soon as the oak leaves were as big as a squirrel's foot it was time to plant corn.

We began planting corn before town meeting, but all the good citizens knocked off work and went to the aid of their country by attending caucus to nominate Milo Barton for Pathmaster, Johnnie Collins for Supervisor and young Tom Conway, Constable.

Sometimes in the night I would dream that I was planting corn and would actually feel the three kernels in my hand. When I awoke I was looking for the corn.

The Irish Colony

They say it is a long way to Tipperary, but it is only a short way from Decatur to the fine little Irish colony that began in Hamilton and splashed over the town line into Lawrence.

This little colony was the cream of the Old Sod. County Clare or the sunny fields of Kildare never turned out a better grist of more honest, true blue pioneers than were the Irish families which settled in the famous old Nesbitt Mills country in the early fifties.

They went into the wild hard wood forest, cut the timber and turned the land into fertile fields, The fields were not planted to flax for linen, nor to corn for whiskey, but to Irish potatoes, beans and the corn used for bread.

The corn was carried, often a sack at a time, to the old water mill of Robert Nesbitt where it was ground into course, unbolted corn meal for Johnny cake. And Johnny was lucky if he could get enough of it to keep the wrinkles at the waist line out of his blue denim shirt.

The writer has helped shell the first ripened corn in the early fall. It was picked, an ear at a time, husked, and placed up stairs around the stove pipe to dry, so it could be ground for meal. Sometimes it had to be grated on an old tin punched full of holes with a cut nail, and if you don't think this makes a fine tasting pan of Johnny cake just try it sometime. Then you will know what the pioneers went through in taming the wild country of our grandfathers' days.

Once I was in Chicago with a little time on my hands and I saw a comic opera at McVickers entitled, "Irish Neighbors." That was over 25 years ago and still, in an impulsive moment, I find myself laughing about that show. I do not mean to infer that these old Irish pioneers were comic opera characters, but I think of them as my Irish neighbors, and mighty fine ones they were. I am proud that I once knew and worked with them.

The little colony I refer to consisted of about a dozen or fifteen families in Hamilton and Lawrence, and about that many in Decatur. The colony in the country were naturally all farmers, and nearly all of them with educations above the average rural folks.

There were several school teachers in the settlement and some of the younger generation branched out into professional fields.

The Maxwell Family

Two of these fine boys for whom I have worked in the bean and potato fields later became two of Michigan's most beloved and valuable physicians. I refer to Dr. Charles Maxwell of Paw Paw and the late Dr. James E. Maxwell of Decatur.

These boys were hustlers from the time they had their first pair of copper toed boots, and in fact the whole Maxwell family were chips off the old block. The word co-operation was more than an idle phrase with them, for the younger ones took up the tasks where the old pioneers, who had gone to their long rest, laid them down.

When the responsibilities of the farm fell upon them the boys went into the fields and raised the crops. The younger sisters buckled on the kitchen aprons and ran the house and raised the chickens and the little garden north of the house. The older ones who were single taught school to furnish the much needed capital, and in fact they were one of the best four horse teams I ever saw. It is no wonder that these two boys became successful doctors, and they were only a fair sample of the ambitious young red blooded Irish Americans in that community.

One fall in the eighties I was employed by the Maxwell boys to harvest beans and dig potatoes. James, the older, was in charge and Charles did most of the team work.

Frances of Frankie, as she was affectionately nick-named, was the kitchen mechanic, and a fine cook she was. As I sit here writing this little Memory of her I can still see her flying around barefooted, gathering wood for the kitchen stove and running across the road to the little tumble down barn to gather a basket of eggs.

The kind of home spun meals that girl could carve out of a side of home-smoked ham or bacon, with a pan of newly threshed beans and large loaves of home made bread are still a joy to think about.

Her nimble, rough hands may have been stained by dewberries picked off the angling rail fence, but they were not stained by cigarets as are the hands of too many of our modern girls, and her school girl complexion was put on by the fumes of a pan of warm baking power biscuits instead of Walter Winchell's Lotions of Love or some other four-bit bottle of patented tomfoolery.

Mary Pickford has been dubbed America's Sweetheart, but I can tell you that neither she nor Mother Macree had anything on Michigan's Sweetheart, Miss Ella Maxwell. She lived and died a Miss, but no woman in Michigan ever mothered more children than did this wonderful woman. She was a born school teacher and the children all loved her.

I never had the privilege of having her for a teacher, but Ella and I have broke bread together many weeks at a time. She was once a boarder in a home where I was the hired man, a little incident of which I shall write in my next article on Silver Threads.

Other Irish Families

I could write many pages about the other old Irish families in Hamilton but time and space will not permit. The above sketch of the Maxwell family is a fair sample of what the others were like, for I have worked in the fields with them many days.

Among those families that I have worked for and remember were the Nevilles, Haneys, Pettengills, Goulds, Conways, Knolls, and in Decatur there were the Cavanaughs, Carneys, Labadies, Condons, Rileys, Howlands, Mahoneys, Kellys and Cannings.

Besides the above mentioned there were other families that have passed my memory. The Decatur colony were as industrious and well educated as were their country cousins, but being city folks their life work turned mostly to railroading, teaching, doctoring and various other trades and professions. There were comparatively few drones in this great Irish hive of industrious bees.

There were several large families, both in the village and in the country, and one especially in Hamilton when I worked one fall picking up potatoes.

This family had just a fair start at that time. There were only 7 or 8 little black curly heads lined up on the east and west sides of the table, with smiling Jim at one end and bright-eyed Mary at the other.

Everyone of the fine little flock was quiet and mannerly, talking when talked to and never quarrelling as sometimes large families of children will do.

But as the years went on so did the multiplication table in this fine family and the last I heard it had the baker's dozen. I never did learn just how many there finally were, but I have often read about them in their different walks of life and know that they have given a good account of themselves. I know that they have made just the kind of men and women that dear old Jim wanted them to be.

The Colony in Town

One year when I was a boy I went to school in Decatur and did chores for my board at the home of the late Dr. Baker. That winter I got acquainted with all the Irish boys and girls in town. Among them were several boys possessed for an over amount of pep. They included Leo Howland, Pat Howland, Ralph Slater, Johnny Condon and a few others that their steam gauge did not register quite so high.

I believe the liveliest of the aforesaid quartet was Leo Howland. While Leo and I never had any trouble I can truthfully say that that boy would rather fight than eat, and when they got him started, which was easy to do, he could whip his weight in wildcats with about six badgers thrown in for good measure.

I never found Leo quarrelsome, but he was easy to touch off, for his fighting spirit had a hair trigger, and Johnny Condon was not far behind him. Down through the years I have kept tract of these fine boys, and as men they have given a good account of themselves. They are among our most useful citizens.

Since living in California I have met several of the old Irish crowd that I knew when a boy. Among the most valuable friends I now have, and often as a house guest, is Miss Bessie Howland, one of California's most talented nurses. She lives only a mile from my house.

Bessie is not only a fine nurse, but one of America's most respected and valuable citizens. She was one of the American nurses who served on General Pershing's staff over seas during the World war. We often thresh out a few good stories of ye olden days in Decatur.

No doubt when some of the readers of the Republican read this little tribute I have given to my Irish neighbors they will say the way he is pinning the shamrock on the Irish he must be Irish too. Well, he is not Irish. All of his ancestors on both sides of the house originally came from the land of wooden shoes and cross arm windmills.

Arby seemed to think I had pinned enough roses on my friends after they had passed on to the happy hunting grounds, but that was because I never took the time to write living Memories. Now he has brought it onto himself and he will have to suffer the consequences.

I have several Memory stories on the griddle and in the near future will try to spread a few more on paper.

Our next Silver Threads will be of the old cider mill and its setting in Hamilton.

A PIONEER FAMILY AND THE CIVIL WAR

By Bessie Fuhrman.

A Story of the Difficulties of the Early Settlers as Told by Bessie Fuhrman.

From southern Pennsylvania to Illinois by way of the Alleghaney Mountains was something of a journey in the late fifties and early sixties. The roads, where there were any, were very poor and the means of traveling slow and tedious.

Prairie schooners, those white arch-roofed covered wagons, made by stretching white cotton cloth over hoop-like supports, were the usual coaches and busses of pioneer days. They were common when my father, born in 1837, was a boy.

Imagine such outfits, some drawn by oxen, some by two and some by four horse teams, making a trek through the wilderneesses of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and from thence to Van Buren county, Michigan.

They lived not far from Baltimore, which was their market town. There tobacco was their main crop and little was understood about other kinds of agriculture. Still less was known about

turning a wilderness in the north into a farm and home.

These caravans of covered wagon travelers wound their way through the foothills of the Alleghaneys and over the montain tops. They could look down on the valleys and sometimes see storms beneath them, for sometimes they were actually above the clouds and at that they marvelled and also at the grandeur of nature in the wild.

While they gazed for the first time on this wonderful panorama a certain auburn haired, blue-eyed boy—little realized that in a few more years, when he had reached young manhood, the clouds of war would pass in all their fury before him while he was upon another mountain top, as it were.

The prairie schooners moved onward down the Alleghaneys, across Ohio and Indiana to Woodford, Illinois. There they stopped. The black rich prairie soil free from hills looked good to them.

The auburn haired boy will come of age at Christmas time in '58 and he has a sweetheart with black hair and black eyes who will be 19 in October. They decide to get married and have the wedding on the latter's birthday. So then they were married and settled down in Woodford, but the father of the girl loved to travel, so after a time they all set out for the north.

That is how it came about that Jesse and Effaline Flagg, their son Jake aged 12, and Levi and Wealthy Flagg Fuhrman came to Michigan.

They stopped in East Decatur and considered settling there, but after having farmed the rich black prairie land of Illinois this light soil did not appeal to the young man. He looked for another place to establish his permanent home, for he had begun to learn that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Possibly it was through going to mill at Nesbitt's mill that his attention was called to Hamilton and later to Lawrence townships. He settled first in Hamilton with his father-in-law's family.

In looking around he came upon a 40 acre piece of heavy timber 1¼ miles east of the Braybrooks' school house in Lawrence township. It was comparatively level but there were hills and streams around it. The hills reminded him of his boyhood home in far away Pennsylvania and he bought the forty with Brush creek and her little brooks and springs nearby.

He felled trees, hauled the logs to mill and had them sawed into lumber and built a 3-room cottage near a bubbling spring. Then he and his wife and their baby boy Wilson moved in.

Maple trees grew in great abundance on every side. He tapped them and made maple sugar and syrup. When the maple sugar season was over he cleared several acres behind the house for an orchard and wind break. He set out apple trees, and a generation later it was hard to believe that those large trees were once a bundle of mere whips that my father carried home on his shoulder.

The fields were cleared and fenced for crops. Rails, the only fencing of the pioneers, were split, so the felling of heavy timber and the log rolling went on. Heaps of unused logs were burned. It was the only way to make way for the crops. It did not matter then for everyone had more trees than he needed.

Thus the heavy work of pioneering went on with little, if any, recreation for the workers. Father had to learn how to raise stock, grain and fruit by observing how others did it.

He later bought more land and with the streams and hill sides he found it to be adapted to stock raising. The level fields he put out to grain but apple and peach orchards were put on the hills.

He learned that to be a good farmer and provide against failure he must raise cattle, sheep, hogs, grain and fruit with one or two gardens and a hundred or two chickens. He became a general farmer, or rather a farmer general, for it requires skill in management to run so many different lines.

Father Becomes a Soldier

Then the war clouds became more threatening and finally, on the 12th of April, 1861, came the news that the war was on. Fort Sumpter had been fired upon by the Southerners, and then came the call to arms.

What should this young man, just turned 23, do? Was there any question? His country had called for help. Enlist, of course. But he had a wife and young son and was not financially able to leave at once. How, too, could a girl of 21 and a baby get along in the woods?

But the call of his country continued. He made arrangements for the care of his family and enlisted. And his physical examination revealed that he had heart disease and he was rejected. It was probably caused by the heavy work of logging and other kinds of pioneering.

Ordinarily such a verdict would have been staggering to a young man, but it was good news to him, for it took him back to his little family who needed him more than his country did for its ruthless warfare.

He had never known illness in his life, not even measles, and he laughed off the idea that he had heart disease. He said if he couldn't serve his country as a soldier he could as a farmer and he kept on clearing land and putting out crops.

He started to buying stock and so worked till the winter of 1864-5. He needed a barn and got out timbers for it in the spring.

Meanwhile his little son had been ill of a fever which was common to the pioneers living along Brush creek. Later the baby daughter, little Barbara May, became so ill that an operation was their only hope to save her. An army surgeon came along, performed the operation and the baby lived.

What wouldn't that father do for his country which had provided that wonderful surgeon. He longed to be of service but no opportunity seemed to come to him.

The maple sugar season opened again. He went through the routine of tapping the trees, carrying sap and making syrup and sugar. It was while working in the peaceful stillness out under the maple trees that he thought of the terrible war still going on.

In his mind's eye he watched it from his home in the north much as he had looked out upon the clouds when a boy, and he marveled again that he was above the storm.

How good God was to let him have this peace and quietness while so many other young men with little families had been sent to the front never to come back. Why had God saved him from the dangers of war?

The sugar making goes on. The big sap pan is full of bubbling syrup. It is almost midnight and the syrup is nearly ready to 'sugar off.' Then he could go home and sleep till day break, and then up and at it again.

It was hard work but easy in comparison with that of the poor soldiers, marching miles and miles a day, sleeping on the hard ground at night and in danger of being shot down in the next battle.

One evening he was able to go home earlier than usual and was sitting by the fire holding the little boy when a knock was heard at the front door. The mother who was sitting nearby sewing shuddered. It was the knock of a stranger and it had an ominous sound. The young father, now 27, opened the door.

A blue coated army man stood there. He had come to notify the father that he was in the draft. He had to go at once and was in the barracks at Kalamazoo, preparing to go to the fighting line, when a friend, S. B. Mather, of Lawrence, helped him to secure a furlough.

He went home, sold off his stock and other possessions at a sacrifice and sent his wife and little ones over to her parents.

He returned to the barracks at Kalamazoo to learn that his regiment had been called out while he was gone, and although he did not know it the war was nearly over.

Then came the awful word that President Lincoln had been killed. When father and the other soldiers "Who served although they only stood and waited," looked out of the barracks windows every building as far as they could see was draped in black. It was the same over the entire nation. Gloom so deep had never before settled over the land since the terrible days of the Revolution. Our pioneer President had been martyred for his country.

What would the nation do without the guiding hand of Lincoln? As the loss of a father to his home, so was the loss of Lincoln to his country for the end of the war was just at hand. The gigantic task of reconstruction then lay before the country.

How could there be deeper gloom? The tragedy of the brothers' war was made complete by the martyring of the Chief. Thus the awful drama that had covered a period of four long years was ended.

But, while the Civil war was going on the struggles of the pioneers were just as tragic. On May 26, 1865, the war being over, the soldiers came home. That was the blue sky or the silver lining to the nation's cloud of sorrow.

But there is always a fly in the oint-

ment for some people. When the boys in blue were disbanded at the barracks they were not given their soldiers' clothes. Apparently no complaints were made and the only remark I ever heard my father make about it was that he thought the Government might have let him keep his overcoat.

Our country could ask a man to give his life for it, but it in turn refused the man his overcoat. Whether or not it was needed it was provided for the soldiers to wear in the south, but the pioneers in the north who did need it could go without. That was the consideration of the Government for the pioneer in the time of the Civil war.

Thus we can see how short sighted our Government was with those who served it by braving the wilderness with all its perils and carving out farms and homes that made its progress possible.

The denial of the soldiers' clothes to those who had struggled along all through the war time but did not go to the front was only a straw as it were, but didn't it indicate the fact that the pioneers were very poorly appreciated? This family's expense is of course only an instance of pioneering during the war.

But as we recall the history of the Civil war let us think how it added to the burdens of the already over-burdened settlers. Then may we now say of the pioneers as Lincoln said of the soldiers who fought at Gettysburg,—"The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here * * * The world will little note what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

The Republican Celebrates Another Birthday--Its Sixty-Eighth

ESTABLISHED JUNE 5th., 1867

The Decatur Republican is sixty-eight years old today.

On the desk of the writer is a full copy of the first issue:

VAN BUREN COUNTY REPUBLICAN
Decatur, Mich.,Wednesday July 5, 1867
Volume 1 — Number 1.

Bellows and Blackman, Publishers. Office in the Poor Block. Subscription $2 per year in advance.

As will be noted the name has been changed somewhere along the line.

Prof. Bellows was the superintendent of the Decatur Public schools. He later became a Professor of the Ypsilanti State Normal and passed away some 30 years ago.

Prof. Bellows furnished the money, or a part of it, and E. A. Blackman, the experience.

Mr. Blackman belonged to a family of newspaper men. He married the daughter of Lawyer Cole of Decatur. His brother-in-law, Bert Cole, was for many years Editor of the Paw Paw Courier and his son, Hiram Blackman, had a paper in Hillsdale.

The widow of Mr. Blackman and her brother, Bert Cole, are now in Southern California.

The first edition of the Republican presents a large directory of Decatur business and professional men. All are now numbered with the dead, but some of them have children who still keep in touch with Decatur through the Republican.

Among the advertisers in this first Republican are Drs. Baker, Keables, Huntington and Dey. Dey is a dentist. There are also J. G. Parkhurst, Abbott Brothers, Grove Tarbell, Aaron Burnett, C. H. Haskins, Auctioneer; S. Kurtz, painter; The Duncombe House, Galloway House and Decatur House. All of them announce that stages leave daily for Lawrence, Breedsville, Bangor and South Haven.

Other advertisers are:

Charles N. Poor, Insurance and agent for Walter A. Wood mowers and reapers.

H. A. Seymour, Prop. Decatur livery.

E. E. and J. L. Chadwick, groceries and dry goods.

O. S. and A. A. Abbott, groceries and dry goods.

Wm. C. Tucker, dry goods, etc.

L. Noble, cabinet shop.

Wm O. Bond, groceries.

Ira Nash and A. F. Keables, dry goods, etc.

Fred Smith, jeweler.

G. B. Bourenton, photographer

Russell and Arnold, dry goods and groceries

L. T. Rawson and James Haynes, lumber

L. D. Roberts, hats, caps, etc.

Moore and Lisk, hardware.

F. J. Taber, book seller.

S. N. Thomas, hardware.

W. Larzelere, E. P. Hill, dry goods and groceries.

W. E. Trowbridge, drugs and groceries

H. A. Rogers, grocery and provision store.

D. H. Manley, dry and fancy goods.

At the time the Republican was launched Decatur was less than 19 years old. In the fall of 1848 the Michigan Central was built through to Niles and people began to settle here.

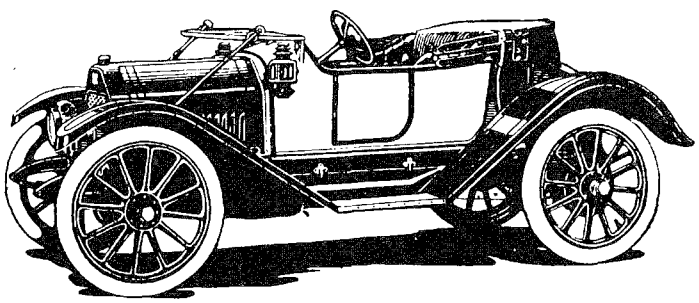
Two other newspapers had previously been started, the Decatur Tribune and the Decatur Clarion, but after brief careers they succumbed. The Republican still survives and at the present time is showing no signs of decay.

The opening editorial of the first issue was entitled, "First Words." The Editors said,—

"It is felt that there are business interests here which render a paper desirable. A rapidly growing town, an enlarging spirit of public and private enterprise, and an increasing necessity for facilities of communication, are the local forces inducing and impelling the undertaking. * * * As its name indicates the paper will not be neutral in politics, still its platform will be principle rather than party, and its aim to be generally, rather than sectionally acceptable to the public.

"As a medium of communication between the County Superintendent of Schools and the people of the county, concerning our educational interests, the paper will possess a new and valuable feature. Indeed this is one of the motives inducing its publication. * * * . "We are aware of the responsibilities that now rest upon us. But by faithfulness to duty, and with the consequent encouragement of an appreciating public, we feel assured of success."

It will be seen from the above quotation that the Republican's career began with a worthy purpose and we believe it has held to that purpose to this day.



Newton House In State Registry

WOULD STAY THE AXE IN NEWTON'S WOODS

Cutting Begun But Efforts To Save the Major Part of the Virgin Timber Are Still Being Made.

STORY BY BEN EAST

Efforts are still being made to save the Newton woods, although the best part of it has been sold to a lumber company of South Bend and cutting of the timber has begun.

Ben East, one of the leading nature students and conservation writers of the state, had this illustrated story in the Sunday Kalamazoo Gazette:

A campaign to save Newton woods, 397-acre tract of virgin Southern Michigan hardwood timber near Cassopolis, in Cass county, from the ax of lumbermen has been launched by the Michigan Academy of Science.

At its annual meeting in Ann Arbor late this winter the Academy adopted unanimously the following resolution:

"Whereas, a virgin hardwood forest of this kind requires many hundreds of years to grow, and whereas the lumbering of these woods would entail the loss of this remarkable example of Michigan' hardwood forest, therefore, be it

"Resolved that the Michigan Academy of Science strongly urges the preservation of Newton woods as a sanctuary, dedicated to the native trees, flowers and animals of Michigan, and be in further

"Resolved, that a committee of the Academy be appointed, securing the establishment of the sanctuary."

Prof. Shirley Allen of the school of forestry and conservation at the University of Michigan was named chairman of the committee, and plans are under way to bring together interested groups behind a movement to save the timber tract by purchasing it from its present owners.

Cutting Has Begun

Cutting of oak and maple timber in the tract was begun late this winter and grave fears have been felt in that section of the state that the entire wood was doomed. Proponents of the move to save the woods maintain there is not another tract like it in Michigan and raise a question whether it is matched north of the Ohio river.

Standing in three separate blocks it is an outstanding example of the type of forest that once covered much or all of southwestern Michigan. Its chief claim to fame are the big elm and whitewood or tulip trees still standing in fair numbers, huge, towering giants of the forest, some of them so vast of girth that four men can barely reach around them at shoulder height.

Tree 150 Feet High

The largest of the giant trees in the tract is an elm standing a short distance off the road running from Decatur to Cassopolis. A survey by Warren W. Reynolds in 1932 showed this tree to be 150½ feet above the ground and to have a circumference of more than 24 feet three feet above the ground. This is believed to be the largest tree now standing in Michigan.

Some idea of the size of this towering giant may be gained from the fact that the ball on top of the flag-

pole on a 10-story building in the neighboring city of Kalamazoo is 146½ feet above the pavement, or four feet lower than the tip branch of the great elm.

Next to this tree in size is an ancient whitewood that in 1933 towered 145 feet in the air and measured 20½ feet at a height of two feet from the ground. Straight as a rifle barrel this forest monarch soars aloft 90 feet to the first branch.

All Words Fail

Around it are grouped probably a score or more of tulip trees, none quite as large but huge enough to merit more than passing attention. These are the trees noted for their tulip blossoms.

Words are hardly adequate to describe a forest of that kind, standing there beside the fluted trunks of the giants, looking far aloft to where the great branches form cathedral-like arches against the sky, if one loves trees at all the breath catches in his throat and he wins a glimpse for a minute, of the Southern Michigan into which the first fur traders made their slow way: the Michigan which the early pioneers wrested acre by acre from the ages-old forest.

The whitewoods and the great elms of Newton woods were towering giants, sending their buttressed roots deep into the earth, when Michigan's youth gathered to march away to the Civil war. They were big trees in that distant winter when Washington crossed the Delaware at Trenton, or in that slightly earlier summer when the painted braves of Pontiac stormed unavailing the log stockdale of Detroit, and took the log stockade of Michilimackinac.

No one knows the age of the biggest of the Newton woods giants. Lumbermen estimate them to be more than 200 years old, perhaps half again as old, and it would not be surprising if a count of their rings of annual growth would reveal that they were seedlings, already reaching toward the sky, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

CUTTING DOWN THE NEWTON WOODS

Lincoln Gard of Volinia was a caller Monday. He says the South Bend Lumber Company which bought 160 acres of the Newton woods has men in there cutting the timber and about 100,000 feet have already been cut.

The foreman was asked if they were going to cut only the timber that is going back or will they cut it clean? His reply was, "What is left standing you can stick in your eye."

The Republican had the information on good authority a few weeks ago that no cutting would be done this winter. Evidently the company has changed its plans.

The community has not yet succeeded in obtaining a hold on the community hall. The residents interested were told to go on using it till the company wanted it. Keep the building in repair and the company would reimburse them when it takes possession.

Community meetings have been held in the hall every other Saturday night for the past 8 or 10 years. The average attendance is about a hundred. They play cards, visit and have a general good time. Mrs. Jane Newton Crego gave the use of the hall but no papers were made out and now it goes with the timber.

THE NEWTON WOODS SOLD

Famous Timber Tract South of Decatur Purchased Last Thursday by Fred Russ of Cassopolis.

TIMBER WILL BE PRESERVED

Fred Russ has bought the Newton Woods and the famous Volinia township virgin timber will be saved.

This important transaction happened last week and its value as news this week is not as great as it deserves. Most of the Republican's local readers already know about it.

It rests between the Vigilant of Cassopolis and the News of Dowagiac as to which got the scoop. Both papers brought it out with big stories last Thursday. Editor Berkey of the Vigilant must have resorted to some clever tactics to bring about the publicity break on Thursday so that the News could gain no advantage by being a daily.

Editor Whitely said,—"The Daily News has been sitting on the good news about the Newton Woods exactly one week trying to protect Mr. Russ in his laudable efforts to secure the property. Because his bid had to be confirmed in Probate Court, it was necessary that no publicity be given as complications might ensue. So we gave up a perfectly swell 'scoop' for the good of the cause. We hope it is remembered in our behalf."

Well, the Republican didn't get in on the scoop, but it is just as pleased as anyone that the momentous matter is settled and this beautiful forest to the south of us has been saved.

We might have put out an extra announcing the rumor. Henry Flagg brought it to the office Monday. His daughter, Mrs. Robinson, lives in the Newton house and had heard it.

The next day we asked Leslie Haefner about it and he referred us to his brother Clarence. Clarence was not informed, and there we let the matter rest.

The Deal

Fred Russ of Cassopolis has bought of the Jane Newton Crego estate all of the Newton farm in sections 20, 29 and 30 in Volinia except the two pieces of timber previously sold to the Sanders Lumber Company of South Bend. His purpose is to preserve the timber now on the land and add to it by reforestation.

The deal was consummated Thursday morning, June 6, 1935, when the sale made by Administrator Jesse S. Green of Wayne was confirmed by Probate Judge Fields. The purchase price was $40,000.

Mr. Russ gets 580 acres, 400 of which are south of the Dowagiac-Marcellus road. The purchase does not include the giant elm nor the tall white woods. These trees are in the Sanders purchase, but Mr. Sanders has stated that he would not cut them.

There has been a long drawn out fight to save this timber land. Frank Flagg headed a local organization but gave up after a year or two of apparently fruitless effort. A. W. Reynolds of Cass and Kalamazoo then took up the campaign with no better success. And then came Fred Russ with the money and the disposition to use it for the pleasure of himself and fellow men. It should hereafter be known as the Russ-Newton Woods.

The Buyer

Mr. Russ is not so well known in this section as he will be hereafter. He grew up in Berrien County, graduated from the University of Michigan, practiced law in South Bend, went into business, made his stake and retired to Cassopolis about fifteen years ago.

Fred Russ and his brother Charles established the Russ Company of South Bend and put upon the market the nationally known Russ Bleaching Blue. For many years it has been sold in every grocery throughout the land and every woman who ever rinsed a tub of clothes includes it in her list of household necessities.

Mr. Russ has been fortunate to be able to hold his savings against the ravishings of the depression, and the local public can now rejoice with him that the shyster bond men did not get it away from him.

Last winter the Sanders Lumber Company purchased 160 acres of the timber tract for $22,000 and this purchase for $40,000 makes a total of $62,000, less expenses, which the heirs will receive for the property. There are nine heirs as follows,—John and Frank Springsteen, Jesse Green, Eva Fletcher, the 8 children of Harriet Haefner, Ida Benedict, Walter Green, Mrs. Dr. Ketcham and the children of Allison Green.

SOME PIONEERS AND PIONEERING OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

By Bessie B. Fuhrman.

"Pioneers" and "pioneering" may be just words to many who are now sharing the fruits of pioneers' toil and hardships, for to us of today their lack of conveniences, not to say anything about the pestilences, homesickness and loneliness that they passed through, are far from our understanding—simply inconceivable and the more so because we know so little about pioneering. Even our school histories that are supposed to inform us on all the historic data we need, are weak in bringing home to the minds of youth the full meaning of pioneering.

Attempts at pageants may not accomplish it, for the uncouth dress, manners and speech of the pioneer as presented in pageants may blind us to that which made pioneering synonymous with heroism. So, a few facts and instances which reveal some of the pioneer courage and heroism may help us to a more lively appreciation of what their lives have meant to us.

Then we may see that while they were people of few educational and cultural advantages, they were worthy of our highest respect, because of their heroic qualities, for while it is noble, indeed, to die for one's country, it is quite as much so to have lived and achieved for the same.

And, although the acme of heroism is dying for one's country, as we have been taught, we come to see that in view of the perils and hardships that the early settlers endured for their own and their country's sake, that their heroism of living for their country was a more prolonged and a more difficult type to acquire than merely dying for one's country entails.

So, while we gladly enough accept the prosperity that their efforts made possible for us, let us not lose sight of the fact that heritage of influence from their sturdy characters is not the least of their gifts to us. And in recognition of that fact let us draw lessons for character building from them just as we do from Biblical characters, who though sometimes pitifully weak in some respects, had strong and redeeming traits. Thus we may profit from their lives, both materially and spiritually.

Heroes of Our Own Community

If we had to go far for such material—as for instance foreign history, such efforts would be worthwhile, but we do not need to do so, for our own village, township and county has abundance of just such material. And for this we should be especially grateful—that such wealth is so closely associated with our lives.

A few excerpts from an old gazetteer of Van Buren county published in 1869 will serve to give a peep, at least, into the early times of our community.

The first item that we get from the gazetteer is about the first settlement in Van Buren county. It was in Decatur township on Little Prairie Ronde in 1829. That was eight years before Michigan became a state.

"Three men—Dolphin Morris and Henry D. Swift guided by one 'Squire Thompson of Pokagon Prairie arrived on the 26th of March." Morris and Swift each selected a farm and for two years were the only settlers in the county.

"About the year 1832 Samuel Morris, brother of Dolphin Morris, LeGrand Anderson, later son-in-law to Dolphin Morris, David Curry and George Tittle, brother-in-law of Dolphin Morris, settled in the neighborhood, and in 1833, one Eckenberger, a hunter and trapper, settled on the place known as the old Charles farm.

"The year 1835 brought Thomas Scott, Wm. Wilson, Joseph Van Hise and McKinster to the settlement and after that the township filled up rapidly

Church and School

"The first wedding in the county was that of Elijah Goble to Miss Eliza Tittle, the latter a niece of Dolphin Morris and daughter of the above mentioned George Tittle Sr.

The groom was a resident of Cass county, having discovered and made the first settlement on Little Prairie Ronde some years before.

"The Methodists were the first religious denomination to gain a foothold in the county. They held their first quarterly meeting at the house of George Tittle on the 27th of July, 1834. The next year, 1835, the first school taught in the county was opened in the home of Dolphin Morris."

So this year, 1935, is the centennial of the Decatur school, the first one in the county. Shouldn't something be done about it, and at least tip the hat and say how do you do to Miss New Century who is about to begin her work in our schools?

"The primitive character of the dwellings of the early settlers may be inferred from the fact that no mill for the manufacture of lumber was built until 1846. In that year Hubbel Warner (father of Harvey Warner, Frank and Lumus and two daughters and foster father of Jasper Van Curen) built the one on the southwest part of town. For years the nearest grist mill was Niles."

Think of that and then compare the lack of convenience it implied with the privileges in the way of baked goods, etc.

That should make us rejoice. That alone should be sufficient evidence that the "good old days" are not as good as the "new days" we are enjoying.

But such trials as those of going to Niles to mill were scarcely to be considered as such when brought along side of some of their other really desperate situations.

Frost and Indians

"The year 1832 sems to have been one of peculiar trial to the early settlers. In the spring of that year the corn having been destroyed by frost, Dolphin Morris sent a man by the name of Kirkendall and John Tittle, his nephew, a boy of 15, with a packhorse one hundred miles to Fort Defiance on Maumee river, for two bushels of seed corn.

"They returned on Saturday night and on Sunday morning the settlers turned out en masse and planted it. That was the only corn raised in the settlement that year.Three years later, 1835, the settlement was again visited by another destructive frost, June 20."

So they not only had to live in fear for their crops on which their very existence depended, but there was the dread and terror of the Indiaans."

"There was an Indian alarm in the spring of the same year as that of the June 20th frost and the able bodied settlers were all ordered to report forthwith at Niles armed and equipped and with 10 days rations."

The account adds that, "It does not appear that any of them lost their lives or that they were detained from home for any length of time."

Thoughts of a '69er

There were snakes, too—Poisonous ones. A '69er brings out the fact vividly enough and at the same time tells how luxuriously situated they of '69 were in comparison with the pioneers.

"And when we take a cushioned seat upon springs for a pleasant drive upon a plank road across the swamp, let us go back 40 years and remember those who waded that swamp with bare feet in imminent peril of the deadly moccasin and massasauga."

Now I wonder what the '69er would say if he sat on the fence and watched us shoot by on our 'cushioned spring seats in our cars and 'planes all equipped with electric lights and radios and everything? He'd jump right down off the fence, don't you think? and take to the tall timbers, providing he could find any tall timbers to to take to.

Now that we have saw mills and soft-wood crate factories that use anything and everything that is "lovely and of good report" in the way of tall timbers. Why use nice hard woods for crates? Yes, men, a crate factory man told me they could and they do.

So if that '69er was to come back, it might be too bad, for he might miss the tall timbers so when he looked around that he'd think he'd been 'skinned.' Just the thought of it might make him feed real bad. So, I hope that '69er never comes back, for I'd hate to see anybody in such trouble as that! I should say I would!

An Unfair Charge

Then having seen "How those early settlers fought with poverty and destitution, how, when starvation stared them in the face the very elements took sides against them and how nearly they fell victims to the blighting frosts and destructive storms of those unproductive seasons, how they stood in peril of wild beasts and how they were menaced by Indians,

who would not accord them their wreaths of laurels, but instead we have heard some of them called 'stingy.'

O, dear me, suhs, stingy! When people have had to grip the little they had to hold on to a bare existence, how could they let go even when later ease would have permitted them to do so? Blame the habit that their hard struggles forced upon them and not those poor souls who couldn't help it, and didn't really mean to be stingy.

Stingy! Aren't some folks catty, though! And most of those first settlers were relations of mine, too. One was a great-great uncle and one was my great grandfather, one was my grandfather. Now, you see!

Judging from their trials and tribulations one might think those early settlers never had any fun and never laughed or told a joke. But they did. They "razzed" each other just as some folks do now as you will see.

Four granddaughters of the George Tittle family are still living. Also one grandson. Mrs. A. Fuhrman, aged 89, of of Decatur, daughter of Eliza Goble; Mrs. Clara Byers, age 82, of Tacoma, Wash., daughter of Mrs. Eliza Goble; Mrs. Laura Powers, age 82, of Hudson, Mich., daughter of Mrs. Margaret Alexander; Mrs. Wm. Tittle, age 82, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; son of George Tittle Jr.; Mrs. Florence Lowery, age 77, of Santa Barbara Calif., son of Jake Tittle. The last, with her husband, Thomas Lowery, age 80, visited their relatives in Michigan this summer, having also paid a visit to their son in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The George Tittle family was the typical old-fashioned one for size.

Further information concerning the settling of this first settlement of Van Buren County affords an interesting contrast to the same location today. Quoting from the Gazeteer:

> "A belt of swamp land one and a half miles in breadth stretches across it from N. E. to S. W. This belt is heavily timbered with tamarack, black ash, etc.,and is as yet almost entirely unimproved. There are a few sections of dry timbered lands, but it originally consisted chiefly of 'openings'. The soil is mostly sandy, productive and exceedingly easy of cultivation."

Then, just 20 years after the first settlers came to Decatur township, Decatur village was founded. The Gazeteer puts it as follows:

> "The village of Decatur, the principal station on the M. C. R. R. in Van Buren County, sprang into existence in response to the first scream of the locomotive in 1849."

Well, that one beats the Greeks. You know the story: Athena, the goddess of wisdom, sprang full grown from the head of Jove, her father. She was all dressed, too, I guess, with hat—no, a helmet and spear. I never did believe the yarn before. And now, to think a whole village did almost the same thing. It "sprang into existence in response to the first scream of the locomotive." If that were true, maybe the other one was, too.

Previous to this, 1847, Charles T. Tucker had settled on the present site of the village and built a house. In 1848 L. R. Baker built a hotel on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets.

The following year the late Col. Phelps opened a store later occupied by the Downs House (now extinct) corner of Phelps and Sherwood.

For a year this was the only store in town. The first school house in the village was built in 1848. A school was opened with about 20 pupils, which was taught by Miss Sarah Cook in the winter of 1848.

The site of the village of Decatur was originally obtained of the U. S. government by Messrs. Beers and Sherwood of New York City in a grant of 5000 acres.

Those gentlemen, though never residents of the place seem to have left their impress upon it and to have to some extent given character to its institutions.

In 1850 they built a steam saw mill in the southwest part of the village. The mill was afterward converted into a distillery, which in its turn has happily disappeared leaving only rank grass to mark the spot it once defiled.

That just shows what Decatur was once. Aren't we glad they don't have such low down, defiling things in Decatur now?

The village was first incorporated by the board of supervisors in October of 1859, and afterward re-chartered by the legislature by an act approved March 16, 1861.

The first president of the corporation was E. Parker Hill; the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch. Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and more especially since the close of the late war (Civil War.) It is safe to say that no town on the line of the M. C. R. R. enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity.

It contains a population of 2500. Whew! and only 1400 now. 2500! No wonder they thought they were so much and were so proud and preening. That was a lot of folks considering that just 38 to 40 years before there were only two men in the whole county.

Among its notable institutions there is none of which it is more justly proud than its Union Graded School. It consists of five departments and employs one male and five female teachers. The school building is a massive brick structure occupying a most eligible site, overlooking the whole village, with ample and delightful playgrounds ornamented with beautiful shade trees.

The village contains four church edifices, viz., Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist and Baptist, and one Catholic in process of erection. It also contains seven dry goods stores, two drug stores, six grocery and provision stores, four hotels, three harness shops, banking house (Joseph Rogers' private bank) on Phelps St., two meat markets, one livery stable, one photographer, three millinery shops, four dress makers, two barber shops, one bakery, one flour and feed store and two jewelry stores.

It has a first class printing office and weekly newspaper, The Van Buren County Republican, a new splendid flouring mill (Abbott and Matthews), two planing mills, a stave factory, heading factory, steam saw and grist mill, tannery, cabinet shop and a carriage manufactory.

There are many institutions, enterprizes and business operations in progress in the village that are deserving of especial notice and commendation, but lest the distinctions we might make should appear invidious, we forebear.

Now, that shows how considerate of others feelings they were, when they could have told us so much more, but didn't, just because the distinctions they might make might appear invitious they forebore.

And they had libraries and reading rooms and associations, a literary association and a dramatic association.

The Literary Association had its library and headquarters on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets while that of the Decatur graded school was located on the corner of Delaware and Phelps streets. You see, it wouldn't have done to have had both libraries in the same building so they had them a block apart. Maybe that was because they didn't want the one male and five females of the school to get mixed into the affairs of the Literary Association.

The officers of the Decatur Literary Association were O. P. Abbott, president, A. B. Copley, vice-president. Wasn't it just grand to get an A. B. as young as he must have been, when he was named?

Geo. Northrup, secretary, H. C. Church, treasurer, J. M. Moore, D. W. Leavens, N. Foster, Rev. T. T. George, executive committee. Not a woman among them. The officers of the dramatic association were E. D. Hitchcock, pres.; Dick Lyon, vice-president; James F. Crandall, sec.; Chas. H. Crandall, treas. Gives select entertainment once every four weeks during the winter season. And there wasn't a woman among them either. Now, maybe if they had done like the school board did when it hired teachers and had some females on the list, they'd been going yet. The school is, and it had five females just to start with. They've kept on increasing the number of females and the school is getting bigger and better every year. So if those two associations had just thought about having even a few females to share their glories and responsibilities, who knows but there might have been both a Decatur Literary association and a Decatur Dramatic club today with many famous names on their list of members.

And then there was the Decatur Cornet Band with John M. Steele, pres.; C. H. Crandall, vice-pres.; E. D. Hitchcock, sec.; and Wm. Mead, treas.

And besides that there were several offices and officers. U./S. Internal revenue office, O. S. Abbott, collector for Van Buren County; Assessor of the county, S. T. Conway; Pros. Attorney, J. B. Upton.

And they had four day police. That was sweet of them, for it's all we can do to get along with one, and one night police, and that was sweet too. Aaron Sweet.

Thus from the Gazeteer you have seen some of the facts that show what

pioneering was in our community, as well as some results of those early settlers' labors, but the Gazeteer has many more interesting bits of pioneer information concerning the neighboring townships and villages of our county and if desired the Gazeteer will be pressed into still further service.

"Our first American history belongs to the heroic age. It was the blossoming time of deeds of individual heroism, but it is practical and real. The old heroisms of mythical times had to do with monsters and demi-gods, or with the forces of nature in uncouth personifications, as Polyphemus, Scylla and Charibdis.

'The heroes of this new world had more real and tangible hardships,—mountains, forest, rivers, stormy ocean, wild beasts, Indians, and other untold hardships and distresses of people far from their sources of supply."—Special Methods in History, by Chas. A. McMurry, Ph. D.

Suppose you were a pioneer, "Far from your sources of supply," and needed soda, soap or candles, or all of them. Suppose you were out of flour or corn meal, as were often the pioneers. What would you do?

This is what the pioneers did. A woman I have in mind burned corn cobs and used the ashes for soda.

Suppose it was soap needed. The pioneers did not think of buying soap. They had the required materials for making soap and they made it.

They saved their wood ashes, there were no coal ashes in the pioneer days, and the fat from their butchering, meat frying, etc., thus accumulating the raw substances needed for soap, candles and hominy.

They first built a leech to make lye from the ashes. This was a simple contrivance usually consisting of a barrel with both ends out set upon a low slanting topped stand of boards.

Some straw was put into the bottom of the barrel and then some lime, 2.5% of the quantity of ashes used. Then the ashes were dumped into the barrel. Oak ashes were preferred because they produce stronger lye.

Boiling water was then poured over the ashes. Cold water could be used, but hot water extracts more potash. Then as the water filters through and trickles out from under the barrel we see a clear brown liquid which is lye. This is caught in a wooden bucket, iron kettle or other receptacle that the lye cannot injure.

When the container was about full it was emptied into a large open kettle and made ready to receive the grease. This was done by building a fire under the kettle and boiling the lye till it would hold up an egg or a sound potato. That was the pioneer's specific gravity test. The grease was then added, a ladle full at a time, and was stirred until it was creamy.

The kettle could not be more than two thirds full or just the least bit too much fire would boil it over. If the proportions of fat and lye were good only a little fire was needed to keep the kettle boiling, and in a few hours the soap was done.

If hard soap was wanted salt was added by small handfulls at a time while it was stirred rapidly until a ring of the soapy substance remained visible on the stirring stick.

To cleanse the soap a bucket of weak lye was poured into it and boiled up once. This does not dissolve the soap but it washes out the dirt that was in the grease and with it settles to the bottom of the kettle.

Then they let the fire go out and the soap which gathered on top of the lye is left to harden. Then the lye was poured and the soap lifted out into a wooden tub or on boards and cut into cakes.

For soft soap the salt was left out and the thick brown mass was stored away in wooden containers or stone jars.

Soap making usually took place twice a year, in the fall after butchering in order to have the winter's supply, and in early spring in order to have fresh soap for house cleaning and summer use.

Thus we may picture the pioneer settlements with their back yards all sending up trailing whisps of smoke from kettles of soap, women standing over the kettles stirring, and here and there a boy or girl helping mother by carrying the buckets of lye to the kettle.

On lovely Indian summer days of the fall or the first sweet days of spring when the birds and blossoms began to appear, the pioneers were not riding over fine pavements in elegant automobiles but they may have been standing in the smoke of those unsightly steaming kettles making soft soap.

Like chain problems in some arithmetics women linked their food and light problems with those of soap.

In order to have hominy, and thus supply the table with that delicious old-fashioned breakfast food, they made an extra quantity of lye at soap making time, and soaked and boiled yellow field corn in it until the hulls cracked open and began to sluff off.

Then the corn was washed and drained and sometimes rubbed in a cloth sack to help remove the hulls. Then the corn was boiled again until tender enough to eat. It was then stored away for use when ever bread was scarce or the appetites welcomed a dish of hominy.

How They Made Candles

The problem of light for the pioneers, although seemingly simple, was sometimes very difficult. It meant that tallow had to be procured if good candles were to be had. If the pioneers could not raise their own beef and thereby supply themselves with tallow they had to maneuver to get it in some other way. Sometimes they got it by trading and sometimes by working it out.

The tallow was melted and poured into candle moulds strung with candle wicks. The moulds were made of pewter. The end for the bottom of the candle was left open and a small hole was left at the top for the wick.

Eight or more of these moulds were fitted into a stool the upper surface of which formed a kind of trough, the bottom of the mould being placed upward. The wicks were put in by pulling a long wire with an eye or hook at one end down through the mould. Then a wick was threaded into the eye or hook and the wick was pulled back to the other end of the mould. A loop was made at one end of each wick and when all the moulds received their wicks a wire was run through the loops and let rest on the top of the moulds. The protruding wicks were pulled tight and properly arranged in the centers of the moulds.

Melted tallow of the proper temperature was poured into the trough until all the moulds were full. The wicks were again pulled tight and the whole group allowed to cool. Then the wire that held the wicks was withdrawn and the candles were pulled out one by one by hooking a wire in each loop of the wicks. The candles were bleeched by exposing them for a few days to the air and dew.

Candles sometimes became soft and yellow in the summer time, and pioneers who went bee hunting secured beeswax and used it with tallow to prevent this.

Before using the beeswax they had to cleanse it with lye. They put it into a kettle of weak lye, boiled it gently an hour or two for two days, stirring and skimming it well

Each morning they scraped off the bottom of the cake of wax and added fresh weak lye, and the third morning they added water in which alum and saltpetre were dissolved at the rate of 1 pound to 30 pounds of tallow. Then they simmered and stirred and skimmed again, and when it was cool it was taken off the water and melted up ready for dipping or moulding candles. Some preferred to mould their candles and some preferred to dip them.

Dipping was done by dipping frames that had been prepared with wicks into a dipping cistern filled with tallow of a proper temperature from the boiler. One of the frames was placed on the end of a dipping beam and pressed down gently into the melted fat. It was next withdrawn till the bottoms of the candles just touched against a board placed on one side of the cistern and then removed to the rack. Another was then taken and treated the same way. This process was continued until those first dipped were cool enough to be dipped again. The procedure was repeated until the candles were the required size.

The dipping beam was simply a piece of wood hung from the ceiling by the center and arranged with weights at one end and at the other with supports to receive the frames with the wicks. It was so balanced that a slight pressure with the fingers was sufficient to depress it so that it immersed the wicks or partly formed candles into the tallow of the dipping cistern.

When the pressure was removed the beam again took a horizontal position and this raised the candles out of the melted fat. This work had to be carried on in a cold room or where a constant current of cold air could be kept going.

Although most of the pioneers preferred moulded tallow candles there

were some who could not get the tallow or the moulds. In that case lard was used by mixing one pound of alum and one pound of saltpetre to 12 pounds of lard.

That was quite a chore for the alum and saltpetre had to be puverized and then dissolved in a pint of boiling water. This compound was poured into the lard before it was quite all dissolved. Then it was stirred and boiled until it ceased to throw off steam.

If candles went to run they could be moulded at once, but if dipped, the lard had to be cooled to a cake and then melted and treated as though it were tallow.

To make these candles resemble tallow candles a small proportion of beeswax was added. Thus we may glimpse another of the crude and hard occupations of the pioneers. How they cured their meats and how they made their carpets were still other problems they met and solved by going to nature's storehouse for most of their supplies.

Porter township, formerly a part of Decatur township until 1845, will be taken up next since it is second in the county in order of settlement. And as geographical setting for the bit of pioneer history that is to follow, I will quote from Gazetteer of 1869.

"It was originally heavily timbered with oak, beech, elm, basswood, etc. It has a rich, sandy soil, and is perhaps excelled by no township in Van Buren county, in the production of cereals and grasses."

Note the fact that only 66 years ago the fruit growing possibilities of that township were not mentioned. However, we know now that some of the finest grapes in Michigan are now grown in Porter township. The writer found that out years ago, when she taught her first "deestrict' school in district No. 1 of Porter township, because there were grapes to the right of them and grapes to the left of them, as all the youngsters brought 'teacher' a big bunch of grapes about every morning during the grape season.

Vineyards were in all directions from the school house like cornfields around a pioneer cabin, so that it seemed as if the school were in the heart of the grape country.

And as the watering of this township it is interesting to notice how Nature dealt out the water supply, and the more so, perhaps, when we compare this township with others, Bangor for instance.

The Gazetteer gives it thus: "It is watered almost wholly by small lakes with which it is most abundantly supplied. Scarcely a farm but has one or more of them. The larger and more important of them are named Banksons, Huzzys, Grass, Cedar and Gravel. The latter has the distinction of having its banks the house that Jack built."

Bangor township, according to the Gazeteer, is "well watered by Black river and its tributaries, Maple creek, Crooked creek, Butternut creek and Cedar Creek."

From comparing the watering systems of the two townships we learn that whereas one has lakes almost exclusively, the other had creeks. Thus it looks as if Nature had prepared two splendid examples of water supplies within the same county so that agricultural students might study the advantages afforded by two distinctly differently means of supplying water to the surrounding farms and other industries.

Since the water supply is one of the first and most important items for consideration to those seeking a home in the wilderness, we must attribute much of the influence for the early settlement of Porter to its lakes, for undoubtedly their great abundance as well as their appeal to the love of Nature (such as those early settlers had because of their living so close to Nature), must have decided their beginning their homes where they did.

The very first settler was Abner Mack in 1830. "His house was then the only one between the two prairies. The next settler was Elijah Kinney and it is a coincident that although no relation to the Kinneys in Decatur his name was the same as that of the father of our townsman, Mr. Matt. Kinney.

"In the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Kinney there was at that time an Indian village, containing a population of about a hundred souls. With these Indians Mr. Kinney always lived on the most friendly terms and exercised over them an influence for good—settling their little disputes and differences."

Undoubtedly, it would be rather interesting to learn how Elijah Kinney started his acquaintance with that village of Indians, for it goes without saying that to most people of that time a band of a hundred Indians would have been as terrorizing as a den of lions. So, from the fact that Elijah Kinney was brave enough to make the acquaintance of those Indians when they outnumbered him 100 to one. We must include that Porter township had a John Smith or a Wm. Penn. Besides, we read between the lines, "and with these Indians, Mr. Kinney always lived on the most friendly terms and exercised over them an influence for good, settling their little disputes and difficulties," and we see that there was a personality of a superior quality or such friendliness between those poor benighted people and the white men would not have been. The simple natures of those Indians recognized the spirit of the brotherhood of man in Mr. Kinney or they never would have trusted him as they did. So, we know that the sincerity of true greatness must have been one of the elements that stood out plainly in the character of that early pioneer. Thus our own county seems to have had among its early settlers, one who measured up with some of the far famed ones of history, although "unheralded and unsung."

Having shown from the Gazetteer and other sources how Van Buren county's first settlement was in Decatur and the second in Porter, the township of Lawrence will be taken up next.

It was not third in order of settlement but it provides the material and furnishes perhaps the last and best example of pioneer log houses and pioneer living in this county.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LAWRENCE

Just a hundred years ago this September, 1835, the first settlers came to Lawrence.

"James Gray, with his wife and six children started from Tecumseh, Lenawee county, in a lumber wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. With them they took what provisions and household goods could be conveniently stowed away in the wagon, also a cow.

"After a march of ten weary days, during the last five miles of which they were obliged to cut their way through the trackless wild, they at last reached the present site of the village of Lawrence.

"Finding Brush creek too much swollen to cross, they extemporized a rude bridge of fallen trees, walked over with a little bedding and camped for the night.

"The next day they commenced the task of constructing a rude shanty of logs, 10x15 feet in size, whereof the floor was mother earth and the roof the boughs of trees. In this primitive temple, for six weeks, dwelt a family of eight souls."

. . . . . .

"At this time the wilds of Van Buren county were alive with land lookers, and one night as many as seven of them applied to Mr. Gray for lodgings.

"They were accommodated not indeed as inside lodgers, for a portion of them appropriated the wagon box, and a heavy shower in the night demonstrated the fact that the inside lodgers had but little advantage over those on the outside.

"The next building erected in what is now Lawrence village was a log house built by Dexter Gibbs. It was 16 feet square and was the abode of three families.

"A hotel and a store were opened both in the same log building, the former kept by Dexter Gibbs and the latter by John Allen, with E. Taylor as clerk."

Among the most serious wants of those early settlers were mills to grind their grists and supply them with lumber, though there were times when they even lacked the grists themselves, and it is related that there were families who subsisted for days upon leeks and such small game as they might chance to capture.

Going to mill was not accomplished in a day, but was the work of days—some times more than a week—and getting disappointed in the grinding of it was a calamity that involved hunger.

The nearest grist mill was at Flowerfield. When that was out of repair, grists were sometimes carried to Three Rivers.

The scarcity of mills sometimes drove the people to novel expedients for furnishing themselves with meal. One was to burn a cavity in the top of a stump, fill it with corn and pulverize it with a heavy weight attached to a spring pole.

St. Joseph was their market town and provisions were brought up the

river from there in boats. Like nearly all Michigan towns, the early settlement of Lawrence was attended by miasmic fevers. Those sometimes assumed a virulent type. Some died from exposure and want of care and proper nourishment. Thus in the midst of peril, hardship, sickness and distress began the settlement of Lawrence."—Gazetteer, 1869.

Although the town of Lawrence started just a century ago and the township by the same name was organized two years later, the pioneer period of Lawrence and vicinity did not pass away until just a few years ago. And as an instance of the later pioneering, I will cite the family which lived next to my childhood home.

Their home was one that would have been a valuable landmark, had it been preserved as it was when I knew it. So it seems that there was its historic value, so that the present and future generations might have the opportunity to visit a genuine pioneer log house—one that stands for so much of our country's rugged foundation.

O, some may say, "I've seen log houses and I was not especially impressed."

Undoubtedly that is the case with many, but it may be you did not see a real pioneer abode. You may have seen the quaint log house at Millham Park, Kalamazoo, or the tiny log cabins at Benton Harbor or the Palmer log house at Palmer Park, Detroit, with its perfect setting of forest trees but for all that, those houses, as interesting and attractive as they are, are not like the usual pioneer dwelling.

Yes, I know Palmer log house is said to be a duplicate of the pioneer log house of the donor's parents, but even so, it is too much above the average pioneer home to stand as the type of the pioneer log houses of this county, if not of the entire state of Michigan.

For the Palmer log house has the full two stories, a grandfather's clock on the landing of the stairs and little

---

heating stoves in the bedrooms upstairs, and in several other respects is quite extraordinary for a pioneer abode.

But this one of which a picture hangs on "memory's walls" was the usual story and a half log house and the furnishings were in keeping with the same.

A Pioneer Log House and Home
With a Glimpse of Pioneer Living

This old log house stood back from the turn of the road that went south past my home, and in autumn a Mountain Ash tree with its rich green almost fern-like foliage and its loads of clusters of orange-red berries caught the passing glance before anything else was seen.

Then at the right of it and in front of the log house there stood four large sugar maples. At the left of the Mountain Ash and farther back was a tall old weeping willow tree with a stone pile near it. North of the weeping willow and just a few feet from the kitchen door that faced the road, was the well where you could see—

"The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket,
That hung in the well."

A path from the kitchen door to the well ran around the corner of the house to the front door and from there to the road, and just at the turn of the path at the corner of the house, but to the left as one approached from the road, grew a large Syringa bush that in early June was a huge bouquet of orange-like blossoms of delicate fragrance.

Over the kitchen door and the south windows, upper and lower, hung long trailing branches of a trumpet vine. This vine had produced a trunk so large that it was a question whether it held up the logs or the logs supported it. Its beautiful dark green foliage and large orange red clusters of trumpet-shaped flowers reached around the corner of the house and hung its sprays of leaves and blossoms over the little front window and wide plank door, so that in spring, summer or autmun that old log house was a shady rustic bower haunted by bees and humming birds.

At one time a climbing pink rose worked its way past the lower south window and up to the little window above, where it sent out its sweet pink buds and blossoms in lovely contrast to the old weathered logs that held it in place.

At the right of the log house was a black cherry orchard of perhaps a dozen or more old trees that in cherry blossom time were a delightful mass of pure white blooms.

"Where the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath was the loveliest work
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

But when cherries were ripe that old orchard was a delicious feasting place for all kinds of cherry birds, winged and otherwise.

Back of the house was the little apple orchard and a diagonal path that a certain little girl knew so well, ran from the back kitchen door past the sweet apple trees where big yellow apples lay scattered all over the grass, and on to the wood where a clear little pebbly brook rippled along in the cool quiet shade.

There was where the old Jersey cow got her drink and farther back under the trees in early spring hepaticas, dutchman's breeches, wild bleeding hearts, violets, blue and yellow, adder's tongue and trilliums held forth in gay loveliness.

North of the orchard was the sorghum patch where grandpa Buskirk, as he was known to the neighbors, raised the wherewith for their winter supply of sorghum molasses. And nearby was a long row of tall tobacco plants. Their long broad oval leaves and bouquet-like groups of pink trumpet shaped flowers never hinted their secret, that later the kindly old man who was growing blind and pitifully hard of hearing would find solace in smoking their leaves, he had grown and cured himself.

At the south of the log house near the bee hives, two or three, and also near the wood pile (for no one thought of using any other kind of fuel) was a row of hemp plants, that grandma Buskirk planted so that she could have bird seed to feed her canaries.

Farther to the south was the little frame barn, pig pen, chicken coop and cow shed, while near the latter was a good-sized red cherry tree where a pet crow named Jim used to perch and mimic the pigs and then the old rooster's warning that there was a hawk around. Of course he enjoyed his mischief, for he seemed to chuckle to himself when the silly old hens scampered to their hiding places. He knew he had fooled his audience, that naughty little comedian!

But Jim Crow was not the only pet. Jerry, the 'coon was another, queer little animal friend with almost human like hands that lived there until one day he came up missing and was never seen again.

Besides, there was the old dog Jack with his big brown floppy ears and his sad-looking eyes, and Goldie, the big cat and the little black and white Tabbie and her babies that looked just like her.

"Among the early settlers the names of Elizabeth Gibson, a widow, Benj. Reynolds, Stephen Kinney, Roderich Bell, Daniel Alexander and Matthew Lewis stand conspicuous."—Van Buren County Gazetteer, 1869.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF DANIEL ALEXANDER

(Told from the point of view of a child.)

"Pa and ma and me" didn't go where the "social met," as Riley tells it in "Our Hired Girl," nor "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," but we went 'up' to great aunt Margaret's (Alexander's) which was just as good.

I say great aunt Margaret's because there wasn't any great uncle Daniel, any more.

It was one Saturday in the fall, after the harvest work was done, and pa thought he could spare the time to drive over there and stay all night. So he hitched the two fat little roans to the top buggy and we started bright and early, because we had to go so far.

We had to drive clear from Lawrence township, 2 miles north of Hamilton town line away up to Porter.

Of course we had to stop in Decatur and say hello to several uncles, aunts and cousins, and before we reached great aunt Margaret's we came to great uncle Dolph's place. We had to stay and see them just a few minutes, so we didn't get to great aunt Margaret's until pretty late in the afternoon. The sun was just going down behind the trees when we drove into the yard, past the white house and around to the back door.

No one knew that we were coming because no one had telephones, and neither father nor mother knew we were going to great aunt Margaret's long enough before, to send a letter.

But we knew it would be all right with great aunt Margaret if she didn't know we were coming until she saw us. Just as we drove into the yard we

smelled new bread and, my, didn't it smell good! You could almost taste it, for some of the bread was already out of the oven and great aunt Margaret was buttering the top crust while it was warm. We could see her through the window, and just then great aunt Margaret and Laurie, her daughter, saw us and out they came to meet us.

Mother and I got out and went into the house with them and great aunt Margaret told father to drive down to the barn where the 'boys' were. They were gray-headed boys, her three boys.

We went in through the back door and there we were in the big kitchen.

There was a cook stove in one end of the room and a long table in the middle of the floor, and over by the window was a lounge.

A light curly headed baby lay there asleep and when we went in (everybody talking and laughing) that baby awoke and raised up. When he saw us he slid off the lounge and toddled to his mother as fast as his round little fat legs could carry him.

That was Laurie's baby, Dannie Powers, and great aunt Margaret and great uncle Daniel Alexander's youngest grandchild.

Then the men folks came in with father, and the baby 'made up' with father right away. All babies did that the first time they ever saw him. Then Laurie's two big boys, Fred and Gary, came in from somewhere around there and then father had to get acquainted with them even if one of them, Gary, was pretty shy. Fred was the oldest of Laurie's boys. He was clear up in high school, but Gary was in the country school yet.

Then pretty soon great aunt Margaret and Laurie got supper and we all sat around that long table in the center of the kitchen, while father asked the blessing.

Then great aunt Margaret got up and took a loaf of her new bread and went around breaking off big chunks of it and handed each one a big fluffy crusty chunk. It was yellow bread—just as yellow as gold, and it wasn't corn bread, either. And my! wasn't it good!

O course mother had to ask great aunt Margaret how she made it, because great aunt Margaret wouldn't care if it wasn't etiquette to talk about the food at the table. Great aunt Margaret was just that kind.

And I heard great aunt Margaret tell mother that she just took yeast dough before it was mixed the last time and worked into it a cupful of baked squash and a little salt, enough to season the squash, and a lump of butter about as big as a hen's egg (great aunt Margaret had geese), and then she moulded the dough into loaves and sometimes she just made biscuits out of it. Then she let it rise and baked it a whole hour in the cook stove, so it was good and done.

Then, by the time great aunt Margaret got it all explained about how she made squash bread, she had to get up and get another loaf and start right around the table again (and great aunt Margaret's little long finger curls went bobby-to-bob every time she broke off a piece.)

Every body liked squash bread when it was warm. Father liked the bread, and he liked having great aunt Margaret break it and pass it around the way she did. He said it made him think of his own mother when he was a boy in Pennsylvania.

After supper when the dishes were all washed up and put away, every one of us went into the parlor where Laurie's cottage organ stood, but nobody played on it, because everybody wanted to visit. We sat around the heating stove, some in chairs and some on the couch, but I played with the baby on the floor until they had to put the baby to bed, and pretty soon I had to go to bed, too.

The next morning I was so surprised, for then I was in great aunt Margaret's big soft geese feather bed and some one was saying that breakfast would soon be ready, and that meant to hustle into my duds just as fast as ever I could and get washed before the men came in from milking and doing the chores.

It was Sunday morning, so no one had to work, but great aunt Margaret was out in the kitchen frying pancakes. She had a big stack of them already to start us, and sausage and hot maple syrup and coffee and baked apples and cream.

After breakfast, some one suggested we'd better get weighed, so we all went to the barn and got weighed. Hortense Wilds (Tompkins) came over and she got weighed, too. She was a big girl, and the boys teased her about weighing so much, but she didn't care.

Then while we were all standing around in the barn several gray and white geese came walking along as important as you please. That was where Old Mother Goose got her goose feathers and great aunt Margaret did, too.

They had to catch the birds and pull their feathers out in handfuls, because if they didn't the feathers would come out any way and be all over the barn yard and everywhere else. You see the little new feathers push the old feathers off just the same as little buds push off the old leaves of trees.

Great aunt Margaret saved the geese feathers because they make the nicest kind of feather beds and pillows, and besides great aunt Margaret was a pioneer and pioneers didn't have mattresses. So they had feather beds, and straw beds, too.

They took nice clean new straw just after threshing and stuffed it into a big ticking box the size of the bedstead and then they stuffed another ticking box full of geese feathers and put it on top of the straw bed.

Every morning the straw bed had to be stirred up good and the feather bed had to be put on a chair by the window or left out doors to air, so the feathers would be all nice and fluffy. Then it had to be lifted back onto the straw bed and patted and patted until it was smooth and level all over the bed. Then the rest of the bedding was spread on and tucked in—all but the bed spread and pillow shams.

The spread hung down over the sides of the bed, because it didn't have to be tucked in. It was a pretty spread, all made of little squares of white cloth with pictures of flowers and birds and other things, worked with red floss. The pillow shams matched the spread, only they were big squares of cloth starched stiff as boards. One had poppies all around some pretty letters that said, "I slept and dreamed that life is beauty." The other one had morning glories and said, "I awoke and found that life is duty."

When mother and I got the bed made it did look lovely. But my, what a lot of work to make a pioneer bed!

Then when all the beds were made and all the dishes were done and great aunt Margaret was ready, we went to the parlor again, and visited some more, but not very long, because we had been invited to come back to great uncle Dolph's to Sunday dinner.

Great aunt Margaret was real disappointed because we couldn't stay there to dinner after we had come so far. But mother told her that great uncle Dolph's folks were expecting us, so we'd just have to go, even if we did want to stay there. So great aunt Margaret let it go that way.

And while we sat there talking and playing with Dannie, and Fred and Gary were teasing each other about the girls, I heard great aunt Margaret tell mother about a dream she had had just before great uncle Daniel died.

She said she dreamed that Daniel and herself were coming home from town in the lumber wagon and it was getting dark. Just as they came to the foot of a hill something happened and Daniel had to get out to see what was the trouble. He said, "Here, Margaret, you take the lines," and great aunt Margaret wiped her eyes and said, "And I've had them ever since."

GREAT AUNT MARGARET

(Type of the Pioneer Wife, Mother and Widow)

The pioneer bride and her tall black haired, heavy-set young husband began their home in the wilderness. Both were enured to the privations of early settlers, both were strong and full of courage and hope. Thus we know that two sturdy characters became partners in the greatest business there is—that of making a home. Then, great aunt Margaret, still only a girl, goes down to the gates of death and brings back a 'little life.' Perhaps there was a doctor, but more than likely there was not.

Wasn't she a heroine? O, no, just a mother. That's natural.

A few more years and another 'little life' bespeaks another hard fought battle. Again and again and again and again. Six 'little lives' she brings by six such battles. There! wasn't she a heroine? O, no. Just the mother of a little family. That's quite common.

She nurses them all through the days and nights of childhood ills—sometimes barely winning against grim death.

Then comes the double burden of parent-hood to her slight frame as

great uncle Daniel hands the lines to her, and she has to drive homeward through the darkness, alone. But up life's hill she drives on and on through the years. The road is strange now, and here it seems to fork. Which road should she take? Her three boys and three girls,—what will it mean to them if she misses the way? O, if only Daniel were here. He would know which turn to make!

But Daniel's place beside her is vacant. She must drive on. A storm is coming up. It is going to be a terrible storm, and she is still far from home. She must face it, alone. The storm breaks. It sweeps away her child,—her oldest daughter. O, if only Daniel were here. How can she bear this sorrow alone? It is so dark now, but she drives on.

Hope, like flashes of lightning in autumn darkness, reveals glimpses of the landscape ahead, of late blossoms, golden leaves and shining fruits. Then dark clouds of sadness and the troubles of her children envelope her in their gloom. Still she holds the lines and drives on.

O, what is that cold gray shadow like a chilling mist creeping toward her,—nearer and nearer? Out of the silence, she hears the stern even tones of a voice, "I am Age."

What, not Age so soon? Why only yesterday I was a happy young woman, and the day before a rosy-cheeked girl. But the stern voice echoes, "I am Age."

Her trembling hands grip the lines more tightly. She leans forward and peers into the darkness. The lights of home must be just a head and Daniel will be there! "The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide." And Great Aunt Margaret reaches Home.

LETTERS

MEMORIES

May 30, 1935.

Editor of the Republican:

This is Memorial day, and like everyone else I have sad memories of loved ones that have laid aside earthly cares and have gone to the great beyond, but today I not only do homage to my own loved ones that have gone on before me, I bow my head in true reverence, to my lifelong friend, Mrs. Owen Marks.

Every week I look anxiously for the Republican, and when it came Monday it carried the sad news of the passing of this wonderful woman, whom I have known and loved ever since she was a little girl of five years old. For many years we lived in the same neighborhood and as children played together as young folks we spent many happy hours together and as we grew to man and womanhood we have always been the best of friends, and have kept in touch of each other for well over half a century.

Winnie Crawford Marks was the daughter of Robert and Marinda Logan Crawford who likewise were the descendants of two of the best known and most respected and useful citizens and real old pioneer families of Van Buren county, John and Rebecca Crawford and Horace and Polly Logan.

These two fine old pioneer families came in covered wagons and settled on or near the southern boundary of Lawrence township, in the early part of the 19th century, in what was then a thickly wooded country, and as a boy the writer, has seen Aunt Polly Logan, Winnie's grandmother, stand on the business end of a six-foot crosscut saw with old Uncle Hod, as everyone knew him, and drop off the cordwood blocks as well as any man could do.

The coarse heavy hands of this fine old couple showed the labors of many years spent in the hardwood timber. It was from such hardy and respected old pioneers that Winnie Marks' father and mother came, and it is no wonder that this splendid woman has lived and spent such a useful life in the very neighborhood only a few miles from where she was born.

It has been several years since I last saw and visited with Winnie and her ever faithful husband, Owen, who, likewise I have known from boyhood. But nearly every year I would get a card or letter from her. I think it has been about a year since I last heard from Winnie. But I was always more than pleased to hear [illegible] I will surely miss her [illegible] card, more than I can tell.

Every year had a few [illegible] and old friends of mine [illegible] with the passing of [illegible] seems more to know how [illegible] will be not so, for it is such true [illegible] citizens as Winnie and many [illegible] that have built up such [illegible] county and have left a Christian [illegible] in the neighborhood that [illegible] forever.

This is spring now and my garden is full of beautiful flowers, both domestic and some from foreign lands, in fact every day in the year is flower day in my garden, and each morning I walk out and say good morning to my rose [illegible] and today in honor of you, Winnie, I pick a beautiful white rose, Maman Cochet. What is not what perhaps it represents your pure [illegible] that you have always lived, and its sweet mellow fragrance is your kindly [illegible] and [illegible] of loving friendship that you have always had for every one that has ever known you, and my one regret is that it is impossible for me to come and lay this beautiful rose at your head at your last resting place.

My heartfelt sympathy goes out today to every member of Winnie's fine and most respected family, as well as to friends and neighbors that have known her through life. I am sure the entire community will be the better for her having lived in it for so many years, and to you, Owen, I want you to know your great loss is a burden that you do not have to carry alone, for myself and everyone of your friends share it with you.

Chas. A. Bellis,
115 McNee Ave.,
Whittier, Calif.

THIS WEEK

The repartee was not entirely onesided, either, and when the Toastmaster released with a joke the responder to a toast he was generally given as good as he sent.

Miss Mable Lake of the class of '34 was the first to speak right back to him and she received a hearty applause for her cleverness. The subject of her toast was, "The Year After," and she handled it well.

Theodore Rosevelt sopke on the subject, "Progress," and was going along in fine shape when he suddenly decided to cut it short. He said one thing, however, that should be heard all over the state and acted upon. He said that one of Michigan's greatest needs is a civil service system for its employes.

Miss Monica Howland's subject was "Time Marches on." She too, in her return shots at the Toastmaster, was equal to the occasion, and the banqueters laughed heartily.

Miss Howland expressed some beautiful thoughts and in her address quoted lines from Robert Browning Hamilton which we are endeavoring to repeat from memory:

"I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chatted all the way;
But now I cannot remember
A word I heard her say.

"I walked a mile with Sorrow
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me."

Mrs. Elizabeth Dewey Rice, who thinks so much of her childhood home and the friends of her high school days that she came all the way from Lodi, California, to be with them on this occasion, told of her great pleasure in being here and of the love she holds for Decatur and the people she used to know.

By her simple, unpretentious talk she welded the bonds of friendship tighter and sent the Alumni home with loving thoughts.

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky.
These are our treasures that remain
But those are stars that beam on high

My dear friend, —

I am most grateful to you for your kind invitation, however, my work will not permit me to accept. You can readily understand, I am sure, that the duties of a pastorate with eleven hundred members are arduous and demanding, and I fear I cannot get away from here before 4:30.

I am strongly tempted to accept but must not.

Very sincerely,
LeRoy L. Dewey.

That was a good letter. When it was read the classmates stiffened slightly in their chairs and it was accepted with a dignified silence befitting the awe and reverence inspired by the cloth.

But the Reverend LeRoy Dewey was not far from finding himself floating in the pickling vat, metaphorically speaking when a few hours later as toastmaster he bragged of the invitation and remarked that his real reason for declining it was that he didn't feel that he belonged with those elderly people. He didn't graduate till 1901.

That remark blew the cork out of the bottle. The hostess of the afternoon, Mrs. Graham, demanded recognition. The toastmaster, scenting trouble, tried to put her off by intimating that women talk too much. He told the story of a man who had died and a friend asked, "What were his last words?" "He didn't have any," was the reply. "His wife was with him to the end."

But Mrs. Graham was not to be silenced by any more stories. The story about the excuse required an answer and she was there to give it.

The toastmaster bowed to a superior force and the facts were all brought out. Harriet did not want to invite the toastmaster to the class reunion, she feared she might be accused of robbing the cradle; but his sister Elizabeth had just come all the way from California and had not seen him for fifteen years. She pleaded for the invitation, stating that he used to be a nice boy and she was sure he would not cause any disturbance. So to please his sister Roy was invited, and then the 'little rascal' wouldn't come.

The 19 who attended the reunion were the following:

Class of 1897—Elizabeth Dewey Rice, of Lodi, California; Lettie Gosling Quaife, of Detroit; Bess Lindsley Stickney, of Decatur; Harry J. Lurkins, of St. Joseph; Dr. Edward D. Sage, of Kalamazoo; Leona Youells Vroegindewey, of Decatur.

Clss of 1898—Maude Goodenough Lyle, of Paw Paw: Harriet Van Camp Graham, of Decatur.

Class of 1899—Eva Arnold Hamlin, of Decatur; Herbert Bisbee, of Ypsilanti; Katherine Campbell Lurkins, of St. Joseph; Alice Griffin Hampton, of Kalamazoo.

Other guests were Mrs. Herbert Bisbee, of Ypsilanti, Mr. and Mrs. John Wassman, of Lawrence; Jay Lyle, of Paw Paw; Nellie Van Camp Wagner, of Kalamazoo; Blanch Parker Brigham, Arba N. Meniton and Lewis Graham of Decatur.

In those two homes were two enthusiastic young Republicans, and it is quite probable that Hayes and Wheeler never would have been elected had it not been for their political efforts.

The boys went to the woods north of town and cut a tamarack pole which must have been all of fifteen feet long. It was hauled to the line between the two places on a 'lightning express' wagon; Dr. Broderick painted a gorgeous streamer for it and the raising was done with appropriate ceremonies. When the pole was up and the streamer floating in the breeze at the top, all of the kindergarten enthusiasts assembled ran around the pole, throwing their caps into the air and shouting, "Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler; Hurrah for 'Christopher' B. Hayes!"

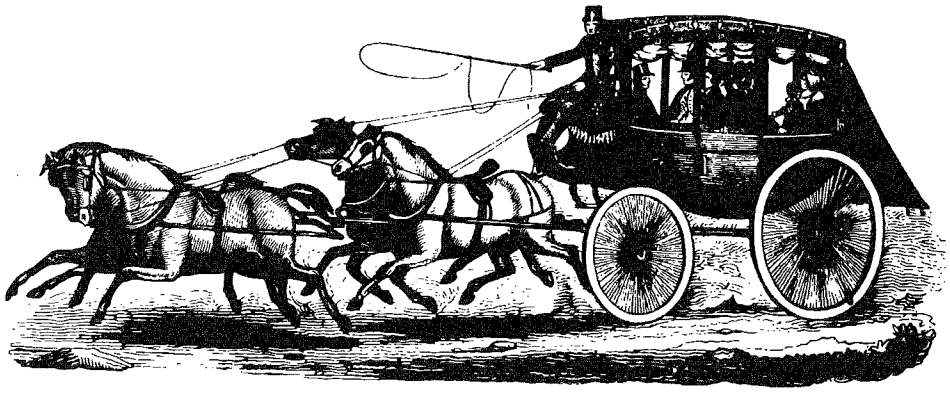
It was a great occasion, and if you doubt it, ask our fellow townsman, Sela N. Eckenberger.

1935

Bernice Code Schatzle

The Code School, Hamilton Township, was named for John Code, her father, who owned the farm of the late Floyd Mathias, and for her uncle, Michael Code, who owned the farm adjacent to the school property, and now owned by Arthur Brohm.

She and her sister, Agnes Code Freienstein, attended school there around the turn of the century.



HISTORY OF CODE SCHOOL

By Catherine Howland.

The Code school district was organized in 1856, as a result of the first school meeting which was held at Mr. Harvey Umberfield's home. This is the present site of the E. B. Fouts' home. Mack Christie and John Sawyer were two of the members at this meeting and the latter gave the land for the first school which was situated about half way between the John Code and the present Odell farm. An old barn in the Odell vinyard marks the location today. The first school house was the log cabin that John Sawyer lived in before he built his new home, and a Mrs. J. Shannafelt was the first teacher, holding school only one term in that location. It was necessary at that time to hold school three months before a district could be formed.

The Shannafelts lived on the John Code farm and later a man by the name of High Clark lived there. Neither one of them ever finished payments on the farm, and eventually they moved away.

Mack Christie, father of the last surviving early pioneer of the Code district, Miss Liza Christie, and to whom grateful acknowledgment is made for the detailed information contained herewith, bought the farm in 1855 on which Liza now lives. John Sawyer and H. Umberfield were both residents of the district when he came and they are both referred to as being neighbors of a fine caliber. John Sawyer was the uncle of Mrs. Lydia Sawyer Eichler of this village. Tom Sawyer, her father, bought the land east of the present Brohm home, and erected a small house there. He later moved onto the lot opposite the present Odell farm and it is still standing there today. The present school site was given to the district by John Sawyer, with the stipulation that if the Code school were ever dissolved, the school ground was to revert to the owner of the farm. This farm is occupied by J. Brohm and his sons today. The new school house was erected, and that is the Code school of today, with some changes made, and an addition built on.

The first teacher to teach in the new school house was Miss Millie Harrison, daughter of a Presbyterian minister. Her father conducted services in Decatur for a time.

The next teacher was Miss Esther Walters who was a niece of Mr. H. Umberfield.

Liza Christie started to school in 1860 with Amanda Haynes as teacher. Miss Haynes was a sister of the late Joseph Haynes of this village. Addie Bentley, one of the larger girls from what is now the Brodner farm, came across the fields and accompanied Liza to school, the latter being only four or five years old.

For quite a long period of time school was not held during the winter term. Even in the spring the roads were almost impassable and an appreciation of their condition may be gained from the fact that a narrow path had to be made close to the fence to avoid being submerged, making it necessary to lay boards across the water in many places. The roads were turnpiked and there was literally water everywhere with mud on all sides. A large pool of water stood in the school yard the entire year and there was also a pond across the road where the children waded in the summer time and skated in winter, reluctantly responding to the unwelcome sound of the school bell.

It is an interesting fact that the thoroughfare, now known as M-40, terminated in front of Mack Christie's house in those early days. There was nothing but woods beyond this and anyone who cared to travel further had to do so by foot.

To reach the Field district, where there were quite a number of early settlers, it was necessary to go by team or oxen via Foster's corners, traveling south from there, through the woods over a rough wagon road. There was no road for the children who lived north of Code until 1876. They walked through the woods and fields until the road which intersects M-40 on the E. B. Fouts' corner was built.

My great uncle, John Code, who had previously been employed in Painesville, Ohio, where the family settled after their arrival from Ireland, worked for Mack Christie two years at twelve dollars a month. He then bought the Code farm in the late 50's and brought his father and mother to live with him. They lived in a log house which stood in the corner of the yard where walnut trees are now growing. Later he married Mary Kelley who was a half-sister to the late Jennie Kelly Rapp of Dowagiac. They had two daughters—Bernice and Agnes—who now reside in South Bend, Indiana. His brother, Mike, bought what is now the Brohm farm, and at a subsequent date, sold it to Frank Stapleton, who gave a portion of it to enlarge the play ground of the school site.

Mr. Stapleton informs me that for some unknown reason he has always had a warm spot in his heart for this farm. It was covered with woods and marsh at the time and partridge abounded there in goodly numbers. Our respected townsman, accompanied by Frank Thomas and Parshall Van Duzer, hunted there in the days when hunting was a real sport. I venture a guess that they bagged their quota.

Going back to the early teachers of the district, there was a Miss Mattie Dean from the Field district who taught in '61. Inez Place Osborn, wife of Horace Osborn, also taught. The latter was the father of Newton and Earnest Osborn of Hamilton. An aunt of Mrs. Edith Youells taught the next term. Her name was Reid and she lived with her sister on the old Ring farm in Hamilton. Following her were a number of others, among them Mahatible Keyes, Millie Bentley, Bertha Lombard, Hattie Brooks of Decatur who taught in the 60's, Mary Jones, who lived in the old Murphy home on East Delaware street in Decatur, Iola Conway, who taught during the year that President Grant was elected in '68, and Mrs. Percy Nash Seymour. The latter lives in Bangor and it was the winter of '69 that she taught in Code school. Two of the teachers who taught in the 70's were Allie Durkee Rosevelt, now a resident of Keeler, and Ella Carpenter Tucker who was the wife of the well known actor, Frank Tucker. Ned Creagan and Henry Lusk taught following them.

Will Howland, a retired engineer on the Michigan Central now residing in Jackson, lived at Uncle John's one term and went to school to Percy Nash in '68. He was very fond of her as a teacher and still sings her praises. He and Liza Christie were school mates and he calls on her annually to review old times. His father and mother, James and Margaret Howland, lived in the neighborhood for a short period. Dennis and Catherine Murphy also lived in the district. Their farm is known as the Criffield farm today. Mary and Maggie attended Code for one or two terms.

Some of Liza's school mates were Addie, Augustus and Thankful Bentley, Anna and Willington Fletcher, Will Howland and Tryphosa and Tryphinny Percival, who were twins. (The boys used to say, "Try phinny, if you can't get her try phosa, and if you can't get her try Nora." Nora was an older sister.) Two other Percivals, Charley and Orrin, also attended. Pupils attended Code from the present Celery Center district and they also came from an area north of Decatur. The average number of pupils was fifteen or sixteen.

Some of the pupils who attended Code later were Jenny and Della Mallory, Lydia Sawyer Eichler, Carrie Vanderhoof Hall (wife of Howard Hall, the actor), Maggie Mumaugh, who now resides near Kalamazoo, and two or three children from the Bradley family. George, Churchill, Milo, and Richard Youells also attended.

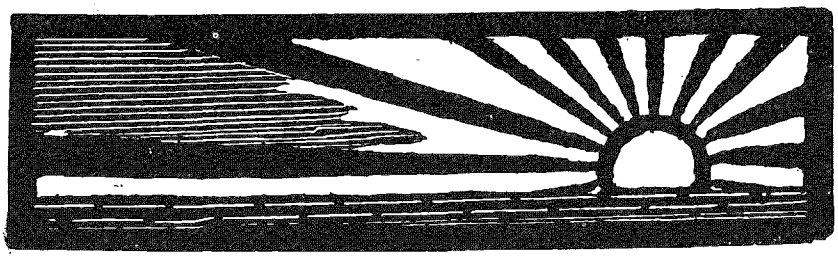
The seats were so situated that the boys faced east and the girls faced west. A long hall extended on the south side of the building and as the school became more crowded, the partition was taken out and more seats added. A box stove stood in the middle of the room.

There were no grades at that time. The smaller children were called the A, B, C scholars, and the older pupils studied the three R's. Those who were more inclined to erudition might study orthography and history also. Liza was the only pupil studying orthography. The teacher had the option of teaching these last named subjects. Liza went to school "off and on" until she was nineteen. Her last term was in '76.

The Code district has been referred to as a peaceful, well regulated district among its members. This statement seems incredible, when one reflects that a great many of those early

STUDENTS - LEFT to RIGHT

Ruth Ackley Jenkins, Betty Puhl Schreuder, Garnet Mathias Goodrich, Grace Swihart Hudson, Naomi Swihart Howe, Virginia Mathias Brigham



people were of Irish extraction.

Liza relates an incident which happened when she was a small girl attending school. One of the larger boys, Clinton Field, had the annoying habit of biting her whenever he had the opportunity. She was very much afraid of him and kept her distance whenever it was possible to do so. One day she and Mary Murphy went along the road by the Code farm in quest of thorn apples from a near-by tree. It wasn't long before Clint Fields put in his appearance and as usual, he caught and bit Liza severely. My great grandmother, Mary Code, happened to see the whole procedure from the window and she straightway made a progress to the scene of action, and cornered the offending ruffian. As Liza relates it, she gave him a true "Irish blessing." He apparently thought the fury of all Ireland had turned loose, after that thorough drubbing, for he never inflicted his canine propensities upon Liza again.

Some of the families who came in the '60s were Sylvenus Mallory and family, whom I have mentioned above and who settled north of the district in '67. He held the office of director at one time, and his daughters, Jenny and Della Mallory, still live on the old homestead. The Orrin Maxon family settled south of the district on what is now the Thomas Cerven farm. His son, John, lived on the old farm in later years and he served as director on the school board for sometime. Others who came in the '60s were C. P. Cady who located across the road from the Maxon farm, and the Youells family of whom the late Churchill and Milo of Decatur were members. Charley Mumaugh's parents came from Ohio in a covered wagon about '65. Charlie later served as director. The Sloan brothers owned the land where the Claude Hemenway and C. Stover farms are located today. Mike and Mary Jane Ryan, well known characters, and who may be remembered by some of the older residents of Decatur, lived on the farm now owned by Thomas Vandergeest. Mrs. Ryan was a great aunt to Mrs. Lucille Rudzinski.

The following story is told of the above Mary Jane who was exceedingly witty. A well known Decatur merchant at the time asked her where all her children were (knowing full well that she had none.) With [redacted] repartee, she replied, "They're all married to yours." (He had none, either.)

Teachers who taught at a subsequent period in this school were the Misses Rose Geer, Libby Peters, who later became Parshall Van Duzer's wife, Sylvia Webster, Flora Clapp, Ella Maxwell, Libby Ramsay, Ethel Ray, Maud Goodenough, Bertha Knoll, Mrs. Linda Bishop, and Tom Maxwell. There is a long list of others of whom I have no accurate account.

Of that long line of early settlers, Liza Christie, alone, remains. She is, indeed, the last leaf. She was eighty years old her last birthday which was November 5.

The inner beauty of her character is revealed in the untiring care and attention that she has always given her flowers. They always bloomed with a special brilliance and profusion for Liza. With the infirmities of advancing years she has been compelled to neglect her beloved garden, but —

"The rose still blooms beyond the wall,
Scattering fragrance far and wide."

In conclusion, it is refreshing and stimulating to ponder the wholesome lives of those splendid pioneers who are now long since gathered to their Fathers.

On the Spot

"Sam, if you tell a lie, you know what will happen, I suppose?" said the judge.

"Yes, suh," replied Sam. "I'll go to Hades and burn a long time."

"Quite right," declared the judge. "And you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, suh," said Sam, "we lose de case!"—Good Hardware.

POETRY

Most people like poetry. Look through the old scrap books and you will find that poetry is most often clipped from newspaper and magazines and carefully preserved in box or book. Patriotic poems, sentimental poems, joyful poems and sad ones are saved to be read over and over for the music they contain and then laid away for the future generations. These poems are from the Cotton clippings now yellow with age.

They may be medieval, but they are also emotional and musical. We venture you will read them, every line and they may be found in other scrap books fifty years ahead:

SONG—BACK FROM KLONDIKE

Sitting freezing in a tent, this is William's sad lament,
"Jack, I'm goin' to start for home tomorrow morn;
I've been thinking of the way white folks spend Thanksgiving day,
And I never felt so sick since I was born.
We have made our pile, I know, and the profits are not slow,
But there comes a time when beans are not a treat.
I would gladly give my head for a chunk of mother's bread
And a chance to wash my face before I eat."

CHORUS

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Back from the frozen Klondike now they come,
And they will not do a thing,
When they get here in the spring,
But eat their parents out of house and home."

In the old New England States, there the people eat on plates;
"Home, sweet home," where I'm going back to stay;
I am dying for mince pie and for doughnuts often sigh,
And I'll have them or I'll perish on the way.
Freezing, starving, eating beans. These are pretty certain means
To make a man remember father's house;
I am going home to die where they live on pumpkin pie.
And I'll stick to mother's cupboard like a mouse.

I was always wild to roam, never satisfied at home.
Work for me had some way never any charm;
But I'm tired of being rich. My ambition's highest pitch
Is to settle on some well provisioned farm.
"Home sweet home," where hens lay eggs, where mackerel comes in kegs;
Bread and honey, milk and ham—I melt to tears;
Red cheeked apples in the bins, I repent of all my sins,
And with dad I'll spend my few remaining years.

These old shoes have got no soles, and they're "meejum" full of holes.
You can have them if they'll do you any good;
Tho' you are a "Klondike king" you'll be glad before next spring
To boil 'em soft and work 'em up for food.

MRS. MARY KERN

1855-1936

Mary Ellen Rosewarne was born on Little Prairie Ronde January 31, 1855, and passed away at her home in Decatur January 2, 1936. She was the oldest child of a family of seven children born to William V. and Martha Morris Rosewarne. Three brothers, Charles and Frank of Decatur and Cass of Portland, Oregon, and two sisters, Mrs. E. C. Goddard and Miss Katherine Rosewarne, of Ann Arbor are still living.

In 1874 Mary Rosewarne was united in marriage to George J. Kern of Little Prairie Ronde and to this union eight children were born,—Claude W. of Marcellus, Miss Kate of Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Bert Kidman of Decatur, Mrs. Lester Goodspeed of Little Prairie Ronde, Edwin G. of Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Hazel Cady of Hamilton township and Miss Lana of Akron, Ohio, are still living. The death of a little son at the age of 18 months was the only break in this large family until the husband and father passed away four years ago last April.

All of Mrs. Kern's married life was spent on the home farm on the edge of Little Prairie Ronde and in Decatur. Her long life was one of loving care and devotion to her husband and children. She also took into her home and heart the three small children of Frank L. and Minnie Kern when their mother passed away, and gave to them the love and care that only a mother can give.

Her home was always open to her

many friends and to the young people of the surrounding community.

The growing of flowers was her dearest pastime. She was laid to rest January 4 in Anderson cemetery beside her husband and son, beneath a mound of beautiful blossoms.

PASSING OF FRANK L. KERN

Mrs. Jesse Savage received a telegram from her brother, Robert Kern, Tuesday stating that her father, Frank L. Kern, passed away Tuesday morning.

Mr. Kern had been in failing health for some time and had been in a hospital at Los Angeles about ten days. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia. He was 83 years of age.

Funeral services are held in his home city today. Mr. Kern was one of the pioneer residents of Little Prairie Ronde, a man of unusual ability, a traveler, lecturer and educator of broad experience. Further account of his life will be printed in the Republican next week.

RECALLING THE MORRIS MURDER

Lincoln Gard says he remembers the Morris murder, which occurred in 1879, as plainly as though it were yesterday. He was 18 and a member of the Volinia Anti-Horse Thief Association. Nearly every farmer in the township who owned a team, was a member. The membership fee was one dollar.

This organization was formed years before to put a stop to horse stealing which had become as common in farming communities as chicken stealing is at the present time.

Twelve members of the organization were elected riders. Mr. Gard can remember only two of them, Loomas Warner and John Squier.

The riders were called out as soon as the murder was discovered. They quickly found the trail and followed it to South Bend where they found the horse on which the murderer escaped, roaming about near the city. The bridle was gone.

Lincoln Guard was hauling apples to Decatur for shipment and had come to the town line where he met Loomas Warner on horse back and learned of the tragedy. Jasper Van Curen told his brother, Ezra, coming on another load, about the same time. This was around 7 oclock. There was great excitement all through the country and in the village.

H. D. Wickett was working for E. B. Copley on the Copley farm within a half mile of the Morris farm. He was one of the first to arrive at the scene of the murder, was there at 7 o'clock.

Jennie Bull, the hired girl, came down stairs about six o'clock. Everything was silent about the house and she wondered why she had not been called. She built a fire in the kitchen stove, picked up a pail and went to the pump on the east porch for water. She saw Henry Morris lying there dead, dropped the pail and ran through the woods to the home of her father, 80 rods away. Then she ran to Gillett's half a mile west of her father's, and then back to the Morris home.

While she was gone John Klinkers came and saw what had happened and ran over to the William Rosewarne home. Mr. Rosewarne hitched up and drove to Decatur to notify the doctors and officers. Mrs. Esther Copley was out in the yard. He told her what had happened and she told the men. Dee and Tint Arnold ran across the field and Ed. Copley and wife drove over. Dee was the among the first to arrive.

Hundreds of people drove out from Decatur as well as the surrounding country. Reporters came from Niles and Kalamazoo.

Abner Moon was then publishing the Marcellus News and he wrote the story published in the Republican last week. It was a good report and established the reputation of the well remembered Dowagiac editor for excellent writing.

Any. Johnson was editor of the Decatur Republican and he also was on the scene with his pencil. Mrs. Archie Lawrence has the Republican's story and will send us a copy of it.

The writer also has a vivid remembrance of the terrible event. He was a small boy living on the Moulton farm, just south of the village; now the Arthur Griffin farm.

Arthur Moulton, who had done some newspaper reporting, was out doing the chores when the telegraph operator, we think it was Will Tuttle came down there with a telegram from the Chicago Daily Tribune.

It was before 8 in the morning and we have always thought it remarkable that the Chicago Tribune should have known about the murder so soon. The telegram told father about it and asked him to go out and report it. He hitched old New onto the buggy and went at once, and was gone most of the day.

STORY OF THE BURIED TREASURE AT PAW PAW

WPA Project of Moving Paw Paw River Ninety Feet to the West Recalls to Dana P. Smith the Agard Tradition.

Paw Paw, Mich. (Special)—Will a W. P. A. worker's shovel find the answer to a century-old riddle of buried treasure?

This question, propounded half humorously by Dana P. Smith, Paw Paw civil engineer who planned the W. P. A. river straightening project here, revives the historic story of Jean Agard, French trader who established the first mercantile business in this section and was the real founder of the village of Paw Paw.

More than 100 years ago—in 1832—Agard came to the headwaters of navigation on the Paw Paw river, a mile north of the site of the present town. Settling down after his arduous overland trip from Niles, he built a log house and began to trade his frontier commodities to the Indians for furs and maple sugar.

Communication with the world was maintained by way of the long river road to St. Joseph on the shores of Lake Michigan. Boatmen toiled up and down the stream, poling their flat-bottom barges through waters then somewhat higher than now. In exchange for the goods he shipped out, the Frenchman received more goods with which to continue his trading and always, it was believed, an additional sum of gold, representing his profits.

Soon the little pioneer store and home was surrounded by a number of smaller buildings which the backwoods merchant used as store houses. Other settlers joined him and for three or four years business was flourishing. Then Agard died, leaving two daughters. In the meantime a tiny hamlet had sprung up in the wilderness, a certain amount of farming was under way and white man had joined the red as the customer of the trader.

Report of the day had it that the trader had accumulated a tidy fortune in gold. His wife had preceded him in death, however, and the two daughters had no knowledge of where this gold might have been stored. Then began a search which has continued rather spasmodically through the course of the century. The tiny village was moved to a point a mile south. Modern streets and buildings have long since replaced the cabins and the frontier trails. But the story of the gold has lingered on, ever fresh in the minds of those who have heard it.

Once, it is said, a spiritualistic medium in a town some distance from Paw Paw told a Paw Paw citizen a story of buried treasure which corresponded in remarkable—some say suspicious— detail with the stories of Agard's treasure. He who listened to the spirits thus second-handedly joined the long line of those who had disturbed the terrain in the neighborhood of the old trading post. Alas! he found no fortune. Nor did two others who contrived a home-made auger with which they tested the soil in the vicinity. One of them, Mr. Smith states, told him that once they actually came in contact with a box buried beneath the ground but were frightened away by some unknown cause, presumably supernatural.

If ghosts of that earlier day still walk, they do so almost in the shadow of Paw Paw's modern hydroelectric plant. And now come nearly 100 WPA laborers who are excavating a new channel for the Paw Paw river, barely 30 paces from the scene of the ancient trading post.

A few remains of Agard's hamlet may be seen in rocks at the edge of the river where once the barges of that other day docked to discharge and load their cargoes. Through the efforts of the WPA the river will be moved some ninety feet west of that old location.

When that task is done a month or so from now and the flood waters of the spring have made their way down to Lake Michigan, a new rush of treasure hunters may seek Agard's buried gold in the bottom of what was once the Paw Paw river.

OLD RAILROAD DAYS

The Old Station at Decatur—The Strap Rails—The Wood Yard—The Operator.

By W. H. Tuttle, Feb. 10, 1916.

(Running through the Republican files of 20 years ago are several interesting stories of early Decatur days written by W. H. Tuttle. This one on "Old Railroad Days" is such good local history that we are revising it for present day readers..)

My second attempt to become a railroad man began the first of September, 1871, when I entered the Decatur office to learn to be a telegraph operator, and then I stuck to the railroad for nearly 30 years. Harvey Trowbridge had charge of the telegraph office and he was my teacher.

The probabilities are that telegraphy will be a lost art in a few years and telegraph operators will be unknown.

The telephone is taking the place of the telegraph everywhere and already most of the railroad work,—train dispatches, messages and conversation,—is done over the telephone. In a few years the telegraph sounder will be laid aside as a relic and the poor operators will be obliged to go to work.

When I began to learn telegraphy in 1871 railroading was very different from what it is now—no electric lights, no air brakes, scarcely any double tracks, and the locomotives were only toys compared with the monsters now in use.

The engines in use around here burned wood for fuel and had tall flaring smoke stacks, and they had to stop at nearly every station to take on wood and water.

The Michigan Central bought thousands of cords of wood every winter, and where our beautiful little park is now the ground in those days was covered with wood sheds, wood piles, old stumps and all kinds of refuse. It was a horrid looking place generally.

Then the trains all went by names instead of number as they do now. There was the Atlantic Express, Blue Line Express, Day Express, etc., and also the locomotives were all named, like Aetna, Vesuvius, Reindeer, etc.

For a number of years there was a work train that ran between Kalamazoo and Niles.The engine was"Storm," the conductor Lewis, and engineer, Jack Riley.

One Sunday morning the Storm was going in a great hurry to a wreck at Mattawan and when opposite the present pickle factory in Decatur it struck a cow on the track. In just no time it had a wreck of its own to look after. The tender broke loose from the train and swung around endways, the engine went into the ditch with one corner of the tender jammed into the engineer's seat, the flat cars were piled up promiscuously, and the workmen who were in the caboose were thrown in a heap to the front end.

When the train struck the cow the fireman was on top of the pile of wood in the tender and he went sailing into the air end over end as high as the telegraph wires and lit on his feet more than half way to the fence—unhurt. No one was injured to amount to anything except the cow. I with some other young men happened to be in the woods nearby so we saw the whole performance.

Wrecks were very common in those days. The T-rails were all made of iron. Steel rails were unknown then and the iron rails would break like glass and fly to pieces in extreme cold weather.

If a train went through an open switch it had to go off the rails and onto the ground. But with the split switches that are now in use a train cannot leave the rails and must stay on the track even if the switch is left open.

Then the maximum load for a freight car was 10 tons and 35 cars made a heavy train. Now some of the cars have a capacity of 50 tons, we often see trains of 80 cars and the locomotives are so large there is scarcely room for the smoke stack to stick out of the top of the boiler.

The Depot

Our present depot was built in the summer of 1886. We moved into it the 8th day of September and at that time we thought it was pretty nifty.

The old depot stood a short distance to the east of it and was built in 1848—the year that the Michigan Central was finished through to Niles. It is now one of the warehouses of the Decatur Elevator Company.

The frame was made of solid timbers hewed out with a broad axe and it was very heavy. A good many people had passed through it during the 38 years it was used as a depot, and there was an endless procession of employees many of whom I remember.

The first freight agent that I remember was Mr. Rosewarne and the first telegraph operator, Billie Weed. Following them came agents, operators, nightwatches, etc., almost without number.

There was one night watch in the early days who climbed out on the tender of the locomotive of the Kalamazoo Accommodation one morning to give her a drink. While he was up there a rod on the engine broke and punched a big hole in the boiler, letting the steam all out at once with a terrible roar. The nightwatchman jumped from the tender and was running before he struck the ground. They say he is still going, like the Wandering Jew, looking for a place where there are no railroads.

A great many funny things happened on the road in my day and some things that were not so funny. My worst experience came the night that Conductor Dailey was killed at the depot about the year 1890. I helped to pick him up and carry him into the office and it was weeks afterward before I could go to sleep and not see him in my dreams.

It is a queer trait of human nature that makes almost everybody want to rush in to see a poor mangled body, but so it is, and the night that Mr. Dailey was killed the depot grounds were black with people all trying to get a look at his suffering. Men climbed on one another's backs so they could look into the office windows, and I saw one man step on Dailey's arm trying to force his way into the office.

"Men may come and men may go," but the railroads will go on forever—unless the airships run them out.

W. H. T., 1916.

Long Illness Is Fatal to Mrs. E. C. Goddard

Mrs. Edwin C. Goddard, wife of Professor-emeritus Goddard of the University law school faculty, died late last week Monday night at her home at 1212 Hill street, Ann Arbor, after a long illness. She was 77 years old.

Mrs. Goddard was prominent in club, social and University circles for more than 40 years and her activities were many and varied. She was widely known as a woman of deep sympathies and broad interests. Having no children of her own, she was "Mother Goddard to a large number of students who lived during their college days in the Goddard home.

A member of the First Congregational church, she was a tireless worker in the Sunday school, the women's society and other branches of the church work. She always was interested in the American Association of University Women, being at different times vice president and president of that organization locally.

Was Lover of Flowers

She was a lover of flowers and was the first chairman of the garden club. In this capacity she planned and directed the first and second flower shows held in Ann Arbor.

One of her chief interests in recent years was the student life in Adelia Cheever house. She was president of the board of governors from the opening of the house until her illness made it necessary to drop her activities.

For many years, her home was open to the foreign students of the University and to the Cosmopolitan club for its opening reception each year.

Member of 1889 Class

Mrs. Goddard formerly was Lillian Rosewarne and was born in Decatur,

Mich. She was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1889, in the same class as her husband.

She taught in the Michigan City, Ind., high school for two years and then was principal of the high school at Paw Paw. In 1892, she was married to Prof. Goddard, who then was principal of the East Side High school in Saginaw.

They came to Ann Arbor in 1895, when Prof. Goddard joined the University of Michigan faculty, and has resided here since.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Goddard leaves a sister, Katherine, who resides at the Goddard home; and three brothers, Charles and Frank Rosewarne of Decatur and Cass Rosewarne of Hoskins, Ore.

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the residence, with Rev. Leonard A. Parr of the First Congregational church officiating.—The Ann Arbor News.

FRANK L. KERN

1865-1936

The passing of Frank L. Kern, which occurred in a hospital in Los Angeles on Tuesday morning, March 17, was noticed briefly in the Republican last week.

Although never having been for any length of time a resident of the village of Decatur, Mr. Kern had been more or less identified with this community all of his long and active life, and of late years had been a summer resident at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Kern Savage.

He was born in the state of New York of German parentage, but was a mere infant when the family moved to Michigan and settled on Little Prairie Ronde in Cass county.

The early death of his father left him the youngest of his family to begin the long struggle against poverty and adverse circumstances for victory or defeat. But good health and a dogged determination were in his favor and he won.

At 18 he began his teaching career in the Patrick school in Marcellus township. Alternately teaching and studying he took a course at the Normal College at Ypsilanti and finally secured his Master's degree.

He held positions in high schools and Normal schools in Michigan, Illinois, Montana, Florida and Iowa, and from 1884 to 1887 was principal of the Normal and Scientific school of Morris, Illinois.

In 1887 he was induced to try the climate of Florida for the benefit of a member of his family, and after serving a year there as principal of a Seminary he accepted the call to the presidency of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Lake City, Florida. He served in that capacity four years and then, in search of a more favorable climate, he went to Montana where for three years he was superintendent of the city schools at Anaconda. From there he went to a larger field at Butte where he served as superintendent until he moved his family to Iowa. There he gave up teaching for the more remunerative field of insurance and real estate.

He was for four years an officer of the National Educational Association, and published an educational paper for over ten years.

His love of travel has taken him into every part of the United States and most of Canada. He was for six years in the Hawaiian Islands as trade representative for the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce from which position he resigned eight years ago to take a trip among the islands of the South Seas with his oldest son Robert.

He has written for magazines and newspapers and has kept abreast of eighty years of tremendous changes. He leaves a wife, six children and eight grandchildren, all of whom feel that granddad's record was "something to shoot at."

Mr. Kern loved Michigan and his Michigan friends and all the familiar spots made dear by long association.

It is in accordance with his request that his ashes are sent back to Michigan for a quiet interment in the Nicholsville cemetery not far from his boyhood home.

HAND-SHAKING MEMORIES

Helen Keller, Her Teacher, Mrs. Mary, and Her Mother.

By Bessie B. Fuhrman.

A number of years ago two other teachers and I attended Mrs. Macy's lecture on her famous pupil, Helen Keller. It was given in Ionia to a very good house.

Mrs. Macy, a rather large middle-aged lady with dark hair and black eyes, wore a black lace dress and made a good foil for her pupil when Helen Keller herself appeared later on the platform. Miss Keller was a chestnut haired blond of medium size and she wore a rose pink evening dress.

Mrs. Macy began her lecture by telling how she became acquainted with her most unusual pupil. Then she told how she conquered the almost ungovernable child, how she started her on the road to learning, and how she worked out a system by which she and Helen could talk to each other.

Then she described the difficulties Miss Keller had in going through Radcliffe college. Owing to the indifference of nearly all of her professors, excepting Prof. Copeland, Helen Keller's college work was made much more difficult than it should have been.

To real students who can both see and hear, college work is not a flowery bed of ease, but her trials were made harder because she was not informed what books she required for reading in time to prepare them for the blind. So Mrs. Macy had to read them to her.

Thus we were made to see that Helen Keller's college experience was a wonderful example of perseverance in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

But in view of Mrs. Macy's devotion to her charge and her beautiful self-effacement, one wonders if Hellen Keller with any other teacher would have been such a wonderful example of perseverance.

In telling of Helen Keller's educational experience Mrs. Macy showed how she began learning the words for different objects.

She had Helen hold a mug under the pump while she pumped. When the water overflowed onto Helen's hand Mrs. Macy tapped the word "water" in her hand. Then Helen was given some milk in her mug and the word "milk" was tapped into her hand. In that way she learned the difference between mug, water and milk.

Then she became excited and wanted to know the names of everything she touched as she went about. Mrs. Macy said Helen learned 30 new words that first day.

In telling of her imaginative mind Mrs. Macy said that when a little girl Helen remarked about the Jasmine flowers that they "Must have sweet dreams, they smell so sweet."

Miss Keller took voice and speech lessons so that she could talk but she has not the pleasing intonations and pleasant quality of voice she might have had could she have learned in the usual way, by sound.

Mrs. Macy seemed unaware of this defect in Helen for in everything she said she implied that Helen is perfect with the exception of sight and hearing.

Miss Keller Speaks

Helen Keller was escorted to the platform to speak for herself. She gave a short talk but it was rather disappointing. She spoke in a gutteral montone so far inferior to her splendid intellect that we could hardly think of her as the brilliant woman she really is. However, she did enunciate and pronounce her words correctly, and this in itself seemed marvelous under the circumstances.

Then Mrs. Macy showed how they conversed Helen placed her hand on Mrs. Macy's cheek and lips so that her finger tips received all the vibrations as Mrs. Macy spoke.

Mrs. Macy invited the audience to ask questions for her to repeat to Helen, and Helen would also repeat the question and answer it. Some one asked if there was a good house. Mrs. Macy asked, "Is there a good house?" Helen repeated the question and instantly replied, "Yes, there is a good house. I can feel the vibrations with my feet."

Some one asked if her parents were living. Again Helen repeated the question and replied, "Yes, my parents are living, and my mother is here tonight."

Other questions were asked and answered in the same way, and then Mrs. Macy invited the audience to come up and shake hands with Helen.

So my friends and I shook hands with Helen Keller! As I shook hands with her I forgot for a moment that she could not hear and I told her how glad I was to meet her. Her hand clasp responded just as if she heard what I said.

Then we shook hands with Mrs. Macy and passed along out of doors. There it came over me that Helen Keller said her mother was there, too. So back we went and found her. She was a large framed but not a portly woman. Her hair was about the color of Helen's, but otherwise she showed no resemblance to her daughter.

When we finally left the building we knew we had had a memorable handshaking experience with three of America's, if not the world's, most outstanding women.

Story of Her Life

Helen Adams Keller, blind, deaf and dumb girl who has been successfully educated was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, June 27, 1880. When about 2 years old she was deprived of sight and hearing by a severe illness.

Her education was not begun till she was seven when Miss Anna Mansfield Sullivan (Mrs. John A. Macy), of the Perkins Institute of the Blind, went to her home to take charge of her.

Helen learned the deaf and dumb language by touch, learned to read by the braille system, and to write, using a special typewriter. When ten years old she learned to speak under the instruction of Miss Sarah Fuller of the Horace Mann School, New York.

When 12 years old she went to Boston, and at 16 she entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies to prepare for college. Miss Sullivan went with her to all classes and repeated the lectures and discussions by touch. In 1900 she entered Radcliffe College and was graduated with honors in 1904.

The work of her college course was done with the aid of Miss Sullivan, as in the preparatory school; the text books were printed in braille; she wrote her examinations with her own typewriter, and had special conferences with her instructors instead of taking part in recitations. In addition to doing full college work she took in the social life and was very popular with her class mates.

After graduation she served on the Massachussetts Commission for the Blind and on various committees in aid of the blind. She has become well known as lecturer and writer. She has written her autobiography under the title of "Story of My Life."

"T. R."

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP PIONEERS

By Bessie B. Fuhrman.

The sketch of Hamilton township as given in the Van Buren County Gazetteer of 1869 gives first a geographical description of the township in which it says." The surface is slightly undulating, and is generally inclined to a level. The northern portion is heavily timbered—the central and southern portions are mostly oak openings. With this exception, the township is in good state of cultivation. It has a rich and varied soil, partaking of the characteristics indicated by the timber in the different localities.

"There are no crops raised in western Michigan but what Hamilton produces in abundance. Like all the neighboring towns, it is well adapted to fruit growing. The northern part is watered by a branch of the Paw Paw river (Brush creek), on which the flouring and saw mills of Robert Nesbitt are located. The southeastern part is watered by a branch of the Dowagiac creek, which rises in Lake of the Woods, a beautitful sheet of water about one and a half miles in diameter, lying between Hamilton and Decatur. The township also contains several smaller lakes or lakelets, the most important of which are Schoollot lake, Knickerbocker, Pine and Foster."

Then follows a historic sketch of the township concluded by a fine tribute to Philotus Haydon.

"The old Territorial road from Detroit to St. Joseph, built more than forty years ago passes through Hamilton. Upon this road the first settlers located as early as 1832. Zebina Stearns located on section 17; Lewis Johnson on section 16, and Philotus Haydon on section 16. In 1834, Aaron Barney located on section 30; Reason Comley on section 28, and Robert Nesbitt on section 4. Soon after Calvin Fields and James Brooks located on section 33.

"In 1836 James Lombard located on section 15. Robert Nesbitt built the first saw mill in 1834. He also built the first grist mill in 1856. The first school was opened near what is now known as Brown's tavern, in 1837, with twenty pupils.

"Hamilton and Keeler were originally organized under the name of Covington, about the year 1837. In 1839 they were divided into separate townships. The first town meeting in Hamilton was held at the home of Henry Coleman, who kept what is now known as Brown's tavern.

Tribute to Philotus Haydon

"Philotus Haydon was a man of large means and extended influence. During the late Civil war he distinguished himself by his active patriotism and lively sympathy with the cause of his country.

"As a politician, his influence was felt in the politics of the state. As a neighbor, he was noted for his kindness of heart, and active benevolence, and when he died in 1866, he carried with him the benedictions of the poor."

As in the rest of the county many changes have taken place in Hamilton township since 1869. Even the beautiful Lake of the Woods is not the same since its waters were lowered and lessened by the widening and deepening of the outlet.

With the clearing away of the timber and oak grubs, the planting of nearby vineyards, the establishment of a summer resort and the commercializing of fishing, its primitive beauty has given place to an air of thriftiness. But with its nearness to the village of Decatur, its gorgeous sunsets and moonlight views, its water lilies and its crowds of children in the summer time it is still a lovely picture showing a gimpse of nature's ever changing panaroma. In noting all the lovely aspects of our Lake of the Woods, you who have read "Immansee" may recall Bee's Lake in that charming story and perhaps realize a little better the fact that right here at home is just as interesting and beautiful a spot as that one portrayed by the gifted German author.

The old Territorial road has been much improved since it was laid out, or since it was in 1869. Then it was a dirt road, now it is paved in keeping with the need of the times.

Brown's tavern is gone. So are the Kidmans who later lived in it and had the pioneer blacksmith shop nearby. In its stead is Fritzburg. The old Red school house has given way to a white one built in about the year 1894.

All the old settlers are also gone. They were James Brooks, father of Mrs. Margaret Baxter, Mrs. Katherine Sloan, John Brooks, Mrs. Silas Yeuells, Mrs. Mary Maxon and Mrs. Esther Sloan, the last named living until last November.

James Brooks located in Hamilton 'soon after 1834' and his daughter died a full century later, the two lives covering the entire period of Hamilton's development.

In keeping with the world's progress this little pioneer community has forged ahead with almost unbelievable success. The result is all the more pronounced when we consider that all this improvement has taken place almost within the span of one person's life time.

Both the Nesbitt mills are gone, but nearby the old brick mansion built by Mr. Nesbitt still stands. At the time it was built it was considered one of the most elegant homes in Michigan. It was rumored that it cost $30,000 and that Mr. Nesbitt received a fortune from England which enabled him to build it. it is now the home of Seth Fassett and family.

Having been a native of England, his becoming the miller of Brush creek reminds one of that old English song, "The Miller of the Dee,"—The Miller of the Dee with his children three, and his wonderful success that even kings might have envied. In case it is not familiar to the reader I quote the poem here:

The Miller on the Dee

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till

night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no one, no not I!
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee,
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, tho' I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are Englands boast,
O Miller of the Dee!"

H. H. CREAGAN BECOMES POSTMASTER

Received Commission Last Friday and Office Was Turned Over to Him at Close of Business That Evening.

Decatur has a new postmaster.

On the second day of March, 1936, the United States Senate confirmed the apopintment of Herbert H. Creagan to succeed Fred G. Rafter, resigned. Mr. Creagan received his commission last Friday morning, April 3, and took possession of the office at the close of business Friday evening.

Following his appointment he received this letter from Department headquarters:

OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL
Washington, D. C.
March 12, 1936.

My dear Mr. Creagan:—

It is a pleasure to notify you that the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, has appointed you postmaster for a term of four years.

I congratulate you upon your appointment. It of course carries with it not only an opportunity for important public service, but an obligation to adhere strictly and faithfully to the postal laws and regulations.

You will be expected to conduct your office in accordance with the highest standards of efficiency.

Very truly yours,
James A. Farley,
Postmaster General.

Mr. Creagan is designated postmaster to succeed the late Mr. Rafter who resigned the first of March, 1933, but in the mean time two others filled the office as acting postmasters.

Arba N. Moulton served from the 3rd of March, 1933, to the 25th of March, 1933, and was succeeded by Mrs. Hazel Cady who served from that date until last Saturday.

In her term extending over a period of three years Mrs. Cady has been faithful to her trust. She has administered the office conscientiously and well, and retires with the good will of the patrons.

Mr. Creagan was one of the original applicants for the office and his final success is due to his standing as one of the three highest in the examination for postmaster conducted some time ago, and as a citizen of the community, to his service overseas in the World War and to his record as a lifelong Democrat.

Herbert Creagan is a native of Hamilton township, the seventh of twelve children born to the late James and Mary Howland Creagan. The date of his birth is September 28, 1889. He attended school in the Barber and Nesbitt districts and the Decatur High school, graduating here in the class of 1908.

The year he was 21 he was elected clerk of Hamilton township and held the office five years. On the first of August, 1916, he was given a position in the First State bank and in the course of a few years became a director and cashier. We understand that his position in the bank will be left vacant for the time being.

Postmaster Creagan saw hard service in France during the World War. He served under Major General C. R. Edwards, commanding the 26th division American Expeditionary forces known as the Yankee Division. It was the first complete American Division in France, the first entire division to occupy a sector and in duration of front line service its record was exceeded by none.

His father and his brother Bernard both passed away while he was in France. He returned home and to his position in the bank in the fall of 1919.

On the fourth of June, 1921, Mr. Creagan was united in marriage with Miss Esther Morlan of Decatur, a graduate of the Decatur High school of the class of 1918, and a few years ago they built on East Delaware street one of the pleasant homes of the village.

On June 20, 1925, Mr. Creagan was commissioned by the President Second Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps of the Reserve Army of the United States. In 1929 he was made First Lieutenant and on the 30th of October, 1935, was raised to a Captaincy.

The Decatur postoffice to which he has just been appointed postmaster is a third class office but it will be raised to a second class office on the first day of July, at which time the salary will be $2,400 a year.

Dick Klinkers, who has been an efficient employe of the office for the past fourteen years will continue in the position of assistant postmaster.

Snow on Election Day

For the records of distant readers will say that there was about six inches of snow on the ground last Friday, April 3, and a remnant of it remained for election day, April 6.

Some of the old timers of the township remember when the farmers drove to town with bob sleighs to vote on the first Monday in April.

SILVER THREADS

THE OLD TERRITORIAL ROAD, KING OF HIGHWAYS

By Charles A. Bellis, 115 McNees Avenue, Whittier, California.

On the Territorial road near the site of the old Brown's Tavern is a memorial park with old fashioned headstones marking the last resting places of many of my dear old friends, and many others whom I never knew.

This dear spot holds a sacred place in my memory. Every Decoration Day I was there and never failed to follow right up close to Hod Wheaton's cornet band as it marched up and down among the tiers of headstones playing martial music while relatives and friends of the departed placed flowers on their graves. Then songs were sung and speeches made, after which the old corn tassel band would swing into the road to the tune of the "Stars and Stripes Forever," and march a quarter of a mile down the road east to a grove of stately oaks on the Shelby farm. Here were tables and benches for picnickers and a plain board platform where Mr. Rowe of the Grange district and several others gave long speeches while the women spread a delicious dinner.

I stood around and watched what was going on, but could not bring anything for the picnic dinner. We had nothing at home that would look well on a table like that. So when I saw a big pan of chicken being opened by Mrs. Rowe I kind of siddled around within range. When the speakers finally finished we all found places at the big table and I was very close to that chicken pie.

A friendly lady near me said, "Boy, don't you want something to eat," I surely did and she gave me a nice big meat sandwich, and then after what seemed like a long time Mrs. Rowe said, 'Here, boy, take a plate of this chicken pie, we do not want any boys to go hungry on this great day."

Well, the only thing I seemed to be sorry for was that Decoration Day did not come every day, providing there would be chicken pie for dinner.

In the few years past that I have been writing loving memories of the dear friends who have answered the last call I have often read that they have been interred in Hamilton cemetery.

That word 'cemetery' is to me an ugly word when it is spoken of as the last resting place of my dear old friends. Right here and now I am going to make a friendly suggestion to

the directors of that plot of sacred ground on the Territorial road. It is that they never mention it as a cemetery, but re-christen it Territorial Memorial Park. If they will do this I will send them direct from California six choice roses, dry root form, to be planted at the entrance. I am sure they will be in full bloom on Decoration Day, and I will dedicate them to all the loved ones that are at rest under the green blanket there.

Tonight I have been wandering again in boyhood days up and down the old Territorial road. Perhaps some will be interested in the facts I have presented in these Territorial tales, and others will pass them over. But whatever the readers think, either good or bad, I love the old town and neighborhood and all the dear people left there, and I know that many of them love me.

So I will continue to write Silver Threads and next week the story will be along historical lines, about the great national highways, with the old Territorial road in the lead. I will go back over 100 years, for I know when the first mile of this famous old road took form and started on its long journey to national fame.

Be at the cross roads and watch us pass. I will also give sketches of other national highways which I know as well as the Territorial.

Notes on the Morris Murder

Mrs. Vining, who was a niece of Henry Morris, informs the Republican that it was not Amos Wagner, but his father, Jacob Wagner, who moved into the Morris house the next spring after the murder. He had four children, three boys and one girl. The family stayed there two years and then Mr. Wagner bought a farm in Hamilton township.

Mrs. Vining attended the funeral. She was 15 years old at the time.

Mrs. Eva Morris Southworth, daughter of the late Samual Morris and another niece of Henry Morris, remembers that it was Amelia Smith who sang at the funeral service.

Charlie Rawson, proprietor of the Kandy Kitchen, was a young man of 19 or 20. He and his father, the late Silas Rawson, had a restaurant in a frame building located about where Fox's grocery is now.

Charlie belonged to the band and the band boys were apt to hang around the restaurant evenings. The evening of September 28, 1878, fell on Sunday. It was a warm and beautiful evening, almost as bright as day.

Charlie and the Russell boys and Harry Hodges were sitting out on the sidewalk when church let out and some who attended walked past, and he recalls that there was a gay time in the Duncombe hotel that evening. The next morning the news of the awful tragedy on Little Prairie Ronde was brought to the village.

George Smith came in to correct the Republican as to the minister who preached the funeral oration at the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Morris, but we already had it corrected and the sermon in the paper. He says it was the grandest sermon he ever heard.

The Smith farm and the Asa Jones farm were in the same neighborhood in western Cass county. Edwardsburg was their home village. George and Et. (the murdered Mrs. Morris) grew up together and attended the same district school. George was born there on the farm the 2nd of June, 1850, and was a year older than Mrs. Morris. They were close friends and their life partners were second cousins.

At the time of the murder George and Amelia Smith were living on the Dimick farm in Hamilton township. They drove over to the farm that Monday afternoon and they also attended the funeral.

Asa Jones, father of Mrs. Morris, was one of the finest men Mr. Smith ever knew and they were a fine family. The mother never was herself again after the tragedy. Mrs. Morris had a sister Hattie and a brother John.

About twenty years ago, when Bobbie Brewer was a young boy he helped Edward Copley open the old farm safe. It had not been opened for years and they worked all one rainy afternoon before they succeeded in getting into it. They found in the safe a picture of the Henry Morris horse that was stolen and several playing cards spotted with blood that Mr. Copley picked up from the floor early that Monday morning after the murder.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MORRIS TRAGEDY

Ned Lee invited Ella Blades to go to the Sunday school concert at the West Valley school house with him Sunday evening, Sept. 28, 1879. The Blades home was in East Decatur and the Lee home nearer town.

They went to the concert and were going home with the horse and buggy when shots were distinctly heard to the south of them. It was a bright moonlight night and Ned remarked, "There, somebody has shot a rabbit." The time was 9:30.

The next morning they knew that the shots they heard were the shots that blotted out the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris.

Elias Morris, brother of Henry Morris, was made administrator of the estate. An auction sale of the personal property was held about a month after the murder. Henry McCabe of Paw Paw was the auctioneer. An immense crowd attended, partly from curiosity and partly to buy. The house was then closed for the winter.

Elias Morris had difficulty in finding a tenant. Nobody wanted to live there. The picture of what had occurred was too vivid in people's minds. Finally Amos Wagner rented the farm and moved in in the spring. He and Mrs. Wagner were young and ambitious and unafraid, and they got along nicely on the farm.

Some years later Mr. Wagner bought a farm in Hamilton township and served his township one year as supervisor. He was a brother of the late Otto Wagner of Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner have both passed away and their only child, Mrs. Mattie Boyer, resides in Elkhart.

John Klinger, of Nicholsville, who worked for Henry Morris, was the father of Mrs. Murl Klinger Howe who resides with her step-father, Frank White, on West Delaware street.

Mr. Klinger testified at the inquest that he had worked for Mr. Morris about two months and stayed there every night the week before the murder. Saturday he drew wheat to Decatur and Henry Morris accompanied the load with horse and buggy, his last trip to this village. If he could have known what was to happen to him the next night at the farm he probably would have kept right on going—somewhere.

John Klinger left the Morris farm Sunday at noon and did not return till six o'clock Monday morning. It almost seems as though Henry Morris had a premonition of what was to happen in requesting Klinger to stay there nights the previous week.

When Klinger returned to the farm at six o'clock Monday morning there was a death like silence about the place. He went to the barn and discovered that the owner had not been there as usual to feed the horses. He fed them some hay and while feeding noticed that one of them was gone. He went to the house and discovered Mr. Morris lying on the stoop dead. He ran to the farm of William Rosewarne, the nearest neighbors.

The great murder mystery of Decatur continues to be the talk of the old timers. The lapse of more than 57 years does not dim their memory. The story is as graphic as any ever written by Sherlock Holmes or S. S. Van Dine.

John Holliday, Ella Curtis, Ed. Curtis and Mary Ann Crowley were out riding the evening of the 28th of September, 1879. Going past the Anderson cemetery they saw a buggy and two horses hitched by the woods at the east end of the Morris farm. The horses were gray and bay. Tracks indicated that the murderer had gone from there through the woods to commit the foul crime.

It was discovered by the track that one of the burs fastening the tire of one wheel to the rim was on the outside of the tire. This being very unusual a search was made for the buggy and it was located on a farm east of town.

The owner was arrested and a hearing held in the old town hall. An adjournment was taken to secure more evidence. The late Benj. F. Heckert was the prosecuting attorney and L.

A. Tabor of Lawton was attorney for the defendant. The defendant was held without bail and old Tabe was to demand bail at the second hearing. He insisted that a man might be held without bail if charged with the crime, but that he could not be denied bail on the charge of being implicated in the crime.

John G. Haynes was the Justice of the Peace before whom the hearing was held. He lived on the southeast corner of George and Prospect streets. The old town hall was packed with curious people.

Ben Heckert arrived late and the feeling was intense. His first act was to address the court and the crowd, and this is what he said: I cannot find evidence sufficient to hold this man and therefore dismiss him from further consideration of this court."

It was not a popular decision and the matter did not rest there. Some nights later the suspect was taken by masked men from his home to the woods nearby and hung by his neck in a vain attempt to make him confess. A doctor was along and they gave him all the rope he could stand and live, but he would not confess.

That apparently was the final effort of local people to solve the mystery. Wm. Pinkerton, the great detective of Chicago, sent word that he could capture the murderer for a thousand dollars but that was considerable money in those days and there was no certainty that he could do as he said he could, so the matter was finally dropped. Pinkerton had already been paid large sums of money.

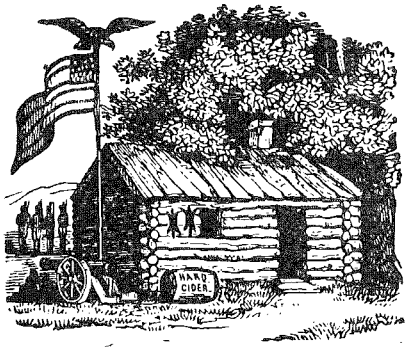
The great tragedy occurred September 28 and Fanny and Phoebe Welcher were 15 the 4th of October. Fanny, now Mrs. Judie, remembers every detail. She says she was afraid for a long time after it but now she isn't afraid of anything.

She went to the funeral. It was a beautiful day and the service was held in the yard under the trees. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were left in the house and the people walked between the caskets to see them. There was an immense crowd, 2,000 anyway.

A minister from Decatur preached the sermon, we think it was Marjorie Helmer's grandfather, Rev. Robert Queal. The singers also were from Decatur. We did not learn the names of the singers.

Willie Morlan said he heard the shots, several of them. He was sitting under the pines at his father's home about two miles away. The shots rang out plain and clear.

A few days after the funeral there was a hearing in the old town hall over the post office. Feeling was intense and local officials and relatives and friends were determined to discover the murderer. Men under suspicion were questioned. One man was taken out in the woods and strung up to the limb of a tree in an effort to make him confess. He did not confess, he probably had nothing to confess, and when they let him down he fell in a faint. It was a highly exciting time.



MEMORIES OF EARLY MICHIGAN

1856-1860

By Herrick L. Sutton.

I was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1852. In 1856 my parents got the western fever and came to Michigan, then the far west, landing at Paw Paw, Van Buren county, where we lived until the following spring when we moved onto a farm ½ mile south of the Michigan Central railroad, half way between Mattawan and Lawton.

This farm was 120 acres of oak opening, beautiful to look at but rather light and sandy. The farm had been taken up by an earlier settler and had 30 acres improved, besides a log house and a post barn.

When we came to Michigan I was just beginning to understand the English language. I heard my elders talking a good deal about "hard times" which I soon learned meant not enough money to buy the things they wanted.

There were several reasons why times were hard. The country had not yet entirely recovered from the financial crash of 1837 and settlers had no more capital than they needed to get started on their new farms.

All stock ran loose on the common or as they used to say, "ran in the the road," and had to be fenced against. The timber and brush had to be cleared off and the land broke before crops could be planted.

The land was broke with a large plow drawn by from 8 to 12 cattle. The driver of a breaking team had to be an expert and but few of the smaller farmers could afford the expense, so they hired their breaking done.

Mosquitos were thick and ague and malarial fevers cut no small figure in lost time and extra expense. There were no trained nurses in those days. If you were sick some neighbor came in and sat up with you nights and if you were mortally sick and died, again a neighbor came in and prepared your body for the grave, for undertakers were scarce as nurses.

Under these circumstances the friendships that grew up between neighbors were strong and lasting. Hospitality, too, flourished in the new country. If some one droped in anywhere near meal time he was expected to stay and eat.

Now do not get the impression that I want to go back to the hard work and inconveniences of pioneer days. What I am getting at is that there was a compensation for some of the disadvantages that we have lost. They cannot return but perhaps if we can call back through memory some of the early experiences of the country it may have a tendency to show us up a little in the mad rush we are all in to get somewhere or something before the other fellow.

Politics was in a bad way. Between the people of the south who wished to extend the use of slave labor and those of the North who wished to curtail or abolish it altogether, a bitter discussion was being waged.

In the tumult the old Whig party was wiped out of existence and the new Republican party was formed to take its place. My father was a Republican, so I hollered for Fremont and Dayton, the nominees for president and vice president of the new party, and joined in the campaign song of the time that ran something like this,—

"The election days are near
The candidates appear
So keep up the battle cry according.
James is no where,
And the people do declare
To land him on the other side of Jordan."

But when they counted up the votes they had landed James in the White House and my first attempt to help in politics had failed. About the first source of revenue the settler took from his farm was timber which in our vicinity was cut into 4-foot wood and railroad ties, sold to the Michigan Central railroad and delivered on the right of way along the track. The company cut the wood in two later when it was ready to fire the engines with.

As I remember it there was but one telegraph wire following the railroad track and that was on the north side. I can remember well when the second wire was put up and think it was not until during or just after the war.

The chief money crop was wheat. Wheat in the bin took the place filled later by the bank account. Wild pasture fed the cattle through the summer and when acorns were abundant hogs could be raised very cheaply with a little corn to finish them off. There was a surplus of hogs most of the time, but fortunately there was no New Deal to contend with so we al

the surplus and lived high; though we did not have much money. Pork, too, was a source of revenue.

The early day farmer usually lived well. An old time breakfast would be something like this,— buckwheat cakes, pork in some form (salt, fresh or bacon, smoked ham or sausage) potatoes, butter, molasses and coffee.

Huckleberries and blackberries grew wild, also plums. For winter use the wild fruits were dried or preserved, Canning had not come into general use yet.

Fish were abundant in the streams and lakes and small game was quite plentiful.

The first work I did for wages was helping a neighbor husk corn. I was eight or nine years old. There were four of us husking in the field, throwing the corn into the wagon. There was the boss, one hired man and a girl 12 years old and myself.

The men husked two rows apiece and the girl husked one row, besides husking once in a while on my row, so that I could keep up. The girl and I each received 25 cents per day and I understood the hired man received 50 cents per day which was about fair farm wages at that time.

My employer was the rich man of the community, owned 600 acres of land and was said to be worth $10,000. Sounds like a mighty small amount to make a man rich, but riches are only comparative. The hungry man with a loaf of bread is rich compared with the man who has none at all. We have talked money in billions so much of late years that anything less sounds flat.

Paid amusements were few. A circus came to the larger towns every summer and usually a magic lantern show to the school house once during the winter! There were four churches in Paw Paw, five miles from our place over unimproved sand roads.

The Paw Paw to Lawton road was very sandy and at some time had been planked but the planks were nearly all gone when I first knew it. It extended from the foot of the hill in Bangs hollow to its top. The plank were so worn and warped that the road was worse than the sand.

Sometimes a preacher would come out to the school house and speak on a Sunday afternoon.

A creek crossed our place about 40 rods back from the house which stood on a diagonal road in a little valley where it seems to me now that the sun shone most of the time. There was a living room, one bed room and a pantry down stairs. Up stairs was one room and there is where I slept and many were the nights that the patter of the rain or the snow sifting over the roof about three feet above my head sang me to sleep with a soft soothing music that was irresistable.

The old pioneer in thinking of his experiences in early life has a way of cutting out the memories of the disagreeable experiences, the cramped room, the lack of money and the like, and remembers the fine time he had sliding down hill on a board, or the fish he speared with an improvised spear made with a wire brad driven into a pole?

I caught my first fish from this creek with a willow sprout for a rod, a piece of wrapping twine for a line, and a bent pin for a hook. The fish were not large but the thrill was a monster.

It is not pleasant to write about unpleasant experiences, but life is not one long path of roses even in southern Michigan.

By 1860 it was pretty evident that if the Union was to be preserved it would have to be fought, for excitement ran high. Bitter debates were carried on between friends and neighbors. Ugly words passed freely and sometimes some one got punched in the face.

I was a little black Republican in those days. It is a great pity that the difference could not have been settled peacably.

We could have paid the value of the slaves five times over and still been ahead of the game. The year 1860 was one continued turmoil caused by the national election and war prospects.

Slavery, State Supremacy and Protective Tariff were the irritating subjects between the North and South that finally led to the War of the Rebellion.

The Government was poorly equipped to go to war. There were only about 16,000 men in the standing army and 7,000 in the navy, and the administration, being anxious to settle the differences between the two sections peaceably if possible, had refrained from any act of war until after the Rebels had fired on Sumter.

Then the President called for six months service to put down the insurrection. The response was enthusiastic. Citizens came forward and volunteered their aid and in a short time an army of two hundred thousand men was in the field.

It was thought that the war would be ended in six months, but the Confederates were also raising a large army, and soon these armies met in the battle of Bull Run.

It was said that this battle gave the country a true conception of the magnitude of the Rebellion. We at home began to realize that war was in our land. Everywhere we went we saw women working in the fields and men in the towns dressed in blue preparing to go south.

Almost every family had some one, a father, son or cousin, or a very near and dear friend in the army or navy. News from the front after each battle was waited with a burden of anxiety that was hard to bear.

There was a Company organized at Paw Paw and drilled by H. W. Hugo. At the beginning of the war this Company could not get into the service as troops for Michigan's quota were over full. So they were received in New York and went with a New York regiment, I think the 70th.

The ladies of Decatur presented the Company with a Union flag on the day they went to the front and one of the soldier boys made a song about it. I cannot remember all of it but it was something like this:

God bless the Decatur girls,
So gallant and brave,
For presenting us the Union Flag,
O, long may it wave.
It is neatly constructed,
It floats light and free
And under its true colors
We will fight for liberty.

Chorus:

So dear wife, loving wife,
Mourn not while I'm gone,
I am going to fight for my country's honor,
And not for my own.

War songs came out thick and fast. You could hear a fife and drum going most of the time in the villages. There was some romance and adventure and thrill and an endless amount of misery.

There was one man who went from Paw Paw who was taken prisoner and held in one of the southern prison pens. He ate mouldy corn meal and spoiled mule meat and drank stagnant water until he was so near dead that he did not know who he was.

He was exchanged and shipped north. He had but little clothing and no papers to identify him. No one knew who he was, but he seemed to know the way home by instinct. Anyway he gave his wife the shock of her life by appearing at the door one day, one and one-half years after he was given up for dead.

She knew him and took him in, bathed, fed and clothed him, and when his strength began to return he remembered who he was. He lived many years after the war.

I knew another man who was shot through the hips at the Battle of the Wilderness. He was taken to a hospital but the wound did not do well. Finally the surgeon in charge told him that if he wanted to send any word to his family he had better do so at once for he was not going to get well. He sent word that he wanted to come home and for some one to come and get him. A brother-in-law responded to this call. They put him on the cars and started him north. The jar of the moving cars caused the wound to open and discharge quite freely and in a short time a patch of blue cloth a little larger than a quarter of a dollar came from the wound. It was a piece of his pants that the minute ball had carried in when he was shot.

He recovered rapidly after that and some 20 years after the war he lived neighbor to me. I had a three day job of buzzing wood to do. The wood was oak and large and very heavy. I paid him 25 cents extra per day to stand by the saw and throw the wood back, which shows that his recovery was quite complete.

A man who went from Lawrence took smallpox and was desperately sick. Those in charge thought he was dead and they laid him in a back room to wait until the squad that had the burying to do got time to attend to this service for him.

While laying there rats came and gnawed his forehead. This started the circulation and the next attendant who went into this death chamber was startled to see him move. They took him back into the hospital and he recovered.

There are two women I want to mention, one a Mrs. Hill who had 8

sons in the Union army. One day this woman was on the cars going from Lawton to Kalamazoo. There was a man also on this train and in the same coach. He was what we used to call a Southern sympathizer. He was describing the personnel of the soldiers of the Union army, saying they were a mob of finatical cowards.The woman who was small of stature left her seat and walked up to this fellow and spit in his face and said,—"Mister, I have 8 sons in that army you are abusing and lying about, and I take this way to express my contempt for a man who pretends to believe in the cause of the South but lacks the courage to put on the gray and fight for it. The cheers the lady got were loud and long.

There were endless numbers of personal experiences, but these will be sufficient as a sample. The effect on the finance of the country was soon apparent. Such a large percent of the men were taken into the army and navy that labor became scarce and wages high, and on the same principle food and in short everything advanced in price.

Silver and gold coins vanished and paper money in small denominations was issued. Ten and 25 cent pieces and postage were frequently used for change, from whence came the expression, "He's got the stamps." A two cent copper coin also came into circulation.

The Government sold bonds and issued Greenbacks or Treasury notes for money to carry on with. They went into debt so much that way that our paper dollar became worth 35 cents on the dollar in gold when peace returned.

The public debt was something less than four billion dollars, not enough to run us now for one year. High prices lasted for about one year after the close of the war, then fell quite fast for a time, then shrank slowly, but on the whole constantly for many years.

I knew a man who bought a farm of 160 acres in Porter township in the spring of 1865 and went in debt on it $3,600. He paid off the debt in the year with the products of the farm.

Some farmers did very well on war prices, but everything you bought came very high and labor was expensive and scarce. Those who went in debt on high prices had hard work ever to get out again.

But we of the North knew but little about the cost of the war as compared with the people of the South. They had no money of their own. To be sure they issued paper money backed by Confederate bonds, but these soon became worthless. They had no gold or silver to redeem their paper money with and everybody lost faith in their bonds after a time.

I saw a box that was papered with bonds of the Confederate States of America. I do not know how many bonds it took to paper the box, but would guess 15 or 20 worth $1,000 Confederate each, which expressed in dollars would be $15,000 or $20,000 CSA dollars which were of no value at all.

The contest was waged on southern soil, bringing the horrors of war nearer home to the South. I have heard people who were in the South after peace was declared say that the country was bare and desolate,—not a box or a barrel or anything at freight stations on the railroads.

There was no trade and nothing going on at all. It was a great pity, but such is war. May this land be spared from any more of it. The ceasing of hostilities did settle the perplexing question brought on by the conflict.

The reconstruction of the South, the status of four million people who had been slaves from the time they were brought from Africa to the Emancipation Proclamation, and many other matters required adjustment before the South could begin to build up again.

I guess, Mr. Editor, that I have told you all that I know on the subject that is of any interest.

H. L. Sutton.

POETRY

By Charles C. Evans.

(Charlie Evans is a Baptist, a member of the colored Baptist church of Cass. But his car was wrecked on the road to town many months ago and the church is too far away for a Sunday morning walk. So Bert Goens has persudaed him to attend the Church of God in Decatur, and he likes it about as well.

Charlie resorts to poety sometimes, but we do not encourage him in it because his poetry grinder doesn't work as smoothly as it should. He is better at magnifying the stars or coloring the sky or musing in the dark.

But the spirits set him to work on poetry this time and they wouldn't let him stop till 12 ferocious verses forced him to acknoweldge them as their father. Charlie feels the same about them as we do, but his sense of economy will not permit anything to go to waste if it can be avoided, so he has brought them all in to be printed. We have decided to go fifty-fifty with him and print six of them and here they are:)

1st

Over on the road not far from the school
Lives a fellow like me and they call him a fool.
He has lived all alone five years of his life,
And they say it's about time he is getting a wife.

2nd

It's a very hard task to make up your mind,
For bad ones are plenty and good hard to find.
You might pick one that would be on the level,
Or she might turn out to be worse than the devil.

3rd

I went to Chicago on the excursion the other day,
To see what I could find over on South Parkway.
I met a young woman on Forty-third street,
She was very good looking but not very neat.

4th

I know another lady who lives over in Cass,
But note in her attitude altogether too much brass.
She seems to be too anxious and has too much to say,
So I made up my mind that I had better stay away.

INTRODUCING THE DECATUR LIONS CLUB

A New Organization Enters into the Social and Business Life of the Our Community. Sponsored by Kalamazoo Club.

CHARTER NIGHT TO BE A NOTABLE EVENT

The reporter through conversations with the organizer gained a wrong idea of the aims and purposes of the Lions Club. The organizer stressed the work of the Lions in building up a town and bringing into it new industrial enterprises.

President Maher of the Kalamazoo Club, in his talk before the local organization at its first meeting last Thursday evening, dwelt entirely upon its accomplishments as a benevolent organization.

In other words, the organizer, interpreting correctly the desires of at least a part of its prospective members, enlarged upon what the organization would get for us, while members of the Kalamazoo Club, our sponsors with commendatory enthusiasm, told what we could give through membership in it.

The Good Book truthfully states that "It is more blessed to give than to receive,' so no one has just ground for complaint if the latter purpose is the more correct one.

The first meeting of the Decatur Club was held in Welsh's restaurant last week Thursday evening. The entire membership was present and also seven members of the Kalamazoo Club who are helping us to get started. Brother Lion Welsh put up a splendid meal and when the appetites of the Lions had been appeased the Kalamazoo Lions, introduced by our President Guy Curtiss, talked to us.

It was learned that the out-standing specialty in the benevolent work of the national organization is to give aid and cheer to the blind, especially children. These unfortunates are sought out in communities where there are clubs and everything possible to brighten their pathway in life is done for them. Thousands of dollars have been spent in preparing braille books for blind children to read, and when they can be helped through medical attention which parents cannot afford to give, the Lions supply the needed funds.

The 'Lion' for May, a magazine which the local Lions will receive regularly as a part of the benefits of membership, contains a large picture of

Mayor Couzens of Detroit handing the official White Cane to 350 blind of that city. He acted in behalf of the seven Lions clubs of that city, banded together in the Metropolitan Council of Lions Clubs.

The state convention of Lions clubs opened in Saginaw Sunday and lasted for three days. Kalamazoo was hoping to have the convention next year and our guests urged the Decatur Club to send its two delegates to the convention so they could help their sponsor club to get it.

After these talks the meeting adjourned and the officers of the Decatur Club went into a committee of the whole with the visitors to prepare for our future activities.

Charter Night

Charter night for the Decatur Club will be held in the high school gym Thursday evening, May 28, and it will

(Continued from first page)

be a noteworthy event in the history of this village.

It is announced as the "roar of the season,' banquet and dance. Growl $1 per plate, feeding time 7 p. m. The committee is entering whole-heartedly into the spirit of the event and it will be a night of feasting and fun.

Lions from southwestern Michigan clubs will be invited and it is conservatively estimated that at least 150 will be present.

Charter night is in charge of a live wire committee consisting of Wesley Newell, W. T. Beek, Harley Smith, Guy Curtiss and Harry Warner.

Les. Cutler's 12 piece band of Kalamazoo and Paw Paw will furnish the music for the banquet and dancing to follow. Bob Carson, radio star singer and a floor show of novelty numbers will provide additional entertainment.

Dr. Stryker will preside as toastmaster and President Phil Maher will be the principal speaker. Both of these men are from Kalamazoo.

The supper will be prepared and served by the ladies of the Presbyterian and First Reformed churches and Victor Welsh will assist in arranging the tables.

FIRM OF NEWELL AND SON BUY L. G. STEWART HOME

Will Be Given Possession About the First of May and Will Convert It Into Funeral Home.

One more tie which held the past to the present in Decatur has been severed.

L. G. Stewart has sold his home.

Oscar W. Newell and Son are the purchasers and they will convert it into a funeral home.

Mr. Stewart is to give them possession on or before the first day of May. The tenants have been requested to move. The spacious building will be remodeled into a modern home in which the last earthly services are conducted for the dead.

It will also become the permanent dwelling place of the Newell family, whose present residence has been placed on the market for sale.

Mr. Stewart bought this home on East Delaware street of a retired farmer by the name of Mulford 53 years ago. He was then one of Decatur's enterprising young business men and his wife, the former Fannie Trowbridge, was one of its most beloved young women. Their daughter was but little more than a year old.

Mr. Mulford had built the house with timber from the choicest trees on his farm, had built it expecting to spend his declining years in peaceful retirement there. But Mrs. Mulford died and after that it held no more happiness for the lonely man.

Joseph Rogers, who was living in the house when Mr. Stewart bought it, offered the latter five hundred dollars for his bargain, but Mrs. Stewart said that to her it was the nicest house in Decatur, and she never would care to have a better home. The Rogers offer was declined and it remained her home to the close of her beautiful life.

Mr. Stewart has a picture of the house with a picket fence around it, taken at the time he bought it; another taken at the time he first remodeled it about ten years later, and another taken not long ago when he rebuilt it into a three-floor apartment building.

Mr. Stewart, who will be 87 years old his next birthday, says his active days are over and he will dispose of his other holdings in Decatur as soon as he can find buyers.

EARLY DECATUR DAYS

Jackson, Michigan,
December 24, 1935.

The Decatur Republican
A. N. Moulton...Publisher

Dear Friend:

I may be wrong but if my memory serves me right the foundation for the BIG CHIMNEY and FLOUR MILL of DECATUR was started late in the summer of 1868 and was not complete and ready for business until January, 1871. I would like to hear from some other parties on the dates.

Across the street from the big mill there was a factory started to make maple lasts for boot and shoe makers. There was plenty of hard maple timber around Decatur at that time.

Just south of the last factory there were two houses owned by a man by the name of Northrup. He held a position as Road Master for the Michigan Central. He had two sons which were conductors on the M. C. R. R. and a daughter by the name of Rose who held a position as clerk in a fuel office for the M. C. R. R. at Michigan City.

Next in line was the home of Dennis Jordan, afterwards owned by Matthew Murphy. He bought the home already furnished for six hundred dollars.

Across the street on the corner stood the old home of John Umphery who owned the livery barn on Delaware street, which he traded with Anson Scott for his farm about two miles west of Decatur, in 1870. In 1868 Scott bought the farm of the White estate.

Joining this farm on the north was one of my favorite uncles by the name of John Code, who died September 15, 1900. The district in which his farm was located has always been known as the Code district.

All of the hard wood oak lumber and heavy timbers used in the construction of the big mill were bought of a man by the name of Cuddeback, who operated a saw mill on the east side of the road opposite Eagle lake and one on the Lon Lyle farm which joins the Phillip Maguire farm. He also owned a mill on the old swamp road just south of the village limits which was a combination flour and saw mill. The stationary engineer at this mill allowed the water to become so low that he burned the crown sheet out of the bolier and they had to bring the boiler in from Eagle lake to take the place of the damaged boiler. I do not believe that the Eagle lake boiler was ever replaced. My father helped move the boiler into town. They used two yoke of oxen and a logging truck. When more than one yoke of oxen was used to move heavy loads they were known as a double header.

Walter Brown mentioned the timbers of the old distillery which was located at the west end of Delaware street. I was in that old building once in December, 1961. It failed as a distillery in 1860 and was afterwards used as a barn. My father rented it and settled it and stabled and fed cattle there in the winter time.

My father had his left wrist broken in a railroad accident so he was unable to use his hand. He hired a little Negro boy to feed the stock. The boy had a dog hitched to a little hand sled and he gave me a ride over to the old distillery, a ride that I will never forget.

The old building was dismantled in 1864 and the lumber and timbers junked and sold to the public. My uncle, Dennis Murphy, who lived on West Delaware street, bought some of the oak timbers, 14x14 and my father hauled them to his home and they were cut up into stove wood.

In 1872 Malcolm Carney was attending school in East Decatur.

The doctors located in Decatur in 1872 as I remember them were Dr. Baker, Dr. Keables, Dr. Rogers and Dr. Ross. Dr. Dillon and Dr. Rose came about 1876.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours truly,
W. H. Howland.

"JERRY" HALLECK HONORED BY LODGE

Odd Fellows Present 35 Year Veteran's Jewel on Anniversary.

Last Thursday evening local Odd Fellows rallied to pay honor to the oldest member, in point of continuous service of Sprague Lodge No. 113. Delegations from several neighboring lodges were present.

Noble Grand Lisle Howe called the special session to order and called on District Deputy Grand Master R. A. Lewis for introductory remarks. Mr. Lewis spoke briefly of the debt owed by the younger Odd Fellows to "Jerry" for his help and teaching in Odd Fellowship.

Past Grand Patriarch W. S. Bogart of Kalamazoo eulogized the spirit of fraternalism exemplified by Mr. Halleck and followed his remarks with a demonstration of Ritualistic work.

Rev. Karl Keefer of Watervliet, Grand Conductor of the Michigan Lodge delivered a fine address on the patriotic services of fraternalism to the nation and on behalf of his local brethren decorated the guest of honor with a 35 year veteran's jewel.

Glenn K. Hammel, chairman of the Grand Lodge By-Laws Committee, spoke on the community service program of the order.

Many others offered congratulations and reminiscences.

Refreshments were served.

Jarius Halleck was initiated into Sprague Lodge No. 113 I. O. O. F. on June 25, 1901. In the 35 years of his membership he has filled every chair in the lodge, has been Noble Grand several times, has represented his lodge at the Michigan Grand Lodge on several occasions and has been District Deputy Grand Master over a term of years.

He is regarded locally as the keystone of the structure of his lodge and is an authority on law and procedure of the order.

Reminiscent

Jarius Halleck had a big week last week. It left him somewhat tired but the genial smile did not forsake him, and it was probably one of the very happiest weeks of his whole active life time.

His lodge gave him a fine reception and a 35-year-old jewel on the 35th anniversary of his initiation into Odd Fellows Lodge No. 113 of Decatur.

He is the only living person who has been a member of the Lodge 35 years without a break. Others before him who had received the 35-year jewel were James Ellis, Thomas Blades, Emory Place and Jot. Price.

Thirty-five years ago the lodge room was over Beek's 5 and 10 store. Emory and Jerry Vought signed the application of our townsman, Dr. Easton was the Noble Grand and George Barber was the Past Grand when he was initiated.

Jarius Halleck has gone along with the Lodge through thick and thin. In fact some of the boys admit that if it had not been for his loyalty and constancy the Lodge might not have survived some of the most serious depressions.

He has been with it in its most flourishing days when it boasted a membership of 120, and has remained steadfast when hard times and deaths forced the membership down to less than half that number. During the past few years the lodge has been gathering strength again and now has an active membership of about 70. Young men have become interested in it and it is again taking its place among the most active organizations of the village. Lisle Howe, Noble Grand, and Bill Bowers, Vice Grand, are live wires and excellent officers, and they are ably supported by other young men who were not born when Jarius Halleck became a member.

The veteran member says the thing which stands out most pleasanly in his association with the Lodge is the work of the old time degree teams. "Boy, they were good!" he said. Del. Adams was perhaps the most outstanding working member. He knew all of the parts and filled in wherever needed. Mr. Adams, now 88 years of age, resides in the Masonic Home at Alma and receives the Republican regularly as a gift from his old friends in the Lodge.

Jarius Halleck has been through all of the chairs and has been a delegate to the Grand Lodge a dozen times.

Decatur Lodge No. 113, I. O. O. F. was instituted in 1867, and on its 40th anniversary moved into the fine lodge room which it now occupies. This room was built at a cost of $2,500 and is free from debt.

CHESTNUTS AND CHESTNUT TREES

Elben and Miss Ella Hagar of Hamilton have three chestnut trees on their farm which measure three feet in diameter and were set out in 1876 from seed brought by their mother from New York.

These trees are now sixty years old which is not old for trees, but they are showing signs of dying of the blight.

Every year since their maturity they have borne a liberal supply of nuts, and this year is not an exception. Elben gathered fifty pounds of them and disposed of 38 pounds. He had contracted the nuts to a commission house at 20 cents a pound, but before he was ready to deliver the market price dropped to 12 cents. Elben said he would keep them before selling for that price and right away E. E. Copley said, "I'll give a dollar for five pounds. Other buyers followed and it was evident that he would have no trouble to dispose of the nuts at his price. This farmer-salesmanship would meet the approval of Mr. Waters of Washington who scolded the western farmer for asking a buyer what his pig was worth.

Chestnut trees were once common to this country, but now we see them only occasionally. They are friendly trees, tall and stately, and they spread a welcoming shade beneath their branches on hot summer days.

We will be expected at this point to quote the first lines of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," so here they are:

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

That poem insured the good standing of the chestnut tree in the hearts of our countrymen. Sometimes they attain a height of 100 feet and a girth of ten feet or more.

The Hagar trees are not far from a ten foot girth. Elben says they are 3 feet in diameter. Multiplying the diameter by 3.1416 gives them a circumference of almost 9½ feet. If that is not the correct way to figure it we shall expect to hear from some of the pupils of the arithmetic classes.

The wood of the chestnut tree is used for many purposes, the bark is used for tanning and the nuts for food.

Are there any chestnut trees in Decatur, Mr. James, and would it not be nice for the class to set out a few in the spring? We think there is a nice chestnut grove on the Benjamin Hathaway farm in Volinia and hope that this story may bring a story about them from Miss Helen.

Our attention has been called to the fact that butternut trees also, which once were common to the forests of southern Michigan, are now nearly extinct and we do not know of one in the village. Butternuts are delicious to eat, but it takes an expert to crack them without cracking his fingers.

SOME EARLY DECATUR HISTORY

Mrs. Emory Squier has loaned the Republican a photograph of the Duncombe House at the time it was moved from the corner of Main and St. Mary's streets where the Chevy garage now stands, to the corner of Main and Sherwood, where it was destroyed by fire 41 years ago.

Under the title of the picture is printed, "Moved by Conner and Allen of Kalamazoo, August 10, 1871." The building had just been placed on its new location, but the foundation had not yet been built. It was owned by the late Charles Duncombe, Sr., of Keeler and Anson Knight, father of Mrs. Squier, was the landlord.

The Kalamazoo men were nine days in moving the big three story build-

ing the two blocks down the street. The family continued to reside in it during the time and guests were accommodated. It is said that an effort was made to stop the moving. We did not learn on what grounds, but of course it was not successful.

It was about this time, 1871, if we are correctly informed, that Main street was widened 12 feet by the moving back of the buildings on the easterly side. The reason the moving of the east side buildings was ordered was that they were all frame buildings and none were above two stories. Four buildings on the west side were brick and three stories. The effect of the widening is now plainly noticeable at the residence of Miss Gladys Lincoln, corner of Main and St. Mary's streets.

Horace Arnold, who owned a two-story building where the Republican office now stands and resided over his dry goods store, refused to move back and the store stood out in the street for several years. The matter was taken into the courts and fought through the Supreme Court. The case went against Mr. Arnold and he was compelled to move.

George Roberts was learning the tinner's trade in the Thomas hardware which was located at that time where the Doctors' offices are now. He remembers well when the Duncombe House was moved down the street.

CONCERNING A ONE TIME RESIDENT OF DECATUR

People who knew Decatur in the early nineties will remember the youthful preacher, Henry Geerlings, who came here to supply a vacancy in the Presbyterian church in April, 1891, and remained till December, 1892.

He was 23 and just out of college when he came here, a hail fellow, well met. His heavy shock of coal black hair and romantic black mustache clearly marked him as a person of distinction, and that mustache especially was the envy of all the young 'somebodies' of the village.

But every one in town liked the Rev. Henry Geerlings. That is we think everyone did,—we know all of the young people did; they liked him so well that they forgot there was a handle, "Reverend," to his name and he soon became to them just "Henry."

He married while here and his bride had a sister as fair as the bride herself and she came to visit them, and we remember a young man went to call on her and as he was going home a storm came up and it grew terribly dark and the wind blew out one of the street lamps and there were not any too many street lamps in the town anyway, and it became so dark that the young man could not see his way, and he wore a derby hat which was the style in those days, and he walked straight into a tree, and the tip of his derby touched the bark of the tree and the derby yielded, and the wind was blowing hard and the hat was of the color of the night, and oh, what a night that was, and finally a flash of lightning revealed the hat blown against a clump of shrubs and a very embarrassing situation was saved, and nc one ever heard that young man complain about the lightning after that.

And so Henry Geerlings came into the life of Decatur people for a short time and went out again, and this reporter has never seen him since, but has heard of him and rejoiced with his other friends over the good account he has given of himself during the long span of years since he lived here.

And when his one time neighbor, Fred Stern, saw a story about him in the Detroit Free Press he knew that it ought to be printed in the Republican and he brought it to the office and here it is:

Mayor of All Trades

Holland—Should the electorate tire of Mayor Elect Henry Geerlings, or should Mr. Geerlings tire of mayoring he will have plenty of vocations from which to pick a future job. In fact, he will have so many he will find it hard to light, for few people have tried their hands at so many things.

Mr. Geerlings started out as a printer's devil while still a school boy, and has been in turn, printer, reporter editor of church and Sunday school publications, and still edits a Sunday school department in a Holland news paper.

What he really wanted to do was to become a minister, so he graduated from Hope College here and from McCormick Theological Seminary and then for two years was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Decatur. Having tried the ministry, he decided that wasn't what he wanted, so he came back here and entered the banking business and has been for 44 years employed by First State Bank.

A few other positions have been clerk in grocery, confectionery and bakery shops, flour packer, delivery boy, notary public, appraiser, and financial solicitor.

This isn't his first official position in civic affairs. He has been mayor before, alderman, volunteer fireman and a member of the board of education for 40 years.

Mayor Elect Geerlings is 68, but had had but 16 birthday anniversaries as he was born on a February 29.

A GLIMPSE OF PIONEER HISTORY

Which Includes the Editor of the Republican.

By Bessie Fuhrman.

In Longfellow's charming story of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" we learn that a bold warrior who could face the mouth of a cannon was most timid when it came to courting a pretty girl. He sent his deputy and thereby lost her. But it was not so with one of Van Buren county's pioneers, the first man to settle in the township of Arlington. Although his was a courtship under difficulties it seems reasonably certain that he did his own courting and thereby won his lady.

This man is a stranger to you and the place he settled may be also strange. It was the beginning of the settlement of Arlington township a whole century ago.

Without some point of contact it is not to be expected the reader will be even mildly curious about the first settler of Arlington. And when I tell you he was William Taylor you may think perhaps that he was related to the Taylors around Decatur. Then I must say no, but he was related to some one else that you know, he was the maternal grandfather of the Editor of the Decatur Republican.

This may interest you and you may even wish to know something about this rugged pioneer. When little is recorded about a person one must do as students of Shakespeare have to do,—depend largely upon the children of Shakespeare's brain for their understanding of him. Only in this case it is the grandchildren of William Taylor whom we have to rely upon to give us an understanding of the calibre and character of these pioneers. This indirect acquaintance with this pioneer couple should interest us today because we are indebted to such as William Taylor for laying the foundation of our country's prosperity, also its intellectual and spiritual well being.

However, before taking up this part of the story the few recorded facts relating to William Tayor's settlement in Arlington should be given.

It is interesting to know that when he came to Michigan he was a young man of 22, a mere boy, and our Michigan which has made such wonderful progress in the century past was then a territory.

He came from Monroe county, New York, to Detroit, and from thence he accompanied a party of settlers, following an Indian trail single file, as the Indians who had made the trail had done. Their possessions were drawn by a yoke of mismatched steers, and we who have seen ox teams can guess how fast(?) they traveled.

How weary and foot sore they must have become from the long tramp through bogs and marshy places, wading through creeks or crossing them on fallen logs, working their way through brush and thick timber, climbing hills and slippery banks for days, now glimpsing a deer or bear or other wild animal, or meeting Indians who might be unfriendly.

Through storms and sunshine they plodded on with no bed at night but the ground, and no rations but what they took from the wilderness. There

were no restaurants along the way in those days where the traveler could stop for a cup of coffee and a doughnut or a plate of pancakes and syrup when their morning appetites called for breakfast.

Perhaps now and then they shot a deer and roasted venizen over their open camp fires to satisfy their keen boyish appetites. Thus we follow in imagination this little band of Michigan pilgrims as they sought to find the way to the place where they were to make their homes in the wilderness.

At last in the year 1835 they arrived in Van Buren county, across the peninsula state, where all of the party settled. They separated at Paw Paw, all but William Taylor striking out north to Columbia township.

Taylor followed the Indian trail to the west where he took up 120 acres of land in Section 8 of what is now known as Arlington township. Then he returned to Kalamazoo county and worked till he earned enough money to take him back to Hinkleysville, New York, to claim the girl he left behind him. He married Miss Philinda Kelsey and in the spring of 1836 brought his bride back as far as Comstock in Kalamazoo county. He left her there and went on alone to his 120 acre claim in Arlington to build a house to shelter them.

According to the description of the timber on his 120 as given in the printed history Mr. Taylor must have had something of a job to make a clearing even big enough for his small bark roofed cabin, and to plant a few turnips, their only crop that year. The book pictures this virgin forest as follows:

"Arlington is most distinguished by its enormous growth of timber. None but those who have tried it can fully appreciate the herculean labor of transmuting those huge forests into productive farms. Trees 3, 4, and 5 feet in diameter were not at all uncommon. In one section of Arlington a black walnut grew to the enormous height of 140 feet and measured at 3 feet above ground 35 feet and 8 inches in circumference.

From this account of heavy timber it is evident that the 22 year old Taylor boy undertook a big job in acquiring 120 acres of it. But it only goes to show the courage he had and how strong he must have felt physically. Not only the boy, but the girl too must have had plenty of grit to face such a situation. Being the only settlers in the community at first they were practically helpless in case of illness or other dangers. So naturally, the question arises, why was not this township named Taylor township in honor of the first couple who settled there.

The Gazetteer answers that question. In 1841 Arlington was set off from Lawrence township, for meanwhile other settlers had arrived. One was James Stevens, an octogenarian. He being the oldest inhabitant was accorded the privilege of naming the township, which he did in memory of his home town of Arlington, Vermont.

But for all the Taylors did not recieve the honor in this respect that was due them as first settlers, they would certainly be proud grandparents were they living now and knew of the attainments of at least three of their grandchildren. For, only two generations removed from the most primitive life, yet these three grandchildren of the Taylors have taken their places in the world along with many others of splendid accomplishment, but whose pioneer ancestry is much further in the background. Such recent pioneer inconviences as they have endured made their struggles for achievement more pronounced, so we think they are more entitled to credit for their efforts than they would otherwise have been.

But inheritance counts for more than environment, it seems in this case. Psychology teaches that we do not inherit from our parents, but through them. Therefore the nearest relatives from which we may inherit are our grandparents. So in this case the grandchildren must be a good indication of what the grandparents were in many respects.

Thus it seems appropo to introduce these grandchildren of the first couple of Arlington township and tell you something concerning their educational qualifications and the work they have been doing. In this way I may show how their out cropping of pioneer courage and determination to establish a worth while goal reveals the mettle of the people who were their grandparents.

Of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor only one is living, Mrs. Ella Moulton, now spending the summer with a niece in Spokane, Washington. She married a pioneer school teacher of the Prospect lake district who later became an attorney in Decatur. Their three children were Arba, Bessie, who passed away in 1920, and Will.

The oldest daughter of William Taylor, Laura, married and went to Lincoln, Nebr., where she resided at the time of her death. She left three children who are still living, but being unacquainted with them I cannot tell about them.

The son, Gilbert Taylor, lived in Lawrence. He married Miss Mattie Draper and they had two daughters, Wave and Lefa. As these two Taylor girls attended high school when I did it is through this acquaintance and later renewals that I have to draw upon for this account.

Both of these girls were excellent students and both were musical Wave played the piano and Lefa sang. The older one, Wave, now Mrs. Chas. L. Reed of Los Angeles, Calif., was not content with just a high school education and long before she graduated from the Lawrence High school she had planned to go to college and secure a degree.

This she attempted at once but was not able to stand the physical strain, so she taught school until her marriage to Mr. Reed, now a pharmacist. Although a daughter, Donna Frances, and twin sons, Leonard and Gilbert, were born to them and Wave assisted in carrying on two drug stores, she continued her studies and now holds A. B. and M. A. degrees from Occident college, Los Angeles, Calif. Her daughter Donna and son Gilbert are graduates from V. C. L. A., and Leonard, now married and daddy to a young lady, Cathryn Rose Reed, aged three months, is attending law school.

What a change from 1836 to 1936, from the time the grandparents were married until now. The giant with seven leagued boots could hardly take such strides as that.

Lefa, the younger daughter of Gilbert and Mattie Taylor, graduated from Lawrence High school in three years, and being ambitious, like her sister, also attended college, secured her A. B. and M. A. degrees and taught school. Then she married a promising young man on tthe faculty of Kalamazoo college, Mark Lane Worth. His early death left open his position in the English department and it was offered to her. Although left with a little son, Donald Traverse Worth, and an infant daughter, Mrs. Worth accepted the position and has been associated with the college ever since. She is now associate professor of English in Kalamazoo college.

One incident that bespeaks her inheritance of courage and determination to progress, no matter what the obstacles, occurred several summers ago. I had not seen nor heard from Lefa since our high school days, but one day at the beginning of summer school at the U. of M. we met. Both had decided on Prof. Gingerich's course in Wordsworth's poetry for one of our studies, and after class we waited to speak to the Professor. There we met. I had not arrived early enough to secure a room and through her I obtained one at her cousin's where she was rooming. So though both were busy we saw each other occasionally.

This meeting was a surprise and pleasure and also a sad one, for it was not the lovely young girl with the deep violet blue eyes and heavy dark hair that I saw, but a little motherly matron with silver in her hair that told the story of her sorrowful widowhood while still a young woman. She had brought her two children, Donald, 5, and Barbara, 3, and was starting her doctorate work at the U. of M., carrying full time work. Now one advanced course with Prof. Gingerich is sufficient to keep one busy most of the time, but when one gets in lectures offered on the side along with the regular number of classes each day, and her two little children to mother, one has an overload. But Lefa managed to do it, as well as entertain her mother and mother-in-law and niece Donna.

Neither her children nor her studies were neglected. Prof. Gingerich commended her work very highly, as did other professors to whom she had courses. And now Donald Traverse Worth has just graduated from Central High of Kalamazoo and intends to enter college next fall, while the winning Barbara Jean Worth is a senior in the Central High of Kalamazoo.

Thus the good old Teutonic pluck of the first pioneer settlers of Arlington township is seen in two of their granddaughters and children.

Of the grandsons of William Taylor I can speak of but one, as I have had no acquaintance with the others. But it can be said that he holds up his end of the family honor as creditably as have the granddaughters. This grandson married Marion Willison, known among her girlhood friends as Mollie Willison. She was the daugh-

ter of a Civil war veteran. They have one daughter, now a young woman, and, "Oh, she is a rose," said a lady who is a mutual friend.

All who read the Decatur Republican know Arba N. Moulton through his column, "This Week." Through it he teaches, preaches, advises, condemns, praises and blames, entertains and amuses. Moreover, the art pictures and their explanatory sketches, poems—comic, sad and serious—science sketches, and school notes have their interest, and the letters open a forum for threshing out all kinds of subjects from politics to religion and back again.

Thus, to put it briefly, a grandson of William Taylor wields his influence through his paper that hits the high spots all over the nation, for the Decatur paper follows many of the town's old time residents into many states.

Few who receive the Republican realize the effort that the routine of publishing a paper entails. Constant attention to office work of any kind demands something more than just the work. It requires a sense of duty, a persevering spirit and a stern determination to continue regular attendance. But office work and writing copy and taking news items is the small part of the business, for this Editor is manager as well as Editor and publisher. Hence he must carry on at the same time three lines of business, and they must be carried on often under the most trying circumstances. Constant callers bring items of sorrow, and receive kindly words of sympathy, and items of every other description. All of these callers are greeted courteously and dismissed the same way. Writing editorials and reading proofs must often be done during the harsh noise of the printing presses or with constant interruptions from business callers.

So through many years the Editor of the Republican has continued at his post, like the bell ringer in "The chimes of Amsterdam," who daily struck the noisy keys that brought clangor to his ears, but music soft and sweet in the distance "that gladdened the lives of the lowly, though he heard not a single strain."

A VISIBLE EVIL

By C. C. Evans.

(Our travel writer is weaving a sermon between descriptions of places he has visited. We generally leave the sermons to the pulpits, but this one is cut to the space available and may win a soul to the Kingdom, which is always worth while.)

As I travel the Nation beholding reverse conditions, seeing blind men who might ask and receive their sight, (Matt. 9-27), seeing men sick when they might be healed (John 3-14), seeing men dying when they might believe and live (John 3-16-18),, I feel like saying as did Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the sins of the people." (Jer. 9-1).

Look upon our Redeemer, as he looks down upon the city of Jerusalem and says, "O Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." (Matt. 23-37).

I often wonder how long will people thirst while standing in front of the fountain and refuse to drink of its waters. How long will they stand outside the door and refuse to use they key that bids them enter.

I think we should show a greater love for our fellow men, thereby convincing others that we have passed from death unto life, and that we may show the world that we are His disciples. Remember that we still reap what we sow. So let us not forget others lest God forget us, for God will surely deal with us as we have dealt with our fellow man.

It is in this spirit that I come to you, both in person and through the Scriptures, so please consider and lend a hand in putting this world on a better basis.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLIE LEE

"Squad load!" "Squad aim!" and "Squad Fire!" Three quietly spoken commands thrice repeated and followed in each instance by the crash of a rifle volley. And then the plaintive notes of "Taps" blown by Austin Dwight. Thus did the ex-service men of Decatur under the leadership of the Legion Post pay their final respects to Charlie Lee, veteran of the Spanish-American war and for many years a familiar figure in this community.

Following the service at the Lee home on George street the Legionaires acted as pall bearers and guard of honor. The colors of the Post with military color guard led the cortege to Lakeside cemetery where stacked rifles were awaiting the firing squad.

Something in the make-up of every ex-soldier or sailor thrills at the sound of those volleys and that bugle call. It carries the thoughts across the seas to "those wooden crosses row on row," where sleep comrades of other years, and as we render those simple honors to him whose tabernacle of clay lies in the flag draped casket the bonds of fellowship that bind all ex-service men, living and dead, together are drawn tighter.

Here in Decatur the American Legion is the organized representative of all ex-service men. The Post entering upon an ambitious program of service in the community. The people of Decatur and district are with them in their efforts.

THE OLDEST NATIVE OF DECATUR VILLAGE

The oldest native resident of the village of Decatur has been found and the honor does not go to Thomas Mahoney.

One day last week we were told in confidence of a Decatur lady who was born in the house adjoining the First Reformed church on the east where Harry Rhodes and family now live, December —, 1866.

But the house did not stand where it does now, and it was not in such a dilapidated condition. The house then stood on Delaware street where is now the Carney house occupied by the Swihart Funeral home.

This Decatur lady was born there on the date above mentioned and has lived ever since in the village of Decatur. She looked like the winner of the medal for a few days, but at last we have discovered a still older Decatur pioneer.

Mrs. James I. Huff, daughter of the late Walter Russell, was born in the house on West St. Mary's street, now the home of Mrs. Edna Carney Hall, on the 11th day of March, 1862. In her nearly 74 years Mrs. Huff has known no other home town.

She now holds the title of "The Decatur Pioneer." Can anyone beat this record?

A Caller and Some Local History

Herbert and Roy Lee of Pokagon drove to Decatur Sunday to call on their relatives. They are sons of the late Herbert Lee and live with their mother on a farm. The father was one of the original Decatur Lees. His name was Bennett Lee and of this large family Mrs. Ellsworth Graham is the only survivor.

The Lee family is associated with Decatur's earliest history. Of the family that located in this section when the Michigan Central went through there were fifteen brothers and sisters. The brothers were Hiram, William, Bennett, Calvin, Ira, Wesley, James and Vanranseleur.

The history of Berrien and Van Buren counties published in 1880, says in its sketch of the village of Decatur:

"Hiram Lee, now living in the village and resident longest therein, bought the first village lot in 1848, before the village was platted. It was designated the third lot west of the public square. The first village school house was built in 1848, and the first school was taught in it during the winter of 1848-9 by Miss Sarah Cook, whose pupils numbered 20."

Hiram Lee built a house on his lot, which was located on the site of the present town hall and our townsman, Chas. E. Lee, nephew of Hiram, was born in it. This house burned down in October, 1869, as told in the Republican last week.

Hiram Lee had two sons. Charlie was a teamster, was lame, had a long black mustache, wore a broad brimmed black felt hat and looked like one of those typical westerners we used to read about in the dime novels.

Henry Lee went away to the Civil war and never came back here to live. He survived the war and married in Missouri and there he stayed.

Herbert Lee is interested in local history and would like to buy one of the Berrien and Van Buren county books which tells about his uncle's buying the first lot in Decatur. He will pay $2 for it which is as much as he can afford. Anyone having one of these books for sale please notify the Republican.

SILVER THREADS

By Charles A. Bellis, 115 McNess Avenue, Whittier, California.

PART I

A few days ago I was happily surprised to have a personal call from one of Hamilton township's most beloved and respected citizens and an old Irish neighbor of mine when I was a boy. She was Mrs. Essie Knoll Bissenger, a daughter of the late Jacob Knoll, whom I knew and respected when growing up in the Corwin community.

It goes without saying that I was not only surprised but delighted to be honored by a visit from this fine representative of that dear old Irish colony I once knew and loved so well.

In the short visit I had with this splendid girl, and when I say girl that is just what I mean for I never knew her except as a little red-headed Irish lassie with a smile that never came off, she told me many interesting things about the old home.

Since she left I have often found myself wandering in the Valley of Yesterday. Her visit and the recent passing of one of my boyhood friends of the Territorial road district takes me back to the days when I trod many dusty miles up and down that famous old National Highway, to and from old Brown's Tavern where I made weekly trips for father's tobacco and other home supplies that could be bought there. The inn keeper, commonly known as Tenny, was then an old lady. She was the mother of the late George Kidman.

In a year's time I travel many thousands of miles over paved boulevards which are a far cry from the dusty, bumpy, muddy roads of yesterday. The other day a great G. M. C. truck and 16-wheel trailer with a double deck load of fat hogs heading for the market, whizzed past me at the rate of 45 or 50 miles an hour. As it disappeared in the traffic I again found myself as a boy traveling in the early morning on the old Territorial behind a drove of half a hundred or more hogs headed for the market, not at 40 miles but at about one and one-half miles per hour.

We will now let the hogs rest a few minutes under the friendly shade of the big sugar maples that lined the roadside while we weave a few Silver Threads around the fine old Haydon homestead nearby.

When I was a boy in the early teens my father worked as a laborer nearly every summer on this homestead. He often said that he never worked for a finer, more considerate or kindly spoken man than Arthur Haydon, and he was not alone in this opinion. He was one of the best known and most respected citizens of southwest Michigan and also one of its most successful farmers. He was a shrewd, but honest and up to date business man, a lover of fine horses and one of the best stock buyers and shippers of his day.

There is not much use for me to dwell extensively on the biography of this fine old pioneer, for all of the old settlers in and around Decatur remember him well and respect his memory, but for the benefit of the new readers of the Republican in the home territory I will try to give a brief sketch of him, his family life and hobbies.

Arthur Haydon was a small, wiry built man with a kindly smile, the direct product of an evenly controlled temper. He had a soft low voice that sometimes rose barely above a whisper, a voice impaired by some early sickness, and I do not believe that a harsh or unfriendly word ever passed his lips. I have been with him many days at a time, around his fine stock barns and in the field, and I do not remember of ever hearing him use an unkind word to either man or beast, no matter what the circumstances. When he hired a man he wanted him to do an honest day's work, and no more. He always paid better than the going wages, and the writer has shoved his feet under his table many times when a good meal was more than appreciated by the growing boy. His plain, home spun wife was a fine cook and knew what hard working men and boys needed to eat. She was a most generous and friendly hostess to any working man that Arthur brought home.

His Hobbies

Most everyone has a desire to do some one thing in life better than some one else, and Arthur Haydon was no exception to the rule. He loved fine stock, especially horses, and the Haydon stables held some of the finest Percherons in southern Michigan. His great white stallions and beautiful dapple brood mares would have made Ben Hur turn green with envy. The writer has many times seen these beautiful horses on dress parade at nearby fairs, and every time their bridles were decorated with the blue ribbons that showed them to be the best.

Arthur used to drive around his fields and in the neighborhood with a beautiful white filly hitched to a little buckboard. I have ridden with him many times and not once have I ever seen him use a whip or speak an unkind word to the horse he was driving. I have run ahead and opened the gate for him many times while he was out looking after things on the farm.

If my memory serves me right Arthur Haydon brought the first full blood Marino sheep to his community. My memory is not just clear on this point, but I know that at every stock show and fair he exhibited fine bucks and ewes of this breed. I'll venture a guess that in his old home there are today many blue ribbons dated a half century ago and more. I have often wondered if his only daughter Ione took up the helm of the family ship after her father laid it down for his well earned rest on the other shore.

Tragedy

The sun did not shine every day, so to speak, at the Haydon homestead. One day a great cloud of sorrow hovered over it and the neighborhood. It was in the late eighties. The Haydon farm buildings were having an overhauling and new ones were in the course of construction. A number of carpenters and others were at work when without warning a scaffold broke and sent several men tumbling in a heap among the splintered timbers several feet below.

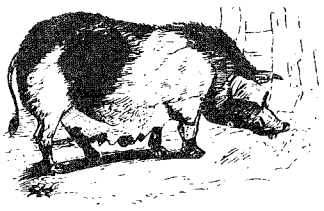
In the excitement it was found that one man was missing, and when the piles of lumber and shingles had been removed he was discovered, killed. This man was a neighbor of mine, and a close friend of all the neighbors, including Arthur. His name was Amos Hoadly.

It was with a sad heart that Arthur at once dispatched some one to notify his wife and family of the sad accident, and it goes without saying that the heavy cloud of sorrow did not lift from the Haydon homestead and surrounding community for many years. It was very unfortunate that Michigan then did not compel every person employing workmen to carry compensation insurance. I do not know that Michigan does now but in California it is a state law and is compulsory with no exceptions.

It has been a God-send to the family of many a poor working man who has been injured or killed while on some government project or in the employ of a private citizen..

This sad accident put more than one wrinkle in Arthur Haydon's brow and he did all that he possibly could for the bereaved family. It was no fault of his for the major cause of the accident was the splitting of a cross-grained 2x4 scantling that was not strong enough to carry the load of new lumber being hauled up to work with. This was brought out at the inquest. My father sat on the coroner's jury and Arthur was absolved from all blame. He felt the responsibility very keenly, however, and I doubt if it ever left his mind for a single ray.

My next "Siver Threads" will be the Hog Drive.



We left the drove of fat hogs resting under the friendly shade of one of the old burley maples that fringed the Territorial road near the Arthur Haydon homestead. But that was only an imaginary drove of hogs, for we were dreaming of the days of yesteryear.

Now it is early fall and we will go back to the days before the automobile, the airplane and even the bicycle were in our dreams. When stock was moved from the farm to the market it was either drawn in wagons or it had to walk.

The fat little pigs could not all live with Old Mother Goose in her shoe, so some had to go to market and some stay at home, just like the ten little pigs in the fable that our old

grandmother used to tell us about while the back log in the fireplace was sending out a radiant glow in the log cabin of our birth a few rods west of Christie lake.

We have gone back with Father Time to over a half century ago. I find my dear old daddy standing over me in the early morning, shaking me gently and telling me to wake up. It is one o'clock and we must get started over to Arthur Haydon's farm for breakfast, and then get the large drove of hogs on the road before daylight while it is cool.

We scramble out of bed rubbing our eyes to get them open, then dress in a clean blue denim shirt and home made overalls, for we are going to eat breakfest with Mrs. Haydon and she has a nice white table cloth instead of the much worn oil cloth like we have on the table at home.

More important still, we are going to eat our dinner about one o'clock in George Riley's restaurant in Decatur.

As we guide these Silver Threads through the typewriter we can still taste those golden brown rusks and home made butter, sandwiched with that famous bologna made by Anse Knight. We could have it sliced as thick as we wanted it, for on the table were great rings\ of it. After walking for several hours in the hot sun behind that drove of a hundred hogs we were really sorry we were not as big as old man Wilson of the colored settlement north of town so we could eat another ring of bologna and a dozen more of those rusks.

It is about the first of September when we take this early morning walk to the home of Arthur Haydon. The moon is half full and the crickets and katydids are playing a great symphony as we pass through the woods of the old Bell lot on the homestead. A hoot owl cries out from a tree top, it makes the cold chills run up and down our back and we surely are glad that dad is with us.

A scared rabbitt or perhaps a woodchuck scurries through the brush nearby. We grab dad's warm calloused hand and trot along as close to him as possible. Of course we are not afraid, but we like to walk fast when passing through the woods at night.

Now we are going along through the low land near the west shore of Bine Sterns' lake. Mr. Bullfrog and all of his relatives are out, and the grassy shores of the lake are strung with a million lights which sparkle like tiny stars in a dark night. They are the wonderful and mysterious lightning bugs.

When we reach the familiar old Territorial road we breathe a sigh of relief, knowing that we will soon be at Arthur's house. Right now we can smell those hot brown buckwheat cakes that Mrs. Haydon is getting ready for Mr. Bellis and his boy before they start that drove of hogs on the eight mile trek to Decatur.

As we have said before Arthur Haydon was a gentleman farmer, but he was not of the starched collar type. When he had anything to do he was up and doing it. So on the morning of the day he was to ship the hogs to Buffalo or Chicago he was up and doing. By three o'clock he had his farm hands astir to get the drove of fat hogs fed and watered and ready for the road, and at break of day as the moon settled down behind the rugged oaks of the Toby Byers homestead, we ran ahead, opened wide the road gate and stood guard as the big drove swung into the road and headed for Decatur.

We and our dear old dad are in full charge and for the first hour before it is full daylight the air is cool. The hogs are fresh and for awhile take it as a good lark. They step right along and the first mile we cover over 2½ miles, but as the sun comes up over George Smith's woods the fattest hogs begin to lag. The old rail fences long the road near the John Baker homestead and the shade trees along the Abe Wise farm afford good places for the tired hogs to slip in and rest, and we have to commence to keep them in line.

Unless we are careful we may not miss one until we have gone a long way, so we are always on the watch. We keep them on the move and traveling at about a mile and a half per hour until we are within a mile and a quarter of Decatur. There the inlet to the Lake of the Woods crosses the road at the east side of the Griffin homestead.

There is shade and water and plenty of grass along the damp roadside near the creek, so we let the tired hogs rest until Arthur comes along driving his little buckboard with several sacks of yellow ear corn loaded on behind. We scatter the corn over the ground out on the side of the road and the hogs are allowed to eat and rest for over an hour. They will not lose much weight when we drive them onto the scales before loading them into the cars that Arthur has already spotted for them.

It is now around 11 o'clock. The hogs have had a long rest and plenty to eat, and many of them have rolled in the mud along the creek bank. We have to be careful that some of the fat young shoats do not crawl up under the old brick culvert that carries the highway over the creek, for once they get up there in the shallow water and mud we will have a hard time to get them out.

When we start the drove moving on the last lap we make a careful count to see if they are all there. It is not much trouble now to count them for they are pretty tired and logy. We move them along and count by fives as far as possible. When we have checked and rechecked them and are sure we have everyone we start them along again. A few fat old sows are very tired. They do not want to travel and are constantly trying to give us the slip and lie down in a fence corner. It is near noon, the sun is hot and the tired sows commence to squeal and protest when punched along.

By the time we get opposite to the old Brownbridge farm one big slacker gives out entirely and refuses to travel. So we are stationed to watch her while daddy keeps the rest of the drove moving. Directly Arthur comes along driving his little gray filly and he, with the help of myself and a man working in a nearby onion field, load the tired hog into the back of the buckboard, she is tied there with halter hopes and is soon in the stock yards at the railroad.

Then Arthur hurries back and helps us trail the drove around the old cemetery and past the school house and Doctor Baker's old home. The doctor is standing close to the gate in his front yard. His well groomed black heard shines in the sun as he stands there as straight as an army general. His nose is tilted up about 30 degrees, for that drove of tired steaming hogs really did not smell as fragrant as the roses in the Pasadena carnival parade.

By one o'clock the hogs are all weighed and resting in the little stock yards south of the freight house and we begin to realize that we have not had our dinner yet, after that long tiresome hog drive from the Haydon homestead. So we pick up Arthur again at the Graham feed and livery barn where he hands the stable boy 25 cents to feed and water his horse. He tells the boy to hitch it up for my father when he calls for it and he goes to look after the hogs. When the local freight comes along he rides in the caboose to Chicago to be at the stockyards there when they are unloaded.

Before Arthur departs he puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a dollar and a half for father, and says in a low whisper, "Charley, here is fifty cents for you." He hands me two 25 cent pieces and they rattle when they drop into my pocket, and I am proud as I strut along beside my dad. Then Arthur hands my father another fifty cents and tells him to go and get as good dinner for ourselves. We proceed at once up Main street until we see old George Riley swinging on his crutches in front of his little bakery and restaurant. We lose no time in getting inside and at those brown rusks and rings of bologna.

Perhaps this narrative of other days will not interest the younger readers. Twentieth century boys and girls in even the humblest homes never have to worry where their next meal is coming from, and to get a boy in his early teens up at one o'clock to drive a drove of hogs eight or ten miles to market would be something unheard of.

The major part of the youngsters of today will stand in the road for three hours with their thumbs in the direction in which they want to go about three blocks. They are too well educated to walk that far. If their parents want them to clear weeds out of the family garden they will right away change the subject by telling how high a bar they can clear at the athletic field of their modern high school.

This "Silver Threads" story has its setting on the old Territorial road, and we still have several more that are strung along that famous highway. While we do not take credit for writing as interesting old time stories as Bessie Fuhrman, for we not educated to the high standard of this splendid writer, what we do write is of the true experiences of our boyhood days.

By this we do not mean to infer that Bessie's old time stories are fiction, for we positively know they are true facts. We are personally acquainted with many of the people in the narratives she unfolds and enjoy reading every one of them.

I personally know many members of the pioneer Fuhrman family in northern Lawrence township, and sometime I may slip in and spin a few Silver Threads right around her and her old neighborhood. I used to have and still have many friends in that vicinity, so if she does not want me to steal her thunder she had better get busy and give us readers another helping. That last batch of Old Taylor she opened hit the spot, for we once knew several members of that pioneer family of which our worthy editor is a fair example. So, Bessie, watch your step. If you miss any of your color don't say I did not warn you.

SILVER THREADS

By Chas. A. Bellis, 115 McNees Avenue, Whittier, California.

Editor of the Republican,—

I have been interested in reading in the Republican the wonderful tributes to the living memory of one of Hamilton township's most respected citizens and musicians, Mr. Seth Fassett of the Nesbitt mill district. They are well deserved, as the writer, who lived for several years in a nearby neighborhood, can testify.

As this is winter and the rainy season for California, and the streets are like miniature rivers, I have the time to weave a few more Silver Threads into the life of ye olden days, the great Valley of Yesterday.

Personally I was not well acquainted with Mr. Fassett, although I lived but a mile west of his old home which was at this time a few yards east of the Nesbitt school and less than a half mile from where he now lives in the famous old Nesbitt manor.

In my boyhood days I have stood many times under the friendly shade of the buckeye chestnut trees at the north gate and marvelled at this great Nesbitt mansion.

As a musician I doubt if southern Michigan ever had a man who knew his music and loved it better than Seth Fassett. My father was somewhat of an amateur on the violin and he has told me that if he knew half as much of violin technique as did Seth he would not farm another day. The violin would make his living.

And Seth was not the only farmer musician in that neck of the woods, either. There was Wall Greenman, Johnny Johnson, Hod Wheaton and several others of lesser talents.

But every one of the boys mentioned above were expert cornetists as well as fine violinists, and for many years they furnished music for the surrounding country as far as they could travel.

The writer personally has danced to their fine music many times, and so has he to Seth's. Like the others who have written Memory Stories of him I consider it a privilege to have known him.

Several years ago when I was visiting my old school boy chum, Fred Harris, in Corwin, he invited me to drive over to see Seth, then living in the Nesbitt homestead. Unfortunately for me he was not at home, but I did enjoy myself rambling around the yard. For a few minutes I was a boy again, sitting on the old fishing log with my fishpole, below the big red barns that stood on the west bank of the mill pond.

It was over half a century ago but I could hear the water in the old mill race as the tall lame miller, Tolly Langley, turned the wheel in the grist mill that released the flood gate and let the head of water in the pond rush roaring down over the great water turbine wheel and put the mill in motion.

The great stones whirled and the neighborhood buckwheat was ground into dark colored flour and bolted with long wooden reels covered with unbleached silk.

No better tribute can be given any man than to say that he has lived nearly three quarters of a century in one neighborhood and the people all love him as a brother.

I have traveled extensively over the west and lived in a number of states, have acquired many warm friends with some of whom I correspond, but I never knew such fine old pioneers as are assembled in and around Decatur and Hamilton. I do not say this this because I was once a resident of that country but from knowledge gleaned in the great school of experience. When I read the wonderful Memory Stories by Bessie Fuhrman I am more than convinced that I am right.

Down in the Ozark region of the south they have feuds. That is the make-up of the people. Family grudges are handed down from generation to generation. The Browns are born to hate the Sloans and the Sloans are born to hate the Browns. This condition is not limited to the poor and ignorant alone, many of the rich and influential are victims of the inherited hate.

But in southern Michigan the situation is exactly the opposite. People there live together in harmony, they form friendships which increase with the years.

In the past 30 or 40 years hundreds of weekly publications, magazines and daily papers from every state in the Union and from foreign lands have come to my desk, and in all of them we never have been a publication so widely circulated to old and former residents of the community as the Decatur Republican.

And no other paper we ever read caters to its readers as it does. Every week there is bound to be something in it from some former resident who perhaps has not been in Decatur for fifty years, but to him or her it is still the home paper.

I truly believe it is the magic of the home town paper that helps to build and hold the friendly spirit of the old home folks, no matter in what part of the world they now reside or what their financial standing may be.

The writer has a concrete proof of this, for in the past 30 or more years that we have lived in California we have had may dozens of old friends and former residents of Decatur and Hamilton come to visit us. Some that I never knew personally have called but perhaps I have known their friends or parents.

Nothing has made me happier than to realize that my boyhood acquaintances still remember me and prize my friendship enough to make the effort to see me and talk over old times.

I want every one of my old friends and neighbors to know that as long as I live the latch string is always on the outside, waiting for them.

Chas. Bellis.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CELEBRATION

A Big Parade, Contests, Band Concert, Fire Works, and a Pavement Dance Take the Place of the Old Time Bowery.

Decatur celebrated the Fourth of July last Saturday in a way that did credit to everyone who had anything to do with the event.

The idea of a celebration started about three weeks ago with the Legion boys and from that moment on the preparations went with a bang.

Earl Bishop personally took the matter in hand, raised $190 from the merchants along the street, and became the general manager of the day. Jack Haberkamp took charge of the parade. Reiss Fuige got up the contests.

Windy Wingate and Free Alden greased the pig and the pole, and all of the boys in the Legion lent a helping hand.

At the close of the fifth inning of the ball game the greased pig was turned loose and about 25 boys and men went after him. The pig ran like a streak across the outfield, across Mrs. Widberg's garden and across Pine street into Ivan Keyes' back yard where Lawrence Vliek fell onto him and held him till a crate was brought. Lawrence was somewhat greased up but he got a good $10 pig and figured that he could get his clothes cleaned and still be ahead. The pig was furnished by H. D. Wickett.

Deuko Prak climbed the greased pole and won the prize of a $1 bill. All of the other events were put on as advertised, but no list of the winners was kept.

The celebration opened with the parade which started from the school house. It was led by the colors, the Legions of Decatur, Lawrence and Cassopolis, and the band. Next came the Lake of the Woods camp. The

young people led by their councelors made a fine showing and the Legion was very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. I. Louis Greenberg, the proprietors, for the interest they took in making this feature of the celebration a success.

The pets and the old time vehicles furnished their share of the interest in the parade which was witnessed by a crowd extending from the school house to the park.

The band concert began at 8 o'clock. The boys were all out and Wm. Schuchert was in charge. His coming over was appreciated by the players who like to have him with them when they play, and also by the Legion.

The concert was over at 9 o'clock and then came the fireworks. W. T. Beek ordered them from a house in Fort Wayne and he got good value for the money. There were about sixty bombs and the rest were set pieces. They were fired from the south side of the track and a large crowd watched them from the park.

The pavement dance was held at the north end of Main street. The pavement was filled for every dance. Once during the dance great excitement was caused by two men coming out onto the pavement in the midst of the crowd with a cannon fire cracker a foot in diameter and about three feet long. They started to light it and there was a rush to get off the pavement.

Earl Bishop, floor manager, yelled to the men to take it away, and to the crowd to escape for their lives. Excitement reigned supreme, but when the big fire cracker finally went off there was only a little sizzle. There was plenty of laughing then at the joke and the dance went on.

The dance stopped at 12:30 and the great Decatur celebration of 1936 was ended.

The celebration was perhaps the biggest and the soberest Decatur ever held. There were numerous compiimentary comments over the sobriety of the crowd. People were here from the nearby resorts and from the country and nearby towns.

This is the first celebration the Legion ever put on here and they made a big success of it, so much of a success that they have received much praise and the merchants expressed a willingness to put up the money for future events if the Legion would take charge.

LETTERS

IN DEFENSE OF THE TOWNSEND PLAN

Whittier, Calif., Mar. 2, 1936

Editor Decatur Republican.

My dear old friend Arby:—

Here it is again March. The calendar up over my desk is like a big clock with 12 dials, one for each month. As I look at it I see the hour pointing to the tenth day of the month, and when it strikes 10 I will have spanned the three score years with six more for good measure.

Along through these 66 years there have been some very dark days. Like nearly everyone else I have had sorrows that are hard to forget. But on the other hand there have been many bright and sunny years. Am still living under the canopy of good fellowship and perpetual thanksgiving, for no one has more to be thankful for than I.

I try never to count my sorrows but to enumerate my blessings, for no one enjoys more or better friends than I. I have the best wife in the world to help me enjoy them, one of the finest and well educated daughters and two wonderful grandsons, now stalwart young men with high ideals and clean habits.

I don't know what more one could expect. But I am human and cannot sit down and stop trying to accomplish things. I hit the ball every day and make an honest living, and so far the relief basket has not been set on my door step.

If it had been I would count it no disgrace, but my old pioneer father whittled me out of what is commonly known as independent timber and tempered me with the spirit of self reliance.

Above all he taught me how to work and for this I bless his memory. But today we are living in greatly different times. When my father was a citizen of Decatur he could, if he had it to spare, deposit his cash in the bank and know that when he wanted it to pay taxes or for an emergency it would be there for him, be it one month or ten years.

Then there were laws to punish crooked bankers. Now after some poor investments they tack up a sign, "Closed by order of the Court," take the poor people's money and get themselves elected to Congress or perhaps the Senate.

Well, that is the condition today, and it was a little surprise to Mrs. Bellis and myself today when the mail man dropped the dear old Republican in our mail box and we read your comments on the Townsend plan in your "This Week" column.

We always look at the Republican the first of all our mail, and Mrs. Bellis surely was chagrinned at the way you belittled the only humanitarian plan that has ever been proposed to help common people.

But the more I read it over the more I became convinced that in your own thoughts you did not mean it in the way it sounded. You, yourself, have had to struggle to earn your fine education under circumstances that would have made many a boy discouraged, and since you became a successful business man you have had to undergo humiliations, hardships, disappointments and often do things that your better judgment told you not to do, and I hope now is one of those times.

You are a publisher and your paper is of a political nature as per your personal politics. It is a commercial proposition like any other business, and it so happens that the rich Congressmen who look on the old and dependent people they have robbed through crooked politics as a bunch of paupers have put the gag rule on all publications large and small. They make them believe they are the Damon-Pythias type and are being put on the spot the coming election, and they no doubt have put their thumbs on you.

But I know you are fair enough to know other people have rights and want to live and enjoy some of the better things of life as well as a lot of corn fed politicians who never did an honest hard day's work.

In the Republican's locals I note with a little mirth the happy surprise of two of Decatur's old and much respected citizens when they got the enormous sum of $12.50 as an old age pension from the state.

I really did not blame them for being surprised. To think that a great sovereign state like Michigan would have the unadulterated gall to hand two of its old pioneers a measly tip pance for their many years of hard labor in helping to develop such a wonderful state, brushing with one hand a few crumbs from the table for them to lick up with feverish tongues, and with the other scooping up millions of dollars for the polititcal racketeers to buy radio time and the public press to kill something that will give comfort to old age.

I wouid like to see the Congressmen who are paying out millions of other people's money to fight the old people and the Townsend plan which is their only salvation, try to live on twelve dollars and a half a month.

Dear old friend, I don't want you to take this letter as a personality, but I want you to look the facts in the face and if you really have any animosity against the old people try to forget it and be fair with yourself and don't let the crooked politicians bribe you into condemning the only bill that has ever been advocated to give the working people an equal chance with the money changers of Wall street.

I am sure that before you condemn the poor people of the country you will weigh your thoughts and give them full measure of honest consideration, and the good Lord will help you to help an honest cause.

I have noticed for several weeks that the Republican has been publishing with much gusto everything that was against the Townsend plan, and many of the metropolitan papers have done the same. But I have known you from boyhood, and even though you did not always agree with your readers' views you have always been fair and printed both sides.

I commend you for this stand, and with this in mind I have not stood idly by and heard the lies and insults slung at Dr. Townsend and his coworkers by such men as Hoffman, Bell and several others, and the Chicago University that calls the Townsend followers a bunch of lunatics.

I have camped on their trail for several weeks and have ready an article as a rebuttal which I have entitled "The Three Wise Men." It is a three

serial story of true facts and I am trusting to your fairness in printing it. The first issue is ready and will be mailed to you next week.

So much for political affairs and I want you to know I love you in the same old way and sincerely hope you have not suffered in the cold winter. We have had a run of influenza here in a mild form but are now having such nice sunny weather we just cannot stay sick.

When I read of the untimely passing of Eva Norwood I intended to write a Memory tribute to her, but when I read the wonderful tribute that Beea Harris Young wrote I felt that I could not add anything that would portray this dear old pioneer life any better.

I know of no more truly restful loving home in Michigan for that dear soul to pass her last years than the old Haydon home near the Hamilton Keeler line. Some day I am going to spin a Silver Thread around this old homestead.

I trust you will read this in the kindly spirit in which it is written and that if it does not find a place in your columns it will in your heart.

Chas. A. Bellis,
Whittier, Calif.

VAN BUREN'S PIONEER HISTORY INTERWOVEN

WITH THE BOYHOOD OF ONE OF OUR NATION'S GREATEST GENUISES.

Liberty Hyde Bailey.
A Shipwreck.
Beginning of Fruit Industry.
The Florida Apple.
The Author.
A Letter from Cornell.
A Relative in Decatur.

By Bessie Fuhrman.

Although Van Buren county's pioneer history is a part of the lives of many of the nation's best citizens, there is one in particular whose boyhood was especially influenced by the pioneer period. This one whom I have in mind is Liberty Hyde Bailey, Professor Emeritus of Cornell University. And while he does splendid credit to his home county's bringing up, especially that of his home township, South Haven, his county and township are also a credit to him in no less measure. As such, they deserve some recognition of their merits along with those of this illustrious son, for while it is obvious that Van Buren county needs no boasting, her good points being too well known for that, it may be that a few of her influences that have existed in the environment of Prof. Bailey's boyhood home might be pointed out to the honor of both the man and his boyhood community.

In the first place Van Buren county had climatic conditions by virture of her frontage, as it were, on Lake Michigan, and soil and wild fruits that naturally invited fruit raising as an industry. Then, too, it had a good shipping point. All these advantages she handed out free of charge to the pioneers who chanced to locate here. Besides, there were wheat growing districts at Big Prairie Ronde that made it necessary to grow wheat there if they had a road whereby to get it transported to them. So, with their excellent shipping point, the obvious thing to do first was to build a road from that location to the grain fields.

Jay R. Monroe, the first settler in South Haven township, saw that and straightway began just such a thoroughfare. This was in 1835. He with Rodney Hinckley and some others laid out the Monroe road. Thus Big Prairie Ronde, the grainery of southern Michigan was made available to South Haven and from there to many other distant localities.

Since nature hinted so loudly for the fruit raising industry, one would have supposed that the pioneers would have started growing orchards and vineyards right from the first, but they did not. Like the majority of mankind they had to have a catastrophe to awaken them in their possibilities. There was a shipwreck. Although not as huge in its loss as that of the Titanic disaster, it may have been this inciting incident, as it were, in producing Titanic results of which the "Fruit Belt" now testifies. The two-masted schooner named the "Florida" was wrecked just north of the mouth of Black river.

It was November 18, 1840, and as there was a blinding snow storm, the crew battled their way to shelter at Bangor. There (and this is where the Providential side of it comes in) the crew told that the "Florida" was laden with apples and hardware. A resident of Bangor, Mr. W. H. Hurlbut, procured some of the apples and planted the seeds. From those seedling apple trees he grew an orchard.

One of the trees was a "find." It proved to be very valuable as it produced a large yellow fall apple of sub acid flavor and slightly blushed on the sunny cheek. In remembrance of the ill-fated schooner that had brought him his luck, Mr. Hurlbut named this new apple the "Florida."

As orcharding did not begin in South Haven until about 1852, twelve years after the wreck of the Florida, a long enough time for the apple trees grown from the Florida's apples to come into bearing, it looks as if the fame of the Florida apple might have put people in mind of orcharding in that section, and the more so, since the orchards planted by Stephen Morehouse and Randolph Dinsmore were almost simultaneous with the first orchard at St. Joe, the old Parmalee orchard, 7 acres in extent.

So, should it be true that Mr. Hurlbut's apple started the ball rolling for orcharding at South Haven and St. Joe, the wreck of the Florida was indeed Providential, and in more ways than one. First the fruit belt was started, and, second, through the orcharding of Liberty H. Bailey Sr. (1885) the way was opened for the future horticulturist, L. H. Bailey Jr. to start his experiments and strengthen his bent for his present study of trees, for L. H. Bailey Sr. planted an orchard, one of the largest there about, and then it is said his son had his first school in horticulture.

Another line of influence that also started before L. H. Bailey's birth, but which was to affect his boyhood environment very much, was the platting of a village now the city of South Haven. In 1851 Thomas Sheldon and wife of Detroit and Wm. A. Booth and wife of New York platted the beginning of Van Buren's metropolis; so that by the time Liberty H. Bailey was old enough to avail himself of village facilities in education, there was at hand a thriving town.

But going even further back than the ship wreck, there were "Uncle Rodney" Hinckley and "Aunt Rodney." This couple was especially beloved by the community—the former having been one of the earliest settlers and assistant to Mr. Monroe when the Monroe road was built. The latter was said to have a wonderful knowledge of the plants in that region. Besides she took much interest in the Indians, speaking their language as well as if she were one of them. Perhaps it was through her acquaintance with the Indians that she learned to know so much about the flora of South Haven. However, she appears to have been as impressive a character as Aunt Ri in Ramona who also loved the Indians. In fact there are several parallels between "Aunt Rodney" and "Aunt Ri" so that one might believe that H. H. had "Aunt Rodney" in mind for her model when she drew her character, "Aunt Ri." But, be that as it may, "Aunt Rodney" with her knowledge of herbs must have directly or indirectly influenced the botany interest in the young naturalist who came within the Hinckley realm.

Then in 1870 the South Haven Pomological Society met at South Haven. There Liberty H. Bailey Jr. then only a lad of 14 years read an essay on birds. In recognition of the boy's successful handling of his subject, he was voted the local society's Ornithologist and the state society recorded his essay in full.

Undoubtedly some school teacher was at the bottom of that line of influence by way of assigning him an essay and in recognizing the boy's ability so that he received a public hearing.

However, the interest in horticulture and botany had deepened until young Liberty H. Bailey was recognized as a genius when he attended the Michigan Agricultural College (now Michigan State College). Then Prof. Wm. J. Beal who was in his day a leader in the field of botany, introduced his pupil proudly saying, "Meet a real genius."

But actual proof of his being a "real genius" came when he gave up a promising and remunerative position as a newspaper reporter to become an assistant to Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, on barely enough to live. Thus he showed how much greater was his love for botany and his chance to associate with a master botanist than it was for money or success in another line in which he was already established. And here, too, we see another influence that was Providential for had not Asa Gray turned the tide of the young man's work as a reporter back to that of botany, the world might not today have the chance to acclaim L. H. Bailey one of its greatest in the field of botany. Thus we are reminded of Tennyson's "Princess"—

"The world is but a child in the go-cart.
Patience! Give it time to learn its limbs,
There is a Hand that guides."

Professor Bailey as a Thinker and Doer.

One of Professor Bailey's thoughts that ought to appeal to every parent is as follows:

"I often wonder what must have been the loss of the child that has no fruit tree to shelter it. Every bird of the field comes to it sooner or later. The shades are very deep and cool under it. The sweet smells of spring are sweetest here. And who has not watched for the first red that comes on the side that hangs to the sun and waited for the first fruit that was soft enough to "yield to the thumb."

And now, just what has Professor Bailey done aside from assisting Prof. Gray at Harvard and being Professor at Cornell.

The American Garden Magazine claimed him as its editor from 1890 to 1893. He was also the first editor of "County Life in America." His "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture" is recognized as the standard work on that subject. It has been printed in many editions. "Principles of Fruit Growing" was revised for the 20th edition in 1915. "The Nursery Manual," first published in 1891 has been printed in more than twenty-two editions. Altogether Prof. Bailey has written over 50 books and edited about that many more.

In 1926 he was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Besides, Prof. Bailey is honorary member of the leading foreign botanical organizations. But for all his busy life as a teacher, author and lecturer, Prof. Bailey has taken time to travel rather extensively abroad. In 1914 he visited New Zealand. In 1917 he visited China and Japan.

It is said that in order to become better acquainted with certain plants Dr. Bailey once grew 307 kinds in a plot of ground 20x40 feet. There were plants from Mexico, Guatemala, South Europe, South America, Chili, S. Africa, and Asia, and many states in our own country.

Thus, like Burbank, he has studied many foreign plants on our soil and thereby observed their adaptability to American accommodations. He is through his experimental work, writing and lecturing, a splendid champion for the importance of botany in our community life and an example of what heights one may reach as a sincere student of that great but often much slighted subject in our schools.

Professor Bailey at the Present Time

More information concerning Prof. Bailey at the present time was very graciously given in the following letter:

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Ithaca, New York.
Office of the Provost
November 9, 1936.

Miss Bessie Fuhrman
111 West St. Mary's Street
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Miss Fuhrman:

Your letter inquiring concerning Dr. Liberty H. Bailey has come to me.

Dr. Bailey, while in his seventy-eighth year, is very much alive and very vigorous. I had dinner with him and his family yesterday. His address in Ithaca is Sage Place, where he is actively at work in the development of a great plant collection, or hortorium, and in the writing and publication of books. His writings are chiefly in the fields of botany and horticulture, with special emphasis at the moment on the palms of the western hemisphere. In his herbarium he has the greatest collection of the cultivated plants of the world to be found in any herbarium.

Dr. Bailey came to Cornell University as Professor of Horticulture in 1888. In the spring of 1903 he was made Dean of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, a position he retained until 1913. He then voluntarily retired over the protests of his faculty in order that he might be free for editing, writing and for plant exploration. He has therefore not been actively connected with Cornell University since 1913 except that he holds the title of Professor Emeritus. He has, however, retained a close connection, meets many groups, both faculty and students, speaks to our faculty and students with some frequency and otherwise participates in the life of the institution. Two years ago he gave to Cornell University his great collection of the cultivated

plants of the world, which has been established here as the Bailey Hortorium, together with his working quarters at Sage Place in which the herbarium is housed, and his personal library.

If you will turn to the 1936-37 edition of Who's Who in America you will find a record of the more essential incidents in connection with Dr Bailey's life and work.

Dr. Bailey has been the outstanding leader in country life in this country and the foremost writer and editor in the field of agricultural and country life subjects. His development of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University was probably his greatest single achievement.

It is particularly to be noted that, while his years are advanced, his energy and enthusiasm seem to be unabated. He makes extensive plant explorations in out of the way places in the world and he works prodigiously and productively on scientific work of a high order of importance.

Yours sincerely,
A. R. Mann.

Having learned from the above letter that Prof Pailey is still alive and still working, it may be of interest to many of the Republican's readers' to know that he has an own cousin living in Decatur. Those acquainted with Mrs. Nettie Huff, whose mother was a sister of Mrs. Liberty Hyde Bailey Sr. might see that these cousins do have very much in common, for all they were not brought up near each other.

Owing to the fact that Mrs. Bailey died when quite a young woman, thus breaking the ties that bound the Baileys and Russells together, the children of the two sisters became strangers to each other. Never ,the less there is much similarity of tastes for the same occupation. Mrs. Huff's interests as a girl ran naturally to writing and even much later when she wrote papers for several occasions.

Besides her early associations, while not connected with orcharding as were those of her cousin, were with many varieties of flowers, her father having loved and cultivated not only many domesticated ones but also transplanted various wild ones. Besides, on lovely Sunday afternoons he used to take his children for rambles in the woods also telling them interesting facts about the different plants they found.

Thus Nettie Russell grew up among flowers and thereby more than usual interest in flowers was developed in her mind. What further development might have taken place had she gone to college as her father intended she should, was "nipped in the bud." Prince Charming came along in the person of J. I. Huff, popularly known as "Nick." Their marriage put the college education out of the question, as well as whatever career she might have had as a result.

Then for many years Mr. and Mrs. Huff worked together in the photograph business of Decatur, but as if the "Hand that guides" would not be entirely thwarted from its original purpose, Mrs. Huff was initiated into the floral business. There again she was for years her husband's constant assistant in the industry of which they were the pioneers of Decatur. There she continued to work although her health broke down, until they sold out to Mr. and Mrs. Helmer just a few years ago.

HIGH FINANCING OF FORMER DECATUR YOUTH

Floyd Odlum's Huge Trust Firm, Built of Wreckage in Depression, To Fall Under SEC Scrutiny.

In some ways Floyd Odlum is the most remarkable man who ever lived and attended school in Decatur. He has risen in a few years to that position in financial circles where he matches his wits with the Morgans.

The following story of his stupendous business ventures was printed in the Flint Daily Journal, and a copy sent to the Republican by S. F. Beach, Editor of the Fenton Independent and a friend of the Odlum family when Floyd's father was pastor of the Decatur Methodist church,—

New York—NEA—When the securities and exchange commission begins an investigation this winter of investment trusts, the first glare of the limelight will fall on the biggest of them all.

Chances are you've never heard of it. Most people haven't. Its name is Atlas Corporation. And people to whom Morgan, Mellon, and Rockefeller are names almost as familiar as their own have never heard the name of the head of this gigantic concentration of $100,000,000 of American wealth. He is Floyd Bostwick Odlum.

There are reasons why you have never heard of Atlas Corporation or Odlum.

The whole thing is new. Back in the boom days of 1929, Atlas Corporation was just another investment trust, and Odlum was just another promoter, speculator, or financial expert among the dozens who found the browsing good in those green pastures. He had already built up a cash stake of $40,000 into better than $15,000,000 at that time.

Pyramids His Pile

Pretty good takings, but the total wasn't impressive among the mounting millions of those days. Everybody was making money then.

The thing that makes Odlum stand out is the fact that in the years of the locust since 1929, Odlum went right on and pyramided his $15,000,000 up to above $100,000,000.

The whole thing was originally purely financial, of interest to only a few. Now it is branching out, as all financial concentrations do sooner or later, into managing industries over which it gained financial control.

It is this aspect that particularly interests the SEC. It wants to learn, in the coming investigation, what influence such trusts have on productive companies in which they are interested, and how their investment policies are influenced by affiliates.

As Atlas branches actively into running barge lines, hotels, bus lines, ranches, movie companies, banks, and shipping firms, the government takes an active interest.

Stockholder Files Suit

Minor stockholders, for the first time, have begun to question such policies. One such, William F. Wash of New York, has asked a receivership for Atlas.

He doesn't imply that it's broke. He wants Odlum's management restrained from underwriting stock in the new Paramount Pictures Inc., to the tune of more than $6,000,000.

Walsh charges that the management's interest in running such enterprises has prejudiced its judgment of a purely investment deal for Atlas.

Odlum himself a quiet and retiring man of 43, came out of the west with the look of a bank clerk, which he still has, and almost that same clerk's simple manner of living.

He hasn't changed much personally from the Methodist minister's son who worked his way through the University of Colorado with nothing to mark him out but a certain knack of making money out of student publications and enterprises.

Rise Was Rapid

He came to New York as a young lawyer, and within four years was a vice president of Electric Bond and Share, the giant utilities holding company.

In 1923, with four associates, he organized a little private pool to deal in stocks, each putting up $10,000. Odlum did most of the stock-trading for the pool, and did it very successfully.

More friends heard about it, and asked to be "let in." By the spring of 1929 there were 400 stockholders, who had put in some $800,000. And the assets had swollen to $6,000,000.

That year, some 400 more were "let in" without any public announcement and the resulting $10,000,000 of capital controled assets of $15,000,000. The "pool" was formally incorporated as Atlas.

Right there was where Odlum made his killing. He was one of the few who heard the rumbling of the great crash. And he started selling Atlas' assets.

Buy Stock Control

When the crash came, Odlum and associates were sitting on around $11,000,000 in cold cash.

He watched the decline of investment trust stocks. He knew it was a new form of investment, that both sponsors and investors were sick of the stocks. So with his huge cash reserve, he started buying control of them.

Many he bought for as low as 50 per cent of the knock-down value of the securities. In many cases he simply offered shares in Atlas for controlling shares in the trust he was buying.

Holders were glad to exchange. Then he sold the best assets of the old trust for cash, which usually more than repaid his own cash outlay and provided funds for another deal of the same kind.

But holders of the old investment trust shares were often quite well satisfied. In the case of Goldman-Sachs Trading Corporation, which had fallen from $224 a share to $1, holders soon found the Atlas shares they received in return for their Goldman-Sacks worth considerably more.

Enters Operating End

In quick succession followed All-America General, Ungerleider Financial, Sterling Securities, Chatham Phoenix Allied, National Securities Investment, Shenandoah, Blue Ridge, and so on, until Odlum controlled 22 investment trusts.

In the rising market that has followed Odlum's purchase at the bottom, the Atlas shares have of course risen greatly in value—assets are now probably well above $100,000,000. Many of the trusts were liquidated or merged out of their own existence to become part of Atlas proper.

All the assets of all the trusts acquired could not, of course, be sold. So Odlum found himself operating many of the properties to put them on their feet and protect Atlas' investment.

In that way Odlum gradually became a factor in the management of such diverse interests as Greyhound Bus, United Fruit, Redbanks Properties (California fruit ranches), Mississippi Valley Barge Line, Frosted Foods, American Trust Company of San Francisco, and even Madison Square Garden.

It only recently began the underwriting of new security issues, with the new Paramount Pictures, Inc., issue to which Walsh is objecting, and an option to buy Radio Corporation's vast interest in Radio-Keith-Orpheum is now being exercised.

That is the new picture to be developed by the SEC—a giant depression-born investment trust owning investment trusts, and daily thrusting its power deeper into the management of scores of productive business enterprises.

The Decatur Village Hall and Fire Station

Work was begun on the new building last week Wednesday and it will be completed about the middle of June. The building will cost about $18,000 of which the cost of labor will be paid by the government and the material by the village. It is estimated that the cost of labor will equal that of the material.

The following description of the new building is furnished by the architect, Mr. P. J. Funke, of Detroit.

This modern fire-proof building was designed to fulfill perfectly all the functions of an active, civic-minded community such as Decatur.

Every inch of this building is to be used for some activity participated in by men and women, boys and girls. Its various rooms are fitted to perform the duties for the various clubs and societies now active or to be organized.

For the men the building affords space in the Firemen's Social room, which is to be fitted with compietely equipped kitchenette.

For the women the Social hall on the second floor, although designed particularly for Legion and Boy and

Girl Scout work, will make an ideal room for large society meetings. This room is fitted with storage spaces for each orgnization. It has a separate exit so that privacy may be maintained and interference with the rest of the building may be kept to the minimum.

For the boys and girls the Legion hall already mentioned is a fine place for large meetings. In the basement a space of ample proportions may be set aside as a hobby room where boys and girls may work at their choice diversions.

The library will be for all, young and old alike. It has accommodations for many books and will be one of the finest rooms of its kind. It will have a natural fire place to add to its comfort on cool evenings.

The lighting, both natural and artificial, will be especially designed for proper vision.

The official functions of the village government are housed in rooms especially suited to carry on the duties of the various village departments.

The fire trucks will be arranged in a room separated from the remainder of the building by fine walls and doors. The walls of this room will be lined with a smooth easily cleaned building tile.

The jail at the rear of the building is accessible from a rear door, thus providing the least possible interference from the rest of the building. The jail is fitted with two cells and a lock-up room. The jail is properly equipped for toilet and sanitation.

The council room will provide facilities for the various official meetings and will have a vault for the safekeeping of records; a space for tax collection and general office work usually carried on by the village officers is provided for.

Opening off the entrance lobby will be the public toilet rooms. A shower is provided for the firemen.

The exterior of the building will be in the modern American style of architecture. The entrance door will be flanked by the tower, the central and most important feature of the facade. The surfacing material of the front will be face brick with white cement trim. The brick of the old fire hall will be used in the rear and side walls. Steel windows of ample proportions will provide light and air to all the rooms in the building.

The building which is being erected as a project of the Works Progress Administration will provide work for about 25 men for a period of three and one-half months.

"Sam" Cornelius Kemp has been appointed superintendent in charge of construction.

A TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND

The construction of the Decatur Village Hall has been dedicated, and dedicated by a man who through his interest and love for his home town initiated the construction when it appeared the actual building operations might never begin.

At the time that Clyde Haefner was approached a number of difficulties stood in the way of making a start, difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and would have been, had it not been possible for Mr. Haefner because of his high position in industry and association with men who could by their influence and office overcome the problems and make construction a reality.

Mr. Haefner sincerely believed that Decatur deserved a new building to house the official and social activities of the village and he used all his influence and position to bring this about. Although his permanent residence has not been in this community for a number of years, his interest in Decatur has never lessened.

It must be a source of satisfaction to his friends here and in Detroit that he knew the work he did in the interest of Decatur was a complete success.

Fate has a strange way of arranging the affairs of men, and it is more than a coincidence that the body of Clyde Haefner should be returned to Decatur for its last earthly resting place at the very time that the work for which the village will always remember and honor him was started. This building may well serve as a monument to a man who never forgot the needs of the community in which he spent his youth.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Mrs. Orris A. Roberts.

Dear friend Arba,—

Reading the article in the Republican about the old log cabins of Lawrence made me think of the little old log cabin in which I first drew the breath of life.

The cabin has long since been demolished and a frame house now occupies the place on which it stood.

My Grandfather Garwood deeded to my father 80 acres in the southeast corner of Volinia township, Cass county, and it marked the beginning of the little village of Wakelee. The railroad running through it is the Grand Trunk, but when it was built it was called the Peninsula cut off.

Ten acres of our best land was platted into village lots and the first store was moved there from near the Star school house 2½ miles to the east. The store was placed so that it faced Marcellus township, that being the junction of the townships of Volinia, Marcellus, Newberg and Penn.

As the town grew the small store was replaced by a larger one which had a dance hall with a spring floor above it. That store was built on the Penn corner where an old log school house had stood.

As the townships grew more populous the school districts were divided and a new frame school house named the Fish Lake school was built a mile or two to the west. Another was built about the same distance to the east and called the Star school. Both houses still stand, but each has been improved since I left the place.

But I started to tell you about my birthplace which was on the Volinia side north of the log school house where I attended my first school.

The house was not as beautiful as the one described in the Lawrence article. It was only a one-story house with a lean-to on the northern side. It was heated by a large fireplace in the front room.

The logs were rough and chinked up with clay. Later an old fashioned cast iron stove was placed in front of the fireplace, and my earliest recollection does not include the room without that stove.

I remember being awakened many times in the night by the roof having caught fire and we were always ready to leave if the fire could not be controlled. The roof was made of shakes which were thicker and wider and longer than shingles.

The room contained one large rope bedstead. The rope went over knobs on the side rails and on the head and end. Sometimes the rope would wear through and let the heavy straw tick and feather bed down onto the floor. Then they had to get up and light a tallow candle and rope the bedstead up again.

There was a trundle bed which slipped under the large bed when not in use.

We also had a log stable where were stabled the cows and Johnny, the mule. Johnny was balky and would not let a stranger ride him. But mother rode him. She had a saddle which she would put on him and she would go to Vandalia to do the trading when father was in the Civil War.

Sometimes we three children would get on Johnny and ride him bareback. My brother sat in front, my sister hung onto him and I hung onto her. Once he went so fast that I lost my hold and slipped off, but the mule was not very high and I was not badly hurt.

During the Civil war mother sold almost all of the wheat and we had to live on cornmeal. I disliked it very much. It was hard for mother with three little children to take care of to get along alone on the farm.

When I was five years old we built a frame house up on the hill west of the log cabin, but did not get it finished until after the close of the war, and Grandfather Hutchings came to live with us.

Some years after we had moved into the new house a ventriloquist stopped over night with us. At the supper table he made a chicken peep from the hard boiled eggs on the table. Dogs barked at the door and cats mewed around the room when there were no such things there at all.

At another time a strange man came with a show and held it in the school house. He had a little girl with him whom he blindfolded and she would dance around among some eggs on the floor and she never stepped on one of them. We children thought that was wonderful.

One day after we had moved into the new house mother and we girls were coming home from Grandpa Garwood's. As we wended our way through the woods a little red squirrel came running along the rail fence near us and mother tried to catch it.

Her dress had big flowing sleeves and the squirrel ran into one of them. We took it home and it grew to be a big squirrel.

Grandfather Hutchings, who was living with us, slipped a brass ring over its head, and it was still on when finally the squirrel ran away.

We did not see him again for a long time, but when Brother Edgar was coming home from a trip on the mule he passed the old log house, then unoccupied, and saw a squirrel on the fence. He rode up to it and the squirrel jumped upon his shoulder. Then he knew by the ring on his neck that he was our little pet. He had grown so big that the ring was choking him and it had to be filed off.

The squirrel stayed with us a long time after that, but one day he ran out of doors again and our cat, thinking he was a wild squirrel, caught him and killed him. Mother scolded the cat and after that every time he caught a squirrel he would bring it in and lay it at mother's feet.

A FRIEND OF EARLY DAYS RECALLED

The reporter was stopped by a stranger on the street the afternoon of Labor Day. He asked why the stores were all closed, and when told that it was a legal holiday and the stores always close a little while on such days, he replied, "Well, well, that's so, I forgot about that."

"Ever hear of William Powers of East Decatur?" he inquired. The reporter chanced to be one of the few people about Decatur who remembers the one time William Powers, and the stranger proceeded to tell this story about him:

Uncle William, as everybody called him, was a devout Methodist and so was his wife, Aunt Mary. Both kept conscientiously the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

One day Uncle William drove to town to buy some groceries. He hitched the old nag and went to his favorite trading place. The door was locked. He went to another store and found it closed. Astounded he walked along down the street and found store after store closed until he came to Lee's drug store.

He walked in and asked Mr. Lee what had gone wrong with the town that all the stores were closed.

"Why, this is Sunday," replied the druggist. "It IS?" said Uncle William in a frightened tone of voice,—"I thought it was Saturday. I must hurry home and inform Mary. I left her doing the washing."

The pleasant stranger proved to be no stranger to Decatur. It was his home town away back in the days before most of the people now in it were born. His name is Robert Canning and he was the oldest child of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Canning who lived on the angling road out past the school house. It is now the home of his sister, Mrs. Jennie Karnes, and his brother Will. His sister, Mrs. Mary Youells, lives here on George street and his brother James near Schoolcraft.

Robert Canning left Decatur fifty years ago and he is now 78. He has lived in northern Michigan and in the west and his home for the past eight or ten years has been in Pontiac. He is spending the week with his relatives and enjoying visits with his few old time friends left here.

AN OLD TIMER WALKS TO TOWN

Charlie McIntire came in to wish us a Merry Christmas last week Wednesday morning. He said he was tired. He had walked in and it is just three and one-half miles. He cut off a little by coming across lots over to Liza Christie's.

He would have driven in but the road was so slippery that the old horse couldn't stand up. Charlie was 69 the 11th day of this month and would have had the Republican's congratulations if he had said it sooner.

He is the last survivor of his family. His sister, Mrs. Jennie Horton, died on Thanksgiving day at six o'clock in the morning. She lived in St. Joe, just a block from the court house. She did live up near the Napier bridge, but the house burned down last spring and burned up pretty near everything she had. Jennie hadn't been well since. She was 65 and next to the youngest in the family. Will was the youngest. He was a soldier in the Spanish-American war and died while on duty in the Philippines. Charlie says he wishes he was as good a man as Will was when he went to war.

Charlie McIntire lives alone on the Wait farm in Hamilton. He has lived there alone ever since Zella Wait died 22 years ago. She died on Thanksgiving day too. Mazie Winkler of Blue Island, near Chicago, owns the farm now. She was Flora Nichols' girl. Zella willed the farm to Flora. They were no relation, just old school mates and friends. Mazie comes out every summer, but leaves the entire management of the place to Charlie. He used to make a little money there, but of late years times have been hard and the land ran out, so he just about makes the taxes. The farm is 40 acres.

Notice of the death of Charlie's sister is printed in this paper. For it the Republican is indebted to Mrs. Geo. W. Cook of Kalamazoo.

THE BALL FAMILY 100 YEARS IN MICHIGAN

Stephen Ball Settled in Wayne Township a Century Ago and the Event Was Recognized by the Ball Reunion at Twin Lakes August 9.

Read at the Reunion by Mrs. Delia Ball Dine to Whom the Republican Is Indebted for the Story.

The Ball family reunion was held at Twin Lakes the ninth of August. It was the one hundredth anniversary of the coming to Michigan, of Stephen Ball, grandfather, great grandfather, three greats-grand-father of the Balls now living.

Mrs. Delia Ball Dine, graddaughter of Stephen Ball, during the afternoon gave an interesting history of the family from which these notes are taken.

Stephen Ball settled in Wayne township on the farm that Uncle Billie Van Hise later owned, and that is now the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Rank.

There is nothing much to mark their entry here more than the open fields, worn out soil, and perhaps a few virgin trees still standing on the east side of the old farm, which at one time joined that of my father.

There are some here today who have, stored away in memory's storehouse, treasured thoughts and mental pictures of the once dense forest, the first cleared and cultivated fields, the long barns and houses, the first sawmill, the old spring and the roads zigzagging through the woods and other landmarks too numerous to mention.

It seems to me there is great danger in our modern times of our forgetting what has been done for us, and of not giving proper credit to the pioneers who have made it possible for us to enjoy the blessings and privileges of the present.

How often we thoughtlessly assume that our success is the work of our own creation. Let us give credit and praise to our worthy ancestors. It is a glorious thing to be well born, to be worthy children of worthy parents. I believe that among the sublime virtues there is none greater than the love of father and mother. May their memories long be cherished by us and their principles of honesty and integrity abide with us through life's journey.

We, the members of the Ball family, have no occasion at this time to be ashamed of our ancestral tree. Rather we may regard it with pride and admiration.

It is one that dates back to a Wm. Ball family of Willshire, England, who had 6 sons, namely, Allen, John, Samuel, Richard, Francis and William. These sons came to America and settled in what was then known as "Vir-

ginia" in 1630-40. From there they branched out and located in what is now New York, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, and Massachusetts. This tree's many and mighty branches reach out now to the uttermost parts of the earth.

It may be of interest to trace back our father, Davis Ball's lineage. He was the son of Stephen and Susan Berry Ball who came to Michigan from Trenton, Butler County, Ohio, in the fall of 1835, and in the spring of 1836 settled in Wayne township, Cass county, on a farm now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rank.

Stephen Ball was the son of Davis who was the son of Nathaniel, who was the son of Thomas and Sarah Davis, a superior woman and greatly beloved, whose name has been carried down as a name sake.

Thomas was a son of Edward who was a son of Alling who was a son of William who came to America and he was the youngest son of Wm. Ball, Sr., of Wiltshire, England. Our cousins, Verna Holmes, Edna Durham and Lena Ball are children of Albert Ball who was a son of Daniel who was a son of Abner, who was a brother of Stephen, our grandfather.

As we proudly claim relationship to Mary Washington, George Washington's mother, it would be only just to prove it by statistics, so here they are: Mary Washington's father's name was Joseph, who was a son of Alling. Alling Ball and Col. William Ball, our forefather, were brothers.

There are many, many descendants scattered throughout these United States, in Australia and many countries of Europe whose lineage goes back to the six original sons of Wm. Ball of England.

I might mention one branch of this noted tree we are quite familiar with. They are the Ball's of Muncie, Indiana, the manufacturers of the "Ball" fruit jars. They are the lineage of Alling Ball, the oldest brother of the first six who came from England.

Going back to my father, he was ten years old when he came to Michigan. He well remembered the falling of the stars of Nov. 13, 1833, one of the way marks down the stream of time mentioned in Mat. 24:29. It was very vivid in his mind and he took great pleasure in relating it to us children.

He enlisted and served the entire duration of the Mexican War under Gen. Scott, who had charge of the force that went down the Ohio river from Cincinnati and Mississippi river, across the Gulf of Mexico to Vera Cruz. Gen. Scott led the army north to City Mineo. Gen. Taylor led the force from the north by land, 1846-48.

Father was married in 1860 to Mary Earl, a daughter of Henry and Lovina Earl, early settlers of Van Buren County and once lived in Decatur, when but a hamlet, about where Emory Squier now lives. To this union were 11 chilldren born, 6 girls and 5 boys. All lived to womanhood and manhood but one girl who died in infancy. All are still living except the oldest child, Sylvester and the youngest, Ira.

Father owned at one time four 80 acre and one 120 acre tracts of land covered with dense virgin timber of birch, maple, whitewood and ash. Some of this timber was made into lumber, but the major portion was slashed down and cut into lengths convenient to draw together by a yoke of oxen into log heaps and burned, just to have the land to cultivate.

Father was a famous ox team driver, but very awkward with a horse team. In fact, I never knew him to harness a team of horses. He was an honest, industrious, upright man and would be 111 years old if living. He lies in the Crane cemetery, resting from his labors, but "his works do follow him."

Mrs. Dine writes in closing that the reunion was a delightful affair. About 60 were present, there was a wonderful co-operative dinner and a good program--plenty of ice cream just before leaving for home.

Orlando Ball was elected president to succeed his brother Clem, and Mrs. Lida Goble was elected secretary and treasurer to succeed her sister, Mrs. Dine.

It was decided to meet next year at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Goble at Gravel lake.

THE STRAWBERRY IN BRIEF SKETCH

In the following lines, a brief synopsis of the history of the strawberry is given, with the compiler disclaiming any credit, or originality. It was all stolen bodily from numerous Department of Agriculture bulletins, and from Professor S. W. Fletcher's great book, "The Strawberry in North America." This volume is the most complete of its kind, and is a fine side-light on intimate history in the evolution of that delicious fruit, the strawberry. In condensing several hundred pages to a length where a few might care to read it, I hope I have garbled, bungled and blundered no more than you would expect of one knowing as little about the subject as myself.

I love shortcake as well as any other American, but, in knowledge of strawberries, I stand at the front of the stairs; my ideas, and identity are unimportant, so I take pleasure in signing myself,— Newel Post.

Virgil, the poet, born in 70 B. C. mentioned the strawberry, so it has been known for ages, but the most of its development has been made in the last hundred years. In nature there were about four distinct varieties under the scientific name of Fragaria, from the Latin word, fragro, to emit a sweet odor. Two of these varieties grew in Europe: Fragaria elatior, (the Hauthbois, meaning highwood) and Fragaria vesca, the wood strawberry. Its first mention in English writings was in 1430.

The origin of the English name is in doubt. Some trace it to the ancient custom among children of selling the wild fruit strung on straws, probably timothy. In 1806 Sir Joseph Banks said, "The custom of laying straw on the strawberry plants when the fruit begins to swell is probably very old in this country. The name of the fruit bears testimony in favor of this conjecture, for the plant has no relation to straw in any other way, and no other European language applies the idea in any shape to the name of the berry, or to the plant that bears it."

It has been suggested also that the word refers to the resemblance of the old, dry runners to straw, or to the fact that the plant is commonly found growing among the straws, or wild, dry grasses of old fields.

None of these guesses, however is as plausible as the explanation of the word and language expert, who concludes that "strawberry" is from the Anglo-Saxon word "Streouberrie," which was first spelled in modern fashion by Turner in 1548. This was derived from "strae," or "strahen," to scatter, referring to the erratic habit of the runners in straying, or wandering about; being strewed, anciently, "strawed." It is worthy of notice, too, that the first time it appeared in English writing in 1430, when John Lydgate wrote a song called "London Lickpenny," in which he refers to "strawberry rype" as a street cry of London.

The ancients also had the quaint idea that because it was shaped something like the human heart, that it was good medicine for that organ.

The European forms of the wild strawberry did not improve greatly by selection, or cultivation, and produced no valuable varieties. Fragaria chiloensis, first taken from Chile, and found on the Pacific Coast of both North and South America, was introduced into Europe about 1735.

F. virginiana was abundant on the Atlantic seaboard, and had a wide range westward across the U. S., and far into Canada, and its fruit always proved a welcome addition to frontier fare. The first settlers in Jamestown found them in every clearing. In 1643 Roger Williams wrote, "The Indians bruise them in a mortar and mix them with meal and make strawberry bread."

In 1629 Wm. Wood visited New England. He returned to England in 1633, and there published his New England Prospect which is a record of his observations in the New World. Of the Massachusett's plantations he says, "There is likewise strawberries in abundance, verie large ones, some being two inches about; one may gather halfe a bushel in the forenoone."

Always the wild strawberry has been gratefully associated with pioneer life. We can hardly blame those who have enjoyed its bounty under these circumstances if they refuse to admit that any cultivated variety is has as sweet.

The first step in the taming of the wild berry naturally would be to transfer to the garden some of the most superior plants found in the fields. Since the native berry was so decidedly superior to the best European sorts of that time, there was no object in importing varieties from Eu-

rope, as was the case with most other fruits.

It is recorded that the Large Early Scarlet, a large fruited form of F. virginiana, was introduced into England about 1624.

It is doubtful if garden culture began before 1700, nearly everyone depending upon the wild ones. The time arrived when it became necessary for the housewife to go farther and farther afield to gather the annual supply for preserves and jam. No canning was done at that time, for the process of hermetically sealing food to preserve it for future use was not discovered until 1795, by Nicholas Appert, a Frenchman. Lobsters and salmon were the first goods canned commercially in America, but in 1825 fruit and vegetables were also canned. The Mason jar, as you know it, was invented in 1858, though some forms of glass jars were used considerably before that.

Wild strawberries became an article of barter and sale in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore long before the Revolution. The wild plants by this time were carefully selected so as to find those of high production, good size and flavor. This was the beginning of strawberry breeding. About this time the hautbois, wood and Chilean plants were brought from Europe, together with some forms of the improved varieties of F. virginiana that had been developed for some years by English gardeners.

Much interest was aroused about 1750 when Wm. Prince established the first North American nursery at Flushing, N. Y., and for many years his Linnaean Garden was the chief center for horticultural plants. Three generations of the Prince family held this nursery for over a century. The first North American trade catalogs of plants were issued by Prince. In the one sent out in 1771, three kinds of strawberries were offered for sale, "Large Hauthboys, the Chili, the Red-wood, at one shilling per dozen roots." These were grown only in a few American gardens, as the native scarlet, F. virginiana was so much better flavored and more productive. The Red Wood and its companion, the White Wood, were quite commonly cultivated near Boston. In 1791 the catalog listed, "Hudson, very large, fine flavor, and great bearers, 2s per dozen." Later this was called Early Hudson. It was the first named variety listed in North America, and was a form of the Scarlet. The English method of growing strawberries in raised beds, and followed here hampered general gardening development. The name "bed" fastened itself to the strawberry plot so tenaciously that the term, "field," was not used until 1850, and "beds" it is to this day with some people.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF FLOYD SMITH

Hung by a Mob Until Insensible on Suspicion of Being Implicated in the Morris Murder. His Wife Died Within Six Months and He Followed In a Few Years.

By Dana P. Smith.

(This graphic account of an attempt to discover the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris is sent the Republican by Dana P. Smith, well known civil engineer of Paw Paw. In a letter accompanying the story Mr. Smith writes,—"He was no relation to me in any way and I have no especial reason to defend him. There has always been fierce controversy over whether Floyd Smith drove the killer to the scene of his crime or not, and probably always will be among the old timers." The story adds another interesting chapter to the account of the worst tragedy of its kind ever known to this section of Michigan.)

On the early evening before the Morris murder, John Holliday, Ella Curtis, Ed. Curtis and Mary Crowley rode past the Anderson cemetery and saw a buggy and team hitched by the woods at the corner of the Morris farm. Not much was thought of it then, but some hours after the murder was discovered this incident assumed great importance, as furnishing a clue, provided the outfit could be found and identified.

One of the tires of the buggy made a peculiar mark which would serve for identification and with this as a beginning an intensive search was started for that buggy. The search was begun some hours after the discovery of the murder and in the meantime the roads leading to the Morris farm for miles in every direction had been thronged with people, sorrowful or in helpless rage, as the terrible event impressed their different emotions.

It is not at all likely that this buggy was ever tracked from the Anderson cemetery over any of these roads. After a time a buggy was found on the premises of a farmer, Floyd Smith, living about one mile south of Fritzburg in Hamilton township whose tire was thought to make a mark like the one seen at the Anderson cemetery and Smith was arrested. This caused great excitement and a hearing was awaited with tense impatience.

On the morning of the hearing, Prosecutor Benj. F. Heckert announced that there was no evidence that would warrant holding the defendant and that he was released from arrest. This caused great dissatisfaction and many favored drastic action.

In the gathering darkness of the evening Smith was captured west of Decatur by about 20 masked men and taken to a patch of thick woods, a rope was produced and he was told in no uncertain words that they believed he knew things about the Morris murder, and if he did not tell, it would be the rope for him.

He denied knowing anything and he was strung up. On being let down he still denied having anything to tell. He was hung up again and longer, and when let down had to be revived. He repeated his denial and was finally allowed to go. The mob returned to Decatur crest fallen.

Smith always maintained that on the evening of the murder he was at home. In this he was supported by his wife. The after effects of the hanging were tragic. Mrs. Smith, a frail girl, was so affected by what had happened to her husband that her health failed and in six months she died at the age of 21 years and 8 months.

Floyd Smith lived alone in poor health for five years. His neck troubled him greatly and was chiefly the cause of his death. He passed away in Paw Paw in a building that formerly stood where the National Bank building is now?

There was nothing to indicate that there was anything unusual on his mind. He was born and raised on the Wilkins farm south of the East Valley school house. In the Chamberlin cemetery south of Lawton, "The world forgetting and by the world forgot" Floyd and his wife lay at rest.

In my acquaintance with Floyd Smith, while he never brought up the subject he never seemed to shrink from answering questions about his experience. He maintained that he was innocent, and suspicion to the contrary, never ripened into proof.

He recognized several men in the mob and gave their names but as far as I know all of them have passed over the great divide.

One item that I have never heard mentioned is that at a house still standing at the corner of Center and O'Keefe streets in Cassopolis on the night of the murder a young lady was entertaining a young man visitor on the front porch. By the moon light they saw a man on horse back ride in from the east and turn south on the Edwardsburg and South Bend road. The horse looked tired. It was toward 11 o'clock p .m. This was probably the guilty man on his way to South Bend. This lady was still alive about 15 years ago.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

A locksmith called the other day and said he was making keys. He has a home in Rockport, Texas, but he travels all over the land with his workshop on wheels.

He has traveled all his life and when asked how long that was he declared he was 78. He hardly looked 60.

The traveler excused himself for being in Michigan by saying that the northern locksmiths over-run his territory in the winter time and he has to get even with them in summer.

Texas he thinks is not so strong for Roosevelt. The cotton growers have discovered that when a land owner

cut down his acreage he cut down his share croppers and that threw a lot of men out of work.

But forty percent of the voters are either on relief or have relatives that are, and that practically insures a majority for the President.

This traveling in a car and living wherever night overtakes one may be interesting for a year or two but must get monotonous in time. In our small boy days it was a great event when the tinware peddler came. He called once a year, but with his horse and covered wagon he could not get over much ground. At one time our great ambition was to become a tinware peddler.

The Republican candidate for President may not be the favorite for the moment with the gamblers, but we are prepared to rip into pieces and tear into shreds one argument against him.

One nearby newspaper with Tugwell leanings and amateurishly poetic feelings was complaining because it couldn't find a word to rhyme with Landon, and gave that as a reason for his being an undersirable candidate.

The Editor or office boy or whoever the writer might have been was not schooled enough in poetry to attempt a couplet or he would have known that one of the finest poems in the Irish language suggests a perfect rhyme for Landon. Note the first verse of it:—

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Paraphrasing this materpiece of the poet Mahoney what is wrong with this for a Landon rhyme:

And now I ponder on the prairie yonder,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Kansas, of thee,
With thy young man Landon
That goes so grand on
The streaming banners of the G. O. P.

DECATUR CARVED OUT OF VIRGIN WILDERNESS

Town Was Thriving Trading Post For Early-Day Settlers.

From Benton Harbor News-Palladium.

Decatur, Jan. 1.—No community in Van Buren or in southwestern Michigan, for that matter, has a more colorful or romantic background than that of Decatur. For years, in the earlier days, Decatur was one of the most prominent trading posts in this corner of the state, when the nearest general store was in Kalamazoo. And today many of Decatur's representative citizens are descendants of Decatur pioneers who literally hewed their homes and farms out of the virgin timber that stood in great stands in this area.

Once Happy Hunting Ground

From 1834 until 1847 the present site of the village of Decatur, was a pleasure ground for nimrods and anglers. Pickerel lake, which was on the southeast, and Lake of the Woods, on the north of this hunting ground, were well filled with fish. In 1847, Beers and Sherwood, contractors who were building the swamp road and had received government grants for 5,000 acres of land, which included this hunting ground, decided that as the Michigan Central railway was being built, to lay out a town on either side of the line and call it Decatur. They donated the land for the railway buildings which were built in 1848. In October of this year the railway was completed from Detroit to Niles and the first train passed through Decatur, October 7, 1848.

Town Platted in '49

In 1849, the village of Decatur was platted and the first streets, north and south of the depot, running parallel with the railroad were named for the donors of the land and still bear those names; Sherwood street on the north of the track, Beers street on the south.

A boarding house was opened in the office of Beers and Sherwood by a C. S. Tucker, who had previously been boarding the railroad construction men in an old shanty, south of the depot. In this year three stores were opened. Hiram Lee bought the first village lot in 1848. With the completion of the swamp road Decatur took on a decidedly rapid growth.

Thriving in 1854

In 1854, the business section comprised a drug store, two general stores and one dry goods store. On January 1, 1880, the population was 2,000 and there were 5 general stores, 2 hardware stores, 2 drug stores, 5 grocery stores, 1 furniture store, one shoe store and various small businesses and it was famous as a trading town. At this time the town boasted of a whiskey distillery although it was short-lived.

First School in '48

The first village school house was built in 1848, and the school of 20 pupils was taught by a Miss Sarah Cook.

Decatur's first physician was Dr. Bartholomew, soon after opening his office in 1848 he contracted "California fever" and left Decatur, returning later to Keeler, a sadder but wiser man.

The village continued to grow, and in 1852 a postoffice was established and George Sherwood appointed postmaster. So rapidly did this little village enlarge that in 1879 the sale of postoffice stamps amounted to $600 per quarter and money orders issued averaged $1,300 per month.

Build First Churches

The same year the postoffice was established, the first church in the village was organized. It was the First Presbyterian church, founded by the Rev. Marcus Harrison, an evangelist, with only three members: Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich, and Joseph McClintock, who was chosen ruling elder. Reverend Harrison remained here and continued to serve as preacher for this small church for three years. Through his efforts the first meeting house was built in Decatur and the dedication services were preached by Rev. A. C. Tuttle of Paw Paw. This building was sold in 1869 to a Universalist society, then being formed.

The Church of the Holy Family was founded in 1855 by a Catholic priest of Marshall and services were first held every three months. The first services were held in the home of Henry Brown. In 1877, they purchased from the Universalists the church formerly built by the Presbyterians and services continued once in three months for twelve years. They then began having services once a month.

The records of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church have become lost but it is supposed to have been formed here in 1856.

In 1877 a Protestant Episcopal Mission, as an auxiliary of St. Mark's church of Paw Paw, was formed with a membership of 30. They held services in a rented hall every four weeks.

First Newspaper Printed

Decatur's first newspaper was the Van Buren County Tribune edited by T. O. Sweet. This was succeeded by the Decatur Clarion edited by Moses Hull.

Previous to 1870 Decatur had not had a bank; true, John Tarbell and Joseph Rogers had conducted private banks, but on the above date the First National Bank was organized and was chartered with a capital of $75,000. A. B. Copley was chosen president and E. P. Hill cashier. Mr. Copley's grandson, Earl Copley, is president of the Decatur bank at the present time.

It was on October 11, 1859, that the village was incorporated. The first village president was E. P. Hill.

Early records show that Decatur contained manufacturing interests of considerable importance which were greatly accountable for Decatur's growth and prosperity.

Barrel, Stave Factory Operated

M. Hinkley & Co., owner of a barrel and stave factory, employed about 40 men and made about 3,000,000 staves yearly and an equal amount of barrel heading, besides about 10,000 apple barrels and 5,000 packing barrels. Wooden butter plates, fruit packages and baskets were manufactured by a firm known as Dagget and Percy.

John M. Conklin and brother operated a foundry; Charles Duncombe had a grist mill with a run of five stones; J. J. Balcomb a custom grist mill with a run of two stones. A planing mill was run by H. B. Babcock and a saw mill by Bull and Ackley.

In 1874, Decatur had a population of 2,306 and an assessed valuation of $523,300.

DECATUR'S CELERY FESTIVAL OCT. 2 AND 3

Two Days of Entertainment and Exhibition of Home Grown Produce Sponsored by the Merchants of the Village.

Preparations are going forward for the first annual Celery Festival to be held in Decatur Friday and Saturday, October 2 and 3.

The co-operation of all persons interested in Decatur is invited and special committees have been appointed as follows:

Displays—Fred McWilliams, Raymond Gale.

Displays in new Village Hall, which will consist of celery, onions and all kinds of garden vegetables, upland and muck. Also display of canned fruits and vegetables, and baked goods. John Woodman, county agent, is assisting this committee and hopes to get a demonstration from the M. S. C. on packing, grading and displaying celery and onions. This committee is hoping for the co-operation of the entire rural community of Decatur—in a display of all crops grown here.

It is the hope of the merchants and community at large to make this a yearly project. The merchants have generously donated the sum of $250 to make the event a success.

The committee will endeavor within the next two weeks to contact as many growers as possible. However, it will appreciate your offer of anything you have for display.

Dr. LaBarge is working to secure a display from the Kellogg Foundation which will be educational and will be held in the library room.

Parade, Sports and Concessions—Dick Haberkamp, American Legion assisting.

Suitable prizes will be awarded and the committee asks that if you have any entries to make please contact them as soon as possible.

Entertainment Committee — Elmer Woolfe, Wesley Newell.

The committee will have charge of an amateur program which will be held on Friday evening. Suitable prizes will be awarded and any person playing any instrument or any organization playing instruments, singers, speakers, and entertainers of any kind are requested to contact this committee. The committee will also have charge of all hired and professional entertainment.

Athletics—Moon Lintemoot, Wesley Newell.

An amateur and professional boxing show will be held Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, featuring local talent as well as professionals. Prizes will be awarded for this event and we are asking for boys between the ages of 7 and 14 to contact this committee.

The entire committee as a whole would like as many organizations as possible to operate concessions during the two days program. We will appreciate your co-operation in making this, Decatur's first celery festival, a success.

If unable to find the committeemen desired see W. T. Beek. The entire committee will meet every Thursday night in the firemen's room of the new building and invites all persons interested to meet with them.

We have been fortunate in a hook-up with station WJR of Detroit. Listen for an announcement of Decatur's Celery Festival Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week at 1:15 p. m.

You will hear this announcement on the Fels Naptha Soap program hour. The same orchestra that you will hear play in the Decatur town hall Saturday night of the Festival for round or square dances. Larry Fuller, one of our own citizens, is credited with obtaining this hook-up.

Watch the Republican next week for further information about Decatur's big celebration.

Plan now to make the celebration a success by your attendance and co operation.

THE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN MORRIS MURDER

THE CRIME OF A CENTURY. THE MOST HORRIBLE EVER COMMITTED IN SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN.

Full Particulars of the Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris of Decatur Township, Van Buren County. A Peaceable Citizen Shot on His Own Threshold, and His Wife Shot in Her Sleeping Room.

No Clue to the Fiend. Could He Be Captured the Law Would Be Set Aside by the Indignant Citizens. Great Sympathy Expressed for the Grief-Stricken Relatives.

(Several months ago a citizen of Reading, Penn., by the name of Beaver wrote to several descendants of Dolphin Morris and wife for data concerning their relatives. Mrs. Dolphin Morris was a Beaver and this decendant in Pennsylvania is preparing a geneology of the family.

He especially asked for information concerning the Morris murder and Mrs. Grace Morris Vining Lisk found in her collection of keepsakes an extra edition of the Marcellus News of that time describing the tragedy in detail.

She was intending to send it to the Pennsylvania relative, but upon reading the graphic story we prevailed upon her not to do it. A former resident of Little Prairie Ronde was fascinated by the terrible event and asked that it be printed in the Republican.

We questioned the advisability of bringing to the light again such a sad event, but others have asked that it be printed and so we are presenting it herewith. It is an outstanding tragedy in the history of Michigan, and as history, its publication at this time may be justified.

The date of the tragedy was September 28, 1879. The victims were among the elite of the Prairie which was at that time the social center of a beautiful country community.

Charles Rosewarne is the only one living of the persons mentioned in the Marcellus extra. A double monument in Anderson cemetery marks the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris.

The murderer made good his escape. W. A. Pinkerton of the great Pinkerton Detective Agency of Chicago came out and made an investigation but the mystery of the crime was never definitely cleared up.)

The story follows,—

One of the most revolting tragedies in the annals of crime took place at the old Morris homestead, in Decatur township, Van Buren county, on the evening of Sunday, September 28, 1879, in which Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris were assassinated in the most horrible manner possible. What could have been the incentive that lead the assassin to commit the atrocious act can only be conjectured, as not the slightest clue has yet been found; and no money was taken nor valuables of any kind disturbed, though there was $130 in cash in the house and two gold watches lay in plain sight, proving that the murderer's only intent was to take the life of Mr. and Mrs. Morris.

The Hour

The hour of the tragedy, as near as could be ascertained, was about 9:30 p. m., and one of the strangest features of the whole case is that Miss Jennie Bull was sleeping in a room just over the one in which the principal firing took place, and was not awakened by the noise and did not know anything of it till she came down in the morning. The house is situated back from the road about 80 rods, and no other house being near, it was a good time for the deed to be done and allow the villain the night to escape. The facts seem to be as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Morris retired about half past eight and had probably just fallen asleep when a knock at the door aroused them. Mr. Morris got up and without dressing went to the door, opening it, stepped out on the porch when the first shot was fired, striking him in the right side of the chest and passing out under the left shoulder blade, going through the siding of the house and lodging in the wall where it was found. As he fell, another shot was fired, the ball striking him in the neck and lodging in

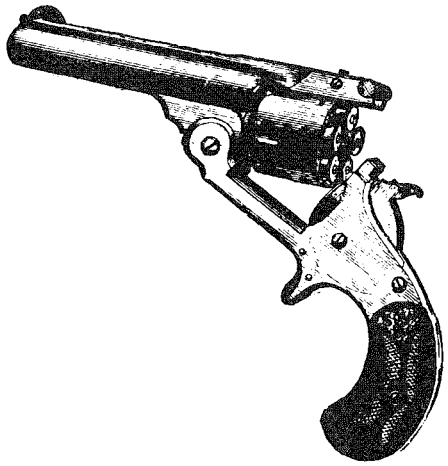
the back about three inches below where the first ball came out. Either one of these shots would have proven fatal. Mr. Morris was found where he fell and in a condition that would indicate his death to be instantaneous. It is evident that Mrs. Morris, hearing the firing, sprang out of bed and ran to the door, connecting the sitting room with the kitchen, where she was noticed by the assassin who started toward her; she retreating to her bed room; and as she entered its door he fired at her, the ball missing her and striking in the wall on the opposite side of the room and falling back on the floor where it was found late in the afternoon of Monday. The fiend followed his victim, firing the second time, the ball taking effect in the left arm, passing through in a downward direction, striking in a bureau drawer, by the side of which she was standing. She then retreated into a closet on the west side of the bed chamber, falling to the floor. The murderer followed and shot her twice after she fell, both balls passing through her chest, one ball going clear through the floor and the other being found in the flooring. Her struggles must have been brief, but terrible.

The wretch then went to the barn and selecting the best horse in the stable put on a saddle and bridle that he had brought with him and started on his evasive ride. There is not a doubt but what the author had laid his plans well before hand and that he knew the surroundings of the place, and where did that saddle and bridle come from? How was it that he knew just what hour to find his victims off their guard? Why did he not make any blunders that would leave a clue behind? These are questions that leave a suspicious wake behind, that points to a certain interested head piece of the diabolical transaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris have been married about ten years, and in their lives in the community have made many warm hearted friends; in fact it is said that with one exception they had not an enemy in the world. The wildest excitement prevails over the entire section of the country, hundreds of men gathering to the place of the tragedy during the entire forenoon of Monday. And strong men, who for years had not known what it was to weep, could not restrain the silent tear as they looked upon the lifeless forms of the man and woman of whom it might well be said none knew but to love and respect.

Not the blood of the victims alone but the voice of an outraged community demands the life of a villain who cruelly and with deep deliberation takes the life of an innocent man and woman. As stated above no clue to the devil could be found; had there been enough to trace and capture him the law would have been winked at, and for once Michigan would have been the scene of "lynch 'em while you've got 'em," and justly, too.

As soon as possible on Monday morning coroner J. G. Haynes of Decatur was notified and he repaired to the place at once and summoned the following jury: Dr. H. M. Broderick, foreman; Dr. G. L. Rose, Dr. J. T.



Keables, Ransom Nutting, W. H. Clark and L. D. Roberts, who rendered a verdict that the deceased came to their death by the hands of an unknown person; and that the weapon used was a revolver of the heaviest calibre made. After they had examined the corpse, they proceeded to question the following witnesses:

Jennie Bull

Jennie Bull, being duly sworn, testified as follows: "I have been at work for Mr. Morris for almost five years, and have always been treated by them with the utmost kindness and confidence. I went away from here about noon, and went to Charlestown. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were at home when I went away. I came back about half past four and, finding no one here, I went over to my father's. Came back about half past six and found Mr. Morris and his wife at home. They had been visiting at Mr. J. Gould's in Porter during the afternoon. We had a lunch as soon as we had finished the chores, and while eating it Mrs. Morris asked me if I came home alone. I said I did, and asked her why. She replied that they had noticed a buggy track turn into the lane as though it had been coming from the east. I went to bed at about eight o'clock and Mr. and Mrs. Morris went down to the barn to feed a little colt. They came in before I went to sleep and I heard them talking, but could not distinguish what they said. I did not hear any noise at all. Sleep in the chamber just over the kitchen. My room door was closed and held shut by my trunk which I usually placed against it for that purpose. My room has a window just over the porch where Mr. Morris was shot; the blinds were open and so was the window. I am not a very sound sleeper, generally, and cannot account for the reason why I was not wakened, although I was partially awakened by a jar as though something heavy had fallen on the floor. I woke up in the morning and, as I noticed the sun was shining brightly, I wondered why I had not been called, as Mr. Morris was in the habit of calling me when he got up. I remember that when I first woke up I felt numb and as though I had been working hard. As I came down stairs I noticed the north door was open, but the screen was closed.

"I went out in the north kitchen and opened a door that led out on the porch. As I stepped out I saw Mr. Morris' body, and seeing that he was dead I ran over to Mr. Gillette's and told them to go and get Mr. Rosewarne's folks. I went from there to my father's and told them. When I got back, I saw John Klinger, Mr. Rosewarne, father, and Charlie Rosewarne. As I went into the house Mrs. Elias Morris met me and said, "O, Jennie, this is bad for you." I could not reply to her for I was almost exhausted. I do not know if there was any money in the house or not; do not know that Mr. Morris had had any difficulty with anyone. The revolver found lying beside Mr. Morris I have often found under the pillow on the side of the bed that Mr. Morris sleeps on. This witness was discharged, and

John Klinger

was sworn and testified as follows:

"I have been at work for Mr. Morris about two months. I live at Nicholsville and when I did not stay here nights I was at home; stayed here every night last week by request of Mr. Morris. On Saturday I drew wheat to Decatur for him, he drove down in a single buggy; we got back about 6 o'clock. I do not know whether he had any money or not as I had not been around with him any while in Decatur; I left here on Sunday about 12 o'clock. Mr. Morris and his wife were down to the barn when I went away! I went directly home and did not leave there until this morning.

"I got here about 6 o'clock and went down to the barn, thought it strange that Morris had not been down to feed the horses; I gave them some hay and while feeding them noticed that one was gone. As I went out of the stable door to go up to the house I saw a pair of pants on the manure heap, picked them up and recognized them to be Morris' but thought that he had changed his pants down at the barn for some reason, and forgetting them the dog had dragged them out where I found them. I left the pants where they were and went up to the house; I saw Morris laying on the stoop and thinking that he was sick partly raised him up and noticing that he had been shot dropped him and ran over to Mr. Rosewarne's; came back with them but do not remember who all was here when we came. There is not one of Morris' bridles missing and there was a saddle in the barn but it was not molested."

These were the only witnesses that the jury examined, but upon farther enquiry our reporter learned that

Charles Rosewarne

knew something about it, and on questioning him the following was learned: "I had been to the concert down west of here two miles and a half, and was coming home between 9 and 10 o'clock. It was moonlight, with a few fleecy clouds. Just as I got in front of Amos Morris' I met a man on horseback. I saw him coming and noticed that he had on a funny hat and a mask so I could not see his face. He came near running me down, and as he went past I recognized the horse as one used as a buggy horse by deceased, and that there was a saddle and bridle on him.

I should judge that he was a man of medium height and weight. I came home, put out my horse, and went to bed where I had been about ten minutes when I heard the clock strike 10."

Mr. Elias Morris

being interviewed by the reporter said:

"My wife and I got here a little after 7 o'clock and immediately began a search for Mrs. Morris. We went into their bed room and noticed that the bed was in a confused state, as though the persons sleeping in it had sprung out quickly. We then went up stairs but could find nothing of her. We came down stairs and my wife then went into the closet off the bed room and found the body of Mrs. Morris, lying partly on the side, with nothing but the remnant of her night clothes on.

Comments

It will be seen that Mr. Morris went to the door unsuspectingly, as he did not even dress himself, nor take his revolver with him; and had there been the slightest cause of suspicion on his part he certainly would have been on his guard. In all probability as Mrs.Morris heard the firing she seized her husband's revolver and ran to the kitchen door, and was so frightened she could not use it. The assassin was so close to her that one of the shots set her night clothes on fire. The revolver that she had attempted to use was found by her side, and in a condition that showed the work of the murderer to have been rapid, as she had not even cocked it.

After killing his second victim the wretch seized Morris' pants, ran to the barn, threw them down where young Klinger found them. This is probably a blind. Had his object been plunder he could have got it, as it was there. It seems that the only object was to get Mr. and Mrs. Morris both out of the way; and who could have been benefitted by it?

The ages of the victims were 32 and 28 years respectively. They leave no children behind them to mourn their loss. Mrs. Morris' parents live in Edwardsburg, and were immediately telegraphed for.

At 3 p. m. Monday word was received that the horse had been found in South Bend. Sheriff Thomas was sent at once to bring it back. The best detectives in the state are on the villain's track, and every effort possible will be made to secure his capture.

The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased at 2 p. m. Tuesday. The friends and relatives have the sympathy of the entire community who await with feverish anxiety the outcome of this horrible affair.

This (Tuesday) noon Mr. White Phillips brought word that the horse described in yesterday's telegram from South Bend was the one that was taken from Morris' stable on the night of the murder. He says that clues have been found that will soon lead to the apprehension of the assassin, and that it will not be necessary to go ten miles out of South Bend for it either. Officers are rapidly working on every point in the case and will, undoubtedly soon capture their man.

"The saddle is going to give them away."

THE MORRIS FUNERAL SERMON

DELIVERED BY REV. J. W. H. CARLISLE, PASTOR OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF DECATUR.

From the Paw Paw Free Press and Courier, E. A. Blackmond Editor, Thursday, October 23, 1879. Sent to the Republican Last Week by Dana P. Smith of Paw Paw.

The following is an abstract of the funeral discourse preached by Rev. J. W. H. Carlisle at the burial of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morris, who were murdered at their home in Decatur township, on September 28th, 1879:

My friends, I hardly dare trust myself to speak at this hour. One thing I must be allowed to do or my lips will be sealed: I must speak out of my deeply moved heart, or I cannot speak at all.

It has been my lot to stand by the bed-side of the dying, and to minister at the burial of my fellow mortals. Many sad scenes have I witnessed in the hour of dissolution, and on the day of burial, but the scene I behold this hour is the saddest of my whole life, Not so, simply because the coffins before us inclose the mortal remains of a young husband and wife whom we respected and loved, but also by reason of the thought that it is possible for a human being to sink so low, and grow so wicked, as to perpetrate so dastardly and fiendish an act as that which brought them to their awful and untimely end. It fills me with inexpressible sadness while I think of the possibilities of human wickedness as exemplified by this horrible deed.

Once before during my ministry have I been called to officiate at the burial of a man who was stricken down by his fellow-man, and that was a sad occasion to me, and to many. But that terrible deed was rather the accident of an angry personal combat, than the result of a deliberately-planned and stealthily executed intention of murder.

But there is no palliating circumstance manifest or even possible in this awful tragedy, and consequently we stand today in the midst of a great sorrow. Our hearts are almost crushed by its terrible weight. Surely this is no ordinary funeral gathering. The thousands assembled here this hour amply attest the truth of this statement. It is not one in which the hearts of the relatives and more intimate acquaintances of the deceased alone are touched and wrung with a bitter sorrow.

My friends, this is an occasion that touches all hearts. It sends out a thousand keenly-pointed arrows that pierce our very souls. Indeed, so far as the newspaper and the telegraph shall carry the news of this frightful tragedy, will the heart of humanity be horrified. The heart of every man, woman and child in our state and all over the land, who shall hear of this almost unparalleled crime, will feel a tremor and chill of horror at its recital.

When the quiet home is invaded under the cover of darkness, and an innocent, unsuspecting, sleeping family is aroused, only to die by the bullet of the masked assassin, when they are shot down without any conceivable motive, not even that of plunder or robbery, as it would seem in this case; when all the usual motives to a capital crime are wanting, or unknown, and yet the crime is committed; as we are brought face to face with the awful deed, we are compelled to ask with more than usual anxiety, "who, then is safe from the blade or the bullet of the assassin?" A feeling of insecurity involuntarily steals over every heart. Since the pepetration of this double murder, who in all this community has not felt the importance of closing down the windows, fastening the shutters, and bolting the doors more securely than before? We have been made to feel that the law of the land is not a sufficient protection. And we have seen that integrity of character and innocence of life is no adequate protection against the deadly assault of the assassin. If so, this respected and beloved husband and wife would not lie in death today.

My friends, we all share a common affliction and sorrow, not alone because a beloved family has been ruthlessly stricken down in our midst. This indeed would seem to be all that we can bear. Not alone because the highest offense against the law of our land has been perpetrated; but also because our christian civilization has been most deeply reproached, and our very humanity has been cruelly outraged. A vital cord that binds together the whole brotherhood of man has received a cruel stroke, and we all feel at least its vibrations and suffer.

The fiendishness that must have inspired this tragedy was evidently of a degree very seldom equaled even in cases of murder. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of persons being shot down or murdered in drunken debauch, or in the gambling hell, or in the halls of vice. Such terrible culminations of crime are to be expected in such places, and the newspapers furnish us with accounts of them every day. But when it comes to the murder of a family so greatly respected by all who know them, a family beloved by all their neighbors and acquaintances, and who were utterly

free from the vices and associations of the low and dangerous classes, who moved in the best circles of society, and went quietly about their legitimate duties in their home and on their farm—when it comes to this we may truly say that the crime assumes a magnitude seldom equaled in the annals of crime; and today we are astounded at the wickedness of the heart that could perpetrate a deed so black and damning. Our hearts sicken as we contemplate it. Think of a young husband and wife, so comfortable in their home and so happy in each other's love and in their common prospects for life, think of their being aroused from their earliest slumbers on a quiet Sunday evening by a rap at the door or a call from without. The husband, without the slightest suspicion of danger or that an enemy was near, hastily responds to the call. He opens the door as for a friend and steps out onto the porch to greet him. But alas! only to behold the masked face of the assassin and to receive a bullet into his breast. He falls dead; but the murderer to make sure his work fires another ball into his body while lying upon the floor. The wife, knowing by this time that something was wrong, snatches a little pistol from the bureau drawer and hastens to the assistance of her husband. She meets the masked monster entering the door and quails before him. She turns and flees from him, passing through room after room, he following and firing shot after shot at her retreating form until finally she sinks down bleeding and dying in the closet off her bedroom. But the fiend must make sure work here too; so he puts the pistol almost against her body and fires two more shots through it. His hellish work is now complete. Gold watches are on the bureau and money lies within it; but it was life he wanted, not money. And when that was taken he mounts the fleetest horse in the barn and flies the awful scene, and from what was to him still more awful, Justice.

O! my God! dare we call such a being man? Is not the vilest, most deadly serpent that drags its detestable slimy form over the bogs and through the cesspools of earth more worthy the name?

As I said in the outset I must speak just as I feel tody, or I cannot speak at all. And my feelings in regard to one who has committed so dastardly a crime, be he called man or devil, is that he is unworthy to live. It seems to me that God never made the balmy air and beautiful sunlight and the innumerable other blessings of this world for such a creature to enjoy. And sooner than that such a being should go free to perpetrate other and like crimes in the world I could wish that every man on earth and every sunbeam from the heavens should turn detective that he might be apprehended and brought to the bar of justice, and the penalty due his crime be meted out to him.

My friends, this terrible event reminds us that we need stringent laws, and I suppose we have them; but my conviction is that they might be improved in one particular at least, in our state. When a man wilfully and deliberately takes the life of his fellow man I believe he ought to hang. I take this position on the ground of mercy. I firmly believe that if every state in this union would place such a law on its statute books, and rigidly enforce it in all clearly proven cases of deliberate murder, it would materially lessen the number of such crimes.

The book of God speaks of a sin that s unto death. It speaks of a sin that shall never be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. And if any human being is capable of committing such a sin, it must be he who goes down through the light and truth and the christian civilization of this age and country, and cooly, deliberately and stealthily takes the life of an innocent fellow being. This is the greatest crime known to men and I believe it is the greatest known to God; and I could have but very little faith that any number of years in prison would result in the reformation of such a monster. And if it is possible to commit a sin in this life so great that it can never be forgiven, I doubt whether any number of prayers in behalf of the author of this horrible tragedy would avail anything. Nevertheless, if a man were proven guilty of such a crime in a court of justice, and the penalty was that he should hang by the neck until dead, I would give him ample time to pray for pardon, though I might utterly doubt the efficacy of his prayers. I do not believe that a man can commit the highest offense against God and man, then say his prayers, and go straight to heaven. I seriously question whether he can ever get there.

But this sad event reminds us also that we need thorough and trusty officials. It is the highest mercy to execute law and maintain justice without fear or favor. And I hope that the authorities who have in hand the responsible and difficult task of ferreting out and bringing the author of this crime to justice will spare no sacrifice or effort until the end is accomplished. But, my friends, we are reminded today that, above all, we need the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We need it more thoroughly diffused in the hearts of men. Never have I realized the preciousness of my mission more fully than I do this moment. Standing on this ground so recently polluted by the foulest of all crimes, and in the midst of these hundreds, perhaps thousands, of my fellow beings, whose hearts like my own, are deeply moved by this great sorrow, I am permitted to offer you the blessed gospel of Christ, which is a panacea for all human sorrows. Take it into your hearts and into your homes. Instil it into the minds of your children. Strive to imbue their hearts so thoroughly with the principles of love to God, and good will towards men, that it shall be impossible for the dear ones who shall go out from your homes to become possessed with the spirit of the assassin and murderer. Take good care of your children now and by and by they will take good care of you and of the world.

Dear bereaved friends you have been most cruelly plunged into the deep waters of affliction. I hardly know how to speak to you; I am so nearly one with you in this great sorrow. But I can with confidence offer you the word of God, because it is my own best comforter in time of affliction. Many a time it has been as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path through the dark scenes of this life. May you take it as your guide in this dark hour. And may the great Comforter speak to your hearts and afford you divine consolation in this time of supreme sorrow. Amen.

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

We were talking about startling tragedies that have occurred in and around Decatur and James Cotton recalled the suicide of Charlie Kosser.

Kosser made his home at the Wesley Hagerman farm about 2 miles north and a little west of the village. He was a mystery man. Nobody knew anything about him. He came from York state and as near as the neighbors could figure out he seemed to be here to keep away from something. He had no relatives or old acquaintances in this community

Every 3 or 4 months two strange men would come here and go out to the Hagerman farm. Kosser would go out in the woods with them and they would be gone several hours. Then they would go away and after that Kosser had plenty of money. He was not a steady drinker but was addicted to going on sprees. He dressed well and was never known to do any work.

As near as Jim can remember he lived at the Hagerman farm a couple of years. It was when Jim was a small boy and he will be 62 in March. Kosser went over to the Cotton house often and would sit there and talk a long time. He went to other places in the neighborhood, too. Most of the farmers had cider in their cellars and Kosser liked cider. He liked anything that had a kick in it.

It was during the time of great temperance revivals. There were saloons in Decatur, but the temperance agitation was strong and it was not long after that that Decatur and Van Buren county went local option.

Jim belonged to a temperance union, signed the pledge, and wore the ribbon of the cause. He learned temperance pieces and Kosser would give him a nickel apiece to recite them for him. One of the pieces Jim remembers to this day and when relating this story he spoke it without a break. It goes like this:

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

"Not I," said New Cider,
"I couldn't kill a spider.
"I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Not I," said sparkling Ale,
"I make folks strong and hale,
I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Not I," said Lager Beer,
"I don't intoxicate, you hear?
I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Not I," said Holland Gin,
"To charge that crime to me is sin,
I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Not I," said Various Other Wines.
"I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Not I," said Bourbon Whiskey,
"I make folks spry and frisky,
I didn't kill Tom Roper."

"Ha, Ha" laughed Old King Alcohol,
"Each struck a blow that made him fall,
All that helped to make him a toper
My agents were, to kill Tom Roper."

Every time Kosser saw Jimmie he got him to recite this poem and always paid him for it.

One day Josh. Cotton went home and reported that Charlie Kosser had commited suicide. Kosser asked Wes. Hagerman for his gun. Wes. asked him what he was going to do with it. He said he was going to kill a rat. Kosser took the gun and went out behind the barn. The family in the house heard a report and Kosser did not come back. They went out to look for him and found him dead,—shot in the head. He had taken off one shoe, put the muzzle of the gun under his chin and pulled the trigger with his toe.

This is all Jim remembers about the Kosser tragedy, but he is going out to spend a few days with Lewis Goens and family, and if he learns more of it there we will have another story later.

Later: Lewis Goens says Kosser did work some. Lewis had cut wood with him in the woods near by. He was also a good gardener and raised garden truck on the Hagerman place.

He was a soldier in the Civil war and after the war he wandered around for several years before going back to the old home in New York. When he did go back he learned that his wife, thinking he was dead, had married again. Then Kosser drifted around until he stopped at the Hagerman farm.

He told Lewis Goens that he didn't blame his wife,' but it sort of preyed on his mind and finally caused him to make away with himself.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS NEW IN MICHIGAN

A Panoramic View of Civilization from Its Beginning in Antwerp Township.

By Bessie B. Fuhrman.

One hundred and one years ago in Van Buren county there was a certain piece of land six miles square still so young that it was not even named. Its first settlers had not heard of it, but unknowingly some of them were on their way toward it. Rev. Jospeh Woodman, an ordained minister of the M. E. church, was one.

He with his family had started to Grand Rapids, but when they reached Marshall they were overtaken by Elder Hinckley, Silas Breed and Joshua Bangs from Monroe county, New York, who were headed for the same place.

Both parties were informed that the land office was at Bronson, then a six year old village, now the city of Kalamazoo. So with their ox teams and covered wagons, they plodded on together until they came to Bronson. There they were persuaded to come to the adjoining county of Van Buren, which being much nearer, appealed to the weary travelers.

As Rev. Woodman possessed the span of horses and an ox team, it is assumed that his eledst son David, who four years later struck out for himself as a bachelor boy on the banks of Three Mile lake, drove one of the teams and probably had with him part of the family. for there were six children as well as the father and mother in this Woodman family that was coming to make their home in the Van Buren county wilderness.

Traveling as they did along the stage route, one would suppose their road would have been an easy one, but according to the minister's description of their efforts they had anything but an easy time of it. He said they had to drive through so much mud and mire that they often had to double up their teams to get along.

The stages were having no better time, for he said they met stages every now and then with passengers on foot carrying rails or poles to pry the coaches out of ruts.

However, when they reached Bronson, Rev. Woodman left his family in the village until he could go on and locate his land. Paw Paw, his next destination, was 18 miles distant and he was told he could not reach there that night; that there were wolves in the woods on both sides of the road and he would certainly be eaten by them. But "being young and vigorous" he carried out his intentions and arrived without any misfortune at a little cabin known as Dodge's tavern that was standing on the site now occupied by the county seat of Van Buren county.

Evidently he and Silas Breed of Elder Hinckley's party must have met again at the tavern, for he set out alone from Bronson. The next morning after reaching Paw Paw, he and Silas Breed went land viewing. Undoubtedly they were on their way bright and early while the robins were having their jubilee choruses in the trees, for it was spring time when these people first beheld the location that was to become their future homes.

There before them stretched thousands of acres of almost level lands of beautiful "oak openings"—"woods like orchards" some one expressed it. Sunlit open spaces, grass covered and sprinkled with spring flowers as characteristic of Michigan woods, invited tired wanderers to rest a while under the spreading branches of the noble oaks, some of which stood alone like sentinels while others were in irregular groves as far as the eye could see. Peering deeper into the woods, perhaps they saw a deer hurrying to the stream beyond, or perhaps they saw a mother doe grazing with her daisy-spotted fawn lying near.

So they may have gazed and gazed at nature's silent beauty. But they must select their land, so they wander on until they come to a clear stream of water meandering along its northeasterly course diagnoally across the township. They follow it toward its source coming at last to the southeast corner of the township where stood a thousand acres of heavy timber. Then returning, they may have come upon the loveliest spot in the whole township—a glen made by high banks and groves on three sides with a crystal clear spring pouring its waters from under those banks into the river that flows along the side of this rustic beauty spot where a rushing torrent of 2,000 gallons per minute splashed forth—a place known later as Glen Springs and still later as a famous trout hatchery.

However, those two landlookers, Rev. Woodman and Silas Breed on that memorable spring day, must have been most favorably impressed with this modern Eden. into which no one man but two had come at once, for they knew at a glance that the sandy loam and open tracts of land would permit them to start crops right away, whereas heavily timbered land would prevent them from getting out much, if any, crops that year.

They returned to the tavern that evening and as the next day was Sunday, Rev. Woodman asked the landlord if they had Divine worship. On being "answered in the negative," Rev. Woodman took it upon himself to announce a meeting. So they had church in a slab shanty and Rev. Woodman was probably the first minister to preach in Paw Paw.

The next day Mr. Woodman went out along where Territorial road is now and located his land on section 7, Antwerp township, as it was to be named two years later.

Then he returned to Bronson for his family and brought them to Paw Paw where the only available shelter was Rodney Hinckley's blacksmith shop. He built a log house on his land and moved in his family of six children and his wife, May 10, 1835.

As Silas Breed did not settle then and Joel Tomlinson's date of settlement was uncertain (being December 1834 or 1835) Rev. Woodman's family are recognized as the first settled in this township.

As soon as the log house was built and the family settled in it, this first settler began clearing land and soon had seven acres ready in time for planting crops that spring. He had to plow and break the ground with a wooden plow, a task that would have been difficult enough had there been a sharp steel plow of later days. But in spite of this difficulty, he raised a fine crop of corn, potatoes and other vegetables.

And how that family of six brothers

and sisters with father and mother must have relished some of that nice tender corn as roasting ears, and potatoes baked in the ashes with juicy venison steaks that they could procure without price.

Thus we not only see how the first step in civilization and home making was taken in Antwerp township, but we see from whence came those sterling qualities of the later Woodman families who have since distinguished themselves in various ways in the county and state, for Rev. Woodman was the father of the David Woodman before mentioned. This son was once a candidate for governor of Michigan. Jason Woodman, a grandson of Rev. Woodman was prominent in the order of Patrons of Husbandry and a member of the state senate 4 years. Also, he was a scientific farmer, having graduated from the M. S. C. Besides, another grandson of Rev. Woodman, Edson Woodman became well known for a considerable distance for having the home of Shetland ponies and the big Percheron horses, and further the Rev. Mr. Woodman was the great grandfather of the present county agent of Van Buren county.

The next step was taken by Michigan in putting the Territorial road through the northern part of the township the following summer, 1835.

The third step was the coming of other land lookers and other settlers which included Joshua Bangs with his family and brother, Theophilus, in the fall of '35. Among those who settled the north part of the township in 1835 were Philip Moon and his son Horace Moon, also Peter Moon. Another landlooker of 1835 was John Hunt who came from Vermont, took up land and then returned home to bring his family which he did three years later, 1838. During this first year (1835) of settlement most of those who took up land made their homes along the Territorial road. In the meantime the south part of the township had been almost neglected with one exception, Levi Savage took up land in section 36 but soon sold out to Samuel Lull and moved to the neighborhood of the Van Antwerps who came the following year.

The year 1836 saw a steady stream of land lookers. Among them were Wells Gray, Samuel Longstreet and his brother Andrew, J. B. Wildey, John Cooper, Daniel Bird, Morgan Fitch, a member of the State Legislature of 1851 and his brother Lyman C. Fitch, a state senator of 1855, Oliver Warner, A. M. Lane, Wm. Taylor, the first blacksmith (not the Wm. Taylor who settled the same year in Arlington), Reason Holmes, the first postmaster, James Ferguson, John Lyon, Daniel Van Antwerp and family, a wife and four children, and his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Van Antwerp.

Daniel Van Antwerp, having traded his farm for 12 80-acre lots near the center of the township, settled there and on his farm was laid out the first cemetery. Mrs. Harmon Van Antwerp, the first adult to die in the township, was buried there the year after their arrival.

As Mr. Harmon Van Antwerp was the oldest man in the township, he was given the privilege of naming it. This he did honoring the city of Antwerp in Europe, it was said, while others claimed that although dropping the "Van" of his own name he made it a memorial to himself.

According to the Gazetteer of 1868, Samuel Wells built the first saw mill in the township, but according to the Van Buren county history by Rowland, Samuel O. Miller put up the first saw mill in 1836. The next year in April just a trifle less than two years after the first settler established his home in this wilderness, the township had grown sufficiently to warrant the election of the customary township officers, so they had their first town meeting in April, 1837, soon after Michigan became a state.

That same year the present site of Mattawan was inhabited by Jacob Planck, and he was joined the following year by James Murray.

That year of 1838 was one long remembered because of the chills and fever epidemic that eventually took four lives. Besides those four deaths there was the death of Daniel Woodman, the eighteen year old son of Rev. Woodman, who died of brain fever. Thus we see how high a price those first settlers paid that through them future generations might live and enjoy the blessings of life in that section.

1838 also brought the second saw mill by John K. Brigham, but they had to wait 20 years longer before they had their first grist mill, for in 1858 Solomon and Benjamin Phillips built the first grist mill in the township for $6,000. It was located on the site of the first saw mill on a tributary to the Paw Paw river. The first school was a private school taught by Miss Ann Van Antwerp in the upper chamber of Joshua Bang's log cabin. There were about a dozen pupils. The Woodman and the Van Antwerp children made up the school.

The year 1838, in spite of the epidemic, saw still more settlers. E. B. Dyckman exchanged his farm for 100 barrels of salt at $1 per barrel, and came from Syracuse, New York. He disposed of the salt at St. Joe for $6 to $10 per barrel for then the famous salt wells of Michigan had not been thought of and salt was at a premium.

With Mr. Dyckman came Phillip Hinckley and P. Nary Smith, who also settled in the township.

Meanwhile Jesse Abbe built the first tavern, a log cabin with a kitchen and dining room below and two sleeping rooms above. A little later Reason Holmes built the first frame house and used it for a tavern but a short distance from Abbe's tavern. Just over the line in Kalamazoo county there was another tavern built by Samuel Millard, so that within a distance of three miles there were three taverns.

The Tavern business like that of the land office was booming. The former were 'wet' so in that respect they were quite modern and "quite all right," according to general opinion about temperance in those days, for that was 40 years before President Hayes' time when Mrs. Hayes, the first lady of the land used her prerogative to remove wine from the White House table, thereby creating an influence that was soon felt throughout the nation—one that put a black eye if not a new face on the liquor traffic.

Meanwhile the township continued to attract and retain other land lookers. Farms were cleared up and crops and stock raising begun. But there was serious hindrances; one was wolves that attacked the stock and another that was just as trying in another sense was that of milling. One settler told of his experience in getting his grist. He said he had to go to Whitmanville, a distance of 25 miles, four times and that it took 16 days before he got his grist. This on top of the labor necessitated by the crude methods used in clearing, sowing and harvesting was pretty hard, for when the crop was raised they had to cut it either with a scythe or a cradle, then gather and bind the sheaves and shock the bundles which last of all they threshed by using a flail or tramped it out with oxen.

Then on top of all that work they had to go to mill several times before they could get it made into flour and more trying still, some one had to set, raise, mix and bake the bread before anyone got any benefit from all that labor and trial of patience.

This one instance alone should suffice to help us of today to appreciate more fully what inventive genius has done for us that those poor strugglers knew nothing about. And this along only one line. Compare those settlers' means of transportation with ours of today or their primitive trading of one commodity for another, with the highly developed money systems now whereby P. O. orders, bank money orders, checks, drafts, Express money orders as well as paper money are the common mediums of exchange. So one might go on comparing those "good old days" with our "hard times" and find that perhaps the "good new days" are after all the best days. However, those "good old days" completed the first chapter in Antwerp's civilization.

The second chapter in Antwerp township's life began with the new mode of transportation that superseded the stage—the M. C. R. R. that was laid out through Antwerp in 1848. also the beginning of two villages within the township—Lawton and Mattawan.

When Lawton Was Paw Paw Station

When the Lawton depot buildings were built there were only two houses and those were log houses in Lawton and the location was called Paw Paw station.

Col. Longstreet, the first postmaster there, built the first frame house. H. McNeal opened the first store in 1851. Dr. Shanklin built the first saw mill. But Nathan Lawton of New York owned the land where the station stood. He platted his holdings and Col. Longstreet, the postmaster, changed the name of the station in honor of Mr. Lawton who laid out the first section of the present village.

The village continued to grow. In 1855 the first church was built at a cost of $2500. It was the M. E. church and Rev. S. Simmons was the pastor. Ten years later at the close of the Civil war, the Baptist church people built a church for $1500.Two years lat-

er the Union school building, a brick structure costing $10,000, was put up. At this time great expectations were being awakened. The M. C. Charcoal Pig Iron works located there. This definitely assured the village of prosperity, it was believed. The company consisted of Major Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, president; Gen. H. G. Wright, treasurer; D. Van Nostrand, secretary; J. M. Conklin, superintendent, and in their advertisement in bold faced type all capital letters the name, HENRY FORD, general Agent.

Even the President of the U. S. was a stockholder — President Andrew Johnson. With such names to impress the people there was no question about the security of this new industry but by 1875, only eight years later, another chapter in Antwerp's history had closed. The wonderful Iron works from which so much was expected shut down, went out of business and 150 men and almost that many families in the little village had to look for another means of livelihood.

Meanwhile another industry was beginning that was to open a third chapter in Antwerp's history, the fruit belt, at first supposed to be limited to a few miles from Lake Michigan to be included. "In 1868," says Rowland's History of Van Buren county, A. B. Jones of Lawton set out a plantation of one hundred grape vines, Concords and Delawares. That year or the next H. H. Bitely planted a small vineyard.

Mr. Jones made the first shipment of grapes, sending them from Lawton to Lansing."

The soil and climatic conditions proved to be exceptionally favorable for producing good crops of finely flavored grapes and as their culture was found profitable the industry steadily extended. The introduction of the 8-ib. basket and refrigerator cars widely extended the market.

"Thousands of acres of grapes were planted and the 'grape belt' if you please, put on a boom. Anybody could raise grapes apparently. So those with no experience in farming or horticulture started in to grow grapes. It looked easy. So these grape enthusiasts put out 30 or 40 acres of grapes with no consideration of the location as long as it was in the grape belt. Low lands, high lands, table lands or valleys, frost holes, steep side hills, sand or heavy lands where beech and maple had grown were all planted to grapes. Everybody who set out to grow grapes would automatically become wealthy.

Something had to be done. Well, Jack Frost did it. Spring frosts cut short the crop on lands that lacked any drainage. The great freeze of 1906 destroyed a large portion of that crop and to a great extent killed the buds that should have produced the crop in 1907. A memory picture right here may help to show a 'close up' of that great freeze, although I was not in Antwerp township but in Volinia township where I was teaching at the time. Early evening October 9 was a clear, beautiful moonlight. But in the morning of October 10 a most unexpected snow had fallen. When I looked out the window I could not believe it possiblle—even the leaves on the trees were frozen and did not get their lovely autumn colorings that year. But when I went down stairs I had to believe it. The people with whom I was boarding had a new acreage of grapes out of large red grapes, Catawbas, I think. They had left them to ripen on the vines, thinking of no such thing as a killing frost as early as the fore part of October. They had lost their grapes!

Then I realized for the first time what serious business Jack Frost's prank had been. However, the next year the frost did not come with a snow storm until November 10 exactly a month later. Jack had had his innings so then the rose bugs, cut worms and other insects had theirs. But the game was not over even then, so there was one more inning just to be sure about it, the dreaded black rot overspread the grape growing district. The score was in favor of the best players of the game. Many of the others got out of the grape growing industry. Hundreds of acres of vineyards were pulled and many others neglected. But the winning players have learned to master the chemistry of sprays and spraying methods.

Although Jack Frost takes an occasional inning yet as he did last fall to the consternation of the entire grape growing group, the chief problems are marketing and getting out earlier grapes. When these problems are solved Antwerp will begin a fourth chapter in her splendid history.

MEMORIES

By Chas. A. Bellis, 115 McNees Ave., Whittier, Calif.

ESTELLA HARTMAN

Today the Decatur Republican found its way to my desk again with its usual amount of good news from the old home town. I look for it eagerly every Monday, in fact it is the first bit of mail that is opened.

But today as I glanced anxiously over the columns I was cast in gloom. On the first page I read with deep regret of the sudden passing of one of my very best friends and long time correspondents, a daughter of my boyhood friends, Miss Estella Hartman.

As I write these fond memories of this wonderful woman I feel sure that many others will go to sleep on wet pillows when they think of the loss of a true and loving friend.

Though Estella and I have been what might be called mail order friends for many years we never have met personally.Our everlasting friendship was brought about by the Republican. She and I both have been contributors to it for many years, and it was through this medium that I learned that her dear old father as well as her loving mother had been my boyhood friends.

Her lovely mother, the late Mollie Wellard Hartman, and I had been close friends in the early days when the old Ferrill dance hall in Volinia was the center of attraction, and it was in those late eighties that her dear old father, Bill Hartman, and his two brothers were hired men on adjoining farms in Penn township and I was on another farm nearby.

Like all young men we were full of pep and the country dance halls were our source of genuine entertainment. It was in the old Volinia hall that Estella's father and mother and all the other young farmers of that community used to cut a few feathers and pigeon wings to the music of Buck and Geer or Becker and Murphy.

With all the wonderful present day entertainment in large and perfectly equipped ball rooms with their marble floors, flood lights and musical amplifiers that throw the music into every corner, they are not to be compared with the clean and wholesome country dances of a half century ago.

It was in these well regulated musical centers that many a true romance began. I truly believe that Estella's father and mother planned their future home and the building of their fine family under the stars that shone on them going home from a Volinia dance.

On my desk as I write these fond memories of this splendid woman I find an unanswered letter from her that came only a few weeks ago and I shall always feel bad that I had not gotten around to answer the last of her always welcome letters. I regret it more than I can say for she was always pleased to hear from me and my files hold many of her wonderful epistles.

This dear little woman was crippled in body only. I do not believe there was a person in the whole state of Michigan with a more alert and brilliant mind than hers. As I have said before I have never met her personally, but I knew her better than I did many friends with whom I have been associated all my life. Her personality radiated through her every letter. I could read her kindly thoughts and note her pleasing smile between the lines. What she lost in bodily control was made up in personality that brought sunshine and happiness to all who knew her. I personally will miss her loving christian like letters which I have looked forward to receiving several times each year.

A few years ago I enrolled her name in the G. Allison Phelps indoor sport club of California and the United States, and she has been a treasured member of that great club for shut-ins. I have heard her name mentioned many times in G. Allison's radio program. I am sure the indoor sports club will miss the beautiful thoughts that she bestowed on every member of the organization, which reaches to all parts of the universe where there are shut-ins.

This great club does wonderful work. It contains some brilliant people, fine musicians and capable writers, but I am positive that its great register does not hold a name that stands out more prominently that did that of Estella Hartman.

I want her father, as well as her sister and brother and close friends to know that their loss of this wonder-

ful personality is shared by me and every person who ever knew her. I personally know the heavy burden her kind old father has to bear, for tonight I too have a deep sorrow to carry. My own lovely daughter is lying very sick in a Los Angeles hospital, having just undergone a serious major operation which will necessitate her spending many weeks in the Good Samaritan hospital. But I am sure the good Lord is with her and will pull her through, and we utter a silent prayer for her recovery.

Through life we all have many sorrows to overcome, so we will try to meet them the best we can and count our many blessings. It is hard to give up our loved ones, but any community is the better for having had such a woman as Estella Hartman. The sunshine of her smile will lighten the way of friends and family and lift the gloom at her passing.

I suggest to any Knight of Pythias in the vicinity, drop a sprig of myrtle on her last resting place, for the kindly thought that it signifies is written where it will never be erased.

THE VOLINIA ANTI-HORSE THIEF ASSOCIATION

And the Thorough Job It Did of Searching for and Recovering the Henry Morris Horse Ridden to South Bend by the Murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Morris.

By Chas. E. Warner, Niles, Michigan.

(Some years ago Mr. Warner told the writer the story of the Volinia Anti-Horse Thief Association and its recovery of the Morris horse on which the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Morris made his escape. Knowing that it would be an interesting followup of the story of the murder printed last week a request was made to him to put it in writing and he has kindly done so. The story following will be highly interesting to all old time residents of southwestern Michigan. Thank you, Charlie)

Niles, Mich., Nov. 29, 1936.

Dear Arba:

"'Tis like stirring dying embers,"
When in sadness one remembers
Those awful, tragic hours of the days of long ago;
When on that bright September morning
Came the word that without warning
Our loved and kindly neighbors had been shot down by a foe.

It is with considerable reluctance that I accede to your request for the enclosed, and but for the fact that the story of the return of the horse seemed to be forgotten in the more essential parts of the tragedy and the men responsible for the return in no manner recognized, even in the press reports for the time, I would not attempt to recall it. Next to my father (and he but seldom spoke of it) I probably had a more intimate knowledge of that particular phase of the tragedy than any other person.

Chas. E. Warner.

You are asking me to go back into ancient history. Fifty-seven years is a long time to carry even the tragic events of and immediately following the shocking murder of these kindly, popular neighbors of ours.

As to the murder and the many stories and theories advanced at the time I will not speak. They were as many and as varied as the number of people with whom you conversed, and the murder never having been solved it would be in no manner enlightening to recall them.

You ask that I write of the recovery of the stolen horse by the "Vigilantes" of Volinia township. The word you use is a misnomer. These men were anything but "Vigilantes." They were the riders of the Volinia Anti-Horse Thief Association which had been in being for many years previous, and had been instrumental in the return of several stolen horses prior to the one of which I write. These riders were twelve in number, captained by one under the title of Foreman of Riders, selected by the organization for their judgment, coolness and courage. My father, Loomis H. Warner, was the Foreman of Riders for many years previous, and also for many years after, although I do not recall the riders being called out after this time of the murder.

On the morning following the murder my father and myself were on our way to Marcellus. When at the Buell homestead we were met by Henry High and some others who reported to father the murder and the theft of the horse. After giving me a few orders as to my future movements he got in with Henry and was taken home. On the way he enlisted the help of John Squier, Milton and Harvey Warner in getting his widely scattered riders together but as soon as they could be notified all responded and were assigned their respective territory: Harvey Warner and J. W. Crifield to Mottville and south and east of there; James E. Gould and George Gard to New Buffalo and south; J. M. Wright and W. I. Hall to New Buffalo and north to St. Joseph; John Chavileer and Lewis Morlan to Benton Harbor and North to South Haven; Andrew Simpson and Frank Mott to South Bend and the swamp lands toward Elkhart; John Squier and Milton Warner ranged to the north and east toward Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft.

My father, after all were on their way, drove to Goshen where there was a similar organization, and whose captain was a personal friend of his, and enlisted their help which was freely and gratuiously given.

Father came home around three o'clock in the morning and after getting me out to change horses, and mother to get him something to eat he was on the road again. We did not see him until two the next night when he came home and said the horses had been found at South Bend and would be in later.

He went to bed and a couple of hours later a knock at the door awakened me and to my, "Who's there?" said that it was Andrew Simpson who said, "We have the horse. What shall we do with it?" It was hard to awaken father and all he said when I told him that Simpson and Mott were there was, "Put him in the first stall." He did not get up and asked no questions. I showed them where the "first stall" was and they put him there, rubbed him down and blanketed him and went on their way.

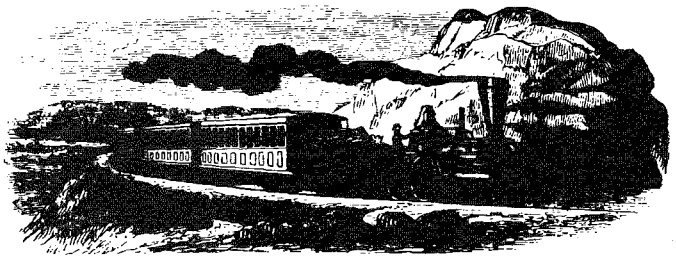
The next day father, Uncle Harvey and I took the horse to the Morris homestead. Some of the riders did not get home until the day following, as there was no way to let them know that the horse was found. Those days did not know the telephone and automobile, while the telegraph was only along railway lines, and communication was no easy matter.

Before and during the Civil War the stealing of horses was a very common thing. This is what led to the formation in the sixties of Anti-Horse Thief Associations. The members bound themselves to either return all horses stolen from its members, or pay for the stolen animal. The riders were equipped in the earlier days with what they termed a horse pistol, being a single barrelled, cap and ball gun of medium caliber. This was replaced in the 70's with a five shot rim-fire revolver, and this was the equipment in use at the time of which I write.

When they started after a horse thief some of the riders took along their rifles. They said they might not be as handy but they were much more sure, and, on at least one occasion it proved true. A pair of horses had been stolen within the jurisdiction of the Volinia company and had been followed into Indiana where the Riders were joined by the captain and others of the Indiana association. As they came to the edge of a clearing in the center of which was a hay stack the horses were seen being fed at the side of the stack. As the party stopped the thief started for the nearby woods. The captain said to father, "Do you want him?" The reply being in the affirmative, the rifle cracked and they only brought the horses back with them. The thief was buried in an obscure grave-yard in northern Indiana.

Nearly all the farmers of Volinia and Wayne townships in Cass county, and many in Decatur and Porter townships in Van Buren were active members of the organization. They were as

fine a body of men as any community ever held, honest, industrious, neighborly and highly intelligent they believed in according to everyone equal rights, but they also believed that they had the right to protect their own property from the encroachments of thieves and vandals. Would that we had more like them today. There would be less need for enlarging our prisons and reformatories.



EARLY DAYS OF RAILROADING IN SOUTHERN MICHIGAN

M. F. Ryan Tells of Coming of First Train to Marshall in August, 1844. Road Builders Met All Types of Obstacles.

By Martin F. Ryan.

Jackson, Michigan,
August 10, 1936.

Dear Friend Arba:

Enclosed you will find a copy of the Marshall Evening Chronicle. On pages 3 and 5 you will find "Early Days of Railroading in Southern Michigan,"described by Martin F. Ryan. He is day operator at the M. C. depot and has held that position for a great many years.

His father, Martin Ryan, relieved my late Uncle James Mahoney as section foreman at Mattawan in 1868. That was where M. F. Ryan was born, which makes Mattawan his home town.

Truly yours,
W. H. Howland.

It is a long way back to the time in 1868 that our late townsman, James Mahoney, quit his job as foreman of the section at Mattawan.

Before us is the copy of the Marshall Chronicle containing the railroad story by Martin Ryan.. We have read it and found it so interesting that we shall print it in sections of which the following is the first:

(Author's Note: Full credit to the several authorities from which this story was assembled is given to those who through research and labor made it possible to again relate interesting events.)

When a railroad reaches into the wilderness, it brings the world with it, and for return freight it carries the wilderness to the world. It was thus that the Michigan Central brought the world to Marshall. The Michigan Central had penetrated the forests and the wilderness from Detroit westward, but it was not until August 10th, 1844, that the first arrival of cars at Marshall was greeted with great enthusiasm. At this time the road was owned, and construction pushed forward, by the state. The railroad agitation in Calhoun county began in 1840, and it was on the 27th day of January of that year at a meeting held in Marshall, with Philo Dibble acting as chairman and S. S. Alcott secretary, that resolutions were adopted requesting the legislature to push forward the completion of the road from Jackson westward. It was September 8th, 1841, that proposals for grading and bridging the road from Jackson to Marshall were called for.

Reached Albion July 4, 1844

It was on July 4th, Independence day, 1844, that the little village of Albion was connected with the outer world. It was on this memorable day that old strap rails spiked to pine sleepers lying on cross ties, brought a pocket edition of the modern locomotive to Albion. Then for the first time the forests echoed to its whistles and the air was clouded with its smoke. Down from Detroit the old strap rail with its snake heads came and it soon passed on to Marshall, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo and to Chicago. This wonderful little engine had a pair of small trucks in front with one driver on each side, and a tender which was just large enough to carry a couple cords of wood and a few barrels of water and had no more wheels than a one-horse wagon. Locomotives had real names then—they didn't go by numbers, as now.. The smaller the locomotive, the bigger or more formidable the name. Albion's pioneer locomotive was the "Rocky Mountain," and its running mate was the "Storm."

The coming of the locomotive put a stop to the weary journeyings of the pioneer with ox teams and lumber wagons through the forests to find a home. The history of Calhoun county, written by H. B. Pierce, 1830 to 1877, also a history of the county, by Washington Gardner, clearly indicates that a train arrived in Marshall on August 10, 1844, amid great enthusiasm, but from records preserved by the Calhoun County Historical Society, including copies of the old Marshall Expounder, there is reason to believe that a train carrying passengers at tariff rates did not arrive in Marshall until December, 1845. Quotting from an article in the Expounder: "It was not until December 11, 1845, that the first train loaded with 'human freight' wound around the foot of Seminary. Hill and the brakeman shouted in a staccato voice, 'Albion'."

12 Miles in 40 Minutes

The little locomotive with its suggestive name "Antelope," with a train of four cars, came to a halt. The locomotive took a big drink and plenty of material to smoke. A few passengers got off; more got on, who wanted to take a ride on the first passenger train on the railroad. The trip from Albion to Marshall was made in 40 minutes. At that time there was no other known means of transportation by which the trip could be made in less than two hours. Traveling over this new and novel railroad was not without its dangers, for instance when the spikes which held the strap rails got loose, the end of the rail sprang up, and was termed a "snake head." These at times sprang up through the car floor and injured the passengers, who rode in a car similar to a coal car, with boards across for seats. The passengers were kept busy dodging and putting out sparks from the engine.

As said before, engines were not numbered but all were baptised with names. There was the "Challenger," "Defiance," "Fox Hound," "Flying Cloud," "Whirlwind," and others. Some of these locomotives did wonderful running in the fifties, especially if they were behind their scheduled running time. George Lattimer, with the "Challenge" went from Albion to Detroit, a distance of 95 miles, in three hundred minutes stopping at Jackson and Ann Arbor.

Overnight at Marshall

At this time the Michigan Central did not use the telegraph to move its trains. All moved by the authority of a time card, printed on cardboard, six by ten inches. The rules and regulations were printed on the back. One passenger train each day was the schedule between Detroit and Chicago after the rails had been completed to the latter point. It took a freight train three days to make the run. These trains stopped over one night at Marshall and one night at Michigan City, and their running time was 14 miles per hour.

The engines on the middle division were named after the winds, viz: "South Wind" was run by Tom Parker; "East Wind," by Sam Amlar; "West Wind" by Tom Nixon; "North Wind" by Edd Wright; "Whirlwind" by John Brown; "Trade Wind" by Tom Hayward. The "Lightfoot," was run by John McCurdy and the "Quickstep" by Henry Lathrop. These engines averaged about 39 miles to one cord of wood, and 14 miles to one pint of oil. The principal freight en-

gines were named the "America," run by Hugh McRoberts; the "Dolphin," by Charles Bankson; the "Tornado," by H. A. Efner and the "Baltic" by Frank Billings. Of all these men, none are living. The last to pass on was Frank Billings, whose home was located in East Mansion street, in Marshall.

In 1851 there developed what was known as the great railway conspiracy, which caused both Joy and Brooks no end of trouble. As the stray-rail gave way to the T-rail and the wobbly road bed was ballasted, undreamed of speeds were attained by the cars, as trains were called in those days. But the processes of enterprise so joyfully hailed by growing Detroit, had discouraging effects elsewhere. Engineers ceased to loaf from farm to farm, picking up and setting down farmers at their doors. A new order was being set up. The trains whizzed by spots that heretofore had been regarded as stations. Cattle, wandering onto the right-of-way, no longer had time to escape between the screech of the whistle and the arrival of the "cars."

At first the farmers along the line looked on with amazement at the speeding trains, and when an animal, whether a cow, horse or a sheep, was struck and killed, they hardly knew what to do about it, and it was soon that they began to meet collectively and discuss the matter. Meetings were held in Marshall and other places along the line, resolutions adopted and sent to both the state legislature and to John Wood Brooks. At first, wrote Stephen Gilchrist in the Detroit News, farmers whose stock was killed merely added loud protests to other residents of the line who resented the radical change in railroading.

Then as they came to realize that they would be paid better than butcher prices for the animals killed, their wails died down. But for each claim paid, the accident toll seemed to mount incredibly. By 1849 stock killings had reached such proportions "that the officials of the road charged the farmers with either driving their cattle on the right-of-way, or permitting them to wander there.

The situation was met by John Wood Brooks issuing an order that the company would only pay one-half the apparised value of any animal killed. His claim that the railroad right-of-way was well protected seems to have been open to dispute in many quarters. The circular or the order that he issued was inflammatory in its effects. Jackson county was unanimous in condemnation, and this feeling soon extended down along the line to Kalamazoo. Even members of the clergy were drawn into the argument. The Rev. John Pierce in an open letter to Brooks, printed in the Marshall Expounder, on June 25, 1849, wrote: "The road has been for a long time a gore of blood. No heathen altar smoked so continuously with the blood of its victims. Horses and oxen and cows and sheep—all free commoners by law—and the road not fenced. And yet we are told that the owners are trespassers."

Here was the note of righteousness that lit the fires of wrath, and viciously they burned from Jackson to Kalamazoo. A man by the name of Abel Fitch, whether financed by some hidden interest, or with the object of forcing a large sum from Mr. Brooks to bring to an end the sabotage under way, is not known, led the way. Abel at least was not backward about threats, made as chairman of various committees formed to protest against the half pay rate instituted by Brooks.

Reached Height in 1849

By mid-summer of 1849, the rail road war had become a subject of widespread newspaper attention with result that the Michigan Central passenger traffic was being driven to lake steamers or to the Michigan Southern. Brooks refused to back down. Passenger trains were fired on during the night, some derailed, woodpiles and small way stations burned, and such a reign of terror inaugurated that the company was compelled to run handcars or pilot engines ahead of every train passing through the disturbed region after dark.

Investigations instituted by James F. Joy, then general council of the road, satisfied him that, although hundreds of residents between Grass Lake and Kalamazoo had been drawn into the agressions against the railroad, the whole thing centered in Abel Fitch. It was Abel's war. Through the rest of 1849 and until the latter part of 1850, the war continued with varying intensity. Near Kalamazoo, greasing of rails, on a steep grade caused engineers much grief.

Fitch's right bower was one Amos Filley, who kept a low tavern at Michigan Center that the hard cases of the country made a resort of, just across the street from Fitch, and near the track. As whiskey was cheap in those days, from 20 to 25 cents a gallon, and it was said there was more drunk there than in any other place of its size in the state, the wickedness done was accounted for. Fitch and Filey were hard to smoke out. Nobody would bear witness against them. Fitch threatened to wreck the dreams of Joy and of Brooks, but he was destined to lose, because he had stirred to the quick men of far greater intelligence and resourcefulness than himself, particularly James F. Joy and John W. Brooks.

The work of gathering evidence against Fitch was entrusted to John Van Arman and Darius Clark, the latter a member of the legislature and of the firm of Nash & Clark, contractors, who had built the Michigan Central from Kalamazoo to New Buffalo. John Van Arman was a promising young lawyer, lately returned from the Mexican war. The case was to make him famous. Before 1858 he was one of the leaders of the Chicago bar.

It is related by Miss Jessie Porter, daughter of the late and well-known Judge Porter, that her father often told of an incident that occurred in the case of a defendant on trial in the court house at Marshall for murder, being accused of poisoning a person. The defendant employed John Van Arman to conduct the defense. After the prosecution had presented the case of the state, and by evidence proving the deathly nature of the drug administered, it appeared that there was no hope of acquittal in the case.

During the course of a lengthy discourse to the jury by the defense attorney, he deliberately and dramatically picked up a vial from the table which contained the poisonous drug, and slowly swallowed the contents. Then laying the small bottle back on the table, he continued his discourse, at intervals stressing the harmless nature of the liquid. The horrified jurors and the startled spectators looked on with amazement until he had finished. The bewildered prosecutor in rebuttal continued a long harangue, feeling that the longer the proceedings were continued the more chance that John Van Arman would topple over, but on the contrary the latter appeared more vigorous as time rolled on.

Finally the jury retired and after being out for a short time brought in a verdict of not guilty. It was later the theory of medical men that he had begun taking the poison for a considerable time prior to the trial, first taking minute particles, and increasing day by day until he had become immune. Later on his fortunes were more or less linked throughout his life-time with the "Joy railroads" as the Burlington, the Michigan Central, and other lines under Joy's direction became to be known.

The Michigan Central round house where engines were stalled and kept in repair was located in Marshall during the early days of the road, and Marshall was a terminal where trains were made up for local service, we find a record of engines named the "Caspian," the "Black," the "Red," "North Sea," "Neptune," "Gray Eagle," and the "Swallow."

The writer is indebted to former Chief Dispatcher H. D. Donmall for a copy of an original train order transmitted to the train crew of the "Swallow," at Marshall from the train dispatcher's office at Kalamazoo. It reads: "To the Swallow: Run wild Marshall to Galesburg." This order may be seen at the Marshall public library. In September, 1869, the Baltic pulled 21 cars thirty miles on one cord of wood. The coal burners were the Lightfoot. Quickstep, Monitor, Gladiator, Tempest, and the Tornado. There were about 80 engineers in active service in 1869—they have all passed on to their final home.

The large passenger station that now stands at the foot of Eagle street in Marshall was erected in 1854. In addition to passenger facilities it was equipped with hotel and dining room accommodations, due to the fact that dining car service at that time had not come into existence. All the thru trains stopped for meals which were served in the regular dining room or at a long lunch counter that was equipped with a marble top. There were about 40 people employed in connection with the hotel. There are a few that worked at a later period still living in Marshall. This station with its vast space of bed-rooms, private parlors, family rooms, etc., now so deserted save for the surrying of a rat or a mouse, or perhaps in fancy to the dancing of hobgoblins with

fairies at midnight, was once the scene of active industry.

Many of the aristocracy of the southland spent their summers in Marshall and made their home in the rooms of the station. The numerous surrounding lakes, all over-supplied with bass, perch and the delicious blue-gill, made the place an ideal camping ground. During the winter months the spacious dining room was often transformed into a ball room, and it was here that men and women in the social set came from many points in the state, coming in sleighs, cutters and with horses adorned with snowbells, and here handsome women, dressed in silks, and with fingers sparkling with diamonds, made merry with robust men of the pioneer type.

It is often that the history of past times presents itself to the imagination of mankind, and thus it is that the contemplation of large and silent rooms and places recalls to our mind the lines of Moore: "When I remember all the friends so linked together, I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed, sad memory brings the light of other days around me."

First Tracks on Hart St.

At the time the railroad first entered Marshall, its rails were laid on a street that is now known as Hart street, extending from Jefferson to Eagle street. It was here that the first station served the needs of the time, and it was some time after that the road was changed to where it is now.

In 1848 the first telegraph line was established by the Erie & Michigan Telegraph Company, and John S. Fox was the first telegraph operator to handle the Morse code. The first express company that transacted business in the county was Wells & Company, who opened an office in Marshall, in September, 1844.

Following the completion of the road to Chicago, rapid strides in the settlement of the wilderness through which the rails penetrated were noticeable. At this time the emigration from Europe was reaching its heights, and train after train of emigrants passed through Marshall. It is related in an old letter written at the time that it was a source of amusement for some of the young men living in Marshall to stroll alongside of an emigrant train waiting at Marshall and snatch the long pipes from the mouths of weary travelers that allowed their head and shoulders over the ledge of the train windows. This amusement for the boys caused much anguish for the stranger for often the loss of a pipe in those days was not easily replaced. These emigrants settled along the line of the rails, some obtaining employment with the railroad, others starting small business enterprises and others taking up the land. Consequently soon community centers were established, some of these growing to large cities in the course of time.

It was the dream of the builder of the road, one James F. Joy, who visioned a great railway system, centering in Detroit and reaching on one side to Buffalo, on the other to Chicago, then penetrating the vast productive prairies being opened up, that led to the early construction of the line. He had brought with him from the east John Wood Brooks, a civil engineer and executive of great ability, to Detroit and made him the superintendent of the railroad.

First R. R. Detectives

Van Arman and Clark were the nucleus of the first railroad detective force in history. Posing as a Chicago attorney engaged to bring about the release of "Old Sile Doty," a notorious counterfeiter and horse thief and crony of Fitch and Filley's tavern. Soon Van Arman was in with the conspirators, who revealed to him many of the details of the campaign they had waged against the railroad. He learned, too, of an attempt to burn the station at Niles, and of a plan to lay waste the Detroit structure that had been built on the site of one destroyed.

Gradually the woof of evidence was spun in Jackson county. When it was escape proof, Clark and Van Arman returned to Detroit, but before leaving had planted spies in Jackson and Michigan Center to watch the tavern and the suspected culprits who loafed around the place.

Next the trap was set. Warrants were issued for the arrest of 37 persons on April 19, 1851. The same day toward evening, Sheriff Baldwin of Wayne, with several deputies and employees of the road, whom Brooks had ordered to proceed with the officers, all boarded a special train, and Michigan Center was reached a little after midnight, the train stopping at a prearranged spot a little west of Fitch's place, where the raiders were met by detectives who had been left on the job in Jackson county.

It was fortunately a quiet night, according to the records of the conductor of the raiding train preserved in the Michigan Pioneer and Historical collections, and everyone seemed to be in bed and asleep, with the pale light of the moon casting shadows across the tracks and back over the fields and the hills.

The officers were divided into squads, each with an officer and a spy who knew the location of one of the parties to be arrested, and commenced work. The sheriff, with Clark and Van Arman, first arrested Fitch and brought him on board. After that they came in pretty fast, and it was noticeable that everyone roquested to be allowed to see Fitch before he was taken away, little expecting to find him in their company. After the officers had arrested 36 without having met with much opposition the train returned to Detroit, and the culprits were taken to the jail and safely confined.

Before Judge Warner Wing there began, May 29, 1851, the most famous criminal trial in the history of the state up to that time, and one that in the point of number of witnesses sworn—more than 1,000—constituted a record.

Horace Greeley Represented

At the very outset, the case became a cause celebre, drawing reporters from distant points to report its proceedings. Horace Greeley's New York Tribune was represented, while two Boston and one Albany newspapers had correspondents on the spot. Seven of the ablest lawyers of Detroit appeared on behalf of the people: David Stuart, then prosecuting attorney of Wayne county; John Van Arman; James A. Van Dyke, Beau Brummel of the local bar and a pleader of extraordinary ability; Jacob M. Howard, Alexander Fraser, Daniel Goodwin and William Gray.

Money was furnished freely for the defense, Wm. H. Seward, rated one the foremost criminal lawyers of the country, was employed as chief counsel for the conspirators. All Michigan was wrought up over the trial and delegations coming from various places and particularly from Jackson county, where was appreciated the fact that some of the farmers' sons listed among the defendants were innocent of deliberate conspiracy, and far from a type that would enter into any such plot as the destruction of the Detroit depot.

While the trial, which lasted for 89 days, was at its height, Fitch sickened and died suddenly in jail. It was believed generally at the time that he had over-imbibed of some drug intended to bring on an illness which might be made the excuse for a new delay in the issue. There were some rumors of suicide.

Twelve Convicted

In-so-far as the fate of the 36 men mentioned in this story is concerned, 12 of the accused were convicted with sentences ranging from 5 to 10 years. All of the men were later pardoned when Kingsley S. Bingham assumed the governorship in 1853. It was thus that the great railway conspiracy was ended and Joy and Brooks were able to carry on the work of railroad construction in all its phases, including the expansion of side-track facilities, the building of stations and adequate fencing for the protection of livestock.

The Michigan Central built its first telegraph line in 1856 under the supervision of D. Wilmot Smith, as superintendent, and M. D. Woodford as chief dispatcher. This greatly facilitated the handling of the trains at other than the regular time card points, which under the card rules required a train to wait 30 minutes for a delayed train, and then flag ahead until the approaching train was located.

Altogether it may be safely assumed that the city of Marshall played an important role in the affairs of the whole state both politically and financially during the pioneer days. In the year 1883, another railroad extending from Toledo, Ohio, to Allegan, Michigan, had come to Marshall, and here their shop and operating offices were located. There are a few of the personnel still living in Marshall who participated in the work at that time. Many remember Amos Wilson, the master mechanic, and perhaps a few still remember that the first telegraph operator employed by the new railroad, namely the Michigan & Ohio, in Marshall, was John Gauss, who still resides in the city.

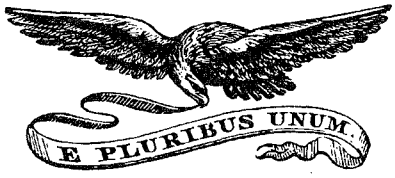
Mrs. Grace Survives

At the time that the station was used in connection with hotel service there were many girls employed and there is still living in Marshall at least one by the maiden name of Julia Hogan and after marriage, Mrs. Julia Grace, now residing in West Michigan avenue. In 1912 the station grounds were planted with shrubs and flower beds, and the surface soil cleaned up, largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Craig Miller of Marshall and the superintendent of the road, D. J. Hackett. Prior to the depression of 1929, plans and blueprints were executed for the building of a new station, and in this connection Ex-Mayor Harold C. Brooks furnished blueprints, which were drawn by his architect, but the plan was abandoned after the crash, when stockholders took a tailspin similar to that of other enterprises.

In Marshall there is an historic spot on the station grounds where under an old elm tree, now gone, the great organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was born, and in this gathering we find the names of Brown, Brooks, Metcalf, McCurdy, Wright and Billings. It was William Martin who rented to them the first hall on Main street that the new organization ever assembled in.

Those who are interested in the history of the past, may often think of the words of Moore:

Oft in the stilly night,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.



DECATUR'S FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

On the Fourth of July, 1865, Decatur had a great celebration and a big time generally.

The war had just closed and nearly everyone felt patriotic on account of the successful termination of the terrible struggle.

The few who were not pleased with the northern victory had learned to keep their sentiments to themselves. They had learned not many months before that it was to their own best interest to either be loyal or be still.

No one who has grown up since those Civil War days can realize the bitterness of feeling that existed between loyal and disloyal citizens.

I saw one of our prominent townsmen who was one of the most virulent and free talking copperheads taken from his bed at midnight, made to kneel on the ground with nothing on but his underclothing and, with a rope around his neck made to take the oath of allegiance. Then with a sharp warning to keep his mouth shut on political matters he was allowed to go back home.

Notice of similar treatment to come was sent to a few others, and this had a very quieting effect on them.

Yes, the Fourth of July, 1865, was a great day in Decatur. The town was full of returned soldiers in their blue uniforms. Whiskey was almost free,—no one who wanted it need go without a drink.

The day began by the firing of a salute of 34 guns at sunrise and the raising of the American flag.

A ten o'clock procession was formed on the railroad grounds under the direction of S. N. Thomas, Dr. C. T. Baker, D. C. Beach and John Steele. It was led by the band and 34 young ladies representing the states. Soldiers and citizens followed and marched to the grove at the school house.

There the glee club sang patriotic songs, Rev. J. J. Ward offered prayer, Prof. Bellows read the Declaration of Independence, the band played and Hon. Moses Hull delivered the address of the day. After this everyone marched to the Bowery where dinner was served to all comers.

The celebration ended with a big display of fireworks in the evening and the sending up of a large paper balloon made by Fred Smith, the jeweler.

The name of the marshal at that time was Heath. He had long, yellow whiskers of which he was very proud. There were a number of fights during the day, they could be seen breaking out in most every direction. The marshal did his best to preserve order but got badly mussed up before the day was over. In the last fracas he tried to stop an old woman who grabbed into his whiskers and pulled out a handful.

He had so much trouble over his beard he had to cut it off, and then the boys would not recognize him as the marshall. In a short time he left town without bidding anyone good-bye and never was heard of again.

THE LIBRARY

THE LINCOLN LIBRARY
A MOST IMPORTANT BOOK FOR THE DECATUR LIBRARY

By Bessie Fuhrman.

Having read in the Republican what was said about the contemplated purchase of that most valuable reference work, The Lincoln Library, I felt that knowing the book as I do from having sold it nearly five years, that a few words regarding it should be offered. (I am not agent for this book now.)

In the first place it is more than a reference work. It is a self-educational work. That is why it was named the Lincoln Library for its essential information has been carefully adapted to the needs of the those who, following the steps of Abraham Lincoln, will eagerly welcome every available means of self-education.

The planner and builder of the work, M. J. Kinsella, now deceased, had a double purpose in mind for this great book. First, he had it embody the largest amount of helpful information that has ever been placed in a single volume. This was done by using thin but strong paper and clear but not too small type.

Second, he had over sixty leading educators select, condense, arrange and verify the material with a degree of accuracy much greater than has been attained in any work of similar scope. There are many reference works that, although separated into several volumes, do not contain as much information as this one volume. The prices of those are of course higher and the information is not so easily obtained, for one does not have to take down volume after volume to complete a reference in this 'Lincoln.' Besides the reference is cross-referenced so that much that one should get related to a given subject is pointed out and all right under the same cover. Thus a mapping out of the scope of a subject may be found in the index and then if more and more details are required than those given in this volume, other reference works may be used to better advantage than if this start from the Lincoln had not been available. Besides the splendid index there are other valuable features not found in more expensive reference works.

And last but not least there are the test questions. Every teacher at least recognizes the importance of questioning. Here many helpful questions are given at the end of each section of this book. The number of the page in each case is given where the correct answer may be found. Much could be said about the illustrations and maps, but as space is limited and I wish to speak of two more points I must omit those.

Just to help you to realize how compact yet comprehensive this work is, I want to tell you about the geology section. It was written by one of our state's educators, Prof. E. C. Case of the U. of M., a man good enough in his science to be sent abroad with all expenses paid. He wrote the geology of North America in an article of only 9,000 words. It is a clear, concise picture of the subject giving a marvelous grasp of the subject to the student of it.

All of the other departments of geography, history, literature, English, etc., have been just as carefully and clearly presented. But to really appreciate the value of this great work, it must be where it can be used, on a stand such as a large dictionary usually has, and the user must go carefully through the book and explore it as it were, so that when an emergency arises one will understand how to use this educational tool.

Naturally one who has followed so far must ask how this work is regarded by the educational world.

Mary McSkimmon, ex-president of the N. E. A., said, "The Lincoln Library is a reference book so compact and

authentic that its value is surpassing. Not only is it a reservoir of information concerning things one has immediate need of, but it yields its fine reference service. The Lincoln Library is a noble volume nobly planned."

Albert Bushnell Hart, Prof. of Harvard University, said, "The Lincoln Library is a whole encyclopedia compressed into one volume."

Charles Scribner's Sons report that "Portrait of an Era; As Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson," by Fairfax Downey has gone into a second large printing less than two weeks after publication. The volume contains more than two hundred pictures by the famous illustrator.

"The Kidnap Murder Case," the new Philo Vance detective novel by S. S. Van Dine, which has just come from the Scribner press, is the tenth in the famous series, one having appeared each year since their inception in 1926. Every one of the Philo Vance novels has been taken by the motion pictures, the first one produced being "The 'Canary' Murder Case," with William Powell in the role of Philo Vance. Other famous motion picture stars who have played the role of Philo Vance on the screen are Basil Rathbone, Warren William, Paul Lukas and Edmund Lowe. Among the actresses who have played prominent parts in the Philo Vance series have been Jean Arthur, Helen Vinson, Margaret Lindsay and Mary Astor.

NEW BOOKS

Paw, Paw, November 11.—That the task of providing new books to whet the appetite for further reading, rests solely upon the shoulders of the public spirited library minded people of Van Buren county is being demonstrated every day in every township in the county.

Mrs. Martin Knoll of Decatur reports a gift of $4.00 for the purchase of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell, a current best seller. Also two new library tables and 10 chairs from Gaylord Library supply house arrived Wednesday.

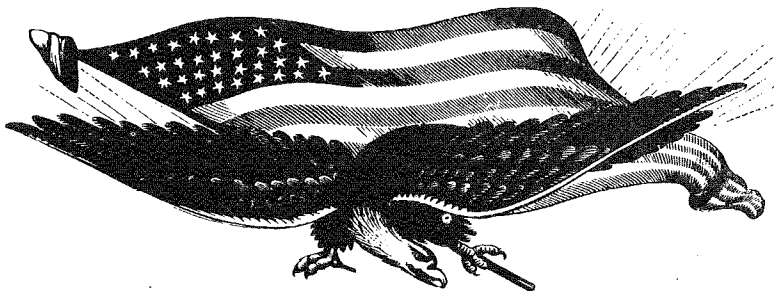
Considerable interest has been displayed all summer at Mattawan in the collection of books loaned by Mrs. Frank Ryan to Mrs. Carrie Rix, local custodian, who has made these titles available to her patrons.

The Rev. Scott MacDonald, member of the County Library Board, announces that the Bangor Community Chest Fund will provide around $100 for new books for the local branch.

Three hundred and fifty non-fiction titles have been received from the Paw Paw school library through the co-operation of Miss Durette Nestor, George Schutt and Miss Cella Stuff.

But a lady who is reading the new best selling story, "Gone with the Wind," says the further she reads the madder she gets. It is a fascinating story, telling of the misery of the people of the South following the Civil War. This reader can remember that all of the suffering during and following that war was not in the South.

The book belongs to the Decatur library and we understand there is a waiting list for it.



THE STORY OF OLD ABE

The Fighting Eagle Mascot of the Wisconsin Eighth Regiment in the Civil War.

By Chase S. Osborn, Ex-Governor of Michigan.

Origin

In the early spring of 1861 some Indians went "sugaring" up the Flambeau in Wisconsin. They located an eagle's nest in Price county, and a venturesome brave named Chief Sky climbed to it and secured a baby eagle. On their way down the river in early April, the Indians stopped at the farm of Dan McCann at Jim Falls, not far from Chippewa Falls and tried to sell the eaglet to Mrs. McCann. She said she thought the bird was a crow, not an eagle, that she had no use for it, but finally she traded a bushel of corn for it. The bird seemed contented at first, but when he learned the use of his wings, he got a bit ugly and they had to tie him to keep him out of mischief.

Mr. McCann finally took him to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell him to some soldiers who were about ready to go to camp for training. They saw no virtue in having the bird, so McCann took him to Eau Claire where Capt. J. E. Perkins immediately thought the bird would make a fine mascot for the company he was raising for the war. His men took to the eagle and thought it would be fine sport to enlist him the same as any other member of the company, and then carry him to war.

So they paid five dollars for enlistment and the eagle became a regular member of the company. Their company had been known as the Eau Claire Badgers, but in honor of the eagle the name was changed to the Eau Claire Eagles.

On September 6, 1861, the whole company started for Camp Randall in Madison. At La Cross a man offered $200 for the bird and then the boys knew they had something worth while. They attracted much attention and it is said by many who were there, that when the company marched through the gate into the camp, the eagle took the corner of the flag over him in his beak and spread it out and flapped wings until headquarters was reached.

Naming Him

By common consent the now six months old bird was named "Old Abe" after the beloved president of the country. All those visiting Camp Randall, and there were many visitors, found nothing more interesting than Old Abe. A handsome perch was made for him in the shape of a shield, with a slanting platform above. One man with a socket belt was specially detailed to carry the staff on which the bird was perched. The man and bird were in the center of the company, the bird higher than the men, where all could see him.

Leaving for the Front

On October 12, 1861, the Eagle regiment went south and at every stop made, the bird was the wonder and attraction. Every town and city where the train stopped mentioned in its newspapers the wonderful mascot. But Old Abe did not seem to particularly like the people of the south and once he got away, but returned by nightfall to his regular company.The boys were everjoyed to get him back. At St.Louis a man offered to buy the bird for $500 but Capt. Perkins said he was not for sale.

From St. Louis the Eagle regiment was in for four years of hard service. It was in 38 battles and skirmishes and Abe was in nearly every one of them. Where the men went, he went. He knew his men, his regiment and strange to say, his regiment's flag from all others. When not on duty, the men spent time teaching the bird tricks. Any person who played mean tricks on him got what was coming to him, for like the Indians among whom he was born, he never forgot. But those who were kind to him were his mates all through the war. And during the war, Abe had six different keepers. Of them all he seemed to like Edw. Homiston the best, this man having been a Vermonter and had made a study of eagles in his early days.

In battle Abe screamed four or five notes in succession, which was most inspiring to the men, his comrades in arms. It is said that during the battle of Corinth, Abe's holding cord having been shot away he rose above the smoke of battle screaming and flapping his wings, and the men were

sure he would be shot and if not, would never return, but when things had cleared up a bit, he swooped down to his company and his perch as if nothing had happened. When in a fight, the wise bird seemed to understand matters, sometimes keeping quiet and out of danger, but it is said he really liked the firing of cannon and musketry.

Of course the rebels were anxious to capture or kill him, although they contemptuously called him a "Yankee buzzard, and General Price said he would rather kill that bird than capture a whole regiment of men.

Abe meant as much to the gallant Eighth as their flag, in some ways, more. He was something alive.

Furlough was allowed at the expiration of the enlistment period and Abe was taken home by the men, where he received all the honors of a fighting general on a visit. In January, 1864, when the regiment re-enlisted, Abe was one of them for three more years. When the time was over, Abe was brought back and presented to the State of Wisconsin. He had been wounded a couple of times, but not seriously. Once about half of his tail feathers were shot away, and once the tip of a wing had a drop of blood on it. Governor Lewis mentioned all of this in a notable speech of acceptance of the veteran bird by the state.

A large room in the basement of the capitol was fitted up for him and a kind and appreciative man assigned to care for him. Stories and verses were written about him, and thousands of children and grown people saw him particularly when it was warm enough for his cage to be in the park.

Abe was carried in many G. A. R. Reunion processions. In 1876 he was at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and at a great fair in Boston he was on exhibit for three months. One rich man who saw him offered $10,000 for him.

A veteran came to Madison one day about five years after the close of the war, particularly to see the bird. Nearing the room where Abe was kept, the man gave a peculiar whistle. The bird at once became excited, and when the man appeared before Old Abe, the bird put his head close to the man's face and wanted to be petted. The soldier was so moved he could not speak.

Old Abe's death was untimely. In the extremely cold winter of 1881 some paints were stored in the next room to that occupied by Abe, it not being thought any harm could come from them, considering the cold. But spontaneous combustion in oily rags set the place afire and Abe was suffocated by the smoke. A certain major, a war veteran and a fine taxidermist, said he could stuff and mount Old Abe so that the skin could be kept a long time. This was done and a glass case given in which to keep the relic. He was thus exhibited for many years. Many pictures were taken of the bird and he was painted in oils by two well known artists. In April, 1903, he was placed in the G. A. R. Memorial hall in the capitol. Though dead, he had been carried in many patriotic parades. The great "T. R." visited him and many other notables.

In February, 1904, the capitol building burned, strange to say, the fire started in the Memorial Hall and Old Abe was burned, together with many valuable and unreplaceable war relics.

In the Vicksburg National Park is a shaft to the Wisconsin soldiers participating in the siege, on top of the shaft is a bronze of Old Abe which may be seen for many miles.

A WORD FROM MADISON

After receiving the story of "Old Abe" from Mr. Osborn we conceived the idea of embellishing it with a picture of the bird if possible. A letter asking for a cut was written to Theodore Damminaa, secretary of state at Madison, Wisconsin. The letter was turned over to Memorial Hall and brought the cut shown here together with the following letter:

G. A. R. MEMORIAL HALL
Headquarters of the Wisconsin G.A.R.
Capitol Building
Madison
June 30, 1936.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton,
Decatur, Michigan.

Your letter to the Secretary of State of Wisconsin has been referred to us. We are sending you a cut of "Old Abe," the eagle mascot of the Wisconsin 8th Regiment in the Civil war. We are glad to give you this service. Please return as soon as used. Also am enclosing you a condensed story of "Old Abe" in pamphlet form given out by this department.

Very truly yours,
G. A. R. Memorial Hall,
(Mrs.) Marie Melyner,
Ass't Custodian and Sec'y.

The pamphlet gives the history of Old Abe similar to the history printed here and includes this comment on Capt. C. H. Henry.

Probably no man in the northwest is better acquainted with the history of Old Abe, the Eagle, than Captain Henry of Eau Claire, Wis., who, in his early days, was a backwoodsman in the Wisconsin forests. He was well acquainted with the Indian chief and many of his tribe. I have spent many a pleasant hour listening to his stories of his early life in the forests of Wisconsin, and of the capture and education of Old Abe, the Eagle, who became a national celebrity, and even after all these years, the first question that visitors to the G. A. R. Memorial rooms at the capitol ask is, "Tell us about Old Abe, the War Eagle," and "Are the stories told about him true?"

Old Abe in action is described as follows:

During a battle, his appearance was perfectly magnificent; to be seen in his glory was when the battle commenced. At the sound of the regimental bugle, which he had learned to recognize, he would start suddenly, dart up his head, and then bend it gracefully, anticipating the coming shock. When the battle commenced, he would spring up and spread his wings, uttering his startling scream, heard, and felt, and gloried in by all the soldiers. The fiercer and louder the storm, the fiercer, louder, and wilder were his screams.

During engagements he suffered but few slight wounds, and returned home to Madison hale and hearty. In 1880, when the soldier's reunion, on a vast scale, was being held in Milwaukee, Old Abe attended, being carried in the procession. He was sleek and majestic, a complacent creature of the forest. General Grant and Old Abe were the honored guests of this military reunion. When the band played he uttered his battle scream, consisting of five or six wild trilling notes in quick succession. It was a great day for Ole Abe. This was his last public appearance. In the winter of 1881 a fire started in the Wisconsin State Capitol, where Old Abe spent his days. On March 26, 1881, with a slight tremor Old Abe expired in the arms of his keeper, George Gillis.

There were many wet eyes when the news of his death reached the survivors of the Eagle Regiment, and even after all these years, the story of Old Abe, the War Eagle, is known to almost every person in the country.

Note:—At this writing, May 1, 1933, Captain Henry writes me he has three men hunting through the forests of Chippewa county; James Murray, a grandson of Thomas Hill, who was one of the first men to enlist in Company C, and who carried the eagle in the battles, and Al Wherlier, a backwoodsman of northern Wisconsin, and one Indian chief, with directions to secure a descendant of Old Abe to be taken to Madison and placed in the center of the main room of the G. A. R. Memorial hall so that our younger generation will be able to see a replica of this wonderful bird.

HERE IT IS---THE STORY OF OLD ABE

Harry McWilliams Found It in the Sanders' Union Fifth Reader Printed in 1869. Thanks, Harry, It's a Good Story.

THE SOLDIER BIRD

By H. H. Brownell.

In the spring of 1861, Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, living in the northern wilds of Wisconsin, found an eagle's nest. To make sure of his prize he cut the tree down, and caught the eaglets as they were sliding from the nest to run and hide in the grass. One died. He carried the other home, and built a nest in a tree close by his wigwam. The eaglet was as large as a hen, and covered with soft down. The red children were delighted with their new pet, and, as soon as he became acquainted, he would sit down in the grass, and see them play with the

dogs.

But Chief Sky was poor, and he was obliged to sell the noble bird to a white man for a bushel of corn. The white man brought him to Eau Claire a small village, where the enlisted soldiers were busy in preparing to go to the war. "Here's a recruit," said the man. "An Eagle! an eagle!" shouted the soldiers: "Let him enlist!" and sure enough, he was sworn into the service, with ribbons around his neck,—red, white, and blue.

On a perch surmounted by stars and stripes, the company took him to Madison, the capital of the state. As they marched into Camp Randall, with colors flying, drums beating, and the people cheering, the eagle seized the flag in his beak and spread his wings, his bright eye kindling with the spirit of the scene. Shouts rent the air:— "The Bird of Columbia! the Eagle of freedom forever!"

The state made him a new perch, and the boys named him, "Old Abe"; and the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment was hence forth called," The Eagle Regiment." On the march he was carried at the head of the company, and everywhere was greeted with delight. At St. Louis, a gentleman offered five hundred dollars for him, and another his farm. No, no; the boys had no notion of parting with their bird. He was above all price,"—an emblem of battle and of victory. Besides, he interested their minds, and made them think less of hardships and of home.

It was really amusing to witness the strange freaks and droll adventures of this bird during his three years' service,—his flights in the air, his fights with the guinea hens, and his race with the boys. When the regiment was in summer quarters at Clear Creek. the eagle was allowed to run at large, and every morning went to the river, half a mile off, where he splashed and played in the water to his heart's content, faithfully returning to camp when he was satisfied.

Old Abe's favorite place of resort was the sutler's tent, where a live chicken found "no quarter" in his presence. But rations became scarce, and, for two days, Abe had nothing to eat. Hard-tack he objected to; fasting was disagreeable; and Thomas, his bearer, could not get beyond the pickets to a farm-yard. At last, pushing his way to the colonel's tent, he pleaded for poor Abe. The colonel gave him a pass, and Thomas procured for him an excellent dinner.

One day a farmer asked Thomas to come and show the eagle to his children. Satisfying the curiosity of the family, Thomas set him down in the barn-yard. Oh, what a screeching and scattering among the fowls! for Abe pounced upon one, and gobbled up another, to the great amazement of the farmer, who declared that such wanton behavior was not in the bargain. Abe, however, thought there was no harm in "confiscating" in time of war.

Abe was in twenty hard battles, besides thirty skirmishes. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the storming of Corinth, and marched with Sherman up the Red River. The whiz of bullets and the scream of shells were his delight. As the battle grew hotter, he would flap his wings, and mingle his wildest notes with the thundering din around him. He was very fond of music, especially Yankee Doodle and John Brown. Upon the parade he always gave heed to the word, "Attention!" With his eye on the commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade he would put off his soldierly air, flap his wings, and make himself at home.

The enemy called him "Yankee Buzzard," "Old Owl," and other hard names; but his eagle nature was quite above noticing it. One General gave orders to his men to be sure and capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin; saying, he "would rather have him than a dozen battle-flags." But for all that, he scarcely lost a feather,—only one from his right wing. At last the war was over, and the brave Wisconsin Eighth, with their live eagle and torn and riddled flags, were welcomed back to Madison. They went out a thousand strong, and returned a little band, scarred and toil-worn, having fought and won.

And what of the Soldier Bird? In the name of the gallant veterans, Captain Wolf presented him to the state. Governor Lewis accepted the illustrious gift, and ample quarters are provided for him in the beautiful state-house grounds, where may he long live to tell us

"What heroes from the woodland sprang,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of Freedom rang."

Nor is the end yet. At the great fair in Chicago, an enterprising gentleman invited "Abe" to attend. He had colored photographs of the old hero struck off, and sold sixteen thousand seven hundred dollars' worth for the benefit of poor and sick soldiers. Has not the American Eagle done his part? May not the Venerable Veteran rest upon his honors?

EARLY DAYS IN DECATUR

Written by W. H. Tuttle for the Republican twenty years ago.

A GREAT WHEAT MARKET

In the time of the Civil war and before Decatur was a great wheat market, the Michigan Central and Southern Michigan were the only railroads in this part of the state and wheat was drawn here in wagon loads over rough roads for a distance up to 25 miles.

The freight depot was the only place where wheat could be taken. Each load had to be drawn up the long bridge to the upper floor of the depot and unloaded one at a time. In the busy season what is now our pretty park was fairly covered with loads of wheat waiting their turn to unload. Farmers would sometimes have to camp out with their wheat and team all night before getting a chanceto unload. With other roads and towns springing up the shipping business at this station slowly decreased.

EARLY DECATUR FIRES

About the year 1859 or 1860 the Michigan Central freight house burned down in the night. It was in the fall and the elevators were full of wheat.

What was probably Decatur's first fire occurred about the year 1850. It was a frame store building located on the corner where is now the Gafill Oil station.

Another building was erected on the site in 1851. It was used as a general store by A. H. Dixon and Company. Other merchants succeeding each other on that corner were John Tarbell, Stocking and Brother, Delos Hill, Manely and Son. This building burned down some 20 years ago.

Decatur's next big fire came in October, 1869, on the corner now occupied by Brigham's store. Five buildings were burned,—the old Tucker store on the corner, the post office, Forsythe's shoe shop, and the Galloway hotel next north on Main street, and one dwelling that stood on the site of the present town hall. The Simpson family lived in the house, Earl Simpson being about 4 years old.

The fire broke out in a room over the post office used by Dr. Shepherd, a veterinary and an elderly Englishman. It was his office and living apartment. It was supposed that he was in bed and asleep when the fire caught in some unknown way, and by the time he awoke the stairs had burned way. He either fell or jumped out the front window and was so badly burned by the intense heat that he died in a short time.

He was pulled away as soon as possible but the heat was so great it was difficult to get near enough to rescue him. It was a horrible sight to see the old man lying there slowly roasting and no one able to get near him.

Decatur had another big fire not long after this one, on the corner of Main and Sherwood streets, where the Duncombe house afterward stood. Moore's hardware store on the corner, John Rogers' grocery, the post office again and some other buildings burned at that time.

After this fire the town built a big cistern at the intersection of Main and Delaware streets to furnish water in such emergencies.

The Duncombe house fire which occurred about forty years ago was probably the biggest fire Decatur ever had.

GREAT RAILROAD WRECK AT LAWTON

The great railroad wreck at Lawton happened in September, 1863. A state fair special was bringing people home from Kalamazoo. In those days all trains used the old link and couplings. Vestibules on the coaches were unknown.

The train was packed with people and many of the young men of Hamilton were terribly injured.

DECATUR'S MINERAL WELL

About the year 1868 some wise one told Decatur people that if they would put a well down deep enough they would get a flowing well of medicinal water which would make of the town a great health resort.

A local stock company was formed. Some gave money and others volunteered as laborers and they commenced to drill the well, Jack Kissell, a wagon maker and blacksmith, was at the head of the plan and furnished the tools for drilling.

The well was located on the north side of Sherwood street between the Paddock hotel and the Main street corner. They drilled a deep hole but it was dry all the way down. Finally the drill head was lost and could not be fished out and the venture was abandoned. But there was excitement here for a while.

The Great Indian Battle on the Lake of the Woods

Written for the Republican by the Late W. H. Tuttle and First Published January 13, 1916.

Fifty years ago and more the Lake of the Woods was a very beautiful spot. The older inhabitants of Decatur will remember it well, and what a pleasant place it was for picnics, boating and skating parties. This lake was much larger then than it is now, hard sandy bottom, with high dry land covered with immense oak trees hundreds of years old, coming down to the very water's edge, and with such a beautiful little dry island, also covered with large trees.

But now what a change! The lake has been ditched time after time until at present it is little more than a big mud hole, all grown up to weeds and with a slimy, nasty bottom. The little island has disappeared, grown fast to the mainland, and a new island has formed, at some distance away, made up apparently of weedy growths and refuse of all kinds.

Lake of the Woods

The lake and all this country around here was evidently a favorite living place for the original inhabitants—the Indians. Their arrow heads, spear heads, stone axes, hammers, etc., have been picked up by the bushels. My people were among the early settlers in Hamilton, and when I was a small boy I used to see and talk with some of the Indians, play with the papooses, "Poose pops," I called them, and also hear some of the Indian stories.

It was told that a great, great many years ago, long before the white people came here to live—a terrible battle was fought on and around the Lake of the Woods, between three tribes of Indians, and that one tribe was utterly extinguished.

About the time the Civil War broke out there was a weekly paper published at Decatur called the Tribune. The printing office was over the present Racket store, and its editor was C. P. Sweet. The paper only lasted a few years, but at some time during its existence there was a long article printed in it, giving the history of this famous battle. I don't know who the writer was, and I do not suppose that there is a single copy of the paper in existence now.

I was a small boy then, but I remember that the story made a strong impression on my youthful mind for it seemed to me that to be an Indian fighter, would be the height of earthly happiness and ambition.

STORY OF THE BATTLE

The story ran, that about two hundred years ago the Pottawatomie and Chippewa tribes occupied this section of the country, and that they lived in friendship and peace, and were allied to resist any outside aggressors. But about this time a stranger tribe appeared, coming from somewhere in the west, and gave the "Potts" and "Chips" notice that they could either move out and leave the country to them, or they could lay down and remain here as slaves of the invaders; but if they didn't want to do either of these things, then they would have to fight it out and get licked, as the strange tribe was much stronger.

But the home tribes decided that they might as well fight and be killed as to be driven away from their home, so they laid their plans and decided that if they all had to go to the happy hunting grounds they would take as many of the strangers with them as they possibly could.

The Pottawatomies seemed to have good generals as well as good fighters, for before the fight began they detached two as strong parties as they could spare to go around the lake and take a position near the little bay, where the inlet enters and to remain there carefully concealed until a certain signal was given when they were to appear suddenly and attack the enemy in the rear and flank. This plan was carried out.

They didn't have any big cannon or machine guns, but they accomplished the same purpose with bows and arrows, stone axes, clubs, or any other things that would crack a skull or sink a boat.

THE ATTACK

On the day the battle was fought the home tribe was posted in the woods and in their canoes on the side of the lake toward the present town of Decatur while a strong force were on the side of the lake near where the outlet is.

The strangers came on to attack early in the morning with the expectation that they would wipe the Potts and Chips off the earth and get the work done in time for an early dinner. But the home team had other plans. They knew that they must either win or die and they weren't prepared to die just then. So they fought their best and in a short time the air was full of flying arrows and war whoops.

By mid-day the lake was filled with overturned canoes and floating bodies. The home Indians fought bravely and for awhile held their own, but gradually the superior number of the invaders began to prevail. It was said that every Indian on the island was either killed or badly wounded and the others were being pressed back onto the shore and into the woods.

THE VICTORY

But just then, in the very thickest of the fight, the signal was given and the reserves came dashing out from the little bay on the north shore of the lake and before the invaders really knew what was coming a fleet of canoes loaded with fresh and untired warriors, struck them from the rear and flanks while those in front, who had been fighting all day, received fresh courage and attacked their enemies with renewed ferocity.

The result was that the strangers were stricken with panic, their canoes were wrecked and sunk and all who succeeded in reaching the shore were hunted down and killed without mercy for no quarter was given on either side.

Before sundown it was all over and the Potts and Chips kept their homes and lived in peace for many years afterwards, while the invading tribe was utterly exterminated.

It was said that after the fight was over the lake was filled with wrecked canoes and floating bodies. It was a great victory but at a great cost, for the home tribes were very short of able bodied warriors for a good many years afterwards.

So ended the Battle of the Lake of the Woods.

But surely, if it is a sad commentary on human nature for even wild Indians to fight and kill in such a ferocious way, what are we to think when the most highly civilized and enlightened nations on this earth are doing the very same thing, as they are doing in Europe today, without one tenth

part of the reason that the Indians had for fighting.

It seems to me that this same human nature must be progressing like a crab—backward.

MEMORIES

A TRUE IRISH ROSE

Written for the Republican by Chas. A. Bellis, 115 McNees Avenue, Whittier, Calif.

A recent edition of the Republican told of the passing of one of Decatur's one time valuable citizens, Mrs. Jennie Kelley Rapp, more recently a resident of Dowagiac. The passing of this splendid woman means that a true Irish rose has withered and its lovely petals have fallen to the ground. I doubt if there is another woman in my acquaintance who has enjoyed more and better friends.

In the early years, when we were in our teens, my father bought and moved onto a small sand farm a mile east of the old Lee school in Hamilton. One of his best neighbors was that good old product of Ireland, a clown in farmer's clothes, happy, smiling, dear old Patrick Kelley.

He was an uncle of Jennie, and often she and her mother, sister and brother George visited at his homestead. On one of these visits I became acquainted with Mrs. Kelley and her fine family. George and I were about of an age and naturally became very good friends.

It was on account of our friendship that Mrs. Kelley invited me to spend a few days at her farm home a few miles to the east in Decatur township.

Jennie and her young sister were a pair of happy, laughing, Irish lassies, beautiful roses, and it was only natural that Jennie and I should become interested in each other. I have spent many happy days at her mother's farm, and I did not always go there to see George. Her dear old mother knew it as well as any one else and she often brought into play her true Irish wit at our expense.

Sometimes she would say,—"Charley, if you want to be my son-in-law you will have to do so and so. Jennie's rosy cheeks would turn a redder hue and I presume the blushes would grow brighter up to my unkempt black hair.

But the old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," became a reality with us, for several years later, after I had left Decatur for other fields of endeavor, I chanced to meet Jennie on a street in Dowagiac and she told me that she was married to Johnnie Rapp. She told me where she lived and invited me to call on them whenever I had a chance to do so.

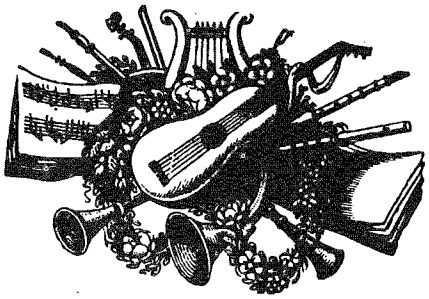
I surely was surprised to know that she had married a boy that I knew well and had worked with in the Round Oak shops where he was a moulder and I a workman in the polishing and nickel plating department.

Johnnie Rapp was the son of a Cass county pioneer and one of Dowagiac's business men. He was one of the substantial German families of which that county may well be proud. I personally know a large number of these families and may some day weave a Silver Thread around them. I doubt if there was a person in the city of Dowagiac and vicinity who did not know and love George Rapp. He was a kindly spoken, friendly fellow who drew everybody to him. It is this sort of people that settled most of the lower counties of Michigan. That is the real reason that those who go out to wider fields of endeavor never forget the old home towns.

It was a most happy union the joining of the children of such fine old pioneer families together. The old song we sang in school when a German boy came for the first time was, "The Irish and the Dutch, they don't amount to much," but it was a song with positively no meaning and some of America's smartest and best citizens are of German and Irish stock. At this time our House of Representatives is made up largely of this class of people.

No state can or could boast of more beautiful women than those found in the Irish communities of southern Michigan, and Jennie Kelley was one of the most beautiful among them. She was tall, stately, of medium weight and as straight as an arrow, and she had a kindly smile that met the morning sun and was still there when it went down at night.

She possessed the true Irish wit which endeared her to her friends and she spread sunshine in the paths of those about her. I want her friends and family to know that I express my sincere sympathy to them in the loss of this splendid woman. Let us not say that she is gone, but that she is still the beautiful wild Irish rose.



SETH FASSETT, PIONEER VIOLIN TEACHER OF HAMILTON

By Bessie Fuhrman

While writing of Hamilton townships' pioneers it seems fitting to include one who was a pioneer violin teacher, Mr. Seth Fassett, now residing in the red brick mansion built by Robert Nesbitt.

Although Mr. Fassett is personally a stranger to me, his name, like that of Longfellow or Whittier, has been known to me since childhood. My half brother, Jesse Fuhrman, born two weeks after the close of the Civil war, was one of his violin pupils.

My brother was a young man when I was born and before my birth began his study with Mr. Fassett. I can remember his practicing on the violin and of this high respect for his instructor.

I very early gained the impression that Mr. Fassett was a master teacher, and years later when returning from paying him a visit my brother still had the old time enthusiasm for him.

One point about Mr. Fassett's teaching which showed up in my brother's practice was that of working for beauty of tone. As a child I could not see why he needed to play the same piece over and over again after he had learned to play it through. But when I grew older I learned that it was beauty of tone and not merely to play a tune for which he was striving.

So just as a good voice teacher works to train a voice student Mr. Fassett must have worked to train his pupils to play the instrument that is second only to the human voice.

And now, years later, Mr. Fassett's influence may be seen in perspective, as it were.

I am reminded of a banquet I attended several years ago. The tables were set with candles as a part of the decorative scheme, but through an oversight the candles were not lighted until the banquet was well under way. Then someone in charge lighted one candle and with it lighted all of the others.

And so it is with Mr. Fassett. The candle of his violin teaching has lighted many others, and I am unable to convey the recognition that the full scope of his work deserves.

I can, however, present one instance of the carrying quality of his teaching with which I am familiar. Had there been no Mr. Fassett to light the candle of violin training for my brother it is probable that several who are now on the way to worth while musical careers would not have made the start they did.

Three Generations Benefitted

May I line up those of my brother's family who seem to plainly indicate the far reaching influence of Mr. Fassett's teaching.

Just as my brother learned to love

the violin and to play it from Mr. Fassett's teaching, so my brother's son, D. R. Fuhrman, learned to play and love the violin from his father, and having had that start he has for years played first violin in a Kalamazoo orchestra. He has also made several violins and sold them for good prices. He made his own violin and that of his older son who now has learned from him to play it.

Besides the son D. R. has a daughter, now married, who learned to play the violin and she has a little son whom we naturally expect will become a violinist.

My brother's daughter has two sons both of whom are musical. Both boys have been soloists in the boys' choir of St. Luke's Episcopal church of Kalamazoo.

The older son, Jack Gilbert, now a sophomore in W. S. T. C., plays the piano and sings, while the younger, Rodger Taggart, plays the violin and sings. Three years ago he won first place for the violin in a Kalamazoo school music contest.

There are also three other granddaughters and one grandson who are as yet too young to account for musically, although there is every indication that the second oldest granddaughter, Dulcie Taggart, will be a pianist.

While it is true that this musical outcropping might have occurred regardless of the grandfather's violin lessons from Mr. Fassett, it is quite probable that had he failed to receive the inspiration of that master teacher the hard work on the farm would have suppressed his interest in that particular instrument. He also played the cornet, but none of his children or grandchildren played it or any band instrument.

Therefore it seems that Mr. Fassett is entitled to the credit for this far reaching interest in and preference for the violin.

It must have been the emphasis of better teaching that has made the violin the favored instrument for three generations as it is in the families of my brother and his two children.

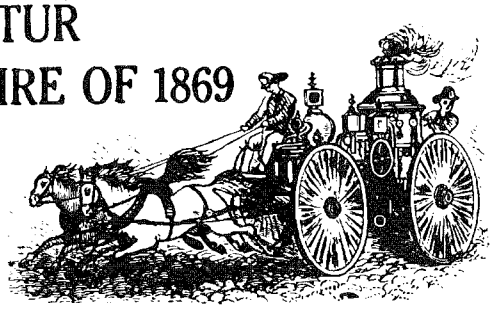
This is only one example of what has resulted from one candle that was lighted, and were all of Mr. Fassett's pupils known and all their successive achievements brought to light, not to mention the accomplishments of his own family, the scope of his influence in music would surprise him.

We hear about great music teachers at home and abroad and little realize that in this pioneer community there has been a violin teacher, like the old bell ringer in "The Chimes of Amsterdam," who from the belfry tower was sending out sweet refrains to gladden the lives of the lowly, though he heard not a single strain.

Mr. Fassett did not have the background of a college or city of note, or the association of groups of kindred musicians. He worked in a pioneer community and made himself a great teacher.

When I recalled some remarks I once heard Bliss Perry make in a lecture on Great Teachers He Had Known I could not help thinking of Mr. Fassett as a great teacher that I have known about, a teacher who so inspired his students with the love for music and particularly the violin, that it not only dominated their lives but was carried on to others.

THE DECATUR FIRE OF 1869



Earl Simpson, Native of the Township and Visiting Here for the Holidays, Tells Some Ancient Local History.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. North and Earl Simpson of North Platte, Nebr., arrived in Decatur last week Tuesday and were guests at the home of Will Lyle until this week Tuesday. Mrs. North was Miss Rose Dennis in her Decatur days, and is a half sister of Earl Simpson and the late Mrs. Will Lyle.

Earl has lived with the North family since last March. He is almost entirely blind.

Mr. and Mrs. North have a grocery store, restaurant, two filling stations and 12 tourists' cabins at North Platte. Last October they put the properties under a manager and with their brother went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. They came here from that city and are returning to it to remain till March.

Mrs. North served 12 years as County School Commissioner and is now retired from school work.

Their speedometer registered 1,038 miles from North Platte to Hot Springs and 847 miles from Hot Springs to Decatur.

Earl Simpson was greatly interested in the statement made last week by Charlie Lee that he was born in a house where the town hall now stands on the 31st day of May, 1868.

That house burned down in the fall of 1869 and he was living in it at the time. Earl was 4 years old and he remembers well the excitement of getting out of the burning building. His brother Fred, who was only nine years old, grabbed him out of bed and ran with him to the John Chadwick home, now the George Smith home, a few doors to the east. Fred Simpson, who is now 75 years old, lives in Buena Park, California.

The fire which burned the home started in the second story of a frame store building located near the corner where is now the Brigham hardware. A horse doctor lived there alone. Sometime in the night he tipped over a lighted lamp and it exploded. The fire caught in his clothing and quickly filled the room. The frantic man raised a front window and shouted, "Fire!" and before anyone could come to his rescue he jumped out. He lit on a board sidewalk below and died from his injuries.

Earl Simpson was born in a log house on what is now the Joe Dunnington farm in East Valley, and with the exception of the past ten years his entire life has been spent in Decatur township and village. His father was Hubbell L. Simpson.

DECATUR CREAMERY COMPANY

Milton E. Knoll, Mgr.

TXHE Decatur Creamery Company whose splendid plant is conveniently located at the edge of town is another industry which is a strong trade attraction for Decatur and its influence and importance is steadily expanding and enlarging. This plant has been running successfully for more than seventeen years and has been a strong factor in encouraging and stimulating the dairy industry, by furnishing a ready cash market for dairy products, mostly butter fat.

It has the reputation of paying the highest price offered for butter fat of any creamery in this region, oft times paying from a cent to a cent and a half more than the market price for Elgin.

This special inducement together with the fact that our farmers are building more silos, getting better stock and in all, finding dairying very profitable, accounts for the splendid showing of this plant. Another feature is the fact that they guarantee correctness in test and weights. They are as true and accurate as skill and scientific machinery can make them.

The creamery is modernly equipped with the very best creamery and butter making machinery and could easily make one hundred fifty thousand pounds annually if the cream supply was sufficient. As it is, the demand for their high-quality butter is far in excess of the output.

To Mr. Milton Knolls, the manager, much credit is due for the marked success and trade importance of this enterprise. He has had charge for more than fourteen years and in that time has

worked it up to its present prosperous condition. He was identified with the creamery and dairying business in New York state before taking charge here. Mr. Knolls is not only a successful creamery man and expert butter maker but is a successful business man and ranks among our most enterprising citizen and town builder.

A NEW YEAR

By Capitola Fassett.

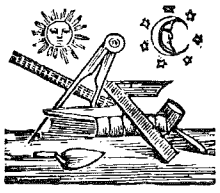
A happy New Year, a Happy New Year;
A fresh white page in the book of life;
Pure as earth's mantle of beautiful snow,
As yet unblotted by care and strife.

The past is over forever and aye,
Gone on the wings of dead old year;
Then hail to the day that is to be,
And watch for the morn that is almost here.

Crumbled to ashes the idols of clay,
We have fashioned and reared with fervid trust;
And the smouldering embers of love and hate
Will add their mite to the worthless dust.

Strew flowers on the graves of the hopes now dead,
Moistened by tears that will gather and fall,
To nourish the buds of a new resolve,
That the perfect fruits may be shared by all.

So welcome, welcome the bright New Year,
Welcome new joys that mistily rise—
Rise and brighten and shed their light,
Like the glow of morning on darkened skies.



MASONIC LODGE HISTORY

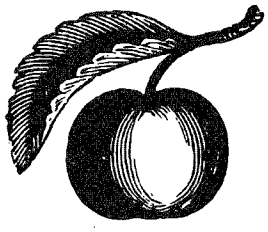
Hubbell Warner was a charter member of Paw Paw Masonic lodge and its first Senior Deacon. The lodge was organized in 1848 and was the first in the county. Mr. Warner lived in Volinia township, locating there in 1837, and made the trips to his lodge, nearly 20 miles, on horseback.

His son, Loomis Warner, became a member of Paw Paw Lodge in 1849 and both transferred their membership to Decatur when this lodge was organized in 1858.

Hubbell Warner moved to Dowagiac in 1860 and transferred his membership to that city. Loomis Warner remained in the Decatur lodge until 1867 when he withdrew and helped to organize Volinia lodge.

The nine members who organized the Volinia lodge in '67 were John Struble, Master; Milton Gard, S. W.; Franklin Gard, J. W.; Loomis Warner, Secy.; Will Kirby, S. D.; Chris Haefner, J. D.; Dan Gant, Tiler; Amos Green, Treasurer, and George Newton.

Hubbell and Loomis Warner were grandfather and father of Chas. E. Warner of Niles. The latter joined Volinia lodge in 1884 and has been through all of the chairs. Although he has been away many years he still retains his membership there. He attended the special meeting of Decatur lodge last week Thursday evening.



JOHNNY APPLESEED

To Chicago Tribune:

South Bend, Ind., April 15.—In your paper a few days ago you published a dispatch from Springfield, Mass., in which doubt was cast upon the story of John Chapman, alias Johnny Appleseed. A Springfield historian, Harry Wright, regarded the story as a myth, a creation of the imagination of some nice old ladies, you reported.

The writer spent four years in writing the facts and running down every story he could find concerning this kind-hearted, altruistic scatterer of apple, plum, and cherry seeds all over the middle west from about 1800 to 1845.

He was as well known to the early pioneers as was Daniel Boone, and his travels extended from Pennsylvania to Missouri and from Michigan to Kentucky.

He lived around Ashland, O., for some fifteen years and in Fort Wayne, Ind., for seventeen years. He died in 1845 and was buried two miles north of Fort Wayne in the Archer burying ground. He has relatives all over Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois.

I met in my travels one old lady who had met him in her childhood, and in my files I have a letter from an old lady at Butler, Pa., Mrs. E. J. Howard, who when she was a little girl made small bags for him for his apple seeds. He always stopped with her father, a physician, whenever he came that way.

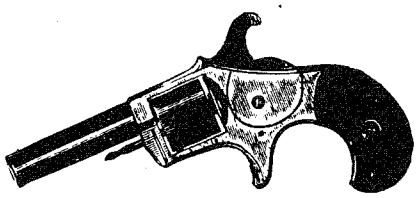
Chapman was an educated man and held a commission from the Swendenbergian church at Boston to preach, and for two years was a missionary on the Potomac river. He frequently spoke in the churches in the west and delivered Fourth of July talks.

He died worth some $10,000, and in the records in the court house at Fort Wayne are full proceedings of his burial and the closing of his estate.

There are as many proofs that Chapman lived and worked around the west as there are that George Washington was at Braddock's defeat.

Henry A. Pershing.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE MORRIS MURDER



(This story of the murder was found in the keepsakes of the late Levi Lawrence, one of the best known of the early settlers of Little Prairie Ronde. It was in the possession of his grandson, Harold Lawrence, of Kalamazoo, who sent it to the Republican.

The story was clipped from the paper and pasted on card board. There is nothing to indicate the newspaper that printed it, but we believe it was the Decatur Republican. H. C. Buffington was editor of the Republican at that time.

There has been and is so much interest in the revival of the terrible tragedy that we are printing this story with the idea of making the record in the Republican files as complete as possible. Many readers are clipping and saving the stories.)

MURDER OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY MORRIS

September 28, 1879

On Sunday evening last at about half past nine o'clock, Henry Morris and his wife were brutally murdered at their home on section thirty-five in Decatur township.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been away from home during a part of Sunday afternoon. They called at the house of Peter Moon and also F. Kern's in Porter township, returning to their own home at seven o'clock in the evening.

The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Morris and their hired girl, retired at half past eight o'clock. It would appear that some time between nine and ten o'clock, the murderer called Mr. Morris to a door upon an open stoop. Here he shot Mr. Morris, the ball passing entirely through his body and lodging in the building. This ball passed through the vital parts near or through the heart. A second shot was then fired apparently after he was down, and so close to his face that powder was blown into the right cheek. This ball entered his neck upon the right side and passed through his body in a diagonal direction, lodging next to the skin just above the left hip.

The murderer then passed into the house and through to a second room where it is evident he encountered Mrs. Morris, upon whom he fired his third shot. This one appears to have passed through her body and into the wall beyond, from which it rebounded as a spent shot. She then appears to have retreated through the bed-room and into the closet beyond. While thus retreating a fourth shot was fired which appears to have passed through the fleshy part of the left arm and on into a drawer of the bureau or dressing-case, carrying away the lock and tearing a hole in the further side of the drawer. After reaching the further end of the closet she probably sank to the floor. While prostrate a fifth shot was fired, which passed entirely through her body, lodging in the floor beneath. A sixth shot was then fired into her breast at such short range that her nightdress took fire and burned a large hole and went out. This also passed through her body and the floor as well.

Having thoroughly accomplished his job, nothing remained but to beat a retreat. In his retreat, discovering Mr. Morris' pantaloons he carried them along with him to the barn and threw them on a manure heap. He took the best and fleetest horse and rode away. He was met on the county line road, half a mile west of Morris,' by a young man named Rosewarne, who was returning from a concert, at about a quarter to ten o'clock. When Mr. R. saw the horse approaching he recognized it as Morris', but when he observed the rider he thought he might be mistaken, and dismissed the matter from his mind for that evening. Early Monday morning the horse was found upon the common at South Bend, thirty-five miles from the scene of Sunday evening's violence, and was recognized and word sent back some time before the telegraph had informed the people of that city of the murder of the preceding evening.

The murder was not discovered until near six o'clock on Monday morning. The hired girl, who slept in the upper part of the house and had heard nothing of the matter, discovered the dead body of Morris on the porch. In her alarm she started for some of the neighbors to the south, screaming murder every few steps. The hired man, who lives half or three-quarters of a mile away, went to the barn to feed the horses. Finding the door open and the best horse gone, he went to the house for information, and finding the dead body of Morris on the stoop, took fright and started in the direction of Mr. Rosewarne's, nearly three-quarters of a mile to the southeast, crying murder at almost every step.

The neighbors being aroused, soon flocked to the scene of the crime, where they found, to their great dismay, Mrs. Morris also murdered.

Such great crimes, as the one under consideration, have strong motives moving their perpetration. In this case, plunder and booty could not have entered into any part of the moving cause, for nothing appeared to have been disturbed in the house. More than one hundred dollars, two valuable gold watches and a lady's massive gold chain lay in the unfastened drawer of the dressing-bureau, which would not have consumed one minute's time to secure.

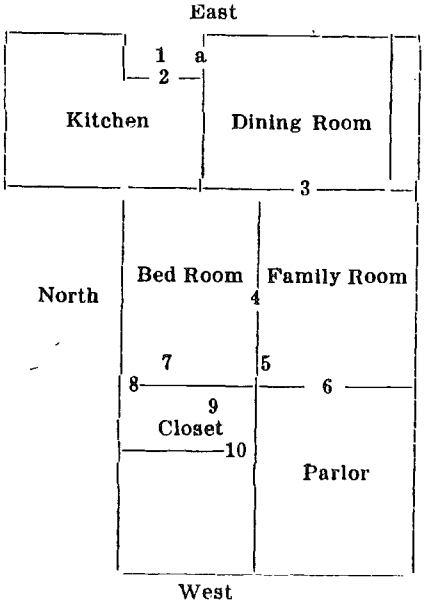
We heard the theory advanced that it was probably the work of a dismissed hired man, who left Morris' employ, swearing vengeance. On enquiry we found this to be too flimsy for serious consideration. A second theory, apparently emanating from the same source as the other, is to the effect that the deed was the work of a rejected lover of Mrs. Morris. This, like the other, appears to be too flimsy for serious consideration. More than nine years having elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. Morris' marriage, this length of time would seem certainly long enough to allow the most ardent admiration to tone down to a degree too mild to wreak such vengeance. So this theory seems entirely untenable. Therefore we must seek some other and different motive.

There is a theory held by a large number, perhaps a majority of the people, that may furnish sufficient motive. We shall await the development of events before commenting thereon.

The deed was not the work of a novice, as every circumstance, so far as can be traced, shows. From first to last the skill and plodding, painstaking preparation of an adept is shown by every movement and act. The thorough mastery of the situation, by careful study of the locality and premises as well as routes for a precipitate fight. Habits of the family, the location and parts of the house occupied by each, a thorough knowledge of the neighborhood, of the hired man's habits and of the comparative speed of the horses—all show premeditation. That the perpetrator was a skilled assassin is shown by the manner in which he accomplished his job. He made thorough work, and left nothing to chance or uncertainty. That desperate deeds are familiar to him is evidenced in the cool and devilish skill, the unerring shots, every one taking effect on the fast retreating woman. Was the crime committed by a thug—a hired assassin?

For the purpose of giving a more

clear idea than simple words will convey to persons not familiar with the premises, we have prepared the following diagram:



The open space at the east is the open stoop, where Mr. Morris was shot.

1 is the place where he fell.

2 is where the ball lodged.

a is the door opening onto the stoop from the dining room.

3 is the door opening into the family or sitting room.

4 is the door leading into Morris' bed room.

5 is where the third ball lodged after passing through Mrs. Morris' body.

6 is the folding doors opening into the parlor.

7 is the location of the bureau hit by the fourth shot.

8 is the door leading into the closet from bed room.

9 is the place where Mrs. Morris fell and where the fifth and sixth shots were delivered, which passed through her body, lodging in the floor beneath.

10 is a door leading out of the closet into an unoccupied bed room in rear of parlor.

A clear idea of the internal arrangement of the ground floor of the house, and the scenes of violence may be gained by an examination of the diagram as indicated and described by the explanatory numbers.

The well and windmill are situated about fifteen feet east of the porch where Morris fell. A platform extends to the well from the open porch.

The barn from which the horse was taken is located eight to ten rods east of the well, and in the lane that leads out to the highway some seventy or eighty rods distant, to the south.

The history of Berrien and Van Buren counties contains a full page picture of Mr. and Mrs. Morris, their residence and the horse that carried the assassin to South Bend.

The history, which was published in 1880, states that "Van Buren county offered a reward of $2,000 for the capture of the murderer, but the constant exercise of the powers of the county's most skillful detectives has thus far brought nothing to light."

ECHOES FROM THE MORRIS MURDER

(Mrs. Archie Lawrence informed the writer some time ago that she had the newspaper story of the Morris murder and would send it to the Republican which explains the introductory lines of her letter which follows:)

Gobles, Mich.,
February 8, 1937.

Mr. Moulton,
Dear Sir:

After I talked to you I found out that my account of the Morris murder was from the Marcellus paper written by Abner Moon. Knowing you had one I did not send mine.

How well I remember that Sunday, September 28, 1879. My father, Charles A. Van Riper, owned a farm on the north shore of Gravel lake in south Porter township, now owned by Mrs. Frank Chamberlain. John Gould lived ¾ of a mile east of us. He and his wife were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris.

Sometime before this Mr. Gould had borrowed Henry Morris' revolver. Sunday, September 28, at about 3 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Morris, driving the beautiful bay horse, went past our home on their way to Mr. Gould's where they got this revolver.

Later in the day A. L. Lawrence came to my home and took me to a Sunday concert at the M. E. church in Decatur. We went to Decatur and returned to my home past the Shaw school house, so did not meet the masked horseman, for which I was very thankful.

The next forenoon my father heard of the murder, and we attended the funeral.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. A. L. Lawrence.

A personal letter from an old time friend and former resident of Volinia contains this very interesting and touching story:

"At the time of the dreadful occurrence over 57 years ago I was in Troy, New York, and recall the episode was read in the Troy Times of the Monday evening following its occurrence on Sunday evening in Van Buren county, Michigan, indicating the wide publicity given to the event in that early day of the country's history.

"A pathetic incident connected with the tragedy was the finding of Mr. Morris's little white dog, his loved and faithful companion, the morning after the murder, nestled close to the body of his master on the porch, the dog's hair stained with the blood that flowed from the wounds made by the gunshots.

"It was Mr. Morris's habit to leave this little dog in the barn nights, but evidently the assassin, in his visit to the barn that night to get the horse that he rode away, had liberated the dog, which must have quickly found his way to his dead master.

"Another incident which it may be of interest to add was related to the writer by Mr. Elias Morris. It was reported that, shortly after the murder, a letter was received by the sheriff of Van Buren county from the landlord of a hotel in Washington or some far western state. It contained the information that a man answering to the description given in the newspapers, of the supposed murderer, was there sick in the hotel. Acting at once upon this suggestion, the sheriff left immediately for that point. He discovered upon his arrival that he had seen this same man about Van Buren county in the days before the murder. So he took a room in the hotel and waited for the man to recover to such an extent that he might return him to Van Buren county. However, instead of recovering, the man, who had evidently recognized him, apparently grew worse instead of better. So after waiting a few days and finding the man still too ill to be removed, he found one morning, to his consternation, that his prisoner had eluded him in the night and made good his escape from the hotel."

Mrs. A. R. Zimmerman has gone to Niles for a month or so and the Republican follows her there. The card from her says, "Had thought I would tell you my little experience on the Morris murder, but decided I had better not."

Better do it, Mrs. Zimmerman. Stories in connection with the tragedy continue to come in. It was an event in which interest never seems to die, and probably never will die so long as the mystery continues to be unsolved.

No one was ever brought to justice for the crime and the only arrest made in connection with it was that of the unfortunate Floyd Smith, the story of which was told by Dana Smith of Paw Paw as readers of the Republican will remember.

The story would make a highly interesting and exciting mystery movie and some good writer may be even now writing it for that purpose, so the reminiscences are still welcomed and will be printed if appropriate for publication.

Lawrence, Feb. 16, 1937.

Friend Arba,—

Find enclosed money order for renewal of my paper for another year. I enjoyed reading again of the Morris murder. I was 25 years old at that time. The day that Floyd Smith had his hearing in the old town hall there in Decatur I walked with him into town. He told me on the way to town all about the hanging. He was still carrying the red mark around his neck. I can tell them all something that would open all of their eyes.

Yours respectfully,
Leroy Foster.

PINKERTON STORY COMING

A card from Dana Smith says,—"I am working on a story of the Pinkertons on the Morris case. It is taking more time than I thought to sift out this story. I received a nice letter from the Pinkertons and may go over to see them if I can get what I want. Will finish story as soon as possible.

Dana P. Smith.

The late Abner Hathaway had been over to call on Ella Warner, who later became his wife.

Coming home on horseback he passed a man on horseback near the Warner school house. It was a moonlight night and Abner could see that the man wore whiskers. He thought it strange that an old man should be out at that time of night on horseback. He recognized the horse as belonging to Henry Morris. After they had passed he looked back and saw the man turned in his saddle looking at him. The next morning Abner learned of the murder and knew that the murderer was the man he had passed.

REMEMBERS WELL THE MORRIS MURDER

On the 28th of September, 1879, A. J. Goble owned and resided on the farm now owned by Delbert Vought.

About eight o'clock the next morning Alfred High came rushing over to his house to tell him the terrible news of the Morris murder. Alfred hitched onto the buggy and the two men went over to the Morris farm together. The body of Henry Morris was still lying on the porch when they got there. Dr. Rose had just arrived and they were preparing for the inquest. Mr. Goble said the yard was filled with people.

One recollection of past events recalls another. Mrs. Grace Vining Lisk, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dolphin Morris, the first settlers of Decatur and Van Buren county, says that Mrs. Dolphin Morris died but a short time before her son Henry and wife were murdered, as did also little Frankie, the three months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris.

Four deaths occurred with in the three years that Rev. J. W. H. Carlisle was pastor of the Methodist church of Decatur, and Mr. Carlisle preached the funeral sermons of all of them.

THE WORK OF THE PINKERTONS IN THE MORRIS MURDER

BY DANA P. SMITH

of Paw Paw

At the time of the Morris murder the widely known Pinkerton National Detective Agency was summoned to take charge of the investigation.

There was one peculiar thing about their methods of work and that was they would never work for a reward but based their charges on a stated price per day and expense for every operative employed. This made it possible for them to use methods of work that were fair and above suspicion; and they earned their money, for they were hard workers without regard to hours.

Then as now they employed a large force of skilled detectives and maintained offices in all the large cities of this country and Canada. Wherever a criminal flees he is within comparatively easy reach of a Pinkerton agency.

In the old days their printed matter and signs included the picture of a man's wide open eye and the slogan, "We never sleep," and it was a terror to criminals to find that the Pinkertons were on their tracks, whose relentless pursuit made capture certain.

Next to Allen Pinkerton and his two sons, William and Robert, perhaps their most skilled operative was Kate Warne, their famous lady detective. She was a woman of great intelligence with nerves of steel, and of redoubted courage. She was more than a match for the keenest of criminals.

Of this distinguished group William Pinkerton came out to Decatur in response to a telegram and visited the Morris home on Tuesday after the murder.

In describing what followed some items of tense interest, as well as names, will have to be omitted as not suitable for publication for the obvious reason that no one was ever proved guilty of the crime and anything reflecting on any individual is inadmissible. For the above reasons no discussion of incidents leading up to the murder can be gone into.

In writing this account I have been guided by the reports of the Pinkerton men which I have been privileged to examine. The home folks have always had their own theories as to how the murder was planned and carried out, but the work of the Pinkertons shows that they were wrong in a number of things.

When Mr. Pinkerton arrived at the Morris home hundreds of people had tramped all over the premises and nothing could be learned from examination of the ground. He was told the essential facts as far as known and that the assassin had escaped to South Bend.

It was clear to him that the murder had been coldly and deliberately planned and that it had been done by one man who was probably a hired assassin. Not a mistake had been made. Not a clue had been left anywhere. Everything had worked as if it had been rehearsed beforehand. This would require time and a place to plan and perfect every detail of the proposed crime, and what place so likely as South Bend.

Mr. Pinkerton's experienced mind reasoned out that from a hide-out in that city as a base the road to the Morris farm had been carefully scouted so that it could be followed at night without mistake and that the assassin had familiarized himself perhaps by explicit instructions with the Morris home and the habits of its inmates, and that on Sunday night it would be most likely for the Morrises to alone.

He also thought it probable that the murderer fled to this hideout after committing the crime. Mr. Pinkerton also knew that his presence and identity in Decatur was quite widely known and that any move of his to South Bend might result in news of his coming getting ahead of him and alarming the criminal. So he returned to Decatur and wired the agency in Chicago and before night Detective J. A. P. had arrived in South Bend by train and started work.

The sheriff and his deputies gave their assistance and the search for clues and the hiding place began. The finding of the horse in South Bend did not furnish any clue to the identity of the criminal and it was important to find some one if possible who had seen him and thus get his description.

Leaving the local officers to watch South Bend, the next day the detective hired a team and driver and went back over the road taken by the murderer. They reached Edwardsburg at noon and stopped for dinner at the ancient stage tavern which burned some 15 years ago, and to make inquiries. Cassopolis was reached toward evening and there they spent the night and conferred with the sheriff. The next day they drove over the route to Volinia and around by the Morris home and then into Decatur for the night.

The net result of their trip was to learn that the assassin had been seen by Mr. Rosewarne in front of the Amos Morris place. Abner Hathaway had met him near the Warner school house and noticed that he was of medium size and had a grey beard.

The tracks of a galloping horse were seen the next morning after the murder around the corner at Volinia. Strange how luck favored the assassin. The Volinia band was practicing in the hall over the store but no one happened to be outside to see him. His passing of the Hartsel farm on the Decatur-Cassopolis road was noted. He was seen going through Cassopolis about 11 p. m. He was met

by two young men southwest of the brick church on the Cassopolis-Edwardsburg road, but still no reliable description of his appearance had been secured.

Ever since the murder Decatur had buzzed with theories, hints, winks and tips. Every stranger that showed up was suspected of being a detective and some passed as such. Under the cover of this exciting gossip the real Pinkertons did their work unsuspected—except one of them.

Let us return to Pinkerton J. A. P. whom we left at the Duncombe House in Decatur. In the morning he found that the driver who came with him from South Bend had blabbed the story of the trip and that he was set down by the people as being a detective.

The same evening that he arrived Pinkerton E. J. K. came to the Duncombe House from Chicago by train under the guise of a traveling agent from nowhere in particular. The two men knew better than to be seen together and so kept well apart as strangers, but during the night they managed to confer unobserved. Pinkerton E. J. K. reported that on the way up from Chicago he had stopped over a while in Niles and had heard things that he thought should be investigated.

The next morning both men left on the early train for Niles. The traveling agent took care to leave word at the Duncombe House that his work called him to Niles and that he would return shortly to work out of Decatur.

Once in Niles the agent became the detective and the two Pinkertons began to industriously run down the stories and leads floating around. After a time they struck one which aroused their keenest interest. It led to a farmer who on the Saturday before the murder had been down to South Bend and had come back to Niles on the evening train which met the old Kalamazoo accommodation going east.

On the train the farmer had sat near a man who had a bundle rather carelessly wrapped and he noticed it contained a saddle and bridle. He also took the train going east from Niles. From this farmer they got a good description of the man for future check up. Where he left the train was never learned. With the old open platform cars it would have been easy to have gotten off the train at any stop unobserved as at that time of year the train left Niles after dark.

That night Pinkerton J. A. P. went into Chicago to report and did not work on the case again. Pinkerton E. J. K. returned to the Duncombe House in Decatur where he became the traveling agent again, and so well did he play the part that his true character was never discovered, although he was on watch in Decatur the entire month of October, 1879.

Once some talk started that being an agent was a blind and that he was probably a detective after all. To counter this talk the Pinkerton hired a team and driver and went out to Keeler and then to Hartford industriously making business errands, so that by the second day the driver, who watched with interest, became fully convinced that his man was an agent and not a detective. They then returned to Decatur where the gossipy driver soon quieted the detective story.

By making some flying trips to Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Niles the agent blind was kept working perfectly. This Pinkerton left Decatur on the last day of October, going to South Bend and then out to Rolling Prairie, La Porte and into Chicago.

At the little hotel and feed store barn at Rolling Prairie he learned that about a week after the murder a man had stopped there who was traveling west on the highway. A comparison of descriptions convinced the Pinkertons that their man had left the hide-out in South Bend nearly three days before and had slipped past their guard and headed for Chicago where the Pinkerton followed him.

During the whole month of October Pinkerton F. H. C. watched the South Bend matters and worked in close cooperation with Pinkerton E. F. K. at Decatur. One man by the name N—— was under constant observation at South Bend and despite devious movements was closely watched. He was believed to have some guilty knowledge of the murder.

It would be interesting if space permitted to detail the movements of Pinkerton F. H. C. at South Bend during that exciting October.

As illustrating what a detective's work really consists of, the living of a double life without blunders, requires a quick mental alertness and resourceful adroitness not possessed by many.

It was a strenuous job involving a great deal of night and day work. Out of it all the layman could learn that the real detective must not look the part nor let his real character be known. If he cannot do this he will accomplish little.

Pinkerton J. H. C. and Pinkerton G. E. W. worked the most of the month in Chicago. Their work was important in tracing the connection between the man who hired the killer and the man who did the killing as it was believed that this transaction took place in Chicago and that the man they were after was not the man locally supposed to be the real murderer.

We are now up to November 1, 1879, a little more than a month after the murder. Beside Wm. Pinkerton five of his men had been employed on the case and real progress had been made.

The net was beginning to tighten, but the investigation had so far cost nearly $600. This was paid by Elias Morris as administrator of the C. H. Morris estate, who very properly decided that it was not fair for the estate to pay all the cost of the investigation and that Van Buren county should do its share.

The county refused to employ the Pinkertons at their usual terms and the Pinkertons refused to work for the county for a reward so the detectives were all called in and the case closed for all time to come.

It would be gratifying to announce that the finish of this remarkable case will be in our next issue, but the finish is reserved for the great court of the hereafter.

It was believed by the detectives that the murder was committed only after the most particular and painstaking preparation. Every contingency had been considered and provided for, and to guard against an unpleasant last minute surprise such as finding that the Morrises were not alone, it was believed that the house was under the constant observation of the assassin from the woods back of the house all day Sunday. That the departure of the hired man about noon, and that he did not return at chore time was probably seen, likewise the departure of the hired girl and her return about 4 p. m. and her second departure from the home must have been seen.

Here the watcher might have made an error as the hired girl returned after dark and he probably missed seeing her.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris leaving for their visit to John Gould's were probably seen as well as their return about chore time. When Henry Morris was seen doing his chores alone it was good assurance that the hired man was not there and would not be there that night.

Soon after eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Morris having cared for their stock closed the barn for what proved to be the close of life's work for them. The hired girl heard them talking happily together as they came up the old familiar path and entered their pleasant ancestral home never to leave it again alive.

When the old north wing was still on the house it would be impossible to watch the window in the Morris bed room and at the same time see the window in the hired girl's room. This probably saved her life for the assassin very likely missed seeing her light when she went up stairs to retire. Caution would forbid leaving her there alive to spread the alarm at his heels. Fortunately her presence in the house was probably not known.

At last Mr. and Mrs. Morris go to their bed room to retire. But little did they know that the blowing out of their light would be the signal for what would be for them "lights out" forever.

To the waiting assassin the time had come for action. If he had any misgivings there is nothing to show it. He went about his work with business-like dispatch. Note his devilish cunning in taking up a position that would lure Mr. Morris out on the porch where he could be shot with absolute certainty without a chance to retreat or resist. A few flashes of the assassin's heavy revolver and then silence down the long visits of the years.

"Death walks so close to life we sometimes hear his step beside us in the crowded ways;
The rustle of his spectral robe betrays his presence, keeping even step and near,
Beside us and the ones we love most dear!
At morn, or noon, at eve, on festal days,
When joy of life runs high, our

eyes we raise,
And lo! the Shadow dread that all fear."

ACTION OF SUPERVISORS IN THE MORRIS MURDER MYSTERY

Dana Smith of Paw Paw Searches Supervisors' Records in Office of County Clerk with Interesting Results.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Smith of Paw Paw have taken a keen interest in the stories of the Henry Morris tragedy and some of the Republican's most interesting reminiscences of it have been contributed by Mr. Smith. Two weeks ago the Republican noted that the Van Buren County Board of Supervisors unanimously voted to appropriate the sum of $2,000 to find the murderer. It was the cue for Mr. Smith to search the records in the county clerk's office for the facts in regard to this appropriation. Both County Clerk Chas. H. Wade and Mrs. Wade gave freely of their time in helping him and the result is the following story:—

As a matter of history it might be well to know what Van Buren county did about the Morris murder.

It was only about two weeks after the sad event that the Board of Supervisors held their annual meeting which began Monday, October 15, 1879.

At the opening Supervisor Ranson Nutting of Decatur lost no time in presenting the following resolutions which are copied from the minutes of the supervisors' proceedings:

Monday, October 15, 1879. Supervisor Nutting moved a special order of business for tomorrow, Tuesday evening, at half past seven at the court house for the purpose of considering such action as may be deemed expedient in relation to the murder of Charles H. Morris and Esther Morris of the township of Decatur, and that an invitation be extended to the leading citizens of the county to be present and take part in such meeting. Motion prevailed.

Monday evening, October 15. On motion of Supervisor David Woodman the matter in relation to the murder of C. H. Morris and wife was made a special order of business for tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Tuesday, October 16. On motion of Supervisor Ransom Nutting the foregoing report was accepted and adopted:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Van Buren County:

Your committee to whom was referred the matter of appropriating something to aid in the capture and punishment of the assassin who foully murdered the Morris family on September 28th last respectfully report that we recommend a appropriation of $2,000, the same to be and remain in the hands of County Treasurer S. W. Duncombe to be drawn out by his consent and by the order of Prosecuting Attorney B. F. Heckert as they in their descretion and judgment may deem proper, or in their discretion to be withheld subject to the further action of the Board of Supervisors.

J. D. Harris,
D. Woodman, 2nd,
John V. Rosevelt,
Committee.

Vote: Yeas, 18; nays, 0.

On motion of Supervisor Wise, Ransom Nutting was instructed to send a telegram to the Board of Supervisors of Cass county notifying them of the action of the Board in relation to the Morris murder.

At this time Nathan Thomas was sheriff and Henry McCabe, deputy, and all old timers, I believe will agree that they were as capable officers as the county ever had. An examination of the sheriff's paid bills shows three days work, telegrams and incidentals amounting to about $30. No trace was found of any expenditure from the $2,000 fund, and this seems to be the extent of Van Buren county's effort to capture the assassin of the Morrises.

No blame can be laid to the sheriff as no money was furnished him to work with. He seemed to have been ignored.

I am indebted to County Clerk Wade and wife for valuable help in finding these old records.

Dana P. Smith.

The Republican has had access to certain files in connection with the affairs of the Morrises at that time and previous to that time. One of the papers is a statement of account of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, Allan Pinkerton, Chicago representative, against Elias Morris for fees and expenses in connection with the case, amounting to $575.82. The bill is dated at Chicago November 3, 1879, and is marked received payment.

The statement head is a real curiosity. Elias Elias Morris was made administrator of the Henry Morris estate.

Allan Pinkerton was rated the greatest detective of his day. In fact, through his clever advertising and his solution of some of the famous mysteries of his time he made his profession exceedingly popular, so that boys when they arrived at the age of supreme wisdom were oft times baffled in trying to determine whether they should join a detective agency or a circus.

Allen Pinkerton was a Scotchman, born in Glasgow in 1819. He followed the cooper's trade when he first came to America, but in 1850 was appointed the first detective of Chicago. He established his detective bureau that same year, and in the first big labor troubles allied himself with the capitalists.

He discovered a plot to assassinate President-Elect Lincoln on the way to Washington in February, 1861, and foiled it by sending Mr. Lincoln on from Harrisburgh, Penn., by another train than scheduled.

He was a very successful detective being particularly skillful in the detection of bank and express thieves and the recovery of money taken. One of his greatest accomplishments was to break up the "Molly Maguire" band of Pennsylvania in 1877, and for this the Irish never liked him at all any more.

When called into the Morris case he was at the height of his fame, and local citizens considered the mystery as good as solved. There is an old story come to life that Allan Pinkerton said he could locate the murderer and bring him back for $500, but from the statements printed above it is quite evident that he could have claimed and obtained the whole $2,000 appropriation of the county had he done so.

Allan Pinkerton died in 1884, but the Pinkerton National Agency which he founded is still doing business, at 350 North Wells street, Chicago.

CHRISTMAS

Seth Fassett will be 81 years of age in a few days, and remarked that his Christmas, which was spent at the home of his son, had been the most enjoyable of his life. This seemed quite a mystery to his family whose members had always made efforts to cause the day to be as successful as possible.

The conclusion was that although he had for several years, considered himself to be an old man, and had not for months touched his instrument, he found himself listening to that which might now be rightly called classical dance music of 60 years ago; but his smiling criticisms of its present rendering, and the youthful glint in his eye told of an awakened interest causing the company to forget the years and, as he was induced to "sit in," as musicians say, and play a few numbers, imagination pictured ball rooms full of sweeping garments and graceful movements inspired by the charming personality and magic fingers of the Seth Fassett of other days.

Back in the days of long ago
He captured fame with the piccolo;
When many an evening, as still as a mouse
He climbed the roof of the old red house.

There to awake the echoes wild,
While neighbors wondered at the child,
Who almost forgot the ready meal,
As he played to the turn of the water wheel.

For below in the shop was a strong work bench,
Equipped with hammer, saw, and wrench,
Where the father deftly plied his

trade,
And countless the useful things he made.

Wooden pumps throughout the year
For all the people far and near;
While nearby sounds from Nesbitt mills
Gave to the workers cheery thrills.

While in a plain and simple way
The faithful mother, day by day,
Made of the low-walled rooms above
A cheerful home for the boy to love.

Ambition fired his youthful pride,
And the piccolo was laid aside;
Now to attempt the violin,
And with the bow new fields to win.

He heard of a teacher of some renown
Who had come for a few weeks stay in town,
Reminding of lessons miles away,
And walking not good as it is today.

The problem:—How to get the bow,
For many times the funds were low;
Then in his mind there grew a scheme
to draw out logs with the old ox team.

And so in triumph he came one day,
(He had walked from Decatur all the way)
To flourish aloft the coveted bow,
And shout with glee, "I told you so!"

The time was short and lessons few,
But they started the story I'm telling you,
Of the years when the magical hard earned bow,
Inspired the light fantastic toe.

O to revive the custom now
Of the gliding step and courtly bow;
Instead of the swift and giddy pace,
The old-time movements of stately grace.

DEATH OF SETH S. FASSETT

1856-1937

Seth S. Fassett passed away at his beautiful country home in north Hamilton at 9 o'clock Sunday evening, May 2. He had been in poor health for some time, but had not been considered dangerously ill.

His death removes one of the outstanding citizens of this section of Michigan. He was a farmer and a musician, a successful farmer and a noted violinist. Lovers of dancing knew that the dance time and swing time would be perfect if Mr. Fassett were in the orchestra.

He was born in the village of Lawrence January 8, 1856, so had passed his 81st birthday. In 1877 he married Capitola Briggs and to them were born Mrs. Beulah Scott, Mrs. Berenice Burnette, H. B. Fassett and another daughter who died many years ago at the age of 4.

For many years the Fassett home was in Keeler township. Mr. Fassett purchased the Minnie Nesbitt farm in 1918 and it had since been his home.

Funeral services were held there at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Frank Flagg of Dowagiac conducting, and burial was in Keeler cemetery.

IN MEMORY OF SETH S. FASSETT

1856-1937

Seth Stillman Fassett, youngest son of James and Eliza Fassett, was born in Lawrence, January 8, 1856.

There were three others known and loved by a large circle of relatives and friends in this neighborhood. Lucinda, Frank and Dell are remembered for merrymaking, and special occasions when they sang together. So it is not surprising when we find a little boy of four years running down the street after a mounted band which came to Lawrence, playing on some moment of note. Grandfather Fassett finally rescued him from under the horses feet, unhurt. For when the lead cornet played "The Maid of the Mohawk Vale," its stirring rhythm and tender meaning was too much, and he tried to reach its source, dashing out of sight among the prancing horses.

They lived only a few years in Lawrence and vicinity before settling here at Nesbitt Mills, where he climbed up the wild cherry tree to try out a piccolo, and finally sat by the chimney of the old red house over grandfather's workshop, and played many an evening away.

But finally, when the spirit of the violin settled over this country, and musicians came through playing and telling of Ole Bull from Norway, who was everything a man could be in benevolence, besides his glorious violin, that settled it. There begun great efforts, followed by much discouragement, for Seth did not even own a violin, and there was the bow, so important. We have often been told how he drew logs to Decatur with an ox team to buy that first bow; and then walked to and from Decatur for nine lessons. This looks like few in these days of training, but he used these nine for a foundation, and worked alone. Days and nights he walked miles about the house, and in the meantime began to play for parties, but studied always to accomplish more difficult music, playing to make it appear simple. So one realized that while the young folks danced Seth was searching for the very highest type of dance music, and at times he was asked to play the great military quadrille where pauses and salutes were a part of the call. It is remembered at a special dance at Dowagiac when P. D. Beckwith came, and asked to exchange the pianist while he had a dance with her, she was none other than the late Maud Stolley, when a little girl.

Later Mr. Fassett played with the Beckwith Memorial Orchestra, and was invited to become its leader, but duties came in to prevent the consummation of a pleasant experience. He said to one of his daughters, "Live to learn that life is not all music and recreation, but that duty must take the first place."

He had taken a responsibility in home making, having married Miss Capitola Briggs of Keeler in the year 1878, and taking charge of her farm. He would rush from the plow to the house and write one or two measures of a theme, not to forget it, then finish it later, but it was strenuous labor, and in the meantime new songs came out in the waltzes, and dancers wondered at the tone, how it could be so exquisite. Once he was heard to say, 'I gave them pure music," and it was so, no one can ever forget it.

Then came teaching, house full of boys until eleven o'clock many an evening. Such patience, even in some cases pasting strips of paper on the fingerboard for correct tone, and always composing studies to fit the pupil.

He taught class at the Wayne church at one time, and at Watervliet. Finally moving there, and being requested to substitute for leader of a fine orchestra at Paw Paw lake, where he read at sight their music, and played with such fire and brilliance that they tried to pick a quarrel with him because he did not belong to their union.

He organized an orchestra at Watervliet which played with a large choir in the Catholic church, Farmers' Mass in B Flat. This, I believe, is the most beautiful of all our memories. But I would also like to add when we played and sang together with double bass, with Mrs. Fassett at the piano, Bernice singing soprano, and carriages full of people standing in the road to listen to the music.One evening in particular, our beloved Dr. Rose came around the corner with his pair of swift Hambletonians, drew reign at the front gate and listened with the rest. Sometimes visiting musicians came with cornet and clarinet. These melodies are still floating over the tree tops at the the old home in Keeler.

But to go back before he was married and relate the call across the old mill pond of Robert Nesbitt, "Come over and help us entertain tonight." I believe this was Mr. Fassett's most choice memory, night after night, of helping Mr. Nesbitt entertain his guests.

And that is why he naturally drifted back to these surroundings where he could recall all his adoration for Robert Nesbitt, and respect for his entire family.

He loved the land and stock more as a matter of sentiment than business. In fact it was all sentiment, upon which foundation all artists' souls rest. Mr. Fassett leaves to mourn their loss Capitola, faithful wife; three children, Mrs. Beulah Scott, Mrs. Bernice Burnett, Mr. Hartwell Fassett, a third daughter having passed away in childhood; one son-in-law, E. D. Scott, and one daughter-in-law, Marvil; and five grandchildren, Christine, Larida, Malcolm, Stanton and Theresa.

Mr. Fassett spoke these words to his daughter, 'Through the years, whether I live in a mansion, or in a humble cottage, may Our Blessed Saviour be there."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for their sympathy and beautiful floral tributes during our recent bereavement. Mrs. S. S. Fassett and Family.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CASSOPOLIS RAIDED IN 1876

A Graphic Story Told by Volney A. Osborn, an Eye Witness, in the Dowagiac News 35 Years Ago.

This is the story of one of the most daring bank robberies ever known in the history of Cass county, or in fact, in the state of Michigan. For cleverness of conception, coolness of development, smoothness of execution and effectiveness of escape it deserves to be engraved in the annals of crime alongside of the achievements of the Jameses, the Youngers and the Ketchums. As here set down it is accurate in every detail for the reason that the narrator was there in person and has cause to recollect vividly the scenes of that memorable night.

The one to whom we refer is none other than the well known Dowagiac merchant, Volney A. Osborn. He experienced the doubtful pleasure of witnessing a real safe blowing, a sight which has fallen to the lot of but few people outside of the light fingered gentry. The story of the event as he saw it follows:

It was in the fall of 1876, centennial year. The old Cassopolis First National Bank stood then as now at the corner of State and Broadway streets. Jim Stamp was sheriff and John A. Jones, under sheriff. I occupied, alone, the two rear rooms of the bank which were furnished one for a sitting room and the other for a bed chamber.

That had been my abode for some time and I had no fear. Companions often whiled away the evening hours with me, and I came to feel equal to any emergency.

On the night in question, which was Friday, Witt Meon, a friend came over to spend the night with me. We had gone to bed and we were lost in the land of dreams, when there came a loud pounding on the outside door to my apartment and the rear entrance to the bank. It awakened us hurriedly, but thinking it some of the boys we lay still and awaited developments. We had not long to wait for presently in came the door with a loud crash and seven men, six of whom were masked, stood before us with six shooters. They had inserted a 'jimmy' between the door and the casing and rammed it with a 2x4.

I was quickly aware of the game, but retained my senses and sought to recognize the one unmasked face. My staring was quickly detected and motioning to his companions to clear the way the unmasked man came lunging at me fiercely and landed a stinging blow on my forehead. With that I desisted and resigned myself to fate. The face was strange to me and I left its owner to his work without protest.

It was but the work of a moment for our visitors to seat me in a chair, screw two hooks into the floor, one on each side of the chair, and looping a rope about my neck, draw me forward in a stooping posture and tie the rope fast. My hands were then bound

street that the bank was on. Luckily he took the middle of the street. Arriving at the corner he was challenged by a sentry posted just outside the bank whom he could not see in the intense darkness. Yost answered and the men came steadily toward him. At that Yost turned and ran, and going to the house of John Tietsort, aroused him, and together they returned.

Meanwhile the parties within were warned by the sentry that they had been discovered. Whereupon the leader, in tones intended for the ears of his two captors, ordered part of the men to remain at work while he and a companion went out to investigate. This afterward proved to be a blind for they all escaped.

Yost and Tietsort came to the rear of the bank and inquired the cause of the disturbance. Although I had worked the gag from my mouth I remained quiet, fearing part of the gang were yet there and would do violence if I spoke.

The men called repeatedly, and fearing they would enter and encounter the robbers I made bold to tell them not to come in for the robbers were still in the building. At that they beat a hasty retreat, notified Sheriff Stamp, organized a posse and returned.

The thieves were then gone, but the booty remained intact. Their work had signally failed of its purpose. The explosion had bent and twisted the iron work of the vault door until an inextricable mass reposed. In fact so thoroughly obstructed was the entrance way that safe experts worked days in effecting an entrance.

That was a lucky turn of providence. Behind the door reposed no common quantity of spoil. I myself had seen the county treasurer bring in a large quantity of cash just after closing time the evening before, and it was deposited in the vault. Nor was that the sum of its contents.

Well, what of the thieves? was asked.

Well, there is little to tell about them, for very little was ever learned. They were a Chicago gang, of that we are certain. They made good their escape to the city that night. We learned from a liveryman at Niles that such a gang had hired a rig of him, driven east and returned in time to catch the Chicago-bound night express. On two other occasions, both Friday nights and two weeks apart, the same gang had hired the same rig, driven east and returned in time to catch the same train.

A few weeks before the raid a mysterious stranger came to town, spent his time playing pool at old Doc. Grencer's place and ate his meals at the same table with me at the restaurant. I afterward became convinced that he was a spy shadowing me, and I have always thought that old Doc. knew more than he told.

UNWELCOME VISITORS

AN OLD TIME STORY THAT HAPPENED TODAY

By Mrs. Kenneth Adams, East Wayne.

You are always asking me to write a reminiscence, and I am going to tell you a dandy one that just now looks like a disagreeable and disgusting experience, and it's real too.

A few weeks ago I let an Indian basket maker take an antique basket to mend. He promised to mend it good as new for twenty-five cents. Having read James Fenimore Cooper's Hiawatha, and much about the Pottawatomie tribe etc., I have always been much interested in Indians (not knowing any of them).

This afternoon I was out hunting eggs when my dog barked fiercely. I hurried to the house. The basket maker was there with the basket. His father followed him into the house. I retreated behind the dining room table. Two more young Indians came in and finally one more. Then he explained that the basket had been worse than he expected and he wanted 50 cents for fixing it.

I told him he had promised to fix it for 25 and also I didn't have that much money. Then the old man told me they were working on halves and the other fellow must have his half. I dug up 30 cents.

Then they wanted to stay to supper. I said nothing. Then they wanted me to make them some sandwiches from some light biscuits which I had just taken from the oven. I declined the honor and told them my husband expected those for his supper.

Finally I looked around and counted five and said one of my neighbors was beaten by Gypsies the other day, were you the ones?

"No, no," said the basket maker. "We are Indians, not Gypsies," the young boy about 16 said. "We don't beat up, we use a gun."

Well, I finally told them I would go out and get some eggs and give them, but I would shut the house before I went and they marched out and I locked the house with the dog in it, and went to the barn, hoping Kenneth had come home from work, but no blue-overalled figure was in sight so I got the eggs and hustled back?

The basket maker spied a hoarhound plant and wanted to know if he could have that. I nodded and went back into the house by the back way and stayed there till they drove off. Hoadhound is mighty bitter. I hope they chewed a generous mouthful apiece.

Now, a few years later won't that make a fine old time story to tell some one else's grandchildren. (I have none of my own.) But the latch string no longer hangs out for Indians.. The door is locked.

I have heard my grandmother tell of Indians, how they were always begging and I guess she know what she was talking about.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

(A few weeks ago the Republican started a movement to establish a hall of fame for Van Buren county and asked readers to name five who in their opinion are most entitled to a niche in it. Miss Bessie Fuhrman comes forward with the first reply, naming five men, who, in her opinion are most entitled to places of honor. We hope others will take an interest in this idea so that the county's foremost citizens may be established.)

By Bessie Fuhrman.

We have Biblical authority for the idea that he who serves most is greatest, and not necessarily the one who holds the highest position or commands the best salary With this thought in mind in connection with the request made by the Republican for votes for the five greatest men of Van Buren county—men who have laid down their life's work and who did extra noteworthy things during the century of Michigan's statehood, the following is submitted:

Since the prosperity and well being of Van Buren county has been produced mainly by its agricultural and horticultural activities, it follows that of those deceased who have done the most to forward these great occupations upon which the living happiness, education, religion and good health of all Van Buren county depend, must be the greatest of this county's past benefactors.

MR. ROBERT NESBITT
(1)

As saw-milling and flouring mills were so very necessary to the general well being of the pioneers, those services toward furthering agriculture in this county rank high in deed. And, although there were other saw mills and other grist mills here, no one person perhaps, did as much with those two industries as Robert Nesbitt who established first a saw mill in 1836 and 20 years later a grist mill.

Not only did Mr. Nesbitt serve the lumber needs of the community, but in all probability his mill offering the facilities for getting out mill work for the M. C. R. R. had much to do with Van Buren county's securing that railroad. However, his mill gave much employment to many pioneers who needed money, for he ran his mill night and day to do the mill work that the M. C. R. R. required. Thus, he benefitted many who would otherwise have had no sale for their timber and no chance for winter work such as cutting and hauling logs gave them.

Then, when he established the grist mill, he helped many busy farmers to save time from going to mill at a much greater distance, thereby providing more chances for farm improvement. Not only that, but his grist mill brought people from outside the county as well as near by customers, and thus he made for more extensive good will and interchange of helpful ideas from many who had come from various states.

But saw milling and grist milling were not the only business that Mr. Nesbitt carried on. He was also a realtor. He bought and sold thousands of acres of land. Thereby he helped populate the county with many desirable people who might not have come without his salesmanship and inducements of lands and milling advantages that he had at hand for them, and when he had "made his fortune" he built a residence that would have been considered a number one city house let alone being perhaps the finest country mansion in the state at that time. Thus he set an ideal as it were for better houses round about and so contributed no little influence toward Van Buren county's having better than average houses at that early date.

Last of all Mr. Nesbitt's reputation for square dealing, furthered by his many and extensive activities, made him a worthy example of upright energetic manhood. Knowing these facts, who would not vote for Robert Nesbitt's name for Van Buren's roll of honor?

MR. WM. H. HURLBUT
(2)

Overlapping Mr. Nesbitt's time of good works, the great fruit industry of this county got under way. And although orcharding in Van Buren dates from 1852 when Stephen R. Morehouse put out both an apple and peach orchard and a Mr. Dinsmore also set out an apple orchard, it seems that the real beginning of the fruit growing business was even farther back than that. This because twelve years before Mr. Morehouse and Mr. Densmore put out orchards, Mr. Wm. H. Hurlbut had planted an orchard from seeds secured in 1840. As he produced one tree in the lot that bore a new and valuable apple that he named the "Florida,' and that apple became famous as the news of its appearance was handed from one person to another, it seems that Mr. Hurlbut should have credit for starting orcharding in this county, for undoubtedly it was his apple tree that awakened the people who later started orchards to the possibilities for fruit growing in that vicinity. And considering how orcharding in time led to grape growing and the utilizing of poor lands for the purpose, as well as to developing a world famous fruit belt at the South Haven experiment station for the advancement of science along the fruit growing lines, we should count Mr. Hurlbut one of the county's greatest benefactors, for just as the planting of a tiny acorn may result in a great oak loaded with acorns, so Mr. Hurlbut's planting of a few apple seeds brought forth these magnificent results.

The gigantic results from this small beginning is even more wonderful than stories of achievements on mythology, for on dipping into that subject, we learn that Minerva or Athena, the virgin goddess of wisdom, skill, horticulture and agriculture gave the olive tree to the world. And because it was such a valuable gift, the tree was made sacred to that goddess. Thus she was acclaimed a great benefactor.

But comparing this gift of the apple tree and its outgrowth of results in orcharding, etc., for less than a century, with that of the olive tree and its results for unknown ages, it appears that Mr. Hurlbut's gift tends to out-rival that of the Goddess of Wisdom herself, for it appears that the U. S. A. apple industry alone is greater in proportion and the time it has existed than the olive ever was in all its long history.

So who would not vote for Mr. Hurlbut for Van Buren's roll of honor, unless it would be doctors, for it is said: "An apple a day will keep the doctor away."

CAPTAIN MITCHELL
(3)

But with all these advantages of

saw mills, grist mills and fruit growing Van Buren county would not be what it is today had it not been for its location on Lake Michigan and had it not been for the opening up of facilities for shipping afforded by this great lake. For Chicago being only 78 miles from the South Haven port, via the lake, offered a ready and comparatively convenient market with the cheapest means of transportation that of water. So the man who opened this line of helpfulness to Van Buren county should be entitled to a place on the roll of honor for his heroic efforts. For with only a small boat, the "Lapwig," manned by himself and one small boy, he plied the waters of Lake Michigan from South Haven to Chicago carrying fruit, wood, then hemlock back for tanning purposes, and lumber. In starting this industry Captain Mitchell also paved the way for the coming of resorters. And as that business alone stands next to that of fruit growing in revenue that it brings the county, Captain Mitchell's work is not to be overlooked, but on the contrary should be appreciated to the extent of giving him a place on the list of Van Buren county's five greatest deceased benefactors.

HON. EDSON WOODMAN

(4))

And had Van Buren county had to depend on the ox teams for transporting much of the produce to the shipping points or to the railroads to it, there would have been far less use made of the shipping facilities. But agriculture and horitculture were both speeded up by the introduction of a new breed of horses. Not only that, a new industry that of raising horses to sell was also initiated by the same man, Hon. Edson Woodman. He started the raising of Percheron horses, a breed that was extra intelligent, and handsome and practically perfect for the all around purposes of work and driving. These horses speeded up farming, whereas the snail-driving ox teams had retarded it. By their lovable horse sense and splendid endurance and power, they put joy and prosperity into the farmer's work, when before there had been gloom and a sore trial of patience to the drivers of oxen or inferior horses that had come occasionally before that. Besides those beautiful animals made the communication of the farmers better, for they could be driven with pleasure as well as worked with profit. Besides, many farmers took up raising horses, so that many of them succeeded in that line better than they had with all their other work. This went on until Van Buren county became one of the greatest horse raising sections of the state. Thus through Mr. Woodman Van Buren county not only prospered greatly in many respects but became favorably advertised out side the state as well as in many localities in Michigan.

Knowing that Mr. Woodman not only opened up a new industry for Van Buren county, but also revolutionized farming and to a certain extent travel and transportation as well as made glad the heart of childhood with his cute little Shetland ponies, one would be rash indeed who would attempt to estimate the extent of his service to this county as well as perhaps many others.

And as Mr. Hurlbut's apple tree with its resulting fruit belt and experiment station out-rivaled Athena's gift of the olive tree, so Mr. Woodman's service in bringing into the county that superior breed of Percheron that were the result of long and patient improvement in that special science deserves recognition.

So who would not vote for Hon. Edson Woodman, a man who has outdone even the Goddess of wisdom?

HON. A. M. TODD

(5)

Along without rivaling the Goddess of Wisdom goes the magic of converting not only worthless ugly material swamps into beautiful, profitable gardens. That magician's name was Hon. A. M. Todd, who although a resident of Kalamazoo purchased in Van Buren county a tract of apparently waste land in that is was swamp, and not only developed the peppermint industry and onion growing on a large scale, but taught others how to do the same, thereby causing thousands of hitherto useless acres to become instead the means of profitable farming and truck gardening, including that of celery and other vegetables and flowers.

So for these reasons who would not give Hon. A. M. Todd a place in Van Buren's roll of honor.

EDGAR BERGEN REMEMBERS HIS DECATUR FRIENDS

Edgar Bergen is the popular idol of the hour in entertainment circles. He has reached the top.

But he is the same Edgar Bergen who as a child attended school in the Shaw district in Decatur township, and finished the eighth grade in our own village school.

The family lived for six years on the farm east of the Joseph Dunnington farm on the Valley road and one of Edgar's favorite visiting places was the Dunnington home. A few weeks ago Mrs. Otis Howe (Millie Dunnington) sent him a letter inquiring if he were actually the Eddie Bergren who was once their next door neighbor. The letter, sent to New York, reached him at Detroit, and this was his reply:

Tuesday, January 26, 1937.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis E. Howe,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Howe,—

Yes, indeed, Millie, it is the same Edgar Bergren who used to come over and take piano lessons and kick the varnish off the bottom of your piano. I still remember the night we came over to your place on New Year's eve. We had cider and pop corn, and I stayed awake clear till midnight.

New York, Chicago and London are truly wonderful places, but I wouldn't have missed a day of those days on the farm and in Decatur.

Clarence is married and mother is living with them in their house in Chicago.

Thanking you again for the letter, I am, Sincerely yours,

Edgar Bergen.

Edgar's father was John Bergren. They lived on the Calbetzor farm six years, then in town one year, and then one year on the Mucha farm on the New Swamp road. The father died there about the year 1915. The mother and children remained here until the close of school and then went to Chicago. Edgar finished the 8th grade here and his brother Clarence completed the junior year.

Edgar stopped in Decatur some five or six years ago and called on his school day friends and he has mentioned some of them in his radio talks.

The following comment, together with a picture of himself and 'Charlie' appeared in a recent number of the Literary Digest:

The first man to present successfully a ventriloquist act on the radio, Edgar Bergen, has executed a will which makes Charlie McCarthy, his dummy, the beneficiary of a $10,000 trust fund "to forever care for and keep Charlie McCarthy in good and serviceable condition and repair." Bergen has had Charlie for sixteen years; got him soon after he realized the dream of all children: finding that he could throw his voice in the school room and call down the wrath of the teacher on some one else's head. Together they have traveled all over the world, and Bergen confesses to a sentimental attachment for the little pine figure "who has been my constant companion."

FORMER DECATURITES WIN RENOWN

Marcellus Reader Sends Clippings About Edgar Bergen and Floyd Odlum Who Once Were Boys in the D. H. S.

One of the Republican's Marcellus subscribers sends the following note with clippings:

"Enclosed are a couple of clippings from the Detroit Free Press of former Decatur boys. Thought you might like to use them. Those who enjoy hearing Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on the Rudy Vallee hour every Thursday evening will be anxious to see them in the movies."

This is the clipping about Eddie and Charlie:

Goldwyn Hires Popular Team

Sam Goldwyn will bring Edgar Bergen and his "dummy" friend, Charles McCarthy, to the screen, not R.K.O.-Radio, as was previously announced.

This popular duo will have a comedy in "The Goldwyn Follies," which will be one of the big pictures of the year. Alice Duer Miller is the latest writer brought to town for work on the script of this film and she says that she may have Bergen sit on "Charlie's" knee in order to give a touch of originality to the ventrilo-

quist idea.

Eddie and Charlie made a great hit with their Decatur radio audience last week Thursday evening. They discussed their old home town with much cleverness. Charlie said he got arrested for speeding. He was going 12 miles an hour,—but it was on the sidewalk. We promised ourselves to hear the Bergen show tonight.

NOT SO ROSY FOR ODLUM

Life is not moving along so smoothly with Floyd Odlum, one of America's multi-millionaires and the richest person who ever claimed a residence in this small village, but it is an old saying, slightly altered, that the course of true wealth never runs smooth.

In climbing the steps to the top of the financial world it sometimes becomes necessary to step on stumblers who get in the way, and that apparently is what Floyd has done.

Harley Clarke, deposed head of the Utilities Power and Light Corporation, filed a bill in Federal Court in Chicago asking removal of the company's present management and appointment of a trustee pending reorganization.

The bill charged that Floyd B. Odlum, president of Atlas Corporation, the Chase National Bank and a 'subservient board of directors' had conspired to carry out a program of financial ruin upon the utilities corporation.

It further charged that Atlas directors are under "the complete domination and control" of Odlum or Chase National, and "being thus dominated and controlled are bound and committed to a policy of liquidation of the company's assets to the advantage of Odlum, Chase National and Atlas."

It added that Clarke was the only director who had a "substantial investment in the company."

The editor appreciates the interest that readers take in the Republican.

WHITE OAK

By Dana P. Smith.

Up in the northeast corner of Decatur township is the site of the lost village of White Oak, slowly sinking into oblivion with the passing of the years. Once a bustling little settlement with hopes of being a town, now the ghost of almost forgotten days, existing only as a name.

The little settlement owed its origin to the Michigan Central railroad which in 1848 was pushing its line then building west of Kalamazoo to Paw Paw. After it had been graded into that town it was switched from a point just west of Mattawan to a nearly bee line to Niles.

The site of White Oak was an uninhabited wilderness when the railroad workers cut their line through the woods, but not for long, for the census taken in 1850 records that White Oak had a settler, Peter Gurnsey by name, and old timers have told me that his house was one of the first three houses between the railroad and Paw Paw. Here with his wife and two children he was pioneering in the woods of Decatur township. In later years his farm was known as the Warner farm.

With the coming of settlers thus creating a little shipping business the railroad made the place a station on their line and named it White Oak. A passenger depot and long siding track was built and hopes were high for further developments.

But there was a cloud on the eastern horizon. Two miles east the railroad had another stopping place at the crossing of the Paw Paw and Prairie Ronde road which they named on their time card of that day (one which I have) Paw Paw. This place proved to be a serious rival of White Oak, and when in 1851 they secured a post office and changed the name to Lawton. White Oak was soon outclassed. As far as I can learn the place never had a store or church. It seems that there was a blacksmith shop there for a time. The main interest centered about the railroad where for many years there were heavy shipments of logs, lumber, stave and heading bolts, railroad ties, tan bark, to say nothing of large quantities of wood for the railroad's locomotives.

Then there was the passenger business. Especially in bad weather it was considered quite the thing to take the train to town at Lawton or Decatur and we young fellows would make many unnecessary trips just for the ride. This was a source of irritation to the train men when trying to make time and they would express their displeasure at having to stop the train for some of us country bumpkins in strong, vigorous, profane lan guage.

During the presidential campaign of 1880 there was a big mass meeting in Decatur and a cousin and I decided to attend. The train went through White Oak about 5 a. m., so we arose early and walked the three miles to the depot, arriving a full hour before train time, and there in the chill grey dawn of a frosty September morning we shivered and shook until the train arrived.

Trains only stopped at White Oak on signal, which signal being a board on a tall post pulled into horizontal position by means of a wire and held by hooking the wire over a spike. We set the signal and awaited results. In the half darkness the train ran past the depot a good quarter of a mile where it waited for us to catch up by active running. There was the usual exchange of red hot compliments and all was well.

This was in the days of 50 ton locomotives, the air-brake a new thing, the old link and pin couplings, light, wood coaches, heated with wood burning stoves and lighted with oil lamps. There was the single track of light rails ballasted with sand or poor gravel. There were many other things that now seem equally crude that are only a memory on this aristocratic railroad.

The White Oak school dates back to before the Civil war and its early history is not available. It is located about a mile north of the station and is a fractional district of Paw Paw and Decatur.

During the passing years a large number of youngsters have received their early training in this old school, to go out into life to become average folks. None that I ever heard of became esecially noted but after all it is the average folks that are the strength and balance of this country.

A few schools of its size have turned out so many railroad men. I can think of ten railroaders, some of whom lost their lives in the railroad service. Seven of the girls married railroad men. There were also two mechanical and civil engineers who started from this school. The oustanding railroad family was that of M. C. Millard. His two sons became railroaders and his three girls married railroad men.

The school house was the scene of the common pioneer social events, like spelling bees and exhibitions.

Religious services were held in the school house on Sunday afternoons, usually conducted by Lyman Tuttle and John Reynolds, farmers of the district, and attended by all the neighbors who laid aside their sectarian preferences to get together in a community meeting. There was no pompous ceremony or display of dress but a people perfectly capable of caring for their own religious needs in the absence of a minister.

In 1880 an outstanding event happened in the removal of a saw mill and wood working factory from Paw Paw to White Oak. It was owned by Joseph Buck, afterwards Van Buren county clerk. For several years the mill was a busy place, but lack of timber caused its removal to another site. The mill was equipped with an enormous steam boiler over 20 feet long. One wintry Sunday this was filled with water and left in charge of a watchman with orders to fire up and have steam ready to start the mill in the morning.

When the mill hands came to work they found the watchman excited and worried. He said he had had a hot fire since 2 a. m. and yet there was not a pound of steam. There was some excited argument as to the cause of the trouble. Spence Halstead, who had been looking on suddenly took warning and flew out of the mill at top speed for home.

The engineer soon appeared and took in the situation. He pulled open the fire box door and took one look. The big boiler was red hot from end to end. Fear overcame judgment and he rushed to the pump and turned on the water, whereat the boiler opened up like a hot biscuit with an angry roar. Brick, men, boards and everything loose was blown in every direction but strange to say no one was seriously hurt. It was later found out that the water had leaked out of the boiler through a cracked pipe.

In the early 50's a cemetery was

laid out on the Gurnsey farm at the rear of the house about 25 rods from the highway. Here was buried quite a number of the early settlers of White Oak. Some years ago a certain party saw an opportunity in this neglected and unguarded cemetery and invaded its precincts, pulled up and made way with the grave markers and took possession. The nert thing was to move a house onto the tract and plow it all up, thus obliterating the graves of some of Decatur's early pioneers.

White Oak as a town is like the pioneers of another age and has become obliterated with the passing of the years.

The names of some of the earliest settlers have been lost, but of a later generation there was the Delmater families, quiet home-loving people. A little east of the Messengers and Langdons, M. C. Millard with a fine family of boys and girls. The site of his home is now deserted. Mrs. French and her two boys at the turn of the road Site abandoned near the depot was Spence Halstead, the station agent and well known citizen. Across the road was Seth Coats, the thresherman, tall and sinewy. The Wm. Warner and the S. Jones families, all ardent farmers. S. E. Moon with three very pretty girls. Lyman Tuttle, whose three boys enlisted in the cavalry for the duration of the war. The Herges, Van Ness and Tracy families all had lively boys. These men did a great deal to bring the White Oak district up from a wilderness and have long since gone to their final rest.

A LIFE SKETCH OF MRS. ARRENAH FUHRMAN

Second Daughter of the First White Couple Married in Van Buren County.

By Her Daughter, Bessie Fuhrman.

Tean Arrenah Fuhrman, known to many who were not related to her as "Aunt Tean," was born on Little Prairie Ronde in the village of Charleston, of which her father, Elijah Goble, was one of the founders. Her grandmother was Nancy Morris Tittle, sister of Dolphin Morris, the first settler in this county. She had the honor of having held at her home the first Van Buren county gospel meeting, as her great uncle Dolphin had the honor of having held at his home the first school in the county.

But as to Charleston, now known as the "deserted village" there is not a building standing. Only Charleston cemetery remains to remind one that there was once a nice village there.

The coming of the Michigan Central railroad had most to do with the gradual loss of Charleston's population. But few are living who remember this little town, hopeful of growth and better things, the headquarters for many merry gatherings of young people, especially at Goble's tavern, owned by my grandfather. He had a family of 8 lively youngsters, one having died in infancy, and each would bring home friends to make a lively evening. Also when shows of various kinds, including singers and impersonators, came to town they 'put up' at the tavern.

As Grandfather Goble was naturally of a hospitable disposition he not only was successful with the tavern but also made a success of farming the rich prairie land he owned, and after his cousin by marriage was accidently killed he taught his sons, the Curry boys, how to farm. He became the best to do man on the Prairie, so I have been told by those who knew him, but that was all changed when Decatur and the Michigan Central took the business away from Charleston.

One instance of his prosperity stands out in a tiny glimpse of history of Mexican war days. At the close of that war, when my mother was less 2 years old, about 40 Mexican war soldiers returning home stopped at the tavern and were accommodated with lodging and meals.

Mother lived through the Mexican war times as a baby. The Civil war began when she was 15 and lasted until she was past 19. Then, with a schoolmate sweetheart in the war, she had vivid memories of that terrible conflict. Again, at middle age, 52, she lived through the Spanish-American war and saw some of her friends' sons entraine at Decatur for the front. And again in old age, 71-72, she lived through the participation of the United States in the World war. In all she lived through the trying times of four wars.

Being the second daughter and the fourth of nine children, two of whom were twins, it fell to mother to help with the family sewing. Her father bought her a sewing machine, and she and her cousin, Amelia Carpenter, later Mrs. George E. Smith, learned the dress maker's trade. Hoop skirts, wasp-like waists and bustles were then the fashion and crinoline, dress stays and linings were put into waists, and trains were common.

Mother helped with the family sewing and later with her cousin ran a shop. They gave that up to go to the homes of their customers. She sewed for the Sam Morrises, Mrs. Lurkins and daughter, Ida Yeckley, the Wise family and the Pottses when Ida was "only 5 years old, and I's aunt." Other customers were the Combs family, the Willisons and many others.

Although she had learned to be a dressmaker she was anxious to learn something else, so she learned from her teacher, Buena Poor, to make wax flowers. One wreath of wax wild roses more than paid for the lessons and material. She also learned candy making and became an all around good cook. Her Boston cream cake, new when she learned to make it, was quite a treat at suppers she attended or gave.

But for all that she loved her work with flowers and sewing, I think she loved music even better. She used to attend the pioneer singing schools and as she had a good alto voice she sang with the family and at church. She also learned to tune and play the dulcimer her father bought and to the last year of her life music was to her a great satisfaction.

Mother was interested in good reading. She had read the New Testament through several times and committed many Bible verses to memory. She had a retentive memory for poetry and other items and even to within a month of her death she recalled and recited stanzas she had memorized. One began,—

"When the curtains of night are
pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the
skies."

When I was away she saved or sent me clippins of worthwhile events. Thus her mind was not one of almost 91 years, but more like that of middle age.

In 1868, before there was the First State Bank or hardly a store that is standing in the village today, my mother with two sisters, one brother and her parents, moved to Decatur. Her father bought a new home just across from that of her sister, Mrs. J. P. Warner, on the south side.

There they remained until Centennial year, 1876, when Grandpa Goble decided to go to Texas. He had 'hailed from Cincinnati,' consequently the south appealed to him. But he was too old to venture so far from home, being 71 and having passed through pioneer hardships and sorrows. So after they had made a few friendships, picked cotton, gathered pecans, lived through a 'northerner' or two, lost their crops by grass hoppers and his son's wedding clothes by theft, grandfather and the rest were ready to return to the still young village of Decatur.

Soon after their return came the shocking news that grandmother's cousin, Hank Morris, and his wife had been killed at their home by an unknown but suspected assassin.

Seven years later, and two years after Granmother Goble's death, my father, Levi Fuhrman, a widower with a daughter and son married and a daughter and son at home, met my mother and after an acquaintance of a few weeks they were married at my mother's sister's home, the J. P. Warner home in Dowagiac.

Soon after their marriage they took her aged father into their home and also offered a home to Aunt Belle. Eight years after their marriage when my grandfather was a bed ridden patient of 87 and I was six "Little Orhan Artie" Myers, a child of 10, came to live with us, and I was glad to have a little brother.

No little girl ever had a kinder or better brother. Artie stayed with us until he was 17 and then he struck out for himslef. He passed away at Battle Creek two years ago last July, leaving a widow and two young sons, 5

and 10 years of age.

Although mother passed through much sickness and hardship she survived her husband, who appeared much sturdier almost 32 years. Father had a severe paralytic stroke and died the third day following. About five months after his death mother and I moved to Decatur where mother bought the old Judge Keeler house.

A few years after father's death my mother's invalid brother came to live with us and his twin sister, Aunt Belle, continued to live with us. Uncle lived 4 years, dying in 1913. Aunt Clara Byers became a widow and she lived with us six years. She now resides with her son Harley in Tacoma, Washington. Aunt Belle died in 1926 at the age of 76 years.

Since then my mother has resided mainly in Decatur. She was happiest at home and for the past four years had not left Decatur.

Always ready and willing to do for others she was amply repaid by kind neighbors, both from the farm and village neighborhoods. I have never seen elsewhere such generous neighborliness as has been shown my mother all through the years of her depressing circumstances with aged and invalid relatives in her home and in her own last illness. During her invalid days she has not lacked for delicacies and pretty gifts and almost every day one or more callers dropped in for a cheery word and kindly thought. Relatives, too, have been very thoughtful and helpful.

When mother was 90 one of her step daughters wrote on a lovely greeting card accompanying other gifts, "Congratulations on your being 90 years young. The only commandment with promise is:

"Honor thy father and mother and thy days shall be long on the earth.

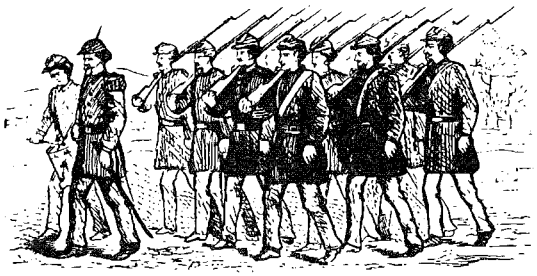
"Right well have you fulfilled that commandment, not only to your own father, but in kindness to grandmother Flagg." The latter had her last illness and died at our home on the farm. But kindness to grandmother Flagg could not be helped, for everybody loved her.

Thus my mother's long life of 90 years and 10 months goes to prove that honoring our parents does bring the fulfillment of the promise of a long life.

Mother passed away about noon February 8, 1937. The funeral was held in the Swihart funeral home February 11. With painstaking care she was made to look as she had years before her affliction, and I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Swihart as a funeral director and gentleman.

Frank Flagg, whom mother had known since he was a little boy, and former pastor of the Christian church which she attended, was engaged to preach the funeral sermon, but owing to a serious attack of laryngitis he came and brought Rev. Mr. Pullen of the Christian church of Dowagiac, who preached in his stead.

DECATUR'S GREAT DEMOCRATIC PARADE OF 1884



By One Who Took Part in It.

(Here is the story of the great Democratic celebration in Decatur in the campaign of '84. Gene Smith of Seattle, Washington, one of Hamilton township's liveliest boys in that early day, sent word to the editor of the Republican to get Frank O'Rourke to write it, and we have done so. Well do we remember it, and although we did not approve of it politically we were not so put out that we did not eat plenty of those delicious barbecued sandwiches and follow the band in that memorable parade. Frank O'Rourke has written a good story, and incidentally, he has brought old friends from long distances apart a little closer together. Now it is Gene's turn to come up with a story of old Decatur days, and all other old timers are invited to join the circle of reminiscences.)

The year 1884 was memorable politically because, for the first time since the war of the Rebellion, the Democratic party had a glimmer of a hope for victory.

Chester A. Arthur, a most worthy man, but not a politician, was finishing his career as President of the United States, which position he had acquired by reason of the death of President James A. Garfield.

The Republican party wished to place some strong popular politician before the people, and in a convention held in Chicago nominated James G. Blaine of Maine for President and John A. Logan of Illinois for Vice President.

Blaine's career had not been free from taint. Many unscrupulous affairs were found to his credit, and many of his acts while in congress had been 'indelicate.' There was a serious bolt from the Republican ranks, including leading editors, educators, etc. The campaign was filled with bitter personalities.

Now I had been an ardent Republican, and as is so often the case, when a sinner repents the good people strive in every way to welcome him into the new fold. So I was taken into the arms of the Democrats in welcome.

Democrats began to organize as never before, each township, Decatur among the rest. But the Democrats were not content simply to elect the President, congress must be changed. Our district had sent Julius Caesar Burrows to congress so long that he was considered a fixture, but the Democrats nominated a young man, an out and out free trader, George L. Yaple of Mendon, whom they thought they could elect.

Decatur Democrats, among whom were such sterling characters as Ransom Nutting, W. E. Trowbridge, L. D. Roberts, Dr. G. L. Rose, Ed. Arnold, Aaron Hathaway, Lyman Rawson, David Squier and many others of equal worth held a meeting in the old town hall, and to show that their cause was alive arranged for a celebration and a parade which should be most impressive.

The committee on arrangements comprised Dr. Rose, L. D. Roberts, Ed. Arnold, and W. H. Tucker. This committee appointed me in charge of the burlesque, also to be marshal of the day. After the dignitaries, brass band, etc. there was to be inserted in the parade a tattooed man carrying various inscriptions such as "Plumed Knight," as Blaine was called, "Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher," extracts from the Mulligan letters, etc. The man was to be drawn on a clay cart, drawn by an ox. Chub Chamberlain was drafted for the driver. Then several young colored men were to carry white roosters as they marched.

The line was to start from the railroad square. The event had been duly advertised through the papers and people from the neighboring country and towns began coming early, each eager to see and be seen.

W. H. Tucker and Ed. Arnold were there to place them in line and the march began on Sherwood street, west to the village limits, across to Delaware, east on Delaware to George, north on George to village limits, across to Main street, and south on Main to the railroad square.

The vanguard met the tail end of the procession at the intersection of Main and Delaware streets, and just as the tattooed man on his clay cart crossed Delaware on the return march some 'vag.' threw a lighted giant firecracker and it exploded right under the ox. The ox jumped, tipped over the cart and landed the tattooed man on his head in the street.

The ox belonged to a farmer, a staunch Republican who with his wife had come to watch the parade, not knowing that one of their own ani-

mals was to be displayed. They had loaned the ox to a neighbor and personal friend without knowing what he was going to use him for. As his majesty, the ox, marched along, Mrs. Republican farmer, a woman who weighed about 200 pounds, recognized the animal, and in great indignation, shouted, "James, would you look a there! See what Frank O'Rourke's done with our ox! and that dirty Chub Chamberlain!" an enmity of long standing thereby being expressed.

Just then the cracker exploded and the ox jumped and Mrs. Republican shouted again,—"The judgment of God be upon him. I hope he (meaning Chub) gets killed." After a mad scramble for a few moments the march was resumed.

Upon looking around for the darkies who carried the roosters not one was to be seen. Some one who knew their weakness played upon them. The colored boys were so drunk they were locked in their rooms and could not get out. No one is being accused, but there were strong suspicions as to the malefactors.

One colored man who was not quite sure, in trying to determine how to vote, asked, "What is this Hy-pro-bition party we hear so much about?"

They marched back to the railroad square where a barbecue, overseen by Austin Charles, awaited them. At night there was a torchlight parade not so long as the day time parade, but quite long at that.

The sheriff of the county, a devout Republican, came over, driving in somewhat the noisier for the whiskey he had imbibed. He began shouting vile epithets and consigning all Democrats to the everlasting flames. The town marshal, Nathan Clark, went up to him and asked, then commanded him to behave, and finally told him he would put him in the calaboose. The sheriff shouted that there were not enough Democrats in town to take him. Whereupon several husky young men, after chasing him about town, caught him and landed him in the city 'bastile.' He was kept there until sober and then freed. He afterward apologized to some of the Decatur Democrats and said he should have been fined $100.

Blaine would have been elected if a minister of the gospel in New York City had possessed less politics and more religion. Speaking for Blaine and Logan in Madison Square Garden a few evenings before the election he made a remark which changed the whole tide to Cleveland. He said the election of Cleveland would mean, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

I am 83 years old and this is as I remember the eventful parade. A good time was had by all.

Fannie joins me in wishing you all good. We both enjoy your paper.

Frank E. O'Rourke,
Banks, Oregon. R. D.

A VACATION TRIP INTO EASTERN CANADA

By Larida Scott.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

You said the trip would be highly worth while and it was. If we had had more time to spend, covering the same amount of territory, it might have been better, but perhaps it was wise to leave something for "next time," don't you think?

The morning of August 19 four of us set out from Battle Creek. Oh yes! The several maps were already dog-eared from so much handling and we had a fairly clear idea of our roads and the amount of time we would need for traveling them.

The owner of the car and one other took turns at the wheel. We other two asked questions and offered a bit of advice now and then. (You know how it is when you sit in the back seat.)

We went into Canada by way of Port Huron and Sarnia. We wanted to make the most of everything so two of us went up on the top deck of the ferry to watch the water. It so happened that we stood directly in front of the pilot house, and while we were engrossed in watching the shafts of sunlight lose themselves in the blue-green depths someone blew the whistle. I am sure my hair grew at least three inches in that moment.

We went through Hamilton and London to Niagara Falls and stayed there all night. I've seen the Falls several times, but never at night, nor illuminated as they have them now with powerful lamps which are set high on the bank in front of them. It has been reported that the Japanese Embassador, after seeing them, said, "Why gild the lily?"

Next morning we went back about ten miles to see the Welland canal, which connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and to watch a big freighter go through the locks. It is a sight one shouldn't miss. We watched at Lock No. 6 which raises the boats 47 feet.

We went on into New York state, crossing the Niagara river at Lewiston. Our route through Rochester, Oswego, and Watertown took us swiftly into the Adirondack mountains. I am told that the Rockies are much more imposing, and no doubt they are, but these are very beautiful in their own right, with their forest covered summits half veiled in purple mists. There, that doesn't sound a bit poetic, and it doesn't half describe them.

We stayed all night at Harrisville, and next day went over the Oswegotchie (you pronounce it) trail to Lake Placid and ate our lunch there. You remember that the Winter Olympics were held there several years ago. We saw several of the ski jumps, but they didn't appear to be anything more than wide paths down the mountain sides. I was much more impressed when I dreamed that night that I was travelling at terrific speed down innumerable ski-jumps in a passenger train!

Not many miles from Lake Placid we left the Adirondacks behind, and found our next point of interest to be the AuSable Chasm, at Au Sable, New York. I believe it is the Black river which has worn down through the many layers of rock and made this scene. We saw falls there, some of them seventy feet in height and very beautiful, but none as splendid as Niagara, of course. Soon we headed almost straight north and our road took us for miles along Lake Champlain. Across in Vermont we saw the Green mountains, immortalized by Ethan Allen and "The Green Mountain Boys."

We left the big lake shortly before crossing the Canadian border. What fun to be in the Province of Quebec! A large percentage of the population is French, so most road and advertising signs are in both English and French. and everywhere one hears both languages spoken.

We crossed the St. Lawrence river by way of Victoria bridge and found ourselves in Montreal. Next morning we made a tour of the city under the guidance of a man from "Le Bureau de Tourisme," (established some years ago because of the amazing number of people who visit Canada each year.)

Montreal seems much the same as any large American city, but the sections where iron shuttered buildings border directly on the very narrow streets tell a tale of early French-Canadian architecture and history.

There are streets, too, where outside stairways lead directly from the sidewalk to the second floor, and some where a second row of houses show dimly in the narrow alleys,—also remnants of another century and another mode of living.

In Montreal I believe there are five French newspapers and only three English, and all the store clerks are required to speak both English and French in order to take care of the mixed patronage. One place where I made a purchase the clerk greeted me in English and then promptly gave me my change in French. Many times they say whatever it is in both English and French, and all in one breath. A good place for the French loving student to go.

In Montreal (by the way, this title is a concentration of the French 'Mont' and 'Royal,' name of the mountain which is in the midst of the city) we saw some very beautiful Catholic churches. Among them were replicas of Notre Dame, and St. Peter's. We saw also the beautiful St. Joseph's Oratory, result of an humble lay brother's devotion, and place where crutches, braces, and club-shoes, etc., hang in mute evidence of many miraculous cures made there. All this sight-seeing took more time than we had expected, so we tried to hurry toward Quebec. I say "tried" because it was practically impossible to move speedily on the Montreal-Quebec highway. We were really glad however, as otherwise we might have missed one of the most enjoyable parts of our trip. In the first place the road curved almost continuously, and besides that we met almost every type of slow-moving vehicle,—including the dog-cart.

There were many villages along the way, all with houses and stores bordering directly on the pavement, and I believe that all the people in the Province of Quebec were walking, or driving on the highway, or amusing themselves in front of their houses that Sunday. One thing you could depend on, that they wouldn't move in, or out of your way!

We enjoyed seeing the quaint houses, each with tight fitting shutters, and narrow front porch, and the more quaint barns, some with thatched roofs, and others with a piazza-like construction, minus the floor, running the length of one side. And speaking of flowers and well kept lawns! They would put most of ours to shame! Each yard, stretching on either side of the dwelling (seldom in front) appeared to have just come home from the cleaners, and to have been freshly supplied with flowers.

We arrived in Quebec well after dark and spent some time driving up and down the very narrow streets hunting a place to stay all night. It was exciting to say the least for Quebec is built on the steep slope which leads down to the St. Lawrence river.

Before I forget: Our guide in Montreal told us this joke. In Montreal the streets are so narrow that the inhabitants can shake hands with their neighbors across the street on New Year's day, and in Quebec they are so narrow the dogs have to wag their tails up and down, instead of crosswise! I believe it. In one place we had to drive up over the sidewalk to avoid an on-coming street car.

We stayed at "The Duke of Kent House" where Queen Victoria's father resided.

Early next morning we boarded the S. S. St. Lawrence bound for the "Saguenay Trip." We had already seen something of the Laurenthian Mountains between Montreal and Quebec, and now, as we started down the river, they grew increasingly lovely,—softly rounded and forest-covered like the Adirondacks. They were on both sides of the river and we found it very difficult to try looking both ways at once. I have heard that they contain some of the oldest rock formation in the world, dating before the early Paleozoic age. As we watched their every changing contours we wondered what secrets they might tell us of the Earth's early history.

It was chilly on deck so we turned our attention to investigating the interior of the boat. We especially enjoyed our comfortable cabins. Several times I managed to bump my head when crawling in, or out of my bunk, but the "trial and error" method soon cured that.

We spent lots of time on deck, but the sudden drop in temperature which had struck in Montreal bore down increasingly hard, and we were soon forced to get blankets from the steward in order to stay out at all.

Everybody had ravenous appetites, and flocked to the richly appointed dining room. The awe-inspiring menus were given in both English and French, but I think the chef had a grudge "agin" the world, for the food was very poor. I would have been happy to wind my feet around a stool at some humble hamburger stand. Cheer up! They say that boat was an exception!

We made stops at Murray Bay, tiny village where the famous Murray Bay Homespun is made and sold; St. Simeon, still smaller, and Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay river, where the first church built in Canada still stands. Here children sang little French songs, hoping to earn a few pennies. Soon we were passing between the majestic capes,"Trinity" and "Eternity," and after nightfall someone threw a spotlight on the mountainside where stood a statue of the Virgin, immense in reality, but seeming small in the distance.

About eleven o'clock we docked at Baggottsville for the night. I failed to mention that some observing passengers had sighted both porpoises and seals near the mouth of the Saguenay.

Next morning the temperature was so low that I could see my breath. By mid-afternoon it had risen to such an extent that we could sit on deck comfortably without blankets though there was a stiff wind blowing. That night we docked in Quebec, and after leaving our things at the hotel we climbed the steep slope beyond the "Chateau Frontenac," where an historic fort with a wide, deep moat around it stands. What a view we had! Myriads of twinkling lights on both sides of the river, our own boat making a bright path as it continued its journey toward Montreal, crowds of people walking slowly up and down the board walk as they listened to the band playing.

Next morning we made a visit at the Church of St. Anna de Beaupre, located about 25 miles east of Quebec. The first church was built there by some French sailors who were wrecked there, and who, at the beginning of their voyage, had vowed to build a church at their first landing place. Many cures are made there, as they are at St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal. From some distance away one sees the "Stations of the Cross" on a slope near the church. They are more than life size and made of bronze, I believe, and so arranged that the crucifixion is at the very summit. They were so life-like that I half imagined myself present at that tragic scene of two thousand years ago.

On our way back to Quebec we stopped at Montmorency Falls. We had already viewed them from the boat, but the distance was too great to show anything more than a white streak. I think they are higher than Niagara.

We spent the night in a tourist home in Berthierville, some distance beyond Quebec. It was a veritable mansion, and so clean! No one in the family spoke English except one girl, and if we used anything but the most simple words she could not understand. We enjoyed trying our French.

Next day we shopped in Montreal, and the following morning we reluctantly left Quebec Province and the French district behind. Soon our attention was called to a canal which ran close beside our road (almost a hundred miles) as far a Prescott.

Some distance out beyond we could see the Lechine Rapids in the St. Lawrence. The canal was built to carry boats around this perilous section of the river, for none can get through if they draw more than six or seven feet of water. In the afternoon we began to catch glimpses of the "Thousand Islands." On several we saw buildings, and I am told that wealthy people have bought many of them and built beautiful homes.

That night found us about 40 miles east of Toronto, and next day, August 28, we made the home stretch, arriving in Battle Creek about eight-thirty that night.

Before closing, I want to ask a question: How is it possible to pack a suit case in such a way that needed articles may be found without one having to turn everything upside down and burrow clear to the bottom?

ELIZA CHRISTIE IN EARLY DAYS

Told in Letter from William H. Howland, a School Mate In the Code District.

Jackson, Michigan,
March 21, 1937.

Dear Friend Arba:—

March 14th, 2:30 p. m. I received a telegraph from Thomas Mahoney of Decatur stating that Eliza Christie of Hamilton had passed away and funeral would be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m.

My two daughters, Mrs. Frank Shearer and daughter Peggy Ann, Mrs. Richard McDermott and son Billie, Miss Nellie Howland and myself attended the funeral at Decatur. We arrived in time for dinner and after dinner visited around a little and then went to the funeral home where we remained until funeral services were over. A little later we returned to Jackson. My intentions were to call at your office but it slipped my mind.

I have a little ancient history that I got from Eliza herself. She stated her father moved onto the old farm in 1854; the wagon road ended at the Christie farm; it was what was known as a dead end. The balance of the way through the swamp was an Indian trail.

She was born November 5, 1856, in an old house of the pioneer build which stood on the farm when her father bought it in 1854, and in which she lived until the present house was built in the summer of 1868. I remember well when it was built. It was the best house in that district. The barn was built the summer of 1861. I had an uncle that owned the adjoining farm on the west of the Christie farm, by the name of Dennis Murphy. When the contractor had the barn frame all cut and mortised ready to place the sills on their foundation they had what was called a barn raising. The farmer who was building the barn would invite all his neighbors around the district and after the barn frame was up and the rafters spiked in place he would serve a big dinner.

Mrs. Christie made arrangements with my Aunt Catherine Murphy to bake the biscuit for the dinner and when Eliza was 5 years old she came for and carried the biscuit home to her mother.

I had an uncle by the name of John Code who lived in that district and after whom the district is named.

I lived with him the winter of 1869 and went to school in his district. My teacher was Miss Percie Nash, a very fine young lady whom all the scholars loved most dearly.

I will give the names of some of the scholars as I remember them. If I miss in spelling some of the names please correct: Eliza Christie, Nettie Bradley, Alvah J. Bradley, Byron Bradley, Zella Walt, George Walt, Margaret Mumaugh, George Mumaugh, Minnie Scott, Henry Ireland, Frank Harvey, John Linderman, Frances Linderman, Arthur Luke, William Maxon, John Maxon, Milo Youells, Church Youells, Sammy Silvers, and William Howland.

Miss Percie Nash, Miss Eliza Christie, and Miss Nettie Bradley were 100% on ice skates. Lake of the Woods was quite close to the Christie farm and 1869 was before the lake level was lowered. "The three young ladies were quite chummy."

Sincerely yours,
William H. Howland.

The property consists of the farm of 120 acres and a small amount of personal property. The farm was free from debt and there are only the current bills against the estate.

Miss Christie had at least two other cousins, on her father's side. They are Mrs. Dora Christie Anderson of Volinia township and Mrs. Bertha Christie Chase of Lawrence township.

About a month before her death William McCurdy, who had been her helper on the farm for 34 years, came to the Republican office and bought some writing paper, remarking that "Eliza wants to make her will." Sure she knows how to do it? we asked. "Yes," Billie replied. "She's got her mind made up what she wants to do."

Miss Christie had written her will, but had failed to sign it or have it witnessed. In it she bequeathed $500 to McCurdy, $50 to Mrs. Mazie Winkler of Chicago, and $200 to a person named Luke.

The hearing before Probate Judge Young will be the 19th day of April, 1937.

DAYS OF OLD STAVE FACTORY IN DECATUR

By One Who Has Been Through the Mill

Dear Mr. Moulton:

A few days ago I had the pleasure of visiting your village, and, as it was a beautiful day, we drove around a bit looking for familiar landmarks that would bring back happy memories of days long gone by. We found many of these, but the one that brought the most vivid and personal memory was the vacant lots on East Sherwood street just east of Elmer Woolfe's residence.

To the happy children playing there it was just a safe place to skate, but to me it was the site of one of Decatur's once large and very busy industries.

Sixty years ago the Hinkley and Squier stave and heading mills were located there on the south side of the street; the office and large cooper shops on the north side. Today with paper containers for most everything one seldom sees a wooden barrel. Few would know anything about its manufacture.

The mills and drying sheds occupied the space from the Emory Place home, now owned by Mr. Schuur, through to East street. The mill, a large two-story building, sat back four rods from the street, and extended most to the railroad. The boiler and engine rooms at the south end, directly east of the main building and separated from it by a ten foot driveway, contained a battery of eight steam boxes. These were made of oak, 2x6 inch timbers, laid flat, tarred and spiked together to make the boxes steam tight. The entire west end of the boxes were hugh doors and built like the doors of a refrigerator. Each box would hold two and a half cords of the largest stave bolts.

The machinery used in manufacturing the staves was located on the east side and the heading machines on the west of the main building. When December came there would be an army of men in the woods cutting logs and bolts, and by spring thousands of cords of bolts, piled six feet high would be in the mill yard.

About March 15 the mill would begin work for the summer. The boxes would be filled with bolts and steamed all night. At seven a. m. the whistle would blow and the fun begin.

The machinery for cutting the staves was a huge affair. The knife extending the length of the machine was about eight inches wide with a razor edge, slightly concaved, to give the staves the right curve for the barrel, was bolted to the top of the frame and was stationary. Back of the knife were guides which were adjusted to give the desired thickness of cut. The bed on which the bolts were placed for cutting would be level at the completion of the upward movement. The bed was hinged so that the inner side would drop about a foot below the knife allowing the bolt to slide into the guides. Then with the upward movement the bolt would be forced against the knife and a stave cut off like a slice of bread.

It was geared to a speed of one hundred twenty cuts per minute; not very fast for this day of speed, but when you consider that the bolts were three feet long and weighed 50 to 100 pounds and were so hot you could hardly touch them you will believe it was no child's play to begin with; and as ten boxes or 25 cords of bolts was a day's work, it got to be a real man's job by five p. m.

As the staves came from the machine they were culled. In this operation the culler sat on a bench facing the cutter. His outfit consisted of a split leather apron covering lap and legs, and a hardwood splint held to the middle fingers of the right hand by rawhide loops.

The requirements of a good culler were quickness of eye to catch the culls, and the ability to make the right hand work in perfect unison with the cutting machine. As the stave was forced up the back of the knife it was flipped into his left hand by the splint. This must be done at the exact instant of the completed cut. If attempted too soon you got some bruised fingers, if too late, it dropped back into the machine, to come out splinters and would ruin the next two or three cuts, and incidentally start a flow of remarks from the cutters, too hot and personal to be recorded here.

The culls were thrown to one side and the perfect staves passed in bunches of ten to the equalizer.

The equalizing machine was composed of two sixteen inch circular saws which could be set on the mandrel or arbor to give any length of cut.

Equalizing staves looked like, and was, a simple job if you remembered two things; first not to force the cut, and on returning the staves to clear the saws, remember to hold them rigid so they would not chatter. If they did, the least that would happen would be a job of picking slivers out of your hands. The staves were loaded onto wagons and taken to the drying sheds to be piled in tiers 25 feet long, 18 feet to the eaves, then peaked to a height of 25 feet. These tiers were piled three or four at a time and must be perfectly straight and plumb. They were interwoven and tied together in such a way that they were very rigid. The real job of piling came when you were working in the open and had to build a roof that was wind and water proof without using nails.

When the staves are thoroughly dry the jointering machines are moved to the sheds. These are long narrow machines with a rising and falling knife, operated by a foot lever. The knife is slightly bowed, so that when the stave is cut or jointed on both edges, the ends are narrower than the middle, which gives the barrel its shape. The narrow strips cut from the staves are called heaters. They are tied in bundles and sold for kindling. They are also excellent for correcting willful children and that is where we get our modern expression, "applying the heat" (or heater).

The staves when completed are tied in bundles of fifty, enough for three barrels. We now have the staves all ready for the coopers, but no heads for the barrels. But that's another story, so let us take a look at this industry.

There were Marvin Hinkley, David Squier and P. W. VanDuzer. Mr. Hinkley and Mr. Squier were active about the yard and mill, Mr. Hinkley cutting a few bolts once in a while just to keep in practice. Mr. VanDuzer worked in the office as bookkeeper. Charles Labadie was yard foreman and always busy, rain or shine. At the mill the first one you met was the bolt puller, a young colored boy named Charlie Hart. He always wanted this job, and he was surely welcome to it, as it was the hottest and hardest job around the mill.

Winnie Taylor, Gean Laberdie, Myron Hinkley and last, but not least, good old Tom Burke, were the cutters. They usually worked in pairs, alternating with each box. But I have seen Tom Burke cut ten boxes a day, day after day, and do it easily. What few fingers he had left on his hands were bent and crippled yet he made child's play of handling the bolts and would get more good staves out of a box than any cutter I ever knew. He was a real artist at his work.

Elmer Laberdie was one of the best cutters. Ed. Vought and Ed. Scott (old One Eye) and Jarious Halleck were familiar faces around the mill. They were young boys then. In the engine room you would find either Emory Place or Jerry Vought or Asel Scott.

When it came to stave jointers, there was really only one, Geo. Smith, Kirby we called him. His regular day's work was 8,000 staves, but on a rush order he could put out 10,000, which was going some.

Besides the main operations at the mill there were many odd jobs which gave employment to 30 or 40 boys throughout the summer. In those days it was an honor to work and boys who had "jobs" were looked up to. The mills were the clearing house for the better positions in the busy village. The best recommend a boy could have was the word of Mr. Hinkley or Mr. Squier that he was an honest, faithful worker.

The way boys would try to get jobs were often amusing. I remember one morning Will Moulton came to the office and asked for a job. Mr. Squier told him he was too small to work there. Why you are wearing short pants yet. Will never said a word, just beat it. That noon after Arba went to work, Will took a pair of Arba's good pants, cut the legs off so he could wear them, and at two o'clock he came into the office and asked for a job. I can see very plainly the expression on Mr. Squier's face as he leaned over the desk, sized him up and said, "Son, were you not here this morning, and didn't I tell you you were too small to work here?" "Yes," said Will, "but I'm wearing long pants now." He got the job.

A HISTORY OF CORWIN AND NEARBY COMMUNITY

By Marcia J. Wild

AN EXPLANATION

(Mrs. Marcia J. Wild passed away in the University hospital at Ann Arbor on the ninth of March, 1936, at the age of 45 years. She was a woman of great energy, unusual intelligence and most generous motives.

With her husband, Edward J. Wild, she conducted the Corwin store and the family lived in the rooms above it.

Mrs. Wild was a tireless worker, the inspiration of her family, the friend and counselor of the community.

The Corwin store and the school and community house across the corner are the centers of the neighborhood.

Among all of her other duties Mrs. Wild found time to establish and build up a circulating library and we are inclined to believe that the present county library had its beginning there. We well remember that the then Mrs. Loeffler of Corwin was among the first to advocate and work for a county library.

Mrs. Wild accumulated a large collection of good books for the Corwin library and it was well patronized. Readers would consult her before drawing books and she knew her patrons so well that she could tell them the book which would please them most.

For the last four or five years of her life she was interested in preparing a history of Corwin and community. She had often talked with the writer about it and had said that as soon as she could get it into shape she was going to turn it over to the Republican to print.

The time never came. With the endless other tasks she found to do there was little time for quiet research and the writing out of a connected history. Finally the frail bundle of energy gave out and the story of Corwin was forgotten in the sorrow of her relatives and friends.

Last month Mr. Wild came to the office with a note book which he had found among her effects. It contained numerous pencil sketches and the manuscript which was the beginning of the story she had in mind.

We feel sure that all who are interested in this fine community will be glad to read and preserve it for future generations.)

MRS. WILDS' STORY

Primarily, this is a history of this community. Other people, places and affairs of state are mentioned, only as they have an influence on the affairs of the people here.

The material for this story was obtained from a History of Van Buren and Berrien counties, published in 1880, from letters in the possession of Isa and Frank Howard, from interviews with Seth Fassett, Mrs. Rosetta Brown, Frank McGowan of C., and Mike Cullinane and Mable and Riley Zimmerman and a letter to Mrs. Graham from Charles Bellis of California.

The first definite recorded facts concerning Van Buren county are those relating to Indian occupancy. This was Pottowanamie country until the treaty of Chicago in 1828 when the Indians ceded to the United States all their possessions except about fifty squares near the present city of Niles.

On this reservation nearly all their villages were located. Leading from them were well traveled trails to the villages of other tribes living to the north and east. Two such trails cross Van Buren county to the north and one, which is now the Territorial road, crossed to the east. The Indians in traveling over land chose the easiest way through open timber where possible, avoiding the worst swamps and fording rivers and creeks in the easiest places.

A great deal about Indian customs and conditions was written in a diary by a priest named McCoy who lived among the Pottowatamies from 1826 to 1832. He converted Pokagon and numerous others of his tribe to the Catholic faith; induced them to cultivate and build fences and raise stock and greatly improved their conditions of living. They were so well satisfied that they refused to sign the treaty of 1833, ceding their reservation to the United States but nearly all the other Indians did so and bitterly regretted it afterwards. It was stipulated in the

treaty that the Indians should receive certain goods and cash each year, in consideration of the ceded lands.

The third article of the treaty read as follows: All the Indians residing on said reservations in Michigan shall remove themselves within three years from this date, during which time they shall not be disturbed in their possession, nor in hunting upon the lands heretofore. In the mean time no interruption shall be offered to the survey and sale of same by the U. S. This later was an important clause from the white man's point of view and it came about that large tracts of land were sold to land companies and were resold to eastern people, who came into the wilderness to make their homes. The Indians had not been forced to live up to their agreement. They were not expelled until 1838 when they were gathered together on the Chicago road and escorted by two companies of U. S. troops to their future homes in Kansas.

So when the first white settlers came bands of Indians were quite numerous, and were roving over the country, camping in different parts in different seasons. In the spring of the year they gathered near the sugar maple groves to make sugar. The sugar they would exchange with the white man for such articles as they wanted, which generally was, first, whiskey; next, whiskey, then bread and pork.

In the summer they moved their wigwams to the borders of berry swamps and near good fishing. In the fall season they gathered on the low lands and selected a place for their wigwams in the heavy timber where they were protected from the wind, and where game was plentiful. The game was principally deer, bear, wild turkey, and small fur bearing animals.

The white people came first to the land most easily reached. The land along navigable rivers was quickly taken, also along the "Old Territorial Road" and the oak openings.

This part of Hamilton was heavily timbered with walnut, beech, maple, ash, elm and white wood. It was difficult to travel through this growth. Paths had to be hewn through it, so it was not settled so quickly.

The first land entry was made by Robert Nesbitt, on section 4, April 15, 1835. He at once settled there and built a saw mill. In October, 1835, he hauled nineteen loads of lumber and supplies from Prairie Ronde, and pushed construction so rapidly that he began to saw lumber on June 3, 1836. He also built a log house, 20x30 feet, which was about twice as large as the average house of that day.

He was land agent for the A. P. Grant Land Company of New York and sold thousands of acres in Hamilton and adjoining townships.

Among the immigrants to come to Michigan in 1836 was Hale Wakefield. His son Mason was the first white child born in Hamilton. Mason Wakefield was Mable Z.'s father.

Thomas Harris, grandfather of Fred Harris, came from New York with 14 children in 1842. His sons, Will, Frank and Roll were residents of this district.

Across the town line in Lawrence township the first settlers were Peter Dopp, who lived on what is now the Cullinane farm in section 31, David and James Dopp, Peter's brother, Cyrus Bateman, Hosea Howard and Roderick Irish on section 32. All these came to Lawrence in 1836. In 1839 Hosea Howard wrote to Josiah Hill in Morristown, New York, the following letter:

(The letter was not with this manuscript.)

The route described was the one traveled by the majority of emigrants from the Eatern states.

Some came with tools, clothing and supplies, others came as did Lewis Johnson and his wife, on foot—he with an axe over his shoulder and leading a cow—she was carrying a bundle, which with the axe and cow, were their total of wordly possessions.

There was no grist mill nearer than Flowerfield and a trip to mill was a two days journey, through the woods, over rough roads or no roads at all Sometimes it was necessary to grind corn to meal in the home-made corn-mill of a tree stump, and have a diet of johnny-cake or mush and milk. Salt was high and hard to get. Thomas Nesbitt once made a trip to St. Joe with a load of wheat which he sold for 50 cents per bushel and bought a barrel of salt for $5.00.

The nearest post office was at Coleman's tavern built in 1837 by Henry Coleman and the first district school was the "Red" school.

The Nesbitt saw mill was the only one for miles around and when the Michigan Central railroad line reached the vicinity of Decatur the mill was run day and night to supply the demand for lumber for railway construction.

In 1856 Nesbitt built a grist mill on the same site and it was operated continuously until it burned in 19-4/4

Besides the saw mill and grist mill on Brush creek, there was a pump shop built by John Sherman on a branch of Brush creek back of the Nesbitt school house. In 1865 when Seth Fassett was nine years of age his parents bought the shop and lived there 20 years. Wooden pumps and furniture were made there and the shop was successful until iron pumps came into fashion. Mr. Fassett has many pleasant memories of his life there. He told of watching Mason Wakefield and Will Harris, both fine good-natured men, go day after day into the big woods to the east to cut timber. They were considered the two best sawers in the country. Deer were plentiful. He remembers when Doc Steele shot one on the place where Fred Harris lives, and carried it home on his shoulder and up the steep bank to his house opposite the grist mill.

Then there were the times when as a little boy he visited the Conway house. Tom was in the west hunting gold, and Mrs. Conway sang and called off the numbers while the children danced.

This next part of the story was told by Mrs. Rosetta McGowan Brown, who moved into this neighborhood with her parents about 1866. They lived in a cabin back of the Frank Cory house. There they lived until they moved onto the farm, on the town line, which is still called, "The Old McGowan" place.

Frank Harris lived in a cabin where the Hugh Cory house stands. Charlie Johnson lived where Clarence Rundle lives. He was the mason who later did the brick work on the Nesbitt house. Frank McGowan went to live with him and learn the mason trade.

On this corner where the school stands was only woods. There was no building of any kind. Children from this neighborhood attended the Haydon school.

Where the store stands was a log cabin belonging to Joe Sowers.

The young folks of the neighborhood who were about Rose McGowan's age—old enough to attend logging bees, house raisings, pick hops at the Stockwell and Shaffer farms and go to singing school were: Rose's brother, Lewis McGowan, Jim and Addie Redfield, Hank and Laney Utter, Alice, Elizabeth and Will Sowers, Roll Harris, Emory Place, Dave and Liza Etson, Helen Abbott, Mary Barnard, Sam Strong, Gloria Dewey, Joe Hoover and Joe and Hanna Brown. These young people had plenty of hard work but they had good times too.

When a man wanted a piece of land cleared he had a logging bee. The men and boys got together. The trees were cut down and put into great piles and later burned. This could not be properly done without plenty of hard cider or whiskey. Some one would take a jug to the Shearer place and get a supply of the stuff which he made from frozen potatoes and other material at hand. Before the day was over there was usually a big fight on. Sometimes across the table at supper time, any trivial remark was an excuse enough for a fight. At a logging bee on the John Sarvice place a man was twitted of not giving his father and mother proper Catholic funerals. He resented it and the fight was on. Had it not been for the interference of Joe Brown and Turner Howard, J. D. would have been killed.

The school house was built in 1868 by Barnum Earl.

There was supposed to be two months of school in the summer and three in the winter, but the school was not completed in time so there was only six weeks for the first term of school. It was taught by Jenny Chaffin. The winter term was taught by Hattie Harris. There was usually a woman teacher for the summer and a man for the winter term.

The school building was then, as it is now, the center of social activities of the neighborhood. Sunday school, church, singing school and funerals were held here, also many a lively argument and fist fight. One argument which led a woman to attack a man and pull his hair had its origin in a boyish prank. Several boys were at the old swimming hole in the creek south of the Sowers house. They persuaded one of their members to climb a tree and pick a hornets' nest. His father came after the other boys with a horse whip. This was the beginning of a neighborhood quarrel which last-

ed for years.

Mrs. Brown wished special mention be made of Addie Redfield Hoard, who was an ideal friend and helper of anyone who called her in trouble, sickness or death.

Government surveyors regarded our state as a worthless and barren state and reported it to Washington as an "impenetrable morass infested with savages."

Edwin Tiffin, surveyor general for the Northwest, came up from Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1815, and although he made an inaccurate survey and report, reported to Washington that "not one acre out of a thousand admits of cultivation."

ECHOES FROM THE CELEBRATION OF '84

The Story of the Greatest Democratic Rally in Decatur's History as Told by Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Rourke Brings More Reminiscences.

Miss Ella Hagar of Hamilton has a vivid recollection of the campaign celebration in Decatur in the fall of 1884.

Hamilton township furnished the most attractive float in the parade. It was a wagon on which was built a large platform. On it rode in pyramid arrangement a Goddess of Liberty and a young lady to represent each state in the Union at that time. They were all dressed in white and wore white caps with blue stars, the goddess wearing a crown of gold, made of gold leaf paper.

The float was drawn by four horses and Charles Osborn was the driver. They assembled at the Elijah Parker farm on the west side of Lake of the Woods. Minnie Nesbitt was the Goddess of Liberty, Fannie Hagar Byers and Ella Hagar were two of the young ladies representing the states.

We remember well this float, and if there was a prize given for the best feature of the parade it certainly must have been the winner. We would like our old time readers to supply the following information: How many states were then in the Union and who were the other young ladies, who rode on the float?

When the young ladies were assembling for the evening parade the wagon fell apart and it was discovered that some one had cut the reach. The girls jumped to the ground and only their feelings were hurt. The trick was laid to the door of some envious Republican.

It was in the afternoon that the deputy sheriff from Paw Paw was carried to the lock-up in a state of inebriation. That was one of the most spectacular events of the celebration. A crowd of young Republicans came to the defense of the officer and there was a regular tug of war,—Democrats pulling him one way and Republicans the other. It was a wonder that the officer did not come apart. But the Democrats were in the majority on that day as they were on the election day later and they landed their annoyer in jail.

Other features of the parade were 16 yoke of oxen from the John Lyle farm and a company of cavalry made up of farm boys. George Wightman and the Comley brothers were among the riders.

NICHOLSVILLE DIRECTORY

Nicholsville was quite a promising town until the founding of Marcellus and in 1872 had the following business directory.

Amos Green—Proprietor of grist and saw mill.

Aaron Pepple—Proprietor of pump factory.

C. W. Thorp—Notary Public and dealer in dry goods, groceries, provisions, hats, caps, boots, shoes, crockery, glass, hardware, notions, drugs, medicines, paints and oils.

D. F. Goodspeed & Bro.—General dealers in dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots, shoes, ready-made clothing, drugs, paints, oils, etc.

Jerome Biteley—Carriage maker, blacksmith, veterinary surgeon.

Amos B. Shaw—Proprietor of shingle factory.

G. G. Woodmansee—Notary Public, conveyancer, attorney and collecting agent.

Wm. M. Lyon—Proprietor of Walnut Hill Grapery and grower of genuine Delawares and Concords.—Marcellus News.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE DR. J. E. MAXWELL

By Dr. Rush McNair, Dean of Kalamazoo Medicine, in Kalamazoo Gazette.

Dr. James Edward Maxwell, son of James E. Maxwell, Sr., and Mary Conway, was born at Decatur, Mich., Nov. 22, 1864. He was graduated at the University of Michigan school of medicine in 1892. The same year he began the practice of medicine at Decatur where he practiced until his death, June 11, 1933.

He had a decade or more of horse and buggy and sleigh, village and country practice in an extensive territory. Aside from his professional work he became an extensive grower of mint and celery. His friendly and congenial manners, his energetic and faithful service to the sick and afflicted, endeared him to the entire community.

Dr. Maxwell was an active member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine and its president in 1914.

At Dr. Maxwell's funeral I noted: Doctors Adams, Balch, Barnabee, DeWitt and Koestner of Kalamazoo; McNabb, Lawrence; Young, Lawton; his brother, J. C. Maxwell, Paw Paw, his nephew, James H. Maxwell, Ann Arbor; George W. Mahoney, who began his practice in Decatur and who is now an eminent specialist in diseases of the eye, Chicago; Dalton K. Rose, member of the staff of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., son of the late Dr. Gilbert L. Rose of Decatur. And this shows that those who knew him longest and best, loved him the most.

Albert Calbetzor will retire as watchman at the Michigan Central George street crossing soon and will be succeeded by Verne Smith. Albert will receive a pension of $40 a month or thereabouts.

MISJUDGED?

By Capitola Fassett.

Do we assume the role of judge in the contemplation of the every-day affairs of our neighbors and general acquaintances?

Do we probe into the suspected happenings of which, more than likely, they have been innocent victims?

Was the peculiar expression that came over the face of the person we met today an indication that he was covering some misdemeanor of his, or that of some of his family? Or was it a brave effort to bear alone some secret anguish which he would heroically refrain from casting upon his friends, while delicacy forbade giving publicity to that which would be only food for scandalizing tongues.

It is a duty we owe humanity to make an effort to appear as bright and cheerful as possible, and not needlessly burden others with petty worries of which almost everyone has plenty, but we all know there are times when we sorely need the friends in whom we have confidence, and it is right to unburden our minds and seek sympathy and council of them; yet as a rule it is better to try to spare others as much as possible. We often hear someone say, "Why does so and so do as he does?" or "If I were he I would do this or that?"

How do we know what we would do in his environment and with his nature. Do we know his heritage of traits or why? Do we know the past conditions and surroundings of his parents—the possible trials, sorrows and tragedies which may have caused them to be only a warped and broken semblance of what they had once hoped to be or could have been?

We do know that the constant and unlooked for changes that come to us do contribute so much toward determining the course of this life that it is sometimes only by superhuman effort that we hold to the path which we confidently believed easy to forlow when back in the dim past we heard a supposedly wise person say, "Life is what we make it," Is it, and can we judge?

Many a faithful heart may beat
Under a vesture soiled and worn,
And many a flower beneath our feet
May lie unheeded, crushed and torn;
But truth and honor stand unveiled
To One who knoweth our pain,
And in a world where all is light
The fallen blossoms live again.

MEMORIES

D. K. ROSE, M. D.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

December 10.

Dear Arba:—

"This Week" (December 10) recalls Mrs. Childs who lived on Delaware

street 'between the churches'. She has been my visualization of the song "Little Old Lady."

We, who passed her house enroute to school and home, so often saw her "dressed in black" carefully locking her house as she left for the store or postoffice.

It is indeed interesting to learn now that she was a great granddaughter of the magnificent Commodore Hull, that she struggled for 30 or more years to raise her family and that in so doing she became so attached to her house that she preferred the little weather beaten house, with its myrtle covered door yard, to any other home.

She died a few months after father's death—1907. This year pretty well marks the end of the period when I not only could recognize a Decaturite a block away, by his carriage, form or mannerism, but could probably recognize his horse, team and rig 2 or 3 blocks away.

For example—Swift Train's sulky and bay mare—Art Lyle's black mare or white Flyer bicycle!)—Ira (Riley) Zimmerman's bay span and 16 foot "box"—Ike Bagley and his steppers—Joe Cohn, or one of the boys, with 'Charley', meaning probably a ride for 6 or 7 of us to the swimming hole—Marion Chadwick, progressing slowly, Dr. Hooper, driving carefully, etc.

The "Little Old Lady" period is also filled with memories of Frank Potts, his glass cracker case and metal vegetable stand with its summer water spray; Charlie Criffield with advertising trunk in front, which we were sorry to see taken in at night, a good loafing seat. And also the piles of pants the loafers knocked over and which Bill Fletcher cheerfully set up. Frank Thomas's open frames of nails, sacks of shot, to be lifted by the loafers in competition of strength. Stape and his first maroon car with its 'back' full of ducks; Miss Bent patiently trying to teach us piano, while we dreamed of being out in the clear air and yellow sunshine of that Michigan summer day.

And so it goes—and so you see we enjoy "This Week."

Sincerely, Dalton.

Thanks, Dalton, for your letter and its additional tribute to one of Decatur's early residents. Glad you like "This Week" and shall try not to leave it out again.

MUSIC AND THE DANCE

By Capitola Fassett

There are many gone, and many more yet living in whose memory still lingers the indescribable something that seemed like a message from a realm beyond the mere time and rhythm of Seth Fassett's matchless dance music; and the article below which was prepared before he went, may express somewhat, the real meaning of that vague quality, making immortal his life's work, in speaking of which he said: "I gave them pure music."

Do we always rightly comprehend the impulses which inspire the motives and consequent activities of this life? I think not at all in some cases and in many others only faintly. Was the work of Pavlowa, the matchless dancer, a sin? or was it one of the most etherial interpretations of divinity, timed to faultless music. Not the sensuous movements of one who gives the impression of the hypnotic though threatening presence of a serpent, but those which are the outward expression of a chastened spirit, responsive to the highest ideal and purity of purpose. Sonia, the skater, is a disciple.

To one attuned to this understanding Pavlowa stood out from the crowd, as who but she could, so wonderfully portraying "The Dying Swan,' or "The Dance of the Snowflakes."

There are thousands of dancers, but around how many could be discerned the light which seemed to encircle her like a halo. Are we leaving it to savage tribes to express, in the dance, their tribal proclivities, either kindly or warlike, and to the countless places where the mad crash of instruments cause a hideous chaos of sound, the effects of which contribute to nothing but the downfall of the innocent and the degradation of the morally weak? and not much greater efforts to bring about the other extreme through the teaching and demonstration of the possibilities in the use of the God-given powers of motion, and the good music which has been made possible. We feel that great heights in education have been reached, and they have, but is there not a line of thought,—an important one, which has been neglected?

Athletics are doing a great good as there are so many phases of activity appropriate to the different degrees of physical strength; also lighter games calculated to build up health and mentality, all of which make better world conditions.

The churches have done all they knew how to do, but mostly they have frowned on the dance, though sometimes tolerate it, and have believed they were entirely right while only partly so; and it has seemed too vague a quest to make a study into the problem of discovering the fine line between the two viewpoints.

Not so very long ago I read of a minister who formed a dance club for the young people of his church, and supervised his own parties. The immediate results were satisfactory but I have not heard if it was finally successful.

I am sure that enough persistance, as in most other things, would make it so. I was so impressed at the time that I wrote him a congratulatory letter to which he cordially replied.

I have sometimes wondered if some of our missionaries to foreign lands could be of greater service among the dancing population of our own country, many of whom never hear a sermon, and, beginning with the parents, teach the true understanding of The Spirit of the Dance.

SPIRIT OF THE DANCE

In looking out across the sea,
The swaying grasses tell to me
The story that is e'er the same,
Of Nature's wondrous fairy game.

The lofty tree-tops wave reply
As if with praises to the sky;
That howsoever great or small
The Spirit lingers over all.

The waving trees, the swaying grass,
The merry feet that swiftly pass,
While murmuring waters deep accord
Proclaim in all—The Master's Word.

So in our Maker's image we
May join in Nature's symphony,
And, as the breezes o'er the sea,
May blended with these graces be.

CONTRIBUTED

The Boy That Drives the Cattle Home

'Tis evening and the broad, red sun
sinks slowly in the west;
The flowers fold their leaflets up, the
birds fly to their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the
bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage
looks out at them as they come
At them and the barefoot boy that
drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself, "I
was that rich man there—
I'd have a palace for my home and
never know a care
There is no wish that heart can frame
I should not gratify,
There would not be in all the land a
happier man than I.
Oh, what joy 'twould be to live a life
where sorrows never come,
And be no more the barefoot boy that
drives the cattle home."

And the rich man muses to himself:
"My wealth I'd gladly give,
Could I live any other life than this
that now I live.
Could I leave behind the dust and
glare and bustle of the town,
And sleep at night without a care if
stocks went up or down—
Oh, I'd give my palace and my yacht
that sails the ocean's foam
To be today the barefoot boy that
drives the cattle home."

THE LIONS' MINSTREL SHOW

The Lion Minstrels will give their first annual show at the town hall, Decatur, on Tuesday evening, April 6.

This gigantic, stupendous, colossal performance enacted by the noted thespians of the Decatur Lions Club will be a greater talking point than the packing of the Supreme Court.

You can't afford to miss seeing the

latent talent that has been lying dormant in such noted characters as our six famous end men,—Bob Fox, Fred Buys, Harry Warner, Harley Smith, Weck Newell, and Ronald Haefner.

You will hear the brilliant voices of members of the circle in solo and in chorus,—voices that would make Tibbet, Caruso and Vallee pale with envy.

The Lions Club of Decatur guarantees an evening of high class entertainment that will be well worth the 25 cents admission. It will be worth a quarter just to see and try to identify some of those sedate gentlemen dressed in glittering costumes and burnt cork.

Already Harry Warner has gone on a ten days diet in order to better disguise himself for this great event. Oscar Newell is eating two extra meals a day for the same purpose.

We have not told you of the many surprises that we have devised for this event and we hope you will come out and enjoy this minstrel with us.

We would like to have the public at large realize that the proceeds of this affair will be divided equally between the Lions Club and the local circle of the Child's Conservation League, better known as the Mother's Club. The Mothers' Club will use their money for the purpose of promoting the play ground project that has been definitely decided upon for the coming summer.

The Lions' share of the money will be put in the activity fund to be used for promoting the best interests of Decatur.

Admission 25c for adults; 10c for reserved seats which will go on sale at the Michigan G. and E. office April 3. Children 10c.

Remember the place—Decatur town hall, April 6.

Lion Minstrels of 1937.

Ticket sale in charge of the Mothers' Club.

VOLINIA TOWNSHIP'S OLDEST PIONEER

Mrs. Eliza Huff, Who Was Ninety Years Old on January 24, Has Lived Her Entire Life in One Neighborhood.

Written by Her Son, Ex-Representative Otis Huff, of Marcellus, at the Request of the Republican.

On the 24th day of January last Mrs. Eliza Huff of Volinia township celebrated her 90th birthday anniversary, an event of more than common interest, for her entire life of these many years has been lived entirely in that township.

Few people are spared that many years, and fewer still live in one township their entire life. Her present home is two miles from the place of her birth, and these two places are the only two places she ever lived. It is very doubtful whether any person, either living or deceased, has lived as many years in Volinia township as Mrs. Huff.

Her life has been so interwoven with the history and development of that township that it might be fitting to mention some of its early pioneers.

Her ancestors were among the early settlers of Volinia, her father being James M. Wright, who came to the township from Ohio in 1831, when a mere boy ten years of age.

The same year Col. James Newton, who was an officer in the War of 1812, came and settled on that tract of land, still known as "Newton's Woods," one of the beauty spots of southern Michigan. After coming to Michigan, the subject's father, James M. Wright, made his home with the Newton family for a number of years, and helped to render it suitable for cultivation and productiveness.

In later years James M. Wright married Sarah Griffis, daughter of another pioneer family, and acquired a home of his own on the west border of Volinia township. Here Eliza Wright was born, being the eldest child in a family of four girls and one boy.

As a child she attended the Crane school, a log structure, with hewn logs as seats, then located across from the Crane cemetery. Her way to school was mainly through woods, a portion of which followed an old Indian trail, and she remembers seeing wild deer on her way to school.

Later she attended high school in Dowagiac, and at an early age began teaching, which she followed for several years.

It is interesting that one of her early teachers in the country school was John Huff, who in later years became her husband, the happy event taking place in May, 1872.

John Huff was one of the early pioneers of Volinia, coming from Ohio with his parents in 1834 when he was one year old. The family settled on the north edge of Gard's Prairie, and the old home has never passed from the family, being now owned by Mrs. Amy Rutherford, daughter of John and Eliza Huff. Ray Morlan is now living there and farming the place, and has for several years.

Mr. Huff's father was Amos Huff, commonly known in later years as "Uncle Amos." He was a carpenter as well as a farmer, and in those early days was called upon to make the caskets for any one who died in that community. They were always made of black walnut, and were probably more substantial than the ones of the present day. He and his three brothers, one sister and his mother who moved to Volinia in 1834, were people of deep religious convictions, and here is an unusual event in the lives of the helped others when there was no prosfour brothers, they married four sisters, whose maiden names were Case, a circumstance probably never duplicated in any other two families in Cass county.

Wesley Huff, one of the brothers, in later years purchased a farm on the north side of Twin Lakes in Wayne township, where he lived for many years and until his death. This beautiful farm home is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Morton.

Mrs. Eliza Huff is still living on the farm to which she and her husband, the late John Huff, commenced keeping house after their marriage in 1872. The log house made way for a modern home in 1882 which Mrs. Huff and her husband erected together with other suitable farm buildings. Much might be written about the life of Mr. Huff, but it is sufficient to say that he was a school teacher and a successful farmer and was honored by the people of his township, who elected him for over twenty years as supervisor, and that his wife in every way was a devoted and worthy help mate. Filed away at the county seat in Cassopolis are the old assessment rolls of Volinia township, many of which are silent, yet splendid testimonials of the excellent penmanship and accuracy of Mrs. Huff.

This tribute might be paid to all the early pioneers who settled there at an early date, that it would be hard to find a community which had a finer or better class of people.

Many names could be written on this roll of honor, such as the Gard family, the Morlans, the Huffs, the Warners, the Morrises, the Newtons and scores of others.